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# Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #1

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The first question

OSHO,

DO YOU REALLY THINK ZEN IS FULL OF ZEST, ZIP, ZAP AND ZING?

Samadhi,

Zen is not a religion, it is living life in its totality, herenow. Religions are always postponing life: they are giving you beautiful illusions about life somewhere in the future, far away, beyond death. That is a strategy to divert and distract you from the realities of life. That is pure cowardice. It is also a rationalization so that you can be consoled: 'If life is miserable today there is nothing to be worried about, tomorrow everything is going to be well. In fact, to suffer life today is a preparation for enjoying life tomorrow, so the more you suffer the better. There is no reason to complain, no reason to rebel, no reason to revolt against all those things which are causing misery.'

Religion protects the establishment and the vested interests. It is a very subtle strategy -- so subtle that for thousands of years man has lived under its weight without ever becoming aware of what is being done to him. Karl Marx is almost right: that religion is nothing but opium for the people. It keeps you drugged, it keeps you hoping, waiting -- and the tomorrow never comes. Desiring, fantasizing about life after death is a sheer waste of time, energy, and also it keeps you stupid. Life is herenow -- there is no other life. Life knows no past, no

future, it knows only the present.

Zen is of tremendous importance. It is the greatest flowering of human consciousness yet achieved and it is one of the fundamental revolutions: it cuts the very roots of the so-called religious structure of the mind. It is not religion, it is pure religiousness. It is not religion in the sense of being Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Buddhist. Hence to call Zen 'Zen Buddhism' is wrong: it has nothing to do with Buddhism at all. It is not oriented in the past, it is not inspired by the past -- it has no goal in the future either -- it is living your life passionately, intensely, ecstatically *this* very moment.

The very idea of this very moment is shattering to the mind because mind lives in the past and the future. And Zen is a tremendous blow to the mind: it cuts it in a single blow, it destroys it, it takes you beyond immediately. Zen is a device of sudden enlightenment.

Mind wants to be slow, gradual, it wants to move carefully, cautiously, guardedly, thinking about the pros and cons. Zen is a jump into the very thick of life. And life surrounds you within and without. Just as a fish is in the ocean you are in life. Don't wait for the next moment, live it now. Zen is a challenge, a risk, a gamble: putting everything at stake for the moment.

The religious people cannot understand it -- I mean the so-called religious. And the world is full of them: there are Christians, and there are Hindus, Mohammedans, Jews, Buddhists, and Jainas -- these people cannot understand Zen at all. Unless you get rid of all these ideologies you will not understand what Zen is.

Zen is not an ideology, it is not a philosophy, it is living in an existential way, not in an intellectual way. Zen is not concerned with words, concepts, theories, hypotheses, assumptions, beliefs, its total concern is with the immediate reality. The reality has to be encountered without any barrier. Unless your whole mind is put aside you cannot understand Zen.

Samadhi, it certainly is full of zest, zip, zap and zing.

James Broughton has said: 'Zen is another word for Zest. For zip and zap and zing. If you have no appetite for life as it is, and are not excited by the koan of what this here life is about, then Zen is not for you.'

What I am doing here is pure Zen. I am helping you to get rid of your mind.

Mind has many characteristics, many aspects. And each religion has chosen one aspect of the mind and made much fuss about it, has dragged that aspect to its ultimate, logical conclusion. This is something to be very deeply understood because it is fundamental for the understanding of the Zen approach.

Ordinarily you think somebody is a Mohammedan and somebody is a Hindu and somebody is a Jaina. That's not really true. Every human being in his unconsciousness carries all these characteristics within him: he is a Hindu, he is a Mohammedan, he is a Christian, he is a Jaina, he is a Jew, he is a Buddhist. Of course, if he is born into a Buddhist family then the Buddhist aspect surfaces, becomes too big, too overwhelming, and the other aspects of the mind are repressed, are covered up. If he is born into a Mohammedan family another aspect of the mind becomes prominent. But the others are always present there, and they go on working from your deep unconscious .

So as I see it, each person has all these religions in him. That's why you can find people who can create a synthesis out of all these religions. That synthesis has no value; it simply shows that they are trying to correlate all the aspects of their minds.

For example, every person is egoistic, but Hinduism has developed that egoism to its ultimate flowering of 'holier than thou'. Every Hindu believes he is born to teach the whole

world, he is born with a special message from God. He inherits the real religion, the true religion, sanantan *dharma*, the eternal religion. And he thinks that he is tolerant, that he is accepting, that he is not a fanatic, that he is not in any way trying to interfere in anybody's life. In fact, he is doing all these things, but in a very subtle way.

Hindus are very intolerant. Even the idea that they are tolerant shows their intolerance. Why should you think yourself tolerant if you are not intolerant?

I have never thought that I am tolerant. Why should I think of tolerance at all? If the intolerance is not there somewhere in the unconscious then tolerance is not needed, you are simply yourself. But this idea of 'holier than thou', this holy ego is the basic characteristic of the Hindu mind.

But it is not just in the Hindu mind; it permeates all the religions in different ways. The Jews think they are the chosen people of God. The Christians think that Jesus is the only-begotten son of God and there are his followers, and at the time, the ultimate time of the Judgement Day, Jesus will separate his flock, his sheep, from the others, and only his sheep will be saved -- the others will be thrown into hellfire.

And the same is true of the Mohammedans, and the same is true of the Jainas and the Buddhists and the Confucians and the Taoists and the Sikhs. Everybody has that idea somewhere. So it is nothing special to the Hindus, but they have developed it, refined it, cultivated it, made it look very beautiful: they have decorated it.

The Mohammedan is basically fanatic, utterly fanatic -- he has developed that aspect of the mind. Every mind is fanatic: if you are living in the mind you cannot go beyond fanaticism. But the Mohammedan has developed it to its highest peak. His religion is the latest arrival on the earth. Mohammed is the last prophet. Now there is not going to be any other prophet; God has sent the last edition of his message. There have been other messages before, but they are all cancelled. The last message has come and it is so absolutely correct that there is no need for any other prophet to arrive on the earth again. This is pure fanaticism. But this is present in everybody.

I used to live with one of my professors. On a winter morning just like this, I was sitting in his garden reading a book. His old mother came out -- very old, eighty years old, and she said, 'What are you reading?' Just to annoy her I said, 'The Koran.'

That eighty-year-old woman suddenly snatched the book away from my hand, threw it outside the garden. Suddenly she became so young! It was beautiful to see her back in her youth. She was so ferocious. She said, 'Don't bring the Koran into my house! We are pure *brahmins*. And if you want to read, can't you read the Bhagavad Gita? Can't you read the Vedas? We have thousands of scriptures, why read the Koran? Never again bring that book inside my house!'

Her son, my professor, ran from his room, came out: 'What is happening?' And I told my professor, 'Your mother is a Mohammedan.' The mother looked at me, she said, 'What do you mean? I, and a Mohammedan?'

I said, 'Yes, because this is the characteristic of a Mohammedan, this fanaticism. And you are a fool too because that was the Bhagavad Gita!'

She rushed out, bowed down to the book, cleaned the book, brought it back and gave it to me, and said, 'What kind of joke is this?' -- trembling, shaken. I said, 'This is the Koran, and you have bowed down to the Koran!'

This fanatic mind is there.

Caliph Omar reached Alexandria, and Alexandria had the greatest library in the world. It is said that it contained tremendous treasures from all the ancient civilizations which have disappeared -- the Assyrian, the Babylonian, and even civilizations which have totally disappeared. Even their names have disappeared. It had all the scriptures belonging to the continent of Atlantis, which has gone down into the ocean -- the whole continent has disappeared. Now it is the Atlantic Ocean, but once it was a great continent; one of the greatest civilizations flourished there.

Alexandria has never been surpassed as far as ancient scriptures are concerned.

Omar reached with a torch in his hand -- a burning torch in one hand and the Koran in the other hand. And he said to the chief librarian, 'I have to ask you two questions. First, is there anything more in this library, more than the Koran?' And before the librarian could answer, he himself said, 'If there is more than I am going to burn this library, because the Koran is enough. Anything more than that is not needed. If it was needed in the first place it would have been in the Koran itself. So I am going to burn it. And the second question: Is there anything in this whole library but that which is written in the Koran itself?' And again before the librarian could answer he answered himself. He said, 'If you say that this library simply repeats the Koran in different ways, then too I am going to burn it because it is not needed. The Koran is enough. Either way I am going to burn the library.'

This is fanaticism. And he burned it. The library was so huge that it is said that it took six months for the library to be completely burnt. The fire was continued for six months in order to consume the library.

Compared to the library of Alexandria, that of the British Museum or the Library of Moscow are nothing. They are the Biggest libraries now. If the Library of Moscow were spread around the earth, if the books were arranged in a row, one book followed by another book just like on a shelf, all the books of the Moscow Library would go three times round the earth. But this is nothing compared to the library of Alexandria.

And the British Museum has even more books. They would go seven times around the earth. But it is said that even both libraries together are not comparable to the library of Alexandria. It contained the whole past. Now we know only two thousand years of history, but it contained at least one hundred thousand years of history. It was of immense value, but a fanatic burned it.

Mohammedanism has developed one characteristic of the mind. Each mind is fanatic. You want you to be right and the other to be wrong. You are always right and the other is always wrong. It is not a question of what you are right about; because it is you who believe in it, it has to be right. The fanatic is not logical, he is illogical. The fanatic is not ready to understand, he is a believer and his belief is absolute. He is not open, he is closed. And this is the characteristic of all minds.

The Jaina is a sado-masochist. And every mind is a sado-masochist. One enjoys torturing the body because the mind feels powerful. When you torture your body you enjoy that torture because your mind starts thinking, 'Now I am the master and the body is the slave.' That's what Jainism has been teaching: master your body. If the body asks for food, don't give it to the body. You are the master, you have to assert your mastery. So fasting became one of the most significant things in Jainism. And the people who can fast for many days are thought to be great saints. They are simply torturing their bodies -- they are mentally ill. When the body needs food, food has to be given to the body; the body is a temple -- it has to be loved,

respected. But Jainism has developed that characteristic to its omega point.

It exists in everybody. You also enjoy torturing your body in many ways, and you feel good when you succeed in torturing it. When you can force your body like a slave, like a machine, certainly the idea of power arises in you that 'I am powerful.' When you cannot force it you feel very dull.

For example, if you want to stop smoking. It may be harmful to smoke, but you are enjoying it. It must be helping you in some way. It may be relaxing you in some way, it may be taking your mind away from your constant occupations, your worries, your anxieties. People smoke only when they are very tense. When they are not tense they don't tend to smoke. When they are tense they smoke. If you don't smoke your tension goes on accumulating, which is far more dangerous than smoking. Smoking is just stupid, not dangerous. Maybe you will live one or two years less -- so what? What are you going to do even if you live two, three years more? If you have not done anything in seventy years, what are you hoping to do in those extra two years? You will go on doing the same nonsense, you will be living the same misery. So that is not the point. Whether you are healthy or unhealthy, a little bit unhealthy, does not matter much. In fact, it may prevent you from being a nuisance.

Just think: if Adolf Hitler had been a cripple or had amoebas or was continuously getting hepatitis, the world would have been saved. In fact, Adolf Hitler was against smoking, against alcohol. He was a pure vegetarian like Mahatma Gandhi.

In fact, both men have many things in common. Both believed in going early to bed and both believed in getting up early in the morning. Both believed that vegetarian food is great. Both believed that smoking is bad, alcohol is bad. Both were great saints. The only difference was that Mahatma Gandhi had the Jaina characteristic very much developed in him -- he was only ten percent Hindu, ninety percent Jaina -- so he tortured himself. Adolf Hitler had the Mohammedan characteristic developed in him: he tortured others, he didn't torture himself. But both tortured. Whom they tortured is not of that much significance. They both were enjoying torture.

Adolf Hitler would have been a great blessing to the world if he had smoked. He would have been less tense if he had been an alcoholic. I don't think there would have been the Second World War. If he had been a playboy things would have been far better in the world. But he was very puritanical, moralistic.

So I don't see that there is much harm in smoking or drinking a little bit of alcohol. Alcohol is vegetarian. Smoking is also vegetarian! Tobacco is not anything non-vegetarian, it is vegetarian. And just taking the smoke in and out is only a way of doing *pranayama*, doing a little bit of exercise, breathing exercise -- harmful to you, but not much to make a fuss about.

But people try to control it. If they succeed they become egoistic, which is far more dangerous. If they fail they feel guilty, they feel depressed, which is far more dangerous. If they fail they become condemnatory towards themselves, they lose respect for themselves. And the moment you lose respect for yourself, remember, you are losing your trust in life. You will be living now just at the minimum, your life will not have the dance, it will not have the quality of celebration; it will be only a dragging

But this sado-masochistic idea exists in everybody. Jainism has only reformed it, developed it, idealized it, philosophized about it, argued about it. It is only one of the aspects of the mind.

The Buddhist has developed another aspect of the mind, the escapist. Avoid, escape, go to

the mountains, go to the forests. Renounce life. That too is in everybody more or less. It depends what kind of conditioning has been imposed upon you.

These are all aspects of the mind. You can develop any aspect but it remains of the mind. It is not spiritual at all.

Zen is a transcendence of the mind. It does not develop any aspect of the mind, it takes you beyond the mind. And the only way to go beyond the mind is to enter into life here and now. You are not to be a sado-masochist, you are not to be an escapist, you are not to be a fanatic, you are not to be a phony, a 'holier than thou', an egoist, you just have to be ordinary, utterly ordinary, in tune with life, harmonious with life.

Yes, I agree with James Broughton: 'Zen is another word for Zest, living life passionately, making life a joy, a festival, a feasting, a love, a laughter -- yes, he is right -- 'for zip and zap and zing. If you have no appetite for life as it is, and are not excited by the koan of what this here life is about, then Zen is not for you.'

Then I am also not for you.

If you are trying to attain something in the other world then Zen is not for you and I am not for you. If you are trying to reach heaven, sacrificing this life, renouncing this life, condemning this life, then Zen is not for you and I am not for you.

This is the reason why almost all the religions will be opposed to me, will be against me, because I will be destroying the mind, and they have all developed one aspect of the mind. They will all agree at least on one point: in opposing me. And they *are* all agreed. They never agree on anything else, but they always agree whenever there is a person who loves life totally, intensely, without holding anything back. All these priests are suddenly joined together, because they can see the point that their whole business is in danger, their whole trade secret is being made open. Their whole trade secret is to develop one part of your mind and to create an imbalance in you.

It is like somebody's head becomes bigger and bigger and bigger and the whole body starts shrinking. Now, that man will be a monster. Life needs to be balanced, it needs a rhythm. And all these religions have created monsters not human beings. But they have created beautiful facades, masks for the monsters to hide behind. And they have been in existence for thousands of years, hence their conditioning has gone very deep in you, so deep that it has become part of your bloodstream, your bones, your very marrow.

It is a difficult task for a person like me even to make you understand what I want to do, because all your conditioning will stand between me and you. Unless you are really intelligent and courageous, it is impossible to have a communion with me. You need courage, courage to go into the unknown, into the unfamiliar, into the uncharted. And you need intelligence, tremendous intelligence to see the point.

The whole society tries to make you mediocre because the society is always afraid of intelligent people. Intelligent people like Socrates are dangerous to the society, dangerous because intelligence is always rebellious. It will rebel against any kind of slavery. It will rebel against anything that is wrong. Intelligence is always for freedom, individuality, authenticity. It will fight all that is phony and pseudo.

Socrates was given the alternative by the court that if he left Athens and promised never to come back to Athens then they could allow him to go and he would not be sentenced to death. He refused. The judge asked, 'Why? Don't you want to save your life?'

He said, 'The same thing will happen wherever I go, I will have to go through the same process, because I will be doing the same thing there. And sooner or later they will sentence

me to death. So what is the point? And in this old age going to another place and starting from scratch... it is better to die here and die a noble death. I will not compromise. Life and death are not as important as my respect for truth.'

The magistrate felt sorry -- he must have been a compassionate man -- but because all the respectable citizens of Athens were against Socrates, the majority were against this man, he had to punish him. He gave him another alternative. He said, 'Then you can live in Athens. I can see you are old and to go and live in some other place now will be difficult for you. You can live in Athens, but promise me that you will stop talking about truth.'

He said, 'That is impossible. Then what is the point of living at all if I cannot even talk about truth? Not only will I talk about truth I will *live* truth. I cannot do anything else. Once you know the truth you have to say it, you have to live it because you *are* it. Knowing it one becomes it.'

That's what the Upanishads say: Knowing it one becomes it.

Socrates said, 'Don't be worried about me. You just do your duty and let me do my work. If I live then I have to sing my song. And I cannot dance to anybody else's tune, I will create my own music and I will live my own life. And whatsoever the price I have to pay for it I am ready to pay. Even if life has to be taken away, it's perfectly okay, I am happy about it, in fact, tremendously joyous because I can feel great respect for myself. I am dying a noble death for truth. Truth is a higher value than life itself. A life without truth is not life, it is vegetating.'

Socrates was given poison. And that has been happening to all the intelligent people around the world. The society wants mediocre people, stupid people, unintelligent people. It starts crippling every child.

Every child is born to be a Socrates. Every child brings the capacity of tremendous intelligence. But the society does not wait even a single moment: it starts destroying the potential of the child.

In Japan they have a certain art form. I cannot call it art because it is pure murder, but they call it an art form. It is called bonzai. In Japan there are four-hundred, five-hundred-year-old trees, and their height is only six inches. They call it a great art. They put the trees into pots without bottoms and they go on cutting their roots. So the tree goes on becoming old but it does not grow. It becomes very old but remains a pygmy. A tree that would have whispered with the clouds, communicated with the stars, danced in the sun, in the wind, in the rain, remains just six inches high. You can see its oldness; it is written all over it. You can see its branches are very old, you can see old age all over it. But it has been crippled by having its roots cut. It has not been allowed to achieve its potential.

Bonzai is being practised on every child around the world. So no child reaches to the ultimate peak of awakening, to pure intelligence, to pure consciousness, because we go on cutting the roots. There are subtle ways: before the child starts asking questions we start giving him answers. Even before he has asked the question we go on stuffing him with answers -- an borrowed, all ugly. Borrowed means ugly; howsoever beautiful the words may be, if they are borrowed they are ugly, if they are borrowed they are not true. Truth has to be discovered by oneself, it cannot be given by anybody else: it is not transferable. But parents, priests go on forcing beliefs on the child. He becomes a Hindu, a Mohammedan, a Christian, a Jew, but he misses becoming a human being.

And he becomes unintelligent because he is told to imitate: 'Become like a Buddha.' That's what Buddhism is: 'Become like a Buddha.' Why? Why should anybody become like a

Buddha? One Buddha is enough, one Buddha is beautiful, but filling the whole world with Buddhas will make it monotonous, boring. Just think of a world where everybody is a Buddha sitting under a tree meditating. Even the trees will become bored! And life will disappear from this planet, immediately life will disappear.

Or just think: all the people become Jesus Christs -- everybody carrying their crosses on their shoulders... Then the problem will arise: who will make the crosses? And why go on carrying them? Who is going to crucify you? They are carrying *their* crosses. That's what Christianity is: carrying your cross. It is 'crossianity', it is not Christianity.

Each child is told to imitate. No child is told to be himself, he is told to be somebody else. Just think: if you start teaching the roses to be marigolds and the marigolds to be lotuses and the lotuses to be roses... Fortunately, they don't understand your language. Fortunately, they won't bother about you. You can go on lecturing and they will go on swaying in the wind. They won't listen at all.

But just think: if some way could be found... And now scientists are trying to find ways, and they say, 'Yes, there is a possibility that some communication can happen between the trees and man, because trees have their own intelligence. We just have to learn their language and we have to translate our language.' Sooner or later devices will be available which can translate. You will feed the device, you will tell the rose, 'Become a marigold,' and the device will transmit your language into sensations, vibes. And immediately you will destroy the intelligence of the rose, because once the idea gets into the rose that he has to become a marigold, the rose will be finished -- because he cannot become a marigold; that is not inbuilt into his programme. And his effort will be to be a marigold; he will look with greedy eyes at all the marigolds flowering all around and he will become disrespectful about himself, condemnatory: 'I am not a marigold. Why am I not a marigold?' And he will start trying in every possible way to become a marigold. Only one thing will happen: he will not be able to grow roses in all this worry, in all this frustration, depression. He will lose juice, he will lose the zest, the zap, the zing -- he will lose everything. He will never become a marigold. Only one thing is possible: he will not become a rose either. He will be without flowers.

That's why millions of people in the world are without flowers, without intelligence, without freedom, without individuality. They have all been told to become like Rama, like Krishna, like Buddha, like Mahavira, like Christ, like Mohammed. That's what all these religions are.

It is perfectly beautiful that somebody was a Buddha and somebody was a Confucius and somebody was a Zarathustra, but there is no need to imitate them. Imitation is a way of crippling people, paralysing people, cutting their roots. And each child is told to repeat the beliefs of his parents. And of course, if his mind is programmed to repeat the beliefs he will repeat them.

From the kindergarten to the university that's what we are doing. We call it education. It is not education at all, it is just the opposite of education. The very word 'education' means drawing something out that is inside the person, bringing his centre to the surface, to the circumference, bringing his being into a form of manifestation -- it is latent, unmanifest, it is dormant -- making it active, dynamic. That's what education is.

But this is not happening in the name of education. In the name of education just the opposite is happening: they are stuffing everybody with ideas. Nothing is being drawn out of the well; the waters of the well are not being drawn, instead rocks are being thrown into the well. Soon the waters will disappear; the well will be full of rocks. And that's who you call a scholar, a pundit, a professor. They are nothing but stuffed tomatoes, stuffed potatoes --

nothing else, just stuffed people, stuffed with all kinds of bullshit.

As three Ph.D.s were sitting restlessly in the hospital waiting room, a nurse rushed in and said to one of them, 'Good news! Your wife just had twins!'

'What a coincidence!' the Ph.D. shouted. 'I'm a ball player, I am with the Minnesota Twins!'

A few minutes later she returned and said to the other Ph.D., 'My, what good news we are having today! Your wife just gave birth to triplets!'

'Now there is a coincidence,' the Ph.D. said, 'I work for the Three-M Company!'

Just then the third Ph.D. fainted. The nurse called an intern and together they worked to revive the Ph.D. As a matter of routine they checked his wallet for identification. It was then that they discovered that he was a salesman for Seven-Up!

All these Ph.D.s and D.Litt.s are just stuffed tomatoes. But the whole education is doing that: making people parrots, giving them stupid ideas.

The son of an intellectual comes to his father and asks, 'Daddy, what is dialectics?'

The father, not wanting to leave his son without an answer, says, 'Listen to the following, son. Let us suppose that two men come into a restaurant, one with dirty hands and the other with clean hands. Which one is going to go and clean his hands?'

'The one with dirty hands, of course, Daddy!'

'Very good,' says the father. 'Now let's suppose that the two men walk into a restaurant, one with dirty hands and the other with clean hands. Which one is going to go and wash his hands?'

'The one with dirty hands, Dad. I just told you!'

'No, not this time, son. The one who will go and wash his hands is the one who already has clean hands, because he is in the habit of cleaning them. The one with dirty hands is in the habit of keeping his hands dirty.'

'What a mess, Daddy!'

'That's it, Son! Now you are beginning to understand dialectics.'

A young professor had been invited to address a poultry convention. 'The first thing you must do, to properly raise a flock,' he said, 'is to separate the male chicks from the female chicks.'

After he finished, a lady enquired, 'How can you tell male chicks from female chicks?'

'Well,' he said, 'you go out into your yard and dig a pailful of worms. Then you set them before the chicks, and the male chicks will eat the male worms, and the female chicks will eat the female worms.'

'Yes, but, Professor, how do you tell a male worm from a female worm?'

'Madam,' came the answer, 'I'm a poultry expert, not a worm expert!'

This stuffed knowledge does not make people wise, it simply hides their ignorance. This is not education, it simply represses their ignorance. Real education will help the child to be more intelligent.

But even the teachers and the professors don't like the intelligent children because they create trouble. They ask questions which are embarrassing, they ask questions for which the professors don't have answers. And they are not courageous enough to say, 'I don't know the

answer.' And that is a sure sign of an ignorant man: one who has not the courage to say, 'I don't know the answer.' Everybody tries to pretend that he is omniscient, that he knows all that is worth knowing. So it is also in their favour to keep people unintelligent.

Sean Maire came into the garage, walked up to the parking place and, squatting down, went through the motions of driving a car.

'Horan,' said a shocked customer, 'why don't you tell the man he hasn't a car?'

'Is it mad you take me for? Sure, he pays me a pound to wash it every time he comes in!'

When there is a vested interest, when the person is getting one pound to wash a car which is not there at all, why should he say it? It will be against his own interest.

The professors, the teachers, the priests are all joined together in a conspiracy against the poor child. And of course, these people are powerful, they can destroy the child: they can programme the child in such a way that he will remain unintelligent his whole life.

Zen is not for unintelligent people. You have to put aside all the programming that has been done on you. And you are capable of doing it, you just need guts. You have to rebel -- if you really want to live, you have to rebel. You have to rebel against all kinds of superstitions, against all kinds of stupidities. You have to rebel against your parents, against your society, against your church. Unless you do that you will not know anything of the ecstasy that this life contains.

This life is tremendously beautiful, Samadhi. But only those who live it can know it; there is no other way.

You ask me: OSHO, DO YOU REALLY THINK ZEN IS FULL OF ZEST, ZIP, ZAP AND ZING?

It is only that, nothing else.

Zen is not a religion -- drop that idea. Zen is not a church -- drop that idea. Zen is a totally different approach. It is life; it is synonymous with life. It is living life with such intensity that your ego disappears in it, is burnt out, that you dissolve into life, that you are consumed by the fire of life. And only then can you know what a beautiful existence has been given to you as a gift. It is a sheer joy then, each moment... Each moment then is paradise. Paradise is *now* or never.

The second question

OSHO,  
I AM REALLY CONCERNED ABOUT THE PUBLIC KISSING, HUGGING AND TOUCHING THAT YOUR BEAUTIFUL SANNYASINS RESORT TO AT THE MOST APPROPRIATE MOMENTS BUT AT RATHER INAPPROPRIATE PLACES. IT ONLY INVITES THE REPPRESSED PUBLIC WRATH THAT ENDANGERS THE SAFETY OF THE SANNYASINS WHEN IT COULD BE AVOIDED.

I FEEL IT IS HIGH TIME A RESTRAINT IS CALLED FOR FROM DOING THIS IN PUBLIC PLACES. AND WHO BETTER TO INSTRUCT OR MAKE RECOMMENDATIONS TO YOUR SANNYASINS THAN YOU YOURSELF? OTHERWISE THEY HAVE NO BUSINESS TO CRIB AND COMPLAIN ABOUT PUBLIC REACTION. THEY SHOULD FACE THE EXPECTED REACTION WITH A

SMILE AND WITHOUT COMPLAINT.

EVEN THE EST TRAINERS AND THEIR STAFF IN BOMBAY DON'T DO THIS IN PUBLIC, AS IT AMOUNTS TO BREAKING AGREEMENTS WITH INDIAN SOCIETY, AND ANY BROKEN AGREEMENT HAS DISAGREEABLE CONSEQUENCES.

Ajai Krishna Idkanpal,

I know an about those EST-holes! Werner Erhard has been here; I have seen his phoniness. He is a businessman. He is really a Jew -- and I don't mean it metaphorically, he is a born Jew. But it was against his business so he changed his name. He changed his name so it would look German: Werner Erhard. A Jew is hiding behind a German name! He is not interested in you -- EST is just a game -- so of course EST trainers and their staff in Bombay don't do this in public.

They have completely changed their programme: they have made a special programme for India according to Indian tradition, culture, civilization. They do something totally different in California. This is a special dish made for Indian fools. If an Indian goes and participates in a Californian EST training programme then he will know it is a totally different thing. What is being given to you in Bombay and Delhi has been especially made for you, because he has to do business.

He is not concerned about your enlightenment. And who has ever heard of any EST-hole becoming enlightened? The day EST-holes start becoming enlightened, enlightenment will not be worth having.

Of course he has an agreement with the society. If you want to do business with the society you have to make agreements, contracts. I have no agreement with any society, Indian or non-Indian. I am in disagreement with all the societies. So let it be absolutely clear to you once and for all that I am not worried about any disagreeable consequences.

And don't advise me that if disagreeable consequences happen then my sannyasins have no business to crib and complain about public reaction.

They have every reason to crib and complain about public reaction. We are going to fight it! I am not an escapist. Even if we die in the fight that's perfectly okay, but we will live in our own way with no compromise at all. To compromise with the foolish, to compromise with the repressed, is to lose self-respect.

And why should you be worried? You are not a sannyasin. And even if you want to become a sannyasin I am not going to give you sannyas! This is an agreement and I will not break it. I don't want cowards. You are cowardly and Werner Erhard is cowardly. Agreeing with the society is cowardliness.

And he is an escapist. He escaped from his wife and children, from his parents, and remained for many years hidden behind a false name. He was selling encyclopedias, and that's where he learnt his whole business: selling encyclopedias. By and by, reading the encyclopedias, he must have become very wise. And then he started selling wisdom himself. But he remains a salesman, nothing more than that. He is still setting encyclopedias for children. And of course, he knows...

So first he came to India to study -- he went around and met many people -- to see what would be appropriate for the Indian fools. And then he made a programme for them. They are very happy. And then there is no commitment. You just participate in the weekend, and finished... you have become an EST graduate! You have simply become an EST-hole.

To be with me is a commitment -- it is dangerous. And I am not going to tell my sannyasins what they should do and what they should not do; it is up to them. My sannyasins

have absolute freedom. I am not going to programme them for any act. If they feel it right, then it is only for them to decide where to kiss and not to kiss, where to hug and not to hug -- it is absolutely their individual freedom.

And the people who react are wrong! Because what is...? They are not hugging them, they are not kissing them. Who are they? Why does it hurt them? Some repressed sexuality, some ugly monsters inside them start raising their heads. A great desire to curtail other people's freedom, a great desire to dominate other people's character. India has always been a non-democratic country; it has never tasted democracy.

The political democracy that we have imported from the West for these thirty, thirty-three years is not working at all. It cannot work for the simple reason that Indians don't have the democratic mind. Their basic attitude is undemocratic. So democracy is an imported idea. It does not fit them. They are always looking at each other -- what you are doing, what you are not doing.

Now, if my sannyasins interfere in their lives, then certainly that is wrong. But they are not interfering at all; they are living their lives. If two persons are kissing, they are not interfering in your life at all, unless you have some repressed desire to kiss and you have not allowed yourself to kiss your beloved. And then jealousy arises, and your sexuality starts arising in you, and you have to repress it. Rather than repressing it you become angry at the person who made you aware of your repressed sexuality.

No, my sannyasins are not going to accept it with a smile and without complaint. We are going to fight it out. Whatsoever is ugly has to be destroyed, and whatsoever is repressive is ugly.

The last question

OSHO,  
TONIGHT I AM FLYING TO PARIS, TAKING WITH ME THIS BEAUTIFUL NAME THAT YOU GAVE ME FOR THE NEW CENTRE, PRADEEP, A LAMP.  
COULD YOU GIVE ME SOME HELP TO SCREW THIS LAMP INTO THE FRENCH MIND? AND ALSO TELL US A JOKE WITH A FEW WORDS IN FRENCH TO MAKE PARIS LAUGH!  
THANK YOU, OSHO.

Anand Toshen,

As far as screwing this lamp into the French mind is concerned, there will be no difficulty at all. French minds are just like sockets: you can screw in any kind of bulb. There will be no problem at all. It is difficult to screw a bulb into an Indian mind, but into a French mind any way you do it, it will turn out right.

And take this joke with you:

A French father caught his ten-year-old son smoking. Trying to be an open-minded parent, he said carefully, 'Mon fils, I am educating you with great liberte. I let you have whatever you want so that it does not create any complexes in you. Alors, s'il te plait, take heed of my advice. I think you are too young to start smoking.'

'Je ne...! Mon oeil!' replied the son indignantly, 'why just the other day I fucked three girls! Oh, la la! And you think I am not big enough to smoke?'

'Oh, Mon Dieu! Tu as fait ca?' And with what type of girls?'

'Je ne sais pas,' replied the boy. 'I was too drunk to take notice.'

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #2

#### Chapter title: Innocence: Lost and Found Again

**28 December 1980 am in Buddha Hall**

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The first question

OSHO,

DO YOU THINK THAT YOU WILL GO TO HEAVEN WHEN YOU DIE?

Prem Pramod,

There is no heaven anywhere, it is here. It is always here, it is never there. It is always now, it is never then. The very idea of heaven somewhere else -- there, then -- is a strategy of the mind to deceive you, to keep you ignorant of the heaven that surrounds you every moment.

Existence knows no past, no future. The only time existence knows is now, and the meditator has to enter this 'nowness' of things. *this* is heaven. *This* very moment we are in it. You are of aware, I am aware of it. That's the only difference: you are sleep, I am awake. But we exist in the same space. There is nowhere to go!

The biblical story says God became angry with Adam and Eve and threw them out of the Garden of Eden. That is impossible -- yes, even for God it is impossible. They say God is omnipotent, but there are limits to omnipotence too. For example, he cannot make two plus two equal five. He cannot throw anybody out of paradise because only paradise exists; it is synonymous with existence itself.

So what must have happened is: Adam and Eve after eating the fruit of knowledge became minds. When you eat the fruit of knowledge you become a mind, you lose your innocence, you become knowledgeable. And knowledge drives you out of the now to the then, to the there. Mind is always somewhere else Adam and Eve must have fallen asleep.

Metaphysically to fall asleep means to become a mind. And to become a Buddha, awakened, to become a Christ is to come out of the mind, to come out of knowledge and again become innocent. That's the whole alchemy of meditation.

I am not identified with the mind anymore, so there is no question of any heaven anywhere else. Religious scriptures are full of it. They even give you maps -- where heaven is, how far away, how to reach there, what path to travel, which guide to listen to: Christ, Mohammed, Buddha. And they also make you very afraid that if you don't reach heaven you

will fall into hell.

Neither heaven exists nor hell exists; they are just in your psychology. When you are psychically attuned with existence, when you are silent, you are in heaven. When you are disturbed, when you lose your silence, you are distracted and there are ripples and ripples in the lake of your consciousness and all the mirror-like quality of the consciousness is lost, you are in hell.

Hell simply means disharmony within you -- within you and with existence too. The moment you are harmonious within yourself and with existence -- and they are two sides of the same coin -- immediately you are in heaven. Heaven and hell are not geographical.

So, Pramod, the first thing to remember is: there is no heaven, no hell for me. They disappeared the moment I became disidentified with the mind.

Secondly: one is never born and never dies; both are illusions. Certainly it appears so, but it appears so just like a snake appearing as a rope when you cannot see clearly. Maybe night is descending, the sun has set, and you are on a dark path, and suddenly you become afraid of the snake. But there is only a rope lying there. Bring some light -- just a candle will do -- and the snake is no longer found. It was never there in the first place.

Birth is as illusory as the snake seen in a rope; and if birth is illusory, of course death is illusory. You are never born and you never die. You certainly enter into a body -- that is a birth -- and one day you leave the body -- that's what you call death -- but as far as you are concerned, you were before your birth and you will be after your death.

Birth and death don't confine your life; there have been many births and many deaths. Births and deaths are just small episodes in the eternity of your life, and the moment you become aware of this eternity -- another name for now, this timelessness -- all fear, all anxiety about death immediately evaporates just as dewdrops evaporate in the early morning sun.

So the second thing, Pramod: I am not going to die. Certainly, one day I will leave the body -- in fact I left it twenty-five years ago. There is no longer any connection with the body. I am just a guest, I don't own it. I am no longer part of it, it is no longer part of me. We are together, and on friendly terms -- there is no antagonism, I respect it because it gives me shelter -- but there is no bridge. The body is there, I am here, and between the two there is a gap.

But for the sake of your question I consulted the future Akashic records. They are continuously guarded by two persons. One is Master Kuthumi, son of Madame Bla-bla, better known as Madame Blavatsky. Master K. H., Master Kuthumi, is Madame Bla-bla's son; mother and son both guard the records. It is very easy to deceive the son, but it is very difficult to deceive Mom.

They say you can deceive a few people their whole lives, you can deceive the whole world for a few days, but you cannot deceive Mom -- that's impossible.

But once in a while Madame Bla-bla goes shopping, and when she goes shopping the son immediately starts drinking -- he is an old alcoholic. That is the moment when you can look in the Akashic records.

Pramod asked me this question a few days ago, but I had to wait. Only last night could I look into the future records. This is what is written there... You can see, the Akashic records are big, their pages are also *very big* -- this is only a paragraph!

Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh had dropped his body. When he arrived at the entrance to Heaven, St Peter was waiting to usher him to a special tribunal which had been set up to

indict him on charges of sacrilege, heresy, libel, slander, defamation of character and obstruction of saints and Masters in the performance of their work.

'Listen,' whined Jesus in a nasal Jewish voice, 'this goy told the whole world that I was a four-foot hunchback with a st... stut... stutt... stutter. And he made uu... uu... up di... dirty jokes about Mmm... Mother and the Holy... Gggh... Ghost. And now nobody can take me seriously anymore!'

'That's nothing!' shouted Mahavira in his thick Bihar accent. 'He said that I was squatting to shit when I became enlightened, and that I was a sado-masochist, covered in lice and dirt, and had the foulest breath in the whole of India!'

Buddha, remembering to stay upwind of the Jaina *teerthankara*, butted in quickly. 'This... this... this crazy bloke had the impudence to say that he was putting my wheel of *dharma* in motion again. Just when it was gaining speed in America and Europe, this Rajneesh comes along and sticks a spoke in my wheel, stops it, puts it into reverse and then says that he is carrying on my work!'

Adi Shankara, speaking for endless rows of *rishis*, *paramahansas* and yogis, approached the witness stand next: 'For countless ages the saffron robe of the sannyasin, his austerity and chastity, his poverty and his renunciation of the world were universally respected. Then this charlatan destroyed all that in seven years! Now they are driving around on motor bikes, smoking and drinking, womanizing and having fun! They call it meditation. And they call themselves by the most outrageous names: Swami Veet Pete, Ma Sachchakhanda, Swami Wolfangananda. This Rajneesh has made a mockery of our religion!'

The Holy Ghost was called to the witness stand. Of course, since he was not a person, only a presence, he could not speak. But he made his presence felt by loud thunderclaps and earthquakes. It was made clear from this, said St Peter, that the Holy Ghost was really pissed off with the accused.

Mother Teresa was the last witness to appear for the prosecution. 'I have only this to say: I spent my life trying to help poor helpless cripples like that man there,' she said, pointing to Jesus, whom she did not recognize. 'This Rajneesh mocked my efforts. I say he must be given the Ignoble Prize for all his many sins. I speak on behalf of Jesus Christ and the Polack Pope!'

The judge, God himself, asked Bhagwan if he had anything to say in his own defence. 'Perhaps a few jokes...' said Bhagwan tentatively.

'I see you are beyond redemption,' said God, a certain malicious glee now creeping into his face and his voice. 'I hereby banish you from heaven for all eternity and cast you into the seventh hell!'

'Thank God!' cried Bhagwan joyfully. 'For one dreadful moment I thought you were going to tell me to stay here! Now I can be with my people again!'

The second question

OSHO,  
WHILE ON AN EDUCATIONAL TOUR TO BOMBAY AND POONA I BROUGHT SOME OF MY STUDENTS TO YOUR LECTURE YESTERDAY. I WANTED THEM TO HAVE A TASTE OF THE JOY AND THE BLISS THAT I HAVE RECEIVED FROM YOU. HENCE I ALMOST FORCED THEM TO COME TO THE ASHRAM BY MAKING THEM WAKE UP EARLY IN THE MORNING, TAKE THEIR BATHS, SKIP THEIR

BREAKFASTS, SO THAT WE ARRIVED HERE IN TIME. I WAS SHOCKED WHEN I HEARD THEIR REACTIONS AFTER THE DISCOURSE THEY WERE VERY CRITICAL OF YOU AND OF EVERYTHING THEY SAW AND HEARD HERE DURING THEIR SHORT STAY, AND CURSED ME FOR BRINGING THEM HERE. 'THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD BAN THIS PLACE', 'THIS MAN SHOULD BE SHOT', ETCETERA WERE SOME OF THEIR REACTIONS. WHEN I ASKED THEM WHAT IT WAS THAT YOU HAD SAID THAT HURT THEM, THEY COULD NOT SAY A WORD. HOWEVER, THEY KEPT ACCUSING AND CURSING ME, AS IF I HAD DONE SOMETHING VERY WRONG TO THEM. SINCE THEN THESE VERY STUDENTS WHOM I LOVED SO MUCH AND WHOM I CARED FOR AND RESPECTED ARE BEHAVING WITH ME AS IF I AM THEIR ENEMY.

THESE STUDENTS, INCLUDING GIRLS, ARE SUPPOSED TO BE THE MOST CULTURED, WELL-BEHAVED AND INTELLIGENT IN THE WHOLE OF THE UNIVERSITY, AS THEY ARE SELECTED FOR THEIR COURSE OF STUDY THROUGH A COMPETITIVE TEST. THEY COME FROM WELL-TO-DO FAMILIES, ARE GROWN-UP YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN BETWEEN TWENTY AND TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, AND ARE ABOVE AVERAGE IN THEIR I.Q.

OSHO, HOW LONG WILL THE NEW GENERATION KEEP MISSING YOU?

SHOULD THOSE OF US WHO LIVE AND WORK IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD NOT EVEN SPEAK OF YOU TO THOSE WHOM WE LOVE AND CARE FOR? SHOULD WE NOT EVEN TRY TO SHARE THIS JOY AND THIS BLISS THAT WE HAVE EXPERIENCED THROUGH YOU, EVEN WITH THOSE WHO ARE CLOSE TO US?

Anil Bharti,

There are many things to be remembered. The first thing is: never force anybody to come here. Even though you are doing it out of love, forcing anybody to come here will destroy the whole purpose. Nobody likes to be forced. Even if you force people to enter into heaven they will be angry with you, because their freedom is far more valuable to them than anything else -- and they are right.

A man may be happy even in hell if he has chosen it on his own; it is a question of freedom. Because you *dragged* them here -- you forced them to wake up early these cold days and to take a bath and to skip their breakfast -- you prepared the whole ground in such a way that they were bound to be angry with me. Although they cannot say a single word about why they were angry with me, they were really angry with you, Anil Bharti. I was just an excuse.

If you want to share your joy with somebody, first prepare him. He cannot be forced, he can only be seduced, persuaded. Let him become interested, let him force you to bring him here, only then is there a possibility of some communion. Otherwise this happens to many people: they drag their wives or their husbands or their children here.

Anil Bharti is a professor in Lucknow University. He is my sannyasin and he has experienced great joy, he has slowly entered into deeper layers of meditation. But those students were not even aware of what is happening here. First you should have introduced them through the books, through the tapes. You should have prepared them, and by preparation I mean: unless *they* ask you to bring them here, don't bring them, because once they come here through force they will never come again; they will become antagonistic forever. They have nothing to do with me, but because you forced them they will take

revenge on me.

So one has to be very conscious. These experiences are very delicate; you should not behave in a gross way. If you had prepared your students, and you were coming in the morning and a few of them came, that would have been okay.

I was a professor in a Sanskrit university. The first day I reached the university I was not yet allotted a quarter so I had to stay in the hostel for a few days. Because it was a Sanskrit university... And nobody wants to learn Sanskrit nowadays; it is a dead language -- it serves no purpose, it will not help you to earn your bread and butter. So almost ninety percent of the students were on government scholarships; they were there only because of the scholarships. They had no desire to learn Sanskrit, they were not interested in it, but they were poor students and they could not get scholarships anywhere else, so it was better than nothing.

So they had come there unwillingly, reluctantly, and because they were almost all scholarship holders they were forced to pray every morning at four o'clock -- so early!

When I reached the university it was winter-time, and by four o'clock they were shivering and they were taking cold baths. No hot water was provided -- Sanskrit scholars are not supposed to have such luxuries as hot water; they are supposed to live like the ancient rishis and their disciples. And they used to get up early, at four o'clock, *brahmamuhurta*; this is one of the most divine moments according to the Hindu mythology. And they *could* be forced because otherwise they would lose their scholarships. So they had to go through these things but in a very angry mood.

They did not know that I was also a professor that first day. I loved to have a cold bath early in the morning, so I went to the well to take a bath. And the students were so angry: they were using all kinds of four-letter words about the Vice-Chancellor -- not only about the Vice-Chancellor but about God also! Not knowing that I was also a professor, they continued their use of violent, ugly words.

I reported to the Vice-Chancellor: 'This is not right. You are not teaching them prayer. And then after the cold bath they have to stand in a line and pray for hours in Sanskrit. Now, how can they be prayerful? They are angry with God. If they come across God they will kill him! And they are praying, so what kind of prayer can it be?'

But the Vice-Chancellor was an old Sanskrit scholar. He said, 'No, that's not right. They are doing it on their own, we are not forcing anybody.'

I said, 'I know that they are doing it on their own, because if they don't do it their scholarships disappear. You are not forcing them in a direct but an indirect way. And if you want to argue with me, then give me only one day and I will put up a notice saying that whosoever *wants* to have a cold bath at four o'clock and pray can get up, and whosoever does not want to need not worry about the scholarship; it will be up to him.'

Now the Vice-Chancellor was caught; he had to agree to only one day. And I went to the Vice-Chancellor at four o'clock -- he himself was asleep. I dragged him out of bed. I said, 'Come on! What kind of Vice-Chancellor are you? Your students are praying, taking cold baths, and you are asleep!'

He was very angry at me. I said, 'The same is happening to them. Come on!'

And there was not a single student there! The well was empty, the prayer hall was empty. I told him, 'Now take a cold bath with me, and we will both pray!'

He said, 'I cannot take a cold bath -- I am an old man!'

I said, 'Okay, then I will take the cold bath. You sit here and watch, and then we will go and pray.'

He said, 'But I am feeling tired and I want to go to sleep!'

'Then,' I said, 'I am the only person who will be praying -- and I don't know Sanskrit at all! And God understands only Sanskrit! I was wrongly appointed to this university by the mistake of the Ministry of Education. They thought, looking at me, that I must know Sanskrit. I don't know Sanskrit at all. I am not interested in anything dead.'

So he went to his room and I went to my room, and everybody slept. And that morning the students came to me and they were so happy, they were so thankful.

And I said to the Vice-Chancellor, 'This is far more beautiful, this is far more prayerful -- their coming to me and thanking me.' I said to him, 'Stop all this nonsense!'

But rather than stopping the nonsense he made the government transfer me to another university, saying, 'This man is dangerous! He will destroy my students' morality, character, religion.'

Anil Bharti, you did wrong. You should have come, and if somebody had been interested he would have followed you. Make them interested first, only then bring them here, otherwise they will come with a negative mind and they will search for some negativity. And you can always find negativity -- particularly in my place you can find all kinds of negativities -- because this is not a dead ashram: people are alive, young, lively, dancing, singing, loving, laughing. They must have found many things which go against their prejudices.

And they, you say: ARE SUPPOSED TO BE THE MOST CULTURED, WELL-BEHAVED AND INTELLIGENT IN THE WHOLE OF MY UNIVERSITY...

That's the trouble: if they are well-cultured, that means they are well-repressed! What is culture? -- a device of repression. If they had been a little less cultured they would have been more innocent. If they had been a little less cultured they would have seen things more clearly. The cultured person cannot see things as they are; he has his ideas of how things should be, and if they do not go according to his ideas then they are wrong.

And you say they are well-behaved. They must be being *forced* to be well-behaved. And my own experience is that the well-behaved children, the obedient children, are not really alive people.

The alive children are bound to be rebellious, they will be disobedient. Out of disobedience, intelligence becomes sharper. Out of disobedience one starts being an individual. One has to learn to say no, only then does saying yes have any meaning. The yes of the person who cannot say no and says yes is impotent. Well-behaved people are impotent as far as intelligence is concerned, well-cultured people are phony, pseudo; they are not authentic.

And you say they are the most intelligent. You don't seem to understand the difference between the intellect and intelligence; you are mixing them both up. They may be the most intellectual, but to be intelligent is a totally different phenomenon than being intellectual. Intellect is of the mind; intelligence comes only through meditation, there is no other way. Intellect collects information: it is a memory system. Intelligence needs no information: it goes through a transformation. Intellect goes through ready-made answers, answers which are provided by others -- parents, teachers, schools, colleges, universities, priests, leaders. Ready-made answers are collected by the intellectual people. Intellectuals are parrots; they are mechanical, they are 'His Master's Voice' -- HMV records, gramophone records -- they

don't have their own understanding.

The intelligent person lives moment-to-moment, not through borrowed answers; he has no ready-made answer. He sees the challenge of the situation and responds accordingly. He is not a photograph, he is a mirror. The intellectual is a photograph: he already has an imprint on him. The intelligent person is just a mirror: he reflects reality as it is. He simply reflects it and responds to it. The intelligent person is spontaneous and the intellectual person is never spontaneous.

But our schools, colleges and universities are not places where intelligence is helped; it is hindered. Our whole educational system is part of the establishment: it does not work for the well-being of the person being taught, it works for the vested interests of the politicians, of the priests, of the churches, of the state, of all kinds of other things. It has nothing to do with the person being taught, its whole work is to create efficient slaves.

And whatsoever you call I.Q., the intelligence quotient, has nothing to do with intelligence. It is memory quotient -- it is M.Q.! One who can memorize things well and can reproduce them exactly as he has been taught is thought to be intelligent. But he is not intelligent, he just has a good memory, and memory is nothing much to brag about -- a computer can have a memory and it has a better memory.

I was in continuous trouble during my university days. My professors were concerned about me. A few were very much against me because I was not obedient, and a few -- those who had some idea what intelligence was -- loved me, but their concern was that I might not be able to pass the examinations, because examinations require you to just reproduce ready-made answers.

One of my professors, the head of the department at Sagar University, Dr S. K. Saxena, was so concerned -- he loved me very much -- that he again and again told me, 'You need not answer anything according to you, remember it, you have to answer according to the textbook and whatsoever is written there. Don't bother about whether it is right or wrong -- nobody is asking you whether it is right or wrong -- we are simply asking you what is written in the textbook.'

He reminded me even when I was entering for my final examinations for the M.A. He took me to the university hall where the examination was going to be held and whispered in my ear, 'Remember, you are not supposed to give spontaneous answers! ' I told him, 'I will see.'

He said, 'Look, can't you even say yes?'

And when my oral examination was being held a Mohammedan professor from Aligarh University came to preside over it. Dr Saxena, my head of department, was present; he told me, 'He is a Mohammedan -- very fanatic! Don't annoy him, don't irritate him! Just give exact answers point by point -- and you need not tell any jokes! And remember one thing: I will be there, and if you go astray I will kick your feet underneath the table to remind you not to go astray and to come to the point, to be exact. And you are not supposed to ask questions of that old man, simply answer!'

And on the first question everything went wrong. That Mohammedan professor asked me, 'What is Indian philosophy? How do you define it?'

I said, 'There is no question of Indian philosophy or non-Indian philosophy. Philosophy is simply philosophy! First you tell me, why do you call it Indian philosophy? If physics is physics, chemistry is chemistry -- no Indian chemistry, no Indian physics -- then why should philosophy be Indian? Tell me first!'

And my professor kicked me. I said, 'Keep yourself out of it! You are not to interfere -- you are not supposed to interfere!'

I told the Mohammedan, 'My professor is kicking my feet and he is not supposed to do that! He is just here to supervise the whole thing -- what is going on. He has to leave it to me and you. Now we have to encounter each other. First you define it! And he told me beforehand that you are a Mohammedan and a fanatic and that I am not to annoy you, so I am not trying to annoy you at all.'

The old Mohammedan loved it so much that he said, 'Forget all about the examination!' He gave me ninety-nine out of a hundred.

I said, 'Why ninety-nine? Why not a hundred? Why be so miserly? I have not answered anything wrong -- I have not answered at all!'

So he made it a hundred. He said, 'Okay, be finished with it! I have never examined such a student before. It seems you are the examiner and I am the examinee!'

And he started perspiring. I gave him my handkerchief: 'You just...'

These so-called cultured, obedient, well-behaved students must be stupid people. Don't bring such stupid people here! First make them a little intelligent, help them to meditate a little, then you can bring them here. But otherwise this is bound to happen.

This is not an old, traditional place, it is revolution -- and not a dead revolution -- with a heartbeat, alive. Only those who are ready to be revolutionaries can become participants in what is happening here.

You brought those dumb, stupid students here -- well-behaved, highly-cultured... That simply means they have no intelligence, otherwise they would not be well-behaved, they would not be so ready to be given culture by others; they would retain their authenticity, their individuality; they would live according to their own light and they would be ready to risk.

And when I am saying things, the people who come for the first time cannot even understand what I am saying, because they come with expectations. And in India when you go to a religious discourse you are not supposed to laugh, you are not even supposed to be awake.

In fact, doctors suggest going to religious discourses to people who are suffering from insomnia, and if they cannot fall asleep in religious discourses then they go to the mental hospital; then there is no other help possible. But it almost always happens -- even mad people fall asleep in religious discourses .

Here it is a totally different phenomenon. I am not talking about your scriptures, I am not supporting your rotten ideas -- I am not carrying corpses, I am pouring out my heart! I am communicating from my very being, from my own experience. If your scriptures support it, it is good for those scriptures. If they don't support it, they are doomed; then they don't have any future. I am not here to support your scriptures -- I have my own experience to share.

Now if a Jaina comes here, he comes to hear me supporting Mahavira, if a Hindu comes he thinks I must talk about the Gita, if a Mohammedan comes he thinks I must say something about the Koran, and the Christian comes with his own ideas. I am not in any way interested in forcing these ideas upon you; on the contrary, I am here to uncondition you, to help you to get rid of all that is past and dead and is heavy on you. It is a mountainous weight, and you cannot open your wings unless you become weightless.

I am burning scriptures here, destroying ideologies, uprooting traditions, orthodoxies! Naturally, when a new person comes not knowing what is going to happen here, he is in such shock that he cannot understand. And people are so egoistic that if they are in shock they are

angry at me. Rather than trying to see that they are shocked because they are believers, they become angry at me. That's why they started saying, 'The government should ban this place! This man should be shot!'

I take these statements as great compliments, because unless I am shot I will not be proved right. Once they shoot me, I will be proved right. Then the same people will start feeling guilty and will start worshipping me. That's how it has always happened. Now they cannot forget Socrates because they poisoned him, they cannot forget Jesus because they killed him, they cannot forget Al-Hillaj because they murdered him.

The best way for me to die will be for me to be shot, because then it will become absolutely necessary for people to remember me. I would not like to die on a bed -- that doesn't look very great!

The last question

OSHO,  
IS THE INNOCENCE OF SMALL CHILDREN JUST IGNORANCE, OR HAS IT GOT ANY VALUE TOO?

The innocence of the children is ignorance, it is not true innocence. The true innocence happens only after the second birth. The true innocence happens only after you have reached your very core through awareness; that is the second birth, that is resurrection -- you are born anew.

The first innocence of a child when it is born is only ignorance, but that ignorance is far more valuable than the knowledge that your so-called learned people are burdened with.

So these things have to be remembered. Real innocence belongs to the Buddhas. They have lost their first childhood in knowledge and then they become aware of what they have lost. They have lost the precious, the essential for the non-essential, so they drop their knowledge. Dropping their knowledge they become innocent again. This is second innocence, second birth. In India we call such a person *dwija*, twice-born. He is a real *brahmin* because he has known the Brahma, the absolute. The absolute can be known only in innocence.

So the first, the most important thing is the innocence of the sage. It is like the innocence of the children but only like. The innocence of the children is bound to be corrupted, but the innocence of the sage cannot be corrupted anymore -- he has passed through that stage. His innocence has maturity, his innocence has integrity; his innocence is earned -- he deserves it.

Small children are innocent; but they have not earned it, it is natural. They are ignorant really, but their ignorance is better than the so-called learning, because the learned person is simply covering his ignorance with words, theories, ideologies, philosophies, dogmas, creeds. He is trying to cover up his ignorance, but just scratch him a little bit and you will find inside nothing but darkness, nothing but ignorance.

A child, Maria, is in a far better state than the learned person. But one thing is absolutely bound to happen: he will have to go through learning; this is part of life's experience. Unless you lose something, unless something is lost, you don't recognize its value. It happens every day: whenever something is available to you, you start taking it for granted, you forget all about it.

A woman loves you and you don't take much notice of it, you are not even thankful to

her. The day she dies or goes away from you, then suddenly you feel something inside is missing. It is like the fish: if you take it out of the ocean, then it knows that the ocean was a blessing. Unless you take the fish out of the ocean it will never know -- it will never know that it exists in the ocean, that it is a great gift that she or he is in the ocean. The fish has to be thrown on the bank, on the hot sand in the burning sun, then only will understanding dawn. And if the fish can reach the ocean again it is going to be tremendously thankful to the ocean.

This is what happens. Learning is bound to happen -- it is part of growth; you have to lose your innocence. But if you remain just a learned man your whole life and you never lose your learning, then you are stupid, then you have behaved in an idiotic way.

Children are in a far better space because they can see things. Even though they are ignorant they are spontaneous, even though they are ignorant they have insights of tremendous value.

A little boy, seized with hiccups, cried, 'Mommy, I am coughing backwards!'

A small boy was brought to a psychiatrist's office for an examination by the mother who was a chatterbox. The psychiatrist examined the little fellow and was surprised that he hardly paid any attention to the questions.

'Do you have trouble hearing?' the psychiatrist asked him.

'No,' replied the lad. 'I have trouble listening.'

You see the insight? Hearing and listening are tremendously different. The child said, 'I have no difficulty in hearing, but I am tired of listening. One has to hear -- the chatterbox mother is there -- but I have trouble listening. I cannot pay attention.' The mother and her being a chatterbox have destroyed something valuable in the child: his attentiveness. He is utterly bored.

The second grade teacher had sent the children to the board to work out arithmetic problems. One little fellow said, 'I ain't got no chalk.'

'That's not right,' the teacher said. 'The right way to say it is, "I don't have any chalk, you don't have any chalk, we don't have any chalk, they don't have any chalk." Now do you understand?'

'No,' said the little boy. 'What happened to all the chalk?'

The clock had just struck 3 a.m. when the minister's teenage daughter returned from a dance. The minister and his wife had been waiting up for the girl, and as she came in the front door he said to her rather scornfully, 'Good morning, child of the devil.'

Speaking sweetly, as any child should, she said, 'Good morning, father.'

The teacher was trying to teach subtraction. 'Now, Hugh,' she said, 'if your father earned \$180 a week and if they deducted \$6 for insurance, \$10.80 for social security, and \$24 for taxes, and then if he gave your mother half, what would she have?'

'A heart attack!' the kid said.

Supper was over. The father of the house and his nine-year-old son were in the living room watching television. Mother and daughter were in the kitchen, washing up the supper dishes. Suddenly the father and son heard a terrible crashing sound of something being

broken in the kitchen. They waited for a moment in shock but did not hear a sound.

'It was Mom who broke the dish,' said the boy.

'How do you know?' his father asked.

'Because,' replied his son, 'she's not saying anything!'

From the kitchen came the sound of the crash of either broken glass or broken china.

'Willy,' cried his mother from the living room. 'What on earth are you doing in the kitchen?'

'Nothing,' Willy said, 'it's already done!'

A salesman who had been working in the New England area was being transferred to California. The move had been the principal topic of conversation around the house for weeks.

Then the night before the big move, when his five-year-old daughter was saying her prayers, she said, 'And now, God, I will have to say goodbye forever because tomorrow we are moving to California!'

'Mama, do people go to heaven feet first?'

'No, why do you ask?'

'Well, the maid was lying on the bed with her feet up, hollering, "Oh, God, I'm coming!" And she would have, too, if Daddy hadn't held her down!'

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #3

Chapter title: Sex, Love and Compassion: Seed, Flower and Fragrance

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OSHO,

I HAVE BEEN REFLECTING ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'FEELING SORRY' FOR SOMEONE AND 'HAVING COMPASSION'. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT TO BE SORRY FOR SOMEONE HAS AN ELEMENT OF CONDESCENSION IN IT, AS IF YOU WERE SUPERIOR TO THE OTHER, AND THAT IT DOES NOT NECESSARILY HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH LOVE, WHEREAS COMPASSION MUST BE AN INTEGRAL PART OF LOVING. PLEASE COMMENT.

Prem Joyce,

The first and the most important thing to remember is that reflecting is not going to help at all. 'Reflecting' is nothing but a beautiful word for 'thinking'. The blind man can go on thinking about light, he can arrive at certain conclusions too, but those conclusions cannot be right. Howsoever right they appear to be, they are bound to be false, untrue.

The moon in the sky is one thing and the moon reflected in the silent lake is totally another. One exists, the other is only a reflection. If you jump into the silent lake you will not be able to catch hold of the moon; on the contrary, you may even disturb the reflection because the lake will be disturbed.

The more you think, the more you are creating waves and ripples in the mind. The real thing for the blind man to do is not to think about light but to heal his eyes, for the deaf man, not to reflect on music but to go through some alchemical processes which can make him hear.

That's the difference between reflection and meditation: meditation opens your eyes, reflection is thinking with closed eyes. Meditation is seeing and thinking is remaining blind. But thinking can give you great conclusions, very logical too; in fact only thinking can give you logical conclusions. Meditation will give you very paradoxical experiences -- illogical or supralogical, but never logical.

Existence consists of contradictions -- it is vast enough to contain all contradictions -- it consists of polar opposites. They appear to be opposites to the logical mind, but they are complementaries deep down in reality. They exist together in a kind of simultaneity.

In English 'meditation' again has the same flavour as 'reflection'. In English there is no

word which can be said to be the equivalent of *dhyana* or *zen*, so we have to use the word 'meditation'; that comes closest. But a few conditions have to be put upon it.

The moment you use the word 'meditation', the immediate question arises 'On what?' because 'meditation' in the English language means meditating *upon* something. And the words *dhyana*, or *zen*, simply mean emptying yourself of all thinking; it is not a question of meditating *upon* something. Meditation is a state of absolute silence, of profound peace, of not thinking at all but just being aware. Only in that awareness will you be able to see the truth.

You say, Prem Joyce: I HAVE BEEN REFLECTING ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'FEELING SORRY' FOR SOMEONE AND 'HAVING COMPASSION.'

And you can immediately see the difficulty: 'feeling sorry' for someone and 'having compassion' are exactly the same. The person who knows what compassion is cannot say 'I have compassion'; he is simply compassionate. Having compassion is not possible -- either you are compassionate or you are not; it is not a question of having. If you have compassion, it is the same, in different words, as feeling sorry for someone.

But language can give you great scope for playing games, mind games. 'Feeling sorry' and 'having compassion' are synonymous. Of course, feeling sorry and having compassion are synonymous, but feeling sorry and *being* compassionate are not synonymous. *Being* compassionate is a totally different phenomenon than having compassion. Having compassion, again you will have that idea that 'I am far superior than the other. Look how much compassion I have!' And compassion is not something that you can possess, it is not something that you can have, you can only be it. Know the difference between having and being!

But you have been groping, and something significant has arisen out of your groping.

You say: IT SEEMS TO ME THAT TO BE SORRY FOR SOMEONE HAS AN ELEMENT OF CONDESCENSION IN IT, AS IF YOU WERE SUPERIOR TO THE OTHER...

Yes, even the blind man can grope for the door and can sometimes find it, but still he will not be able to see it. It is just accidental, that's why you are not certain. Seeing has absolute certainty about it. Seeing is knowing, and knowing is not approximate.

You say: IT SEEMS TO ME...

Naturally, if you are reflecting, at the most it can only seem to you that 'This is the door... perhaps this is the door.' The 'perhaps' will always surround you, and with the perhaps one is in a kind of bondage: there will be ifs and buts, you will never be on certain ground. And without being on certain ground you cannot be centred: there will remain some wavering -- maybe it is so, maybe it is not so.

You say: IT SEEMS TO ME THAT TO BE SORRY FOR SOMEONE HAS AN ELEMENT OF CONDESCENSION IN IT...

It has! There is no question of being uncertain about it. In fact, people enjoy being sorry

for others. They are always looking for situations where they can feel sorry for others -- it is so ego-fulfilling, it is such a nourishment for the ego. If somebody's house is on fire you go with tears in your eyes and you show great sympathy, you show much concern, as if you are immensely pained. But deep down, if you watch, you will find a certain joy, a certain glee.

But people never look within themselves. It is bound to be there, for two reasons: it is not *your* house which is on fire, 'Thank God!' -- that is the first thing. Secondly, you must be enjoying your tears, because when somebody builds a new house, a beautiful house, you feel jealous; great envy arises in you. You cannot enjoy, you cannot participate in his joy. You want to avoid -- you don't even *look* at his house.

I used to go to Calcutta where I would stay in a very beautiful house. And the man who was the owner of the house was immensely concerned about the house. He was very rich, one of the richest men in Calcutta, and he had no children. So just the wife and the husband were there with nothing else to do but maintain the house, the garden and the lawns with great care, and whenever I came he would take me around to show me what new things they had done.

The last time I went, he didn't talk about the house, the garden, the swimming pool. I was puzzled -- that was so abnormal for him. Twenty-four hours passed and the house was not mentioned at all: the new paintings that he had acquired and the new 'antique' furniture -- the *new* antique furniture! -- and how much it had cost him. And he was looking a little bit sad too.

I asked, 'What is the matter? You look very sad!'

He said, 'Yes, I am sad.' He took me out onto the lawn and showed me a house in the neighbourhood -- a new house had been built and he said, 'Unless I can defeat this man I will remain sad!'

The neighbour invited me for lunch. He also wanted the owner of the house, my host, to come with me, but he immediately refused. I had to go alone.

When I came back he said, 'Don't take any note of my refusal. I cannot go into that house. Unless I make a bigger house than him I cannot go there! It hurts! I am feeling humiliated.'

If you cannot participate in the joy of others, how can you feel sorry when they are in trouble? If you feel jealous when they are joyful, then you will feel joyful when they are in trouble. But you will not show it, you will show sympathy. 'Sympathy' is not a good word.

There are a few words that are very ugly but which are now very respected; words like 'duty', 'service', 'sympathy' -- these are ugly words. A man who is fulfilling his duty is not a man of love. A man who is doing service knows nothing of love, because service is not done, it happens. And the man who sympathizes is certainly enjoying some kind of superiority: 'I am not in that sorry state, the other is in the sorry state. I have the upper hand -- I can feel sorry for him.'

I lived in Jabalpur for twenty years. The richest man in Jabalpur used to come to me once in a while. He said one day 'One thing troubles me always: I have been helping all of my relatives, even faraway relatives, I have made them all rich in every possible way, but nobody feels friendly towards me. In fact, I feel a certain antagonism from all of my relatives. Why is it so? I have done so much for them, and there was no need for me to do anything for them. I did it out of love, but they feel antagonistic.'

I said, 'I know your relatives -- they also visit me -- and I know that they are antagonistic

to you. The reason is very simple: you have never allowed them to do anything for you. You have always been doing things for them and you have never allowed them to do even a small thing for you -- you have not even asked them to bring you a rose flower -- so they are all feeling humiliated. And it is not *love* that you are talking about, it is just ego: "I have done so much!" You want to show them that "I have done so much and I don't need anybody to do anything for me"; that's why there is antagonism. Of course, you have done it with good intentions, but intentions don't count. The unconscious desire for ego fulfilment, for ego gratification is hurting them.'

I said to him, 'Once in a while give them a chance. I know that you don't need anything, but they have beautiful gardens and you can tell them, "Sometimes bring roses for me." Sometimes when you fall ill you can ask them to come and just sit by your side, and they will all feel happy. Just small things! Sometimes you can tell them, "Invite me to supper, to dinner," and they will be immensely overjoyed; they will not feel antagonism.'

He said, 'That I cannot do -- that is impossible. That is against my nature.'

So I told him, 'Then it is absolutely clear now -- even you can see it -- why all your good deeds have brought antagonism!'

These do-gooders are mischievous people. They do good, but their desire is just the opposite of it.

Prem Joyce, the idea of feeling superior to the other is present in both cases, whether you feel sorry or you have compassion.

And you say:... AND THAT IT DOES NOT NECESSARILY HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH LOVE...

Certainly it does not necessarily have anything to do with love -- not only that, it is anti-love because it is an ego trip and ego can never be in tune with love. Ego is poison to love, it is *necessarily* anti-love. Your compassion is not out of love if some desire of being superior is being fulfilled by it.

The lover never feels superior -- the lover cannot feel superior, the lover cannot even *think* that he has obliged anybody. On the contrary, when somebody receives your love you feel obliged that your love was not rejected -- it could have been rejected -- that your love was respected, welcomed. You feel obliged, you feel thankful, you feel grateful.

And you say:... WHEREAS COMPASSION MUST BE AN INTEGRAL PART OF LOVING.

No, compassion is higher than love. Love is an integral part of compassion, but compassion is not an integral part of love. That's the difference between thinking and meditation.

These three things are to be taken note of: the lowest love is sex -- it is physical -- and the highest refinement of love is compassion. Sex is below love, compassion is above love -- love is exactly in the middle.

Very few people know what love is. Ninety-nine percent of people, unfortunately, think sexuality is love -- it is not. Sexuality is very animal; it certainly has the potential of growing into love, but it is not actual love, only a potential.

A seed is not a flower. It can become a flower, but there is no certainty, no guarantee that

it is going to become a flower -- it may die as a seed. If you put it on a rock it will not sprout into a bush, into a flowering tree, it will die. If you throw it into fire it Will die.

Sex has the potential of love, but only the potential, remember; it is the seed. There is no need to deny it because if you throw away the seed, if you deny the seed, then love disappears.

That's why in the so-called religious people you will not find love and its warmth, you will find them cold, dead, without love Yes, they will have compassion, they will feel sorry for you, because you are hell-bound and they are going to heaven. Naturally they feel sorry for you: 'Poor souls!' You will suffer hell-fire and they will be enjoying the pleasures of heaven.

There is no love at all, but they have compassion. And having compassion is a pseudo thing, it is not the true compassion. They have denied sex, and in denying sex they have denied love.

Sex has to be used in the right perspective. It has not to be repressed, it has not to be denied, and you are not to remain confined to it either. No repression, no indulgence. The path is very subtle.

Jesus says: The path is straight but very narrow. It is a razor's edge.

Sex either becomes indulgence, as it has become in the West, or it becomes repressed, as it has become in the East. On one side there is a well, on the other side there is a ditch, and you can fall in. You have to walk between the two. Certainly it is a razor's edge, tight-rope walking; you have to remain very balanced.

And the functioning of the mind is such that it moves from one pole to the other. It is exactly like the pendulum of an old clock: it goes from right to left, the extreme left, and from the extreme left again to the extreme right.

And remember the law: as you see the pendulum moving towards the left it is gaining momentum to go to the right; while it is actually going towards the right it is gaining momentum to go to the left. So don't be deceived by what you see; something inside is growing which is just the opposite of what you are seeing.

The repressed person is always ready to go into indulgence. All the repressed societies are boiling, ready to go into indulgence, and they find ways and means to go into indulgence.

For example, this country has repressed sex for thousands of years, and the natural outcome has been a backdoor indulgence. In Indian temples prostitutes have existed. In the South still, even today in the twentieth century, temples have prostitutes. They are not called prostitutes -- Indians are very clever at giving beautiful names to ugly things -- they are called DEVADASIS, 'servants of God'. And who are these gods? First the priest who initiates them into sexual indulgence and then the rich clients who come to the temple. These are the gods whom they serve! But they are supposed to serve the stone statue of the god inside the temple. That is just a facade. In India prostitution can now exist only in a religious garb -- sex has been such a taboo that you have to find some way to make it religious.

Temples like Khajuraho, Konarak, Puri have not existed anywhere in the West. There is no need people are already indulging -- they are indulging by the front door -- so there is no need to go by the back door.

It is not a coincidence that the first treatise on sex was written in India. What Sigmund Freud, Wilhelm Reich Masters and Johnson, and other sex researchers have done is nothing compared to Vatsayana's sutras, the KAMA SUTRA -- sex sutras -- and they are three thousand years old.

After the birth of every great religion in India, Tantra entered by the back door. Nothing

but sexuality in a rationalized form -- ninety-nine percent of it is sexuality. There is Buddhist Tantra. Buddha could not have conceived of it, that his followers were going to make sex a religious ritual. But what can people do? If you repress them too much then they have to find ways, otherwise they will be continuously burning with desire.

Hindu Tantra... very ugly. If you just look at the Tantra paintings you will be surprised. These are the people who say that I am destroying their culture! And what kind of culture do they have? -- Khajuraho and Tantra treatises and Vatsayana's KAMA SUTRA and Pundit Koka's KOKA SHASTRA. What culture do they have?

All this nonsense has happened because sex was repressed. In the West sex became indulgence. Both are wrong. But that's how the mind is: it always goes from the frying pan to the fire! It cannot stay in the middle, because to stay in the middle is the death of the mind.

That's what I call meditation: if you can stay exactly in the middle, the clock stops. If the pendulum stays in the middle, if you hold the pendulum in the middle, the clock stops. And if you hold yourself exactly in the middle, if you avoid the extreme and hold to the axis, suddenly you will see that the mind has stopped. Mind functions almost like a clock.

Sex is a potential, a great potential. If you become aware and alert, meditative, then sex can be transformed into love. And if your meditateness becomes total, absolute, love can be transformed into compassion.

Sex is the seed, love is the flower, compassion is the fragrance.

Compassion has love as one of its ingredients, but not vice versa -- love is not compassionate. You can see it everywhere: lovers are continuously fighting. They are intimate enemies, continuously at each other's throats. Yes, once in a while, just to rest, they are loving too, but those love-breaks are few and far between; otherwise there is constant struggle, fight. The woman is nagging -- that is her way of fighting -- and the man is always ready to hit hard on the woman's head. In fact, people think that when you don't fight, your love has died.

Psychologists also agree with these fools. They say that if you don't fight that means you are not interested, if you don't fight that simply means it does not matter; if it matters then you have to fight. Lovers are fighting -- there is no compassion there is cruelty. And you can see that cruelty in their love-making also.

For thousands of years people have been making love in the dark for the simple reason that it looks ridiculous, aggressive. Lovers are not related in a compassionate way, it is a fight to grab as much as possible: to give as little as possible and to get as much as possible. It is a bargain, it is a business. People are forcing each other to give love in every possible way, direct and indirect. It is cruelty, it is violence, it is aggression.

Once in a while it has happened that lovers have killed each other. That seems to be the extreme form of love, just the very climax! They bite, they scratch with their nails. Vatsayana says these are methods of love -- scratching the beloved with your nails and biting your beloved so that blood comes! These are 'love methods', 'love techniques'! Vatsayana must have been some kind of sadist, but Indians call him a *rishi*, a seer -- a *maharishi*, a great seer. He must have been like Maharishi Mahesh Yogi -- a great seer! And all this nonsense he is writing, giving techniques... It is called 'love-bite', 'love-scratch'. And he says it makes love-making very deep, profound.

You must have heard about de Sade from whose name 'sadism' has been coined. De Sade seems to have been the greatest lover in the world! He used to carry a suitcase with him, just like a doctor's suitcase, with all the instruments. Of course he was far more modern than Vatsayana. Why scratch with your nails if you can have beautiful instruments to scratch

with? Why bite with your teeth if you can have devices? And as a Western man, technology-oriented, he had all kinds of instruments in his bag.

He had a beautiful personality -- women became attracted to him -- he was very rich, he was a marquis. But once a woman entered his love chamber -- it was called a 'love chamber' in fact it should be called 'torture chamber' -- he would immediately lock the door. The woman would be puzzled because on all the walls there were other, bigger instruments -- whips and all kinds of things. And then he would undress the woman and start beating her.

The women who had been in love with him -- of course they never dared to go again, once was enough -- even confessed before the court... Almost all the women, because he had made love to many women, hundreds -- he was rich enough to pay -- confessed in court that the way he made love to them was always dangerous and they were very scared, but they never had such beautiful orgasms either before or after.

And de Sade writes in his memoirs that when you beat a woman she becomes really aroused, when you whip her she becomes alive, warm. Certainly, obviously!

Lovers don't have compassion for each other. You may not be a de Sade, but every lover is on the way to it. De Sade may be the goal, but very few reach to that height.

Prem Joyce, love has no ingredient of compassion in it. Vice versa is true -- compassion certainly has love in it -- but because of compassion that love has a totally different quality, a different flavour.

The word 'compassion' has to be understood: when passion is transformed it is called compassion, when passion goes through an absolute transformation it is compassion. Love is a stage on the way but not the end.

Buddha has defined compassion as 'love plus meditation'. When your love is not just a desire for the other, when your love is not only a need, when your love is a sharing, when your love is not that of a beggar but that of an emperor, when your love is not asking for something in return but is ready only to give -- to give for the sheer joy of giving -- then add meditation to it and the pure fragrance is released, the imprisoned splendour is released. That is compassion; compassion is the highest phenomenon.

Sex is animal, love is human, compassion is divine. Sex is physical, love is psychological, compassion is spiritual.

And let me remind you again that it is not 'having compassion', it is *being* compassion. You can have sex, you can 'have' love -- though you 'have' it less than sex -- but you cannot have compassion. You *become* compassion, your very being is compassion. Walking, you are compassionate, sitting, you are compassionate, sleeping, you are compassionate. Whether anybody is there or not does not matter: your compassion is just like a flame -- it goes on burning in absolute aloneness, radiating. If somebody passes by he can have it, with no strings attached, with no conditions. Compassion is the experience of the Buddhas, of the awakened.

You cannot reflect on these matters. Stop reflecting, don't waste your energy in reflecting. Put the whole energy into meditation. Become silent, aware, watchful, and in that watchfulness miracles happen. And everybody is entitled to this miracle of becoming compassion. It is our birthright!

The second question

OSHO,

THE OTHER DAY YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT HUGGING AND KISSING AS AN EXPRESSION OF FREEDOM. AFTER DISCOURSE AN INDIAN SANNYASIN WAS SWAYING AND HUGGING A WESTERN WOMAN SANNYASIN AND IT LOOKED SO UGLY TO SEE. IT DID NOT FEEL AT ALL LIKE LOVE. IT SEEMED THAT HE WAS TRYING TO UTILIZE THE WORD 'FREEDOM' AS A RESULT OF YOUR DISCOURSE.

Yoga Vidya,

The Indian mind is in a very perverted state. Here, my Indian sannyasins comprise three categories. The first, the best, have come here for spiritual growth, they have come to inquire about truth, about meditation, about freedom, about God. The second kind are very repressed. They have not come to inquire about freedom, truth, liberation, meditation; they are boiling with repression -- which is the normal state of the Indian society outside. They have come here just to use this freedom that I am giving to my people. Of course their love will look ugly because it is not love, it is simply perverted sex -- it is sex standing on its head. And the third category consists only of curious people who have not come because of any reason, just to see what is happening. They come and go; they are not the problem.

But the problem is that they come and only see the second type of Indian -- hugging and kissing in an ugly way -- and they spread rumours all over the country about what is happening here. They don't see the best Indians who are really in tune with me.

Ninety percent of my sannyasins -- Indian sannyasins, I mean -- belong to the first category, the best people. Nine percent belong to the second category: the ugly people, the fools. They have not come here for me. Some have come because there are so many beautiful women around, some have come to cheat, to borrow money, to steal. We are trying to throw them out, but still a few somehow manage to get in. They even meditate to show that they are meditators, but their real motives are totally different.

So, Vidya, whenever you find that any Indian sannyasin is misusing the freedom available here, throw him out immediately and ban him!

When two Westerners are hugging each other there is a beauty in it, because they are not coming from a repressed society. They have not come here just to hug! They could have hugged far better in the West; there was no need to come thousands of miles to this dirty place, Poona, to be sick with hepatitis and amoebas and dengue fever and suffer all kinds of troubles -- to be raped by Indians, to be killed by people, to be murdered, beaten. They have not come here just to hug and kiss -- that is beautifully available in the West -- they have come here to seek and search for something which is not available there. So when they are hugging each other there is no sex involved in it; it is just a sharing.

But the Indian stupid who are here -- that nine percent -- are only here to hug and kiss. Poor fellows! They even have to meditate, they have to do *vipassana*, they go through all kinds of tortures... because these are tortures for them! But they suffer all these tortures.

And this is my experience: that the Western people are far more innocent -- naturally, because they come from a richer society, an affluent, free society without any taboos. They are innocent, childlike, and they easily become involved with these cunning people, these cunning Indians.

I want my Western sannyasins also to be a little watchful and aware. Avoid these ugly people! These people are not the right people to commune with. And to all the guards and to the office I would like to say that whenever you find some ugly thing happening here, immediately throw the person out.

The freedom is for beauty -- for anything beautiful there is freedom, but not for ugly things to happen. They should not be allowed, at least not in my commune. My commune has to live up to the highest standards of beauty, love, compassion, meditation.

But because we are in India and once in a while somebody is bound to get in, be a little alert and careful. Immediately stop such people from entering the ashram -- I don't want to have anything to do with such people. And freedom certainly can be misused too. Only freedom can be misused; if there is no freedom, then there is no question of any misuse.

That's why societies have not allowed freedom, they have made a very strict discipline for people, they have made a very repressed structure around people for the simple reason that freedom is dangerous; it can be misused. Slavery cannot be misused -- what can the slave do?

Indians live in absolute slavery outside this ashram, and when they come in of course they are coming with all kinds of scorpions and snakes and dogs within them and they start freeing all kinds of repressed, perverted desires, because they have never seen such freedom.

Freedom can be used only by people who are very aware. Repressed people cannot use it; they are bound to misuse it.

I have heard many other stories about this Indian, whosoever he is. If he has any sense he should immediately stop doing such acts, or if he cannot then this is not the place for him. He should leave, otherwise he will be thrown out. I know the name of the person, but I will not say the name here -- he will understand. So, whosoever it may concern...

The last question

OSHO,  
WHAT SHOULD BE DONE SO THAT PEOPLE CAN UNDERSTAND YOU? I FEEL VERY SAD TO SEE SO MUCH MISUNDERSTANDING ABOUT YOU AND YOUR TEACHINGS.

Ananto,

In a way it is natural. It is not unusual, it is to be expected that people will misunderstand me. They have always misunderstood the truth, the naked truth. And they are very slow, so they always get the joke very late.

They started understanding Buddha when he was dead, they started understanding Socrates when they themselves had killed him, they started having respect for Jesus when they had crucified him -- they themselves! Now they remember with great respect the names of Al-Hillaj Mansur and Sarmad, whom they themselves destroyed.

People are very slow to understand.

Recently a letter of Gauguin's sold for over five thousand dollars.

In it the painter complained of his poverty, that he was starving to death.

Now the letter is sold for five thousand dollars, and in the letter the painter is complaining that he is starving -- starving to death! People are strange! They take such a long time to understand.

Vincent van Gogh's paintings are worshipped now all over the world. Now they say that he was one of the greatest painters ever, but while he was alive not a single painting was sold. Now each painting is valued nearabout one million dollars, and only two hundred paintings are in existence. If he was alive now he would have been the richest man, but he was so poor

while he was alive that he would only eat three days a week.

He used to get enough money from his brother to eat the cheapest food for the whole week, but he had to save some money for canvases and paints and colours and brushes, so he had to starve for four days to save a little money.

He committed suicide when he was only thirty-three, just because it was so difficult to survive. Nobody would accept his paintings; there was no question of anybody purchasing them. People even refused to accept his paintings for hanging in their houses. He would present his paintings free to people and they threw them in the basement or somewhere else.

His brother, thinking that he was feeling so sad because he had not sold a single painting in his life, sent one man with some money to go and purchase one painting.

The man went. Van Gogh could not believe his ears that there should be one man in the whole world who was ready to purchase his paintings, so he showed them with great interest. But the man was not interested in the paintings at all. He said, 'Any painting will do. You keep this money and give me the painting.'

Immediately he understood what the matter was. He said, 'Forget about purchasing the painting! It seems my brother has sent you, so take this money back. It is better to die without selling a painting!'

And the same day he committed suicide -- it was enough. He painted nearabout one thousand paintings; eight hundred paintings have been lost because people never cared about them. When his paintings started becoming famous after his death, people started searching for his paintings. They were found in all kinds of places -- people's basements, bathrooms. And they were easily purchased; people were very willing to give them away for a little money or even for no money. Now each single painting is valued at one million dollars.

That's how people have always functioned, so there is nothing unnatural about it. People have their own understanding...

Two kids were talking. 'What are you going to ask Santa Claus to give you for Christmas?'

'I want an astronaut's suit. And you?'

'I want a tampon.'

'A tampon? What's that?'

'I don't know, but on the TV they say that with it you can travel everywhere, swim, play...'

Now, small children are small children -- they have their understanding! Now this 'tampon' is something magical: you can travel anywhere, everywhere, swim, play -- do whatsoever you want.

The apples on a farmer's tree had just ripened. The owner put a notice under the tree which said, 'Don't steal! God is watching you!'

The day after, the farmer found his apple tree had been picked bare. On the notice the thief had added a few more words: 'But he is not a spy!'

Two members of the Town Council began shouting at each other.

'You are the biggest idiot in the world!' the first shouted.

'And you are the most bigoted and prejudiced donkey in town!' the other man yelled.

The mayor, who was presiding, banged his gavel and said, 'Quiet, gentlemen, quiet please. I'm afraid that in your excitement you have forgotten that I am in the room too!'

The psychiatrist was talking to his patient. 'Well,' he said, 'your problem has sexual origins. I have to ask you something about your sexual behaviour. Do you talk to your husband while making love?'

'Well... yes,' answered the woman. 'I mean, only if there happens to be a telephone nearby!'

A man called on his lawyer and said, 'I want to sue that man who lives across the street from me. He called me a hippopotamus!'

'We can do that,' the lawyer said. 'When did he call you that?'

'Six years ago,' the man replied.

'Six years ago!' the lawyer exclaimed. 'Why have you waited so long to file suit against him?'

'Well,' the man said, 'yesterday I took the kids to the zoo and it was the first time I had ever seen a hippopotamus!'

Ananto, you ask me: WHAT SHOULD BE DONE SO THAT PEOPLE CAN UNDERSTAND YOU?

In fact, nothing can be done. If you understand me, live that understanding, that's all. If somebody is ready to understand it, good. If nobody is ready to understand it, that is nothing to bother about, that is their business. Don't become too concerned about others because that concern will disturb your own growth. Grow according to your inner light, and if you are full of light maybe some people will start understanding.

If my sannyasins start living exactly what I *mean*, then that's enough. A few people will certainly understand you, and only a few are capable of understanding it; the larger mob is incapable of understanding anything that goes beyond them. But that is their freedom. If they don't want to understand, it has not to be forced upon them.

A drunk was weaving around the bar of an exclusive hotel. He asked the barman the way to the men's toilet and he was told that it was the first door on the right down the hall. So he blundered through the first door on the left and fell into the swimming pool.

He had been treading water for well over five minutes when the door opened.

'For God's sake!' he screamed. 'Don't flush it yet!'

And the really last question

OSHO,  
DO YOU TAKE YOURSELF SERIOUSLY?

Rishiraj,

Never! Seriousness and I have nothing in common; there is no bridge between me and seriousness.

Did you hear the latest joke, Rishiraj?

Osho goes to the psychiatrist. Says the psychiatrist, 'This is the first time you have come to me, so please tell me your story from the very beginning.'

Replies Osho, 'In the beginning, I created the sky and the earth...'

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #4

#### Chapter title: Mind: An Expert Coward

**30 December 1980 am in Buddha Hall**

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OSHO,

MY UNCLE, PANDIT SATYAVRATA SIDDHANTALANKAR, WHO IS EIGHTY-TWO YEARS OLD, IS A GREAT ADMIRER OF YOURS. HE HAS COME AND STAYED FOR TWO WEEKS AT A STRETCH ON TWO SECRET OCCASIONS IN KOREGAON PARK JUST TO LISTEN TO YOUR DISCOURSES. PANDIT SATYAVRATA IS A NOTED HINDI SANSKRIT SCHOLAR AND HAS AUTHORED OVER SEVENTY-FIVE BOOKS ON SUBJECTS RANGING FROM THE UPANISHADS TO HOMEOPATHY. HE WAS ALSO VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE HINDI SANSKRIT GURUKUL KANGRI UNIVERSITY AT HARIDWAR AND WAS A NOMINATED RAJYA SABHA M.P. FOR THE FULL TWO TERMS. TODAY HE IS PERHAPS THE BEST KNOWN AND RESPECTED LEADER IN THE ARYA SAMAJ.

HE TOLD ME THAT HE DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER THERE IS ANY SUCH THING AS SELF-REALIZATION, BUT IF THERE IS ANY PERSON WHO IS REALIZED THEN HE FEELS THAT YOU ARE THE ONLY PERSON WHO IS REALIZED -- FAR BEYOND J. KRISHNAMURTI AND SWAMI VIVEKANANDA .

HOWEVER, HE CANNOT PRAISE YOU OPENLY AS THE ARYA SAMAJ PEOPLE WOULD BE UPSET AND FLABBERGASTED. HE LOVES YOUR VEGETARIANISM, BUT FEELS THAT THE EXPRESSION OF LOVE THAT HAPPENS SO OPENLY AND SPONTANEOUSLY AMONGST YOUR SANNYASIS AMOUNTS TO NON-VEGETARIAN CANNIBALISM.

WHY, OSHO, DO YOU HAVE SO MANY SECRET ADMIRERS? AT LEAST I AM COURAGEOUS ENOUGH TO BE YOUR OPEN ADMIRER, EVEN THOUGH YOU CHOOSE TO CALL ME A COWARD. YOU ALSO SAID THAT YOU WOULD NOT INITIATE ME INTO SANNYAS EVEN THOUGH I ASKED FOR IT. YOU ALSO SAID THAT THIS WAS AN AGREEMENT AND YOU WOULD NOT BREAK IT.

Ajai Krishna Lakhanpal,

Pandit Satyavrata is well-known to me, but scholars are always cowardly. He is a great scholar -- there is no doubt about it. In fact, reading his commentaries on the Upanishads I

was amazed -- amazed for the simple reason that a man who is not enlightened yet can have such a beautiful grasp of things which are beyond the intellect. He has been groping in the right direction, but because of his lack of courage he has not been able to take the jump, the quantum leap into the unknown.

The scholar lives in the mind, and the mind is always a coward. It clings to the past, to the familiar, to the known. Mind consists of the past, the familiar and the known. Mind has no experience of the present and no opening towards the future; it is utterly closed. Mind is like a seed, encapsulated, without any doors and without any windows. It is immensely afraid of the unknown. With the known it is very skilful, clever. With the known it can go on believing that 'I am very superior.' With the unknown it simply becomes utterly ignorant. The moment it encounters the unknown, a great fear arises in the mind; then again all your expertise is irrelevant.

That's why he has been coming on secret trips to Poona. He does not even come to the discourses openly; he tries to hide himself. But that's the way of the mind.

The heart has courage -- the heart can fall in love; the mind cannot fall in love. And to be with me, even to understand me, is a love affair. It is not your intellect that is needed in order to understand, it is your intelligence. And remember the distinction between intellect and intelligence -- it is vast, it is unbridgeable.

The intellect simply means a memory system, the intellect means a storage system for information. Intelligence is a constant revolution, a transformation. Intellect consists of information, intelligence consists of transformation, a moment-to-moment transformation. Each moment one has to die to the past and one has to be born anew. Intelligence has the freshness of dewdrops in the early morning in the rising sun -- dewdrops on a lotus petal, shining so fresh, so innocent, ready to evaporate. When the sun rises they will evaporate and disappear; they will not leave even a trace behind. Intelligence is always ready to die to the past because that is the only way to live in the present. There is no other way; there never has been, there will never be. And that's the problem with scholars.

He is certainly a noted scholar. I have loved his books, particularly on the Upanishads, tremendously. It is a magical phenomenon that he has been able to write such beautiful treatises. And his grasp is only intellectual! He is not even able to believe that there is something like self-realization, and the Upanishads were born out of self-realization.

If he had been honest enough, he would not have even tried to write on the Upanishads. But scholars are not honest, they are cunning. They are not sincere and authentic people, their whole desire is to be famous and respectable. They write not because they have come to know something, they write because that brings ego-fulfilment. But you can see their stupidity in many ways. I have never come across a scholar who is not at the same time stupid; both things go in deep synchronicity.

A gentleman desirous of obtaining a parrot that could speak at least two languages kept searching for several months. He was searching for this parrot for his very scholarly wife to whom he wanted to give it as a present. His wife was a great linguist, hence he was searching for a parrot who knew at least two languages. His wife knew many and she was so skilful with languages -- she was equally proficient in all the languages -- that it was difficult to find out which language was her mother tongue.

One day the owner of the local pet shop called him and said that he had just such a parrot. On arriving at the pet shop, the owner informed the prospective customer that the parrot spoke not two languages but five.

He was delighted, immensely delighted, so he said, 'Just send the cage and the parrot to my home. My wife will be there to receive it.'

When the purchaser arrived home at six o'clock that evening he asked his wife, 'What's for dinner?'

'You ask?' she replied. 'You sent it home this afternoon.'

'Do you mean to tell me, dear, that you cooked the parrot that I sent home? The one I've been searching for for you for such a long time? And did you know that the parrot could speak not just two languages but five?'

'Why then,' asked his wife, 'didn't he speak up?'

Scholars are never known to be intelligent; they are well-informed but immensely stupid at the same time. Scholarship is a way to cover your ignorance -- it does not dispel ignorance, it only covers it up. And by covering it up you can deceive the world, but you cannot deceive yourself.

Pandit Satyavrata had come to see me ten or twelve years ago, and I could see the misery he was in because it is impossible to deceive yourself: you know that all that you know is borrowed, and the borrowed cannot fulfil you.

Moe: 'Hi! Thought I'd drop in and see you about the umbrella you borrowed.'

Joe: 'Sorry, but I loaned it to a friend of mine. Did you want it?'

Moe: 'No, but the fellow I borrowed it from says the owner wants it back.'

Scholars go on living something that has been given from one generation to another for thousands of years, and the older it is the better it seems to them. The old is respected by the scholars, and with that which is old *they* become old. With all that ancient rubbish accumulating in their heads they become just garbage and nothing else.

But how can you deceive yourself? Deep down you know all the time that you have missed knowing, that light has not dawned upon you, that your inner being is absolutely dark. And as death starts coming closer, the knowledgeable person becomes more and more shaky.

When Pandit Satyavrata came to me I could see that trembling. He was trying to hide it, he was trying to pretend that he was not worried at all about enlightenment, but his whole concern was how to become full of light within. Knowledge had not helped, but knowledge helped in one way: he became the Vice-Chancellor of a university; he was nominated for the parliament by the then president, Dr 5. Radhakrishnan -- another of the same kind of stupid scholar; he wrote seventy-five beautiful books, and, as you say, he certainly is the most respected leader in the Arya Samaj.

The Arya Samaj was founded by another parrot, Swami Dayananda. He was far worse than Swami Vivekananda and certainly comes nowhere near J. Krishnamurti. He was just a scholar, a linguist, very clever at splitting hairs, very efficient at playing with words. And the whole of Arya Samaj is still carrying his nonsense. When the founder himself is not enlightened it is almost impossible to find enlightenment through his so-called wisdom, which is not wisdom at all but only knowledge, *mere* knowledge. He created many scholars, but he could not create a single man of enlightenment, a single man of the calibre of Gautam Buddha, Jesus Christ, Lao Tzu or Zarathustra. But many scholars have followed the footprints of Dayananda.

Satyavrata is certainly one of the most respected leaders in the Arya Samaj, so these are the two reasons why he cannot come here openly...

He sent a message to me that he wanted to see me in private. Why? -- because he wanted to know something about meditation. But that is not something very private; you can ask it before others. But a great scholar, a respected leader of a religious cult is afraid that if his colleagues, friends come to know that he has been asking me what meditation is or how to meditate, then all his respectability will go down the drain.

In fact, to be associated with me is risky, very risky, dangerous. I am notorious! To be with me one has to be at least capable of being notorious. I don't care at all for respectability -- I am not a leader, I don't belong to any cult, any creed, any dogma -- I am simply saying what I have known. Whether your scriptures support it or not is beside the point: if they agree with me it is good for them, if they don't agree with me then it is their misfortune. But I am not at all interested in being supported by the tradition, by scriptures, by religious leaders by political leaders, I stand my own ground. And I have known my original face, so I don't care about public opinion.

That is his problem: first, he is a great scholar. How to ask a question? -- because the question shows your ignorance: that you don't even know what meditation is all about and you have been writing on the Upanishads, which are nothing but pure meditation!

And then he is afraid of losing his respectability in the Arya Samaj. I have spoken again and again against Dayananda, so the Arya Samajists are absolutely against me. He will lose his leadership, and at the age of eighty-two it becomes more and more difficult to risk; one loses all courage. Death is knocking on the doors, how can you be courageous? So of course he admires me, but he can only admire me secretly.

You say, Ajai Krishna Lakhnopal: HE TOLD ME THAT HE DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER THERE IS ANY SUCH THING AS SELF-REALIZATION...

He may not have ever thought that you would put it in a question to me. Now it will be known all over the world! What he was hiding, you have made open. He certainly does not know that there is any such thing as self-realization because he has never meditated. It is an experience, and unless you drown in it, become utterly drunk with it, you cannot know it.

When you go back, tell him there is still time, because meditation can be learnt at any age, even on the deathbed. Meditation does not need any effort, it needs relaxation. It does not need any muscular power, all that it needs is a restful consciousness. Hence it can be done by a child, it can be done by a young man, it can be done by an old man, very easily. It is the simplest phenomenon in the world.

Self-realization is not difficult at all. It appears to be difficult because we never try to get in tune with our own being. We have forgotten the language, that's all, but it can be remembered.

When you go back to him tell him to meditate. Even though he is old it can still happen. It is never too late, there is always time, because it can happen in an instant. It does not take time to happen; it is not a gradual process.

Self-realization is a process of sudden enlightenment. If one can relax totally in the moment, if one can put the mind aside and just BE... silent, aware... one can become self-realized at the last moment of life too.

When you go back to him give him this message and tell him, 'Now you are eighty-two years old, don't be afraid of losing your respectability, soon you will be losing your life! And don't be worried about your so-called scholarship and your learnedness; all will be taken away by death. It is better to drop it on your own -- that's what meditation is -- rather than to

allow death to snatch it away. Then it hurts. If you drop it on your own it does not hurt at all, it becomes a flowering. When death takes it away it leaves a wound behind. When you drop it there is grace, there is freedom; an immense weightlessness arises in you.

And certainly he loves me, he respects me, if he says that:

IF THERE IS ANY PERSON WHO IS REALIZED THEN HE FEELS THAT YOU ARE THE ONLY PERSON WHO IS REALIZED -- FAR BEYOND J. KRISHNAMURTI AND SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

Then he should gamble a little bit with me! Then he should risk a little bit. Then he should walk a few steps with me, and I promise him that it can happen. It cannot be explained, but I can help him to experience it.

And you say: HOWEVER HE CANNOT PRAISE YOU OPENLY AS THE ARYA SAMAJ PEOPLE WOULD BE UPSET AND FLABBERGASTED.

So what? Let them be upset and flabbergasted -- that is their problem! Soon he will be dying and then these Arya Samaj people are not going to go with him, remember. If he can have a communion with me, that will be something that he can carry beyond death. If he learns meditation, then he will have some riches that cannot be destroyed by death. Otherwise power, prestige, money, respectability, scholarship, all will be burnt in the funeral pyre, and you will be going naked, empty-handed.

I can help you to become so over-full with the inner, with the transcendental, that death will be absolutely incapable of destroying it.

You say: HE LOVES YOUR VEGETARIANISM, BUT FEELS THAT THE EXPRESSION OF LOVE THAT HAPPENS SO OPENLY AND SPONTANEOUSLY AMONGST YOUR SANNYASINS AMOUNTS TO NON-VEGETARIAN CANNIBALISM.

Vegetarianism is the only thing that traditional people can easily appreciate in my commune, hence I am thinking to drop it! My reasons are totally different from their reasons: my commune is vegetarian purely for aesthetic reasons -- it is ugly to kill. It is just an aesthetic approach. I have no religious antagonism towards non-vegetarian food, because the soul is never killed -- that's what all these religions say. The logical conclusion will be: then non-vegetarian food is not a religious problem at all. You are simply separating an animal's body from his soul -- making his soul free of the body, helping his soul to be released from the body. That is the logical conclusion of all their so-called immortality of the soul. If the soul is immortal then why be so worried about killing? Then there is no problem. The soul will find another body somewhere maybe a better body, a younger body, more vital.

But many people, particularly Indian vegetarian people, the Jainas and the few *brahmins* -- and he is a Punjabi Saraswat *brahmin*, one of the topmost brahmins of India -- they can appreciate the vegetarianism of my commune, but their reasons are different.

In the new commune I have the idea that it should be optional, because I don't want to be associated in any way with tradition. If only this thing is there for the traditionalists to enjoy, I will drop that too.

So tell him that if he is alive he will come to know... My people come from

non-vegetarian countries and they are suffering immensely. Now, my aesthetic sense says I should not make them suffer so much. Protecting the animals and killing my own people does not seem to be right! They are suffering from many diseases simply because of vegetarian food. Their bodies are accustomed to non-vegetarian food, they have been brought up with that, and the sudden change of climate and the sudden change of food is such a drastic change that it disturbs their whole balance.

So in the new commune it will be optional: those who want to be vegetarian can be vegetarian, those who want to be non-vegetarian can be non-vegetarian. And then there will be nothing left for the traditionalists to appreciate!

I want to destroy all the bridges. Tell him that I am thankful that he reminded me of it.

And he also says: THAT THE EXPRESSION OF LOVE THAT HAPPENS SO OPENLY AND SPONTANEOUSLY AMONGST YOUR SANNYASINS AMOUNTS TO NON-VEGETARIAN CANNIBALISM.

That is true. Love is tasting the other. If you go deeper into each other it is eating the other, it is 'non-vegetarian cannibalism'.

Moe: 'What do you call a person who is fed up with people?' Joe: 'A cannibal.'

The cannibal chief was preparing to cook the missionary who had been captured the day before.

'You shouldn't eat him,' one of his advisors said. 'He is a missionary -- a religious man.'

'That's the reason I'm doing it,' the chief said. 'I think my people should have a taste of religion.'

And, in fact, discipleship, the very phenomenon of discipleship is a kind of cannibalism. The relationship between the Master and the disciple is pure cannibalism! Jesus says to his disciples, 'Eat me. Drink me.' And that's what I go on saying: Eat me, drink me, digest me, so that I can become your blood, your bones, your very marrow. The disciple has to eat the Master -- about that he is right.

And finally you say: WHY, OSHO, DO YOU HAVE SO MANY SECRET ADMIRERS?

Because this country consists of cowards, otherwise for twenty-two centuries they would not have been slaves.

And you say: AT LEAST I AM COURAGEOUS ENOUGH TO BE YOUR OPEN ADMIRER, EVEN THOUGH YOU CHOOSE TO CALL ME A COWARD.

Yes, Ajai Krishna Lakhnupal, I call you a coward, because those who are not open admirers, I don't know anything about. But I know about you because you are an open admirer. And if you have that much courage, then don't be cowardly at all now then go the whole way, headlong!

Pandit Satyavrata is very old, eighty-two years old; not much can be expected of him. But you are young -- you should not behave like a dead, old man. And you are not a scholar

either. You are fortunate! You are not a Vice-Chancellor, you are not a nominated member of the parliament, you have not written seventy-five books. You are fortunate! You can risk. What are you going to lose?

Calling you a coward is just a device. But you are being cunning too. Since I called you a coward you have been telling my sannyasins, 'What can I do? I want to be a sannyasin, but Osho has said that I am a coward, and he must be right. And he has also said that even if I ask for initiation into sannyas he will not give it to me.' This is a rationalization on your part. You have been telling people, 'Osho has said that this is an agreement and he will not break it, so how can I ask for sannyas?'

Just try, and see what happens! My memory is not very good. I have completely forgotten what agreement you are talking about. Moreover I am crazy -- I can break any agreement.

A Jewish mental patient was causing quite a stir in the institution because he would not eat the food. 'I'm kosher!' shouted Moskowitz. 'I won't eat this food. I want kosher meals!'

So the staff hired a Jewish woman from the community to cook special kosher meals for Moskowitz. Everybody was envious, for Moskowitz's meals were much better than theirs.

Friday night rolled around, and Moskowitz pushed back his chair after a delicious chicken dinner and lit up a big black cigar. This was too much for the director, who called Moskowitz into his office.

'Now, see here, Moskowitz. You're getting away with murder. You get the best meals because you claim you only eat kosher food. And now, on Friday night, on your Sabbath, you flout your religion and smoke a cigar!'

Moskowitz merely shrugged his shoulders. 'Why are you arguing with me?' he said. 'I'm crazy, ain't I?'

Ajai Krishna Lakhanpal, just ask, and see what happens -- whether I keep my agreement or not. I am not a man of words, I am a man of silence!

The second question

OSHO,

I FEEL IT IS TIME THAT SOME ACTION IS TAKEN TO RECTIFY THE FALLEN BANNER OF IRANIAN HONOUR AND TO BRING TRUTH, WHERE FALSE RUMOURS HAVE STAINED THE REPUTATION OF THE GLORIOUS NATION OF PERSIA. ONE: IT IS BELIEVED THAT IRANIANS ARE A MONGREL RACE. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

Ayatollah Rahunah Hamidullah,

This is not true. They are of the purest Aryan stock -- with a few pinches of Aryan, Greek, Moghul, Tartar, a pinch of Turkoman, a pinch of Caucasian, a pinch of Armenian, a pinch of Jewish, a few traces of Slav, a taste of Kurdish and a few handfuls of Turkish and of Arab. Otherwise they are quite pure!

TWO: IT IS BELIEVED THAT NOTHING GOOD HAS EVER COME OUT OF THE COUNTRY.

Hamidullah, this is not true. Humanity has been enriched by Zarathustra, Sanai, Hafiz, Omar Khayyam, Shams el-Tabriz, petrol, carpets, Jalaluddin Rumi, and especially Mulla Nasruddin and the five o'clock shadow.

THREE: IT IS BELIEVED THAT NADIR SHAH WAS A BLOOD-THIRSTY WAR-MONGER.

Hamidullah, not true. He only made war on India and only one hundred and twelve times.

FOUR: IT IS BELIEVED THAT IRANIANS ARE RUTHLESS IN BUSINESS.

Hamidullah, this is not true. It is the Jew in them.

FIVE: IT IS BELIEVED THAT THEY ARE 'WISHY-WASHY'.

Hamidullah, this is not true either. But it is true that they never say no and never say yes, and vice versa.

SIX: IT IS BELIEVED THAT THEY ARE GAMBLERS, DRUNKARDS, SEX MANIACS AND HOMOSEXUALS.

Hamidullah, absolute nonsense! They drink to purify their souls, they gamble to share their wealth. As for sex -- it is the Arab in them. And as far as homosexuality is concerned -- only very rarely, when they run out of hostages.

SEVEN: IT IS BELIEVED THAT THEY ARE RAPISTS.

Hamidullah, just rubbish! They do it only by mutual consent, except that they don't take no for an answer.

EIGHT: IT IS BELIEVED THAT THEY ARE NOT TRUE MUSLIMS.

Hamidullah, this is not true at all. Iranians are exemplary Muslims: they never swear, gamble, drink or rape inside a mosque.

NINE: IT IS BELIEVED THAT NOTHING HAS MOVED SINCE KHOMEINI'S ISLAMIC REVOLUTION.

Hamidullah, absolutely false! This revolution has moved the whole of Iran five hundred years backwards.

AND THE LAST: AS FOR YOUR MENTION OF IRANIANS NEVER UNDERSTANDING ANYTHING, OSHO, THIS IS ABSOLUTELY NOT TRUE! ACTUALLY, I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHAT YOU MEAN BY THIS STATEMENT. COULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN IT A LITTLE MORE?

Hamidullah, explaining it a little more will not help, it will only create a little more confusion in you. So I will tell you a few jokes. If you get them, good; if you don't get them, others will get them and enjoy.

First:

It was a great tragedy. In his will the old Iranian asked that when he died his two sons should bury him at sea. But they drowned trying to dig his grave.

Second:

The old Iranian, aged seventy-five, visits his doctor and says, 'Well, Doc, I think I've become impotent.'

The doctor asks, 'When did you notice that?'

The Iranian answers with a sigh, 'Last night, twice, and this morning once.'

And the last:

Two Iranian deaf-mutes were sitting in a car in New York conversing in sign language. 'Let's pick up a couple of chicks and get laid!' signed one.

'Great!' signed the other.

Soon they had spotted and picked up two girls who were also deaf mutes. 'How about a little loving?' indicated one of the men.

'Fine,' the girl signed back, 'but do you have any contraceptive?'

'No, damn it! Let's stop at the nearest drugstore and get some,' was the reply.

At the next corner they stopped and one of the men got out. Twenty minutes passed, then half an hour... finally the man came back with a dazed expression on his face.

'What happened? What took you so long?' the other signed.

'Well,' he replied, 'I went in and showed the man that I wanted some contraceptives and he said, "The baby bottles are down that aisle." Seeing that he didn't understand, I made gestures indicating the love act. He said, "The hot water bottles are on the left." In desperation, I unzipped my pants and laid my machinery on the counter, placing a dollar beside it. At first he was bewildered, but then a look of comprehension came over his face. So he unzipped his pants, laid his machinery on the counter and pocketed the dollar -- his machinery was two inches longer!'

The third question

OSHO

PLEASE TELL US A FEW MORE SUTRAS OF THE GREAT MYSTIC PARAMAHANSA HIS HOLINESS MURPHYJI MAHARAJ. AND DO YOU KNOW MURPHY'S VERSION OF THE GOLDEN RULE 'DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE OTHERS DO UNTO YOU'?

Akam,

I don't know Murphy's version of the golden rule, but I can guess. I know the man! He will say: Never do unto others as you would like others to do unto you, because their tastes may be different.

And here are a few sutras of Murphy.

First: It all started in the garden of Eden when man came first -- and woman has been late ever since.

Second: You can't tell how deep a puddle is until you step in it.

Third: There is never enough time to do it right, but there is always enough time to do it over.

Fourth: Whatever the person at the next table orders, it always looks better than yours.

Fifth: Nothing is impossible for the man who doesn't have to do it himself.

Sixth: Eat dessert first, because life is so uncertain.

Seventh: If everything seems to be going well you obviously don't know what is going on.

Eighth: Never excel today -- you may have to live up to it tomorrow.

Ninth: No matter how many ways you perceive that a procedure can go wrong and circumvent them, another way will always develop.

Tenth: Any woman who says, 'It's a safe time of the month,' will give birth almost nine months later.

Eleventh: You cannot lose an old or damaged golf ball, only a new one.

Twelfth: A short cut is the longest distance between two points.

Thirteenth: When an error has been detected and corrected it will be found to have been correct in the first place.

Fourteenth: An object will fall so as to do the most damage.

Fifteenth: Toothaches tend to start on Saturday night.  
Sixteenth: A bird in the hand is safer than one overhead.  
And seventeenth: The first myth of religion is that it exists.

And the last question

OSHO,  
OUR PARENTS ARE HERE. WOULD YOU TELL THEM A JOKE?

Mira Asango and Anand Geho,

This is the joke for your parents:

'I have some grave news, Abe,' said the doctor. 'You have only twelve hours to live.'

Abe went home to break the news to his wife. 'Rosie, darling, the doctor says I have only twelve hours more to live,' he announced.

'In that case honey ' replied Rosie 'I am your slave for the next twelve hours. Your wish is my command!'

First they went to Abe's favourite Chinese restaurant, then they came home and watched Abe's favourite television programme, and then they made love before falling asleep.

At two in the morning Abe woke up in a cold sweat. He had one more hour to live. He nudged Rosie and said, 'Wake up, Rosie, wake up! I want to make mad and passionate love to you one last time!'

'Well,' grumbled Rosie, 'It's okay for you, Abe, but I have to get up in the morning!'

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #5

Chapter title: Freedom and Love: The Centre and the Circumference

**31 December 1980 am in Buddha Hall**

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The first question

OSHO,

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR TEACHINGS. I AM VERY GRATEFUL. I CAME HERE VERY HUNGRY AND YOU ARE FEEDING ME.

MY QUESTION IS: I HAVE BEEN RAISED TO BELIEVE THAT COMMITMENT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY IF A RELATIONSHIP IS TO WORK. HOW CAN TWO PEOPLE BE COMMITTED TO EACH OTHER? HOW DOES A RELATIONSHIP WORK?

I AM AFRAID OF COMMITMENT, SO I AVOID RELATIONSHIPS. WHAT IS REALLY NECESSARY IN A LOVING RELATIONSHIP?

Susan Brown,

The first thing to understand is that I have no teachings. I am not teaching you anything at all, because teaching simply means conditioning your mind -- in other words, programming you in a certain way. What I am doing here is just the opposite of teaching you: I am creating a space where you can unlearn whatsoever you have been taught up to now. I am not a teacher!

That's the difference between a teacher and a Master: the teacher teaches, the Master helps you to *undo* whatsoever the teachers have done. The function of the Master is just the opposite of that of the teacher.

The teacher serves the society, the establishment; he is the agent of the past. He works for the older generation: he tries to condition the minds of the new generation so they can be subservient, obedient to the past, to all that is old -- to their parents, to the society, to the state, to the church. The function of the teacher is anti-revolutionary, it is reactionary

The Master is basically a rebel. He is not in the service of the past, he is not an agent of all that you can think of as 'the establishment' -- religious, political, social, economic -- his whole effort is to help you to discover your individuality. It has nothing to do with tradition, convention. You have to go within, not backwards. He is not in any way interested in forcing

you into a certain pattern; he makes you free.

So what I am doing here is not teaching, that is a misunderstanding on your part. But it happens because you have lived with teachers, all kinds of teachers. It is rare to come across a Master, because the society does not allow the Master to happen. The society is very afraid of the Master, otherwise why did society poison Socrates? For what? He is the Master par excellence, has never been surpassed by any other. His crime was that he was a Master, and the society wanted him to be a teacher. He was helping people to discover the truth. And society is not interested in discovering the truth, it is interested in covering it more and more, because it lives through lies -- it calls them beliefs.

All beliefs are lies; howsoever beautifully presented, they are lies. Truth cannot be given by one person to another, only lies can be transferred, they are transferable. Truth is untransferable.

The Master cannot hand over the truth to you, he can only create devices so that you can discover your own truth. The truth is always your own authenticity, your own being. Who can give it to you? The teacher pretends to give you truth, but what he gives is just a decorated lie -- although it may be very ancient, repeated for millions of years, so it appears like truth.

Adolf Hitler, in his autobiography, *MEIN KAMPF*, says, 'The only difference I know between a lie and a truth is that a truth is nothing but a lie often repeated.' So you become hypnotized by it -- and you can see it happening everywhere.

People are worshipping stones -- people with eyes, people with intelligence, worshipping stones! They have been hypnotized from their very beginning. People are believing in all kinds of stupidities, all kinds of superstitions, but they are not aware of it. They are almost in a drunken state; they are living in hypnosis. That is the secret of all hypnosis: repeat a thing again and again and again.

If you are consulting a hypnotist for any problem, his suggestion will always be to repeat something. If you are suffering from sleeplessness he will say, 'Go on repeating, "I am falling asleep, I am falling asleep, falling asleep..." Go on repeating it and you will fall asleep.' But that sleep will not be a natural sleep, it will be deliberately created, it will be false, it will be pseudo, it will not have the spontaneity of real sleep. It is an imposed mind phenomenon -- you have forced yourself to fall asleep.

Mothers know it very well. When a child wants to get up and they want him to go to sleep, they start singing a lullaby. A lullaby is nothing but hypnosis: a small song, maybe of one or two lines, repeated again and again, creates boredom, and boredom is one of the best tranquillizers yet discovered. Anybody will fall asleep, tired of it.

You can go on repeating a certain lie in the same way... Adolf Hitler proved it by his propaganda. He propagated utter lies, and one of the most intelligent races on the earth, the Germans, believed him. The most learned race, the race which has given birth to great philosophers, thinkers, professors, scholars of the calibre of Immanuel Kant, Hegel, Fichte, Feuerbach, Karl Marx, fell into a deep hypnosis -- the whole race! And not only ordinary people but a great giant like Heidegger, one of the most important philosophers of this age, fell into the same trap. He started saying that Adolf Hitler was right.

And what was he saying? He was saying that the world was going to the dogs because of the Jews. Now, there is no relationship at all, no logic in it. The Jews have nothing to do with the world going to the dogs. In fact, the Jews had no country at that time, nowhere where they were in power. They were the least responsible for the world going to the dogs because without power how can you destroy humanity? But still the Germans believed it -- they

started believing it simply because of repetition: it was repeated so often.

At first Adolf Hitler was laughed at -- people thought, 'He is crazy! This is sheer nonsense!' But he was stubborn: he went on hammering, he didn't listen to their laughter. He was idiotic -- he may not have even understood their laughter. He was an imbecile! He continued hammering and finally he was victorious, he convinced people.

That's the way the whole art of advertisement exists: just through repetition. When neon lights were discovered and advertisements were put in neon lights -- 'Lux Toilet Soap' or 'Hamam' or something else -- in the beginning it was a fixed light; you could read it once. Soon psychologists suggested 'Let it be flickering.' It comes on, goes off, comes on, goes off, so by the time a person passes it he will have to read it at least twenty, thirty times, because it goes off, then again it comes on -- you have to read it again. So it is better to put it on and off; because twenty repetitions, thirty repetitions each time a person passes by will be more effective. Repeat it on the television, on the radio, in the magazines, in the newspapers, repeat it everywhere. Wherever a person goes, let him come across 'Lux Toilet Soap', and soon he is hypnotized. He goes to the market, to the shop, and he starts asking for Lux toilet soap and he believes that he is choosing it. Somebody else has chosen it for him.

All teachings are creating a certain kind of hypnotic state in you. The function of the Master is to de-hypnotize you, to de-condition you, to de-programme you, so that you can again be innocent like a child, so that you can again function from the state of not-knowing.

A drunkard staggering home kept hitting the trees which lined the pavement -- once, twice, then again. Finally he stopped where he was and said to himself, 'It's better... hic if I wait for the parade to finish!'

That's how Christians are, Hindus are, Mohammedans are: all drunk on certain philosophies which have been repeated continuously. They are seeing things which are not and they are not seeing things which are.

An Irishman was walking along a street pulling a brick along by a string when Police Constable O'Murray, doing his morning round, saw him and decided to humour him. 'Nice dog you've got there, sir!' he said.

'Now, bless the Virgin Mary!' replied the Irishman. 'You can see that's not a dog there, Constable, that's a brick on a string!'

'Oh, sorry, sir!' exclaimed the policeman and walked away.

The Irishman then turned to the brick and whispered, 'We really fooled him, Rover, didn't we?'

Susan, I am not teaching anything here, I am taking away many things from you. The work is negative: it is not giving anything to you but taking many things away from you, so that only your natural being is left behind. That cannot be taken away. Only that which has been given to you can be taken away; that which you have brought with you at birth is intrinsic to you, it cannot be taken away.

The Master leaves you utterly naked, and in that nakedness is beauty, in that nakedness is truth, in that nakedness is freedom, in that nakedness is love and bliss and all that for which the heart longs and all that can make your life significant and meaningful.

You say: I AM VERY GRATEFUL. I CAME HERE VERY HUNGRY AND YOU ARE

## FEEDING ME.

That is far better than calling what I am doing a teaching. It is closer to the truth, it is more approximately true. It is a feast! I am sharing my being with you, not any teaching.

Your question is: I HAVE BEEN RAISED TO BELIEVE...

That's the whole problem of all human beings: everybody is raised to believe in something. No parents are yet capable of loving their children so much that they can leave them without conditioning them. They talk about love, but it is all false. They themselves may not be aware of it -- that is true -- they may not know what they are doing: they are unconscious. Their parents have done something to them, they are doing the same to their children. People go on giving things to people that have been given to them. Their intentions may be good, but they don't have enough awareness. They are not alert, so they go on giving you beliefs.

In a better world no parent will give you any belief. Certainly he will give you courage to inquire, courage to adventure. He will sharpen your intelligence so that when you come across a lie you can see it and when you come across a truth you can immediately recognize it, but he will not give you any belief. No parent, if he loves the child, can give beliefs because beliefs are poisonous. They destroy your intelligence, they destroy your courage, and they create prejudices in you.

The whole of humanity is full of prejudices, that's why we are suffering so much. There is no need for so much suffering for so much darkness. The only reason why this suffering exists is very simple: it is because everybody is so stuffed with beliefs and everybody is looking through those beliefs, not directly.

And whenever you start looking through beliefs you cannot see the real. Eyes have to be utterly empty to see the real. Ears have to be utterly empty to hear the real, to hear the truth. If you are already preoccupied, possessed by certain ideas, then those ideas function as barriers.

A matchmaker proposed a beautiful young girl to a businessman client as a possible bride. The client was reluctant to pursue the matter because he didn't possess, in his opinion enough money for such-an attractive girl.

'Oh, you needn't worry about that,' assured the matchmaker. 'You'll never have to support any of her family -- the girl is an orphan.'

The meeting was arranged. Several weeks later the man complained to the matchmaker. 'You lied to me,' he said. 'The girl is not an orphan. She not only has a father who is alive and well, but he is living in prison!'

The matchmaker shrugged. 'You call that living?' he asked.

If you are looking through a certain prejudice then you impose it, you project it; then everything enters you distorted.

In the beginning days of science scientists thought that our minds, our senses, were for gathering information from the outside world. They are doors; the world enters through those doors -- the senses, the mind. They are bridges. But now the latest research has proved just the opposite: your senses don't function as doors, your mind does not function as a bridge. Because it is so full of beliefs, it functions in just the opposite way: it prevents the reality

from reaching you.

You will be surprised to know that ninety-eight percent of reality is prevented from reaching you by your mind and senses. Only two percent of reality reaches you -- only that which fits your beliefs reaches you.

Unless a man is totally free of beliefs he cannot know the immensity of truth, the ecstasy of existence.

Susan, you say: I HAVE BEEN RAISED TO BELIEVE THAT COMMITMENT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY IF A RELATIONSHIP IS TO WORK.

Now, so many things are taken for granted... you have not inquired into them. And they will look very true, they will look logical. Sometimes logic can be very absurd. Sometimes your so-called learned people are the most stupid people possible.

A learned man went into his library to read, but he couldn't find his glasses. He looked and looked, but he couldn't locate the missing glasses. So he used the logic of his ancient people, reasoning thus:

'Hypothesis: Maybe someone came in and stole my glasses while I was having lunch. No! Why not? Because if it was someone who needed glasses to read with he would own his own, and if he didn't need glasses to read with, why would he steal mine?

'Second hypothesis: Maybe a thief stole my glasses, not to use but to sell. But to whom can you sell a pair of reading glasses? If the thief offers them to someone who needs glasses that man surely owns a pair already, and if the thief offers them to someone who doesn't use glasses, why should such a man buy them? No!

'So where does this take us? Clearly the glasses must have been taken by someone who needs glasses and had glasses but cannot find them. Why can't he find them? Perhaps he was so absorbed in his studies that, absent-mindedly, he pushed his glasses up from his nose to his forehead and forgetting he had done so, took mine!'

The answer began to dawn on the scholar.

'I will push this reasoning even further,' he thought. 'Perhaps I am that man who needs glasses, owns glasses, and moved his glasses up to his forehead and forgot that he had done so! If my reasoning is correct, that's where my spectacles ought to be right now.'

And with that he moved his hand up to his forehead right on top of his glasses. So he smiled, pushed them down, and went on with his reading.

Such a long route to discover your glasses sitting just on your head! But that's how the learned fools go -- round and round, about and about -- and all these hypotheses they go on handing over to others.

This is just a hypothesis, it is not a truth. And, Susan, you have not inquired into it, you have simply accepted it.

You say: COMMITMENT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY...

It is absolutely unnecessary! In fact, with a commitment there is no possibility of love. Just the opposite is the truth, exactly the polar opposite, diametrically opposite to what you have been raised to believe. Your hypothesis is absolutely wrong, but then you have to inquire from the very beginning.

Why do I say that commitment is absolutely unnecessary -- not only that but a positive hindrance to love? What does commitment mean? It means a promise for the future. Love is in the present and commitment is for the future. Love is today and commitment is for tomorrows. Love is always now, here, and the commitment is always then and there; they cannot meet.

The commitment is a promise that 'I will behave in the same way tomorrow as I am behaving today.' But how can you promise about tomorrow? You may not even be alive, and even if you are alive you may have changed totally; even if you have not changed, the other person may have changed totally. Tomorrow is unpredictable.

A very ancient Chinese story:

A king became very angry with his prime minister for certain reasons, and the king was a little crazy... he sentenced him to death. It was the custom of that country that whenever a person was going to be crucified, the king himself used to come and see him, and if he wanted anything, his last wish had to be fulfilled. And certainly this man had served him his whole life -- he had been his prime minister -- so he came to see him the day he was going to be crucified. He was going to be crucified in the evening, so the king came in the morning. He came on his beautiful horse.

The prisoner could see the horse outside through the window. The king came in, and the prisoner started crying; tears started rolling down his cheeks.

The king was surprised. He said, 'You, and crying? I would never have imagined it, not even in my dreams! You are such a man of courage, you have fought so many battles. Are you afraid of death?'

And the prime minister said, 'No, I am not crying or weeping because of my death, I am crying because of the horse!'

The king said, 'What do you mean? Why should you cry because of the horse? What has the horse done?'

The prime minister said, 'I have never said it to anybody, not even to my wife, that when I was young I lived with an alchemist. He was a miracle man, and I learned from him the art of teaching a horse to fly. But only a certain kind of horse can be taught. I have been looking for that special kind of horse my whole life -- I could not find it -- and today you have brought the horse! This is the horse for which I have been looking my whole life, and this is my last day! I am crying because my whole life's search, my long long apprenticeship with the alchemist, my arduous journey to the Himalayas to learn the art -- all has gone in vain! And why did you bring this horse today? You could have come on another horse. At least I could have died in peace! Now I will be dying in great turmoil.'

The king became very enchanted with the idea that the horse could fly. If it were possible then he would be the only king in the whole world whose horse could fly! He said, 'How long will it take to teach the horse?'

The man said, 'Only one year.'

The king said, 'Okay, I trust you. I know you are a trustworthy man, you will not escape. One year I give you! If you can teach the horse to fly, not only will you be released from this sentence of death but you will get half my kingdom also. And if the horse cannot fly, of course, after one year you will be killed, so there is nothing for me to lose. Take the horse and go home!'

The prime minister took the horse and went home. The wife was crying because this was the last day. They were getting ready to go and see him after the king had left. The children

were crying, all the relatives had gathered and his friends had gathered. They could not believe their eyes when the prime minister arrived there on the horse! They said, 'What has happened? What happened? Tell us how you managed it! Have you escaped from the prison? But this horse, we know, belongs to the king! How did you get hold of this horse?'

And the prime minister laughed and he said, 'Let me tell you the whole story!' He told the whole story.

The wife started crying even more loudly. She said, 'I know that this is absolutely false. You don't know any art, you have never been to the Himalayas, you have never been an apprentice to any alchemist. Now this will be even harder for us. This whole year I will have to suffer now! This evening it would have been finished; after a few days I would have settled -- time heals everything. But one year... and death will be constantly hanging over our heads like a naked sword! And if you are so clever, then why did you ask for only one year? You could have said it would take twelve years!'

The prime minister said, 'You don't know the king. Twelve years would have been too long -- I know him perfectly well. I have asked the maximum of what was possible; more than that and I would have died today. But don't be worried -- in one year anything can happen. The king can die, I can die, the horse can die! Everything is possible. One year is long enough -- much is possible. And I am free. Don't be worried!'

And the end of the story is unbelievable: all three died!

Tomorrow is uncertain, absolutely uncertain. How can you promise? What commitment? One can only be committed for the moment, but that is not commitment. One can only say, 'Now I love you, tomorrow we will see! Perhaps yes, perhaps no. Tomorrow will decide.'

Just think of yesterday, Susan, when you had not met this particular man that you have fallen in love with. Yesterday you had not even dreamt about him, today he has met you. Yesterday there was no idea of the man, and today you are ready to commit yourself! But who knows about tomorrow? You may come across a better man -- then what?

Commitment is stupid. Man can only live in the moment, and love is a flower of the moment. It is commitment that has made love false. A plastic flower will be there tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, year in, year out. You can trust that it will be there -- it is a plastic flower. But the real rose opens its delicate petals early in the morning, dances in the wind, in the rain, in the sun, and by the evening the petals have withered away, and tomorrow you will not find even a trace of it.

Do you think the plastic flower is better than the real rose? If you think that way then you don't know love, you know only marriage. Marriage is a plastic flower, love is a real rose. Perhaps it may survive, perhaps it may not.

Commitment is impossible -- commitment is lying! And if you make any commitment for tomorrow, then there are only two possibilities: either you will have to break it or you will have to deceive, pretend. That's what millions of people around the world are doing. Their marriages finished the day their honeymoon was finished, but they are still together, married, pretending, telling each other, convincing each other that 'I still love you.' In thousands of ways they are trying to prove that they are true to their commitment, but every action -- and their faces and their being -- shows that they are sad. Where is that joy, that dance, that celebration that love brings in its wake? But their love has been dead a long time; they are living only in the nostalgia, in the memory of it, hoping that there may be a certain resurrection of it some-day.

The whole world is living with masks, pseudo faces: pretending to be somebody that you

are not, doing something which you don't mean, saying something which you don't mean. It is a very crazy world! Be aware of this craziness. And this whole craziness has come into existence because of our insistence that commitment is absolutely necessary -- not only necessary, Susan, but, you say, *absolutely necessary*.

Man cannot live up to absolutes -- don't ask the impossible from the poor man! You will destroy everything that is valuable and delicate in him if you ask for absolutes. And that's what we have been doing -- asking for absolutes.

In a little town in Russia there were many more girls than boys. Consequently, the local matchmaker was having an easy time making good matches for the young men of the village, although the girls were often ending up with the poor end of the bargain.

A rather unpleasant man in the village, whose face matched his disposition, wanted a bride who possessed beauty, charm and talent.

'I have just the girl for you,' said the matchmaker. 'Her father is rich and she is beautiful, well-educated, charming. There is only one problem.'

'And what is that?' asked the young man suspiciously.

'She has an affliction. Once a year this beautiful girl goes crazy. Not permanently, you understand. It's just for one day and she doesn't cause any trouble. Then afterwards she's as charming as ever for another year.'

The young suitor considered. 'That's not so bad,' he decided. 'If she's as rich and beautiful as you say, let's go to see her.'

'Oh, not now,' cautioned the matchmaker. 'You'll have to wait to ask her to marry you.' 'Wait for what?' pursued the greedy man.

'Wait for the day she goes crazy!' came back the answer.

Once in a while people go crazy and that is the time when they get married, that is the time when they commit themselves for their whole lives -- but only in craziness.

And love is, in the ordinary way, something crazy. It is biological, instinctive, it is unconscious, it is hormonal. It is more chemistry than spirituality! That's why we can change the man into a woman and the woman into a man very easily. Just a few glands have to be changed, and the man becomes a woman and the woman becomes a man. It is such an easy phenomenon now, and in the future it is going to happen even more often -- and then commitment will become even more difficult. Your wife may decide one day to become a man -- then? Your husband may go for an operation and become a woman -- then what are you going to do?

And I don't think people will miss such opportunities, because if you can live as a man for a few months or years and then as a woman and then again as a man, then you are living life multi-dimensionally; you will have a little more variety -- one gets tired of being a man or a woman. So it is perfectly good -- just for a change it is good -- and you can see the other side of the story too.

If all men once in a while become women, then no man will ever say that woman is a mystery, that it is impossible to understand a woman, and no woman will think that man is a mystery. You can be a man and you can know the mystery from the inside, and if you can change a few times you may simply get fed up with the same game, because you will know there is nothing in being a man because you have been a man, and you will know that there is nothing in being a woman -- you have been a woman. And that may bring a great transcendence in human consciousness -- people will start simply becoming Buddhas easily!

A Buddha is one who goes beyond being a man and beyond being a woman; he transcends all sexuality. Very few people have been Buddhas in the past, perhaps this is the reason: because you remain intrigued with the mystery of woman and the woman remains intrigued with the mystery of man. And there is not much of a mystery, it is only chemistry!

So what you call love is an unconscious biological force -- you are at the mercy of a biological force. It comes and it goes. Neither can you bring it nor can you force it to remain, because it has nothing to do with your consciousness. But commitment is conscious, and what you are committing yourself to is unconscious! There is no link between the two.

I cannot say, Susan, that commitment is absolutely necessary if a relationship is to work. And who has ever heard of a relationship working? No relationship ever works... only in the beginning, but by the time it really starts getting hold of you it is too late. In the beginning it is sweet, beautiful, because both partners are really possessed by the chemistry and the biology, and they are seeing things which nobody else can see.

When you fall in love with a woman, everybody laughs. They think, 'This man has gone crazy!' People start asking, 'What do you see in this woman?' People start asking the woman, 'What do you see in this guy?' But lovers go on seeing things -- all kinds of hallucinations. In a very ordinary girl's face a lover can see the moon! And the woman can see in her lover all kinds of gods! She cannot believe that such a love has ever happened before or is going to happen again. It is happening for the first time and the last time!

That's why in every language there exists the expression 'falling in love'. It is really falling -- it is falling from your intelligence, falling from your humanity. It is really falling into a ditch! And if you become committed, then you cannot get out of the ditch either! Commitment means, 'I am falling forever,' so the ditch is going to become your grave.

Marriages have become people's graves -- and I have seen no relationship that works. What works is love, but love is a delicate flower; you cannot depend on it. What works is momentary, but under the impact of love you can become committed. And then you will repent, but then you cannot escape from the commitment. You have been brought up with these beliefs: that you have to stick to your promise, that you have to be consistent, that you have to fulfil whatsoever word you have given. Now your whole work is wasted. What works as far as love is concerned is momentary; it certainly works for the moment, but no relationship works.

Relatedness works but not relationship, and you have to understand the difference between the two. Love, the moment it becomes a relationship, becomes a bondage. And when you are in bondage it is impossible for you to be festive, to be joyous. You can fulfil the duty, but duty is an ugly, four-letter word. Duty means now you are caught and you have to do it. Love is not something that you do, it is something that happens; duty is something that you have to do. It is a drag! You become a martyr. You start carrying your cross on your own shoulders, and you may think that you are becoming a Christ...

Look at all the husbands carrying crosses! Look at the wives! Nobody seems to be happy. They are continuously quarrelling, continuously fighting, continuously destroying each other, reducing each other to commodities, to means. The wife is using the husband, the husband is using the wife. It may be for different purposes -- the wife uses the husband for economic purposes and the husband uses the wife for sexual purposes -- but both are using each other. And how can one be happy when one is being used?

So the moment the husband says, 'What about it tonight?' the wife immediately says, 'I am suffering from a headache,' or she goes into a tantrum or starts a quarrel. So when the husband wants to make love to the wife he has to bring ice cream and a bouquet and a sari, or

something economic; then it is business, then it is simply give and take.

This is *not* working -- you cannot say that the relationship is working. Yes, if love becomes-conscious, then there is a tremendous joy -- it works.

Love ordinarily is unconscious and animal. If you make it conscious -- that means love plus meditation -- then there is a totally different quality to it, a different beauty, a different flavour; then it works. But it works because of consciousness not because of love. And consciousness changes love from relationship into a relatedness; it changes it more into a friendliness. It is no longer a bondage, it gives freedom.

The moment you become meditative you stop reducing the other to a thing. Then you are no longer a husband and the wife is no longer a wife, you are just two friends. There is no legal bond. You live together out of freedom, out of joy. You want to share, that's why you live together. And if that sharing stops you simply say goodbye to each other with great respect, gratitude, because whatsoever the other has done one has to be grateful for; there is no sourness about it.

Consciousness works both ways: if you live together it is a friendship, and friendship gives you freedom. You can be friendly with many people; there is no possessiveness in it. When love becomes friendliness there is no possessiveness in it, there is no exclusiveness in it, there is no jealousy in it. And when there is no jealousy, no possessiveness, there is freedom.

Freedom works, friendliness works. And the moment love starts giving freedom to the other, then there comes a tremendous fulfilment out of it, because the greatest desire of man is freedom, not love. If one has to choose between love and freedom, then the conscious person will choose freedom and the unconscious one will choose love.

Why did Buddha escape from his palace? There was enough love, in fact more than a man can digest. His father had gathered all the beautiful women available in his kingdom; he was surrounded by beautiful women. He escaped -- he could see the bondage. A great desire for freedom arose in him.

That's why in the East the ultimate state is called *moksha*: *moksha* means 'absolute freedom' -- it is a higher phenomenon. Jesus calls God 'love' -- it is a little bit lower. Buddha calls it *nirvana*, 'absolute freedom', so absolute that you are even free from your self. Your self was a bondage, was a limitation. You are free from everything, even from yourself. It is pure freedom!

Freedom is the ultimate desire of man. Man comes to flowering only in freedom. Meditation will bring freedom.

And I am not against love: it is just one step lower than freedom, and it is beautiful to have love as a fragrance around you. Let freedom be your centre and love be your circumference. Let love be the circumference and freedom the centre, and you will have a total being, a whole being.

But, Susan, relationship never works.

You are asking me: HOW CAN TWO PEOPLE BE COMMITTED TO EACH OTHER?

They cannot be. Commitment is towards existence, not towards each other. Commitment can only be towards the whole, not to each other.

HOW DOES A RELATIONSHIP WORK? You ask.

It does not work -- and you can see it everywhere -- it only pretends to. People go on saying that everything is okay, everything is good. What is the point of showing one's misery? What is the point of showing one's wounds? One goes on hiding them -- it is humiliating to show one's wounds, so people pretend that everything is going well. They go on smiling, they go on repressing their tears.

Friedrich Nietzsche is reported to have said, 'I go on smiling and laughing for the simple reason that if I DON'T smile I may start crying.' Smiling is a way to cover up tears: you shift your energy from the tears to the smile so that you can forget your tears. But everybody is full of tears.

I have looked into thousands of people's lives, their relationships. It is all misery, but they are covering it up, pretending everything is going okay.  
A relationship does not work, cannot work.

And, Susan, you say: I AM AFRAID OF COMMITMENT, SO I AVOID RELATIONSHIPS .

You are perfectly right in being afraid of commitment and you are perfectly right in avoiding relationships, but don't avoid relatedness. Don't make any exclusive relationship, be friendly. Let love rise to the level of friendliness, let it be just your quality. *Be* loving. Don't make it a relationship, just be loving.

These are the three stages. Relationship is the lowest; it is animal. Love as a quality of your being -- just as you breathe, you let love be, that is human. And love at its ultimate expresSion is not even a quality; you become love itself. Then it is not even like breathing, it is your very being; then it is spiritual. But the third possibility can happen only through meditation. That refinement is possible only if your energies go through the whole alchemy of meditateness.

Susan, meditate. Become more aware of what you are doing, of what you are thinking, of what you are feeling. Become more and more aware, deeply aware, and a miracle starts happening. When you are more aware, all kinds of beliefs start disappearing, superstitions dissolve, disperse, darkness evaporates and your inner being becomes full of light. Out of that light, love is a friendliness.

It is not a question of commitment at all; one lives moment to moment, intensely, passionately, totally. That is commitment as far as I am concerned -- commitment to the moment -- because the moment is the only reality there is. The past exists no more, the future is not yet; existence knows only the present. To be committed to the present moment is to be committed to existence, and there is no other commitment necessary.

The second question

OSHO,  
IS IT ALRIGHT TO GET MARRIED AND HAVE CHILDREN?

Sudharka,

Just meditate over a few of Murphy's sutras.

First: It is good to be married occasionally.

Second: A clever man tells a woman he understands her, a stupid man tries to prove it.

Third: Marriage is a three-ringed circus: engagement ring, wedding ring and suffer-ring.

Fourth: Marriage may make the world go round, but so does a punch in the nose.

Fifth: Saving a marriage from divorce: the only way is not to show up for the wedding.

Sixth: A woman is God's second mistake -- man is the first obviously -- and two wrongs together don't make a right.

And the last: A woman is entitled to life, liberty, and pursuit of man.

So beware! If you want to get married, who am I to object? I can only make you a little more aware. Think before you jump!

'Baby, which do you prefer?' whispered Charlie to his girlfriend, 'beautiful men or intelligent men?'

'Neither, darling, you know I love only you!'

The preacher at the wedding was an ardent fisherman who was forced to postpone his fishing trip for a couple of hours to conduct the ceremony.

'Do you promise to love, honour and cherish this woman?' he asked the bridegroom.

'I do,' pledged the groom.

'And do you promise likewise?' he asked the bride.

'I do,' she said.

'Okay,' affirmed the preacher as he hastily closed the book and turned to the bride. 'Reel him in!'

A subject of many Athenian jests was the self-control of Socrates in dealing with his shrewish wife, Xanthippe. Once she scolded him loudly and ended by throwing a pail of hot water at him. With philosophic calm he turned to a disciple and said, 'I told you that rain always follows thunder.'

Listen...!

Somebody asked Socrates, 'Do you believe, as some poets do, that a man is incomplete until he is married?'

He said, 'Yes, a man is incomplete until he is married, then he is finished.'

A young man asked Socrates if he should get married, and Socrates replied, 'By all means, young man, get married. If you find a good wife, you will be happy; if you find a poor one, you will be a philosopher.'

And he was saying that out of his own experience.

So, Sudharka, if you want to get married, do it by all means -- I will not prevent you. I never prevent people from making mistakes, because that is the only way they learn. It needs

tremendous intelligence to learn from other people's mistakes -- it is very rare. Even if you can learn from your own mistakes, that is something very great! People are so foolish that they go on making the same mistake again and again.  
So do it by all means, just remain a little aware.

A circus train had derailed and the car containing the lions had broken open and ten of the animals had escaped. The sheriff quickly organized a posse to track them down. As the men were getting ready to ride off in several directions, he said, 'Men, it's a bit chilly tonight so before we go, let us go across the street to the tavern and I'll stand everybody a few drinks.'

They all gathered at the bar and ordered whisky, except for one man.

'Why aren't you drinking?' the sheriff asked. 'Don't you want to get warmed up before we start out?'

'I want to stay warm all right,' the man said, 'but I sure don't want any whisky before I start hunting a bunch of lions because whisky would give me too much courage!'

So just remain a little sober -- too much courage can be dangerous!

And you also ask about children... That is going a little too far, because if you get married it is only a question of you and your wife; nobody else is involved in it. But if you start producing children then the whole world is involved in it. THAT I cannot say you should do!

And if you are here then the best thing will be to find a sannyasin and get married to a sannyasin. Then children can be avoided very easily, because it is very difficult to persuade any of my sannyasins to have children.

Once a pot of black coffee fell desperately in love with a bottle of milk. After convincing her that he was a really great guy, they finally got married.

Some time passed and he began to dream about having children, inventing such names as 'White Nescafe', 'Cafe Russe', etcetera. As he told her of his longings, she immediately turned away, saying, 'No... no, darling.' He didn't see her point, but as he loved her he decided to wait.

After some time he again tried, but once again she didn't want to give it any juice. Knowing that he would be cooling down soon, he tried a third time.

'Why not, my love, why not?' he asked.

'Well, ahem...' she uttered, 'well... you know... er... I'm a sannyasin, I'm sterilized!'

But I don't think you will be able to understand all these jokes. If you can understand all these jokes you will not get married at all! But even people who don't understand jokes have to laugh here, otherwise they look very stupid -- very English!

The parents of my personal dentist, Devageet, are here -- and they are proper English people. Their only complaint is that they can't get many of the jokes, but still they laugh just to be polite!

After years of working hard and saving, a New York couple finally had accumulated enough money to take a trip to Israel.

They toured the entire country and spent time in the big cities as well. One evening in Tel Aviv they decided to see what the Israeli night life was like. So they went to a night club.

They enjoyed the singer tremendously but, unfortunately for them, the comedian did his entire act in Hebrew. The wife sat patiently in silence throughout the monologue; her

husband, however, laughed uproariously at every joke. The woman was, to say the least, surprised.

'So how come you laughed so much?' she asked when the act was over. 'I didn't know you knew Hebrew.'

'I don't,' said the husband, 'but I trusted him!'

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #6

#### Chapter title: Bhagwan: Perfectly at Ease, Totally at Home

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The first question

OSHO,  
WHY DO PEOPLE CRITICIZE YOU AS A SELF-STYLED AND SELF-APPOINTED  
GOD?

Chaitanya Keerti,

There are many things to be understood. It is one of the ancientmost reactions of people, it is not anything new. It happened with Krishna, with Moses, with Christ, with Mahavira, with Buddha, with Mohammed, with Al-Hillaj Mansur. It has been happening all along, as far back as one can see.

People live in misery and they cannot accept anybody who is not miserable just like themselves. To accept that somebody has become blissful is humiliating to them; it wounds their ego. They would like a Jesus, a Buddha, a Krishna, not to be at all, because the height of that Everest suddenly makes them aware of where they are.

It is said that camels don't want to go near mountains, they are very much against mountains. Perhaps that's why they live in the deserts where *they* are the mountains.

It is easier for people to live in misery knowing that this is how life is, because everybody else is also miserable just like them. But to see somebody flowering, and they are only thorns, to see somebody fragrant, and they are only stinking, to see somebody enlightened, and they are nothing but a dark night of the soul, makes them feel *really* miserable; it multiplies their misery. The only way is to deny it, to reject it, to say that something like Christ-consciousness, Buddhahood, is not possible at all.

So it is not only with *me* that they are reacting that way; that is their old tradition, they have always done the same thing. They live in misery and misery is always negative, remember it as one of the most fundamental laws of life.

Misery is an indication of a negative mind; negativity creates misery. You can see the misery, you cannot see their negativity. Misery is visible, it is the circumference, but the centre is always no, negativity. Bliss happens with yes: the centre is yes, then on the

circumference there is bliss. Bliss is visible, but the yes is invisible.

Sol had a dairy farm in the country where he bred beautiful golden Guernsey cows and also the lovely black and white Holsteins.

One day Jake, a friend from the city, came to visit and suggested, 'So, why don't you cross-breed your cows? There is a fortune to be made in cross-breeding.'

Sol thought it sounded like a good idea. 'What have I got to lose?' he mused. So he tried it.

Some time later the friend came back to visit. 'How did the experiment go?' he asked Sol.

'Well,' answered Sol, 'I did like you said. I cross-bred the golden Guernsey with the Holstein, and what I got I called a Goldstein. But nobody wanted to buy it!'

'Why was that?' queried Jake.

'Why? Because,' answered Sol, 'when a customer looked over all the other cows, each of them said, "Moo-oo!" But when the man came over to my Goldstein, she eyed him and said, "Nuu-uu!"'

This 'nuu' is very deep in people's hearts, a vast no -- no to everything that surpasses them, that is transcendental to *their* consciousness, no to everything that they have not been able to achieve, no to all the stars, no to the sky, no to all possibilities, potentials, no to every mirror because every mirror makes them feel very sad -- they look so ugly.

One sannyasin was saying to another sannyasin, 'Bobo is sure ugly!'

The other sannyasin said, 'Yeah, he even looks worse than his passport photo!'

Hearing this, I told Krishna Bharti, my photographer, to take another photo of poor Bobo and make it as beautiful as possible. And I waited and waited, and K.B. never turned up with the photo, so I enquired again. I said, 'K.B., what happened? How did that picture of ugly Bobo turn out?' He said, 'What can I do? I tried my best, but Champa, our darkroom lady, never developed it. She was afraid to be alone with it in the darkroom!'

There *are* problems! When you have an ugly face it is better to avoid the mirrors. Without the mirrors you can go on believing how beautiful you are. Without the mirrors there is no trouble; the mirror immediately creates the trouble. Suddenly you can see that this is how you look, and naturally the first reaction is to destroy the mirror; it is easier than transforming your face -- that is a hard task, arduous, uphill.

People crucified Jesus; that is destroying a mirror. They poisoned Socrates; that is destroying a mirror. They murdered Al-Hillaj; that is destroying a mirror. Once the mirror is destroyed they can again relapse into that dream that they are beautiful; there is nothing to disturb their idea.

Chaitanya Keerti, the second thing to remember is that 'Bhagwan' does not mean God at all; that's a strange misunderstanding.~ It is understandable if people from the West take them as synonymous, but even Indian fools do the same. It seems fools have the same quality all over the world! Wise men may differ, but fools are in absolute agreement with each other.

'Bhagwan' does not mean God, Bhagwan simply means the Blessed One. Hence we have called Buddha Bhagwan, although he does not believe in any God. If 'Bhagwan' means God, then Buddha cannot be called Bhagwan. It is so clear! He does not believe in the existence of God and still we have called him Bhagwan. In front of him, for forty-two years continuously, people were calling him Bhagwan. He never objected for the simple reason that the word

'Bhagwan' is not synonymous with the word 'God'.

We have called Mahavira and all the twenty-four *teerthankaras* of the Jainas Bhagwan, and the Jainas are atheists: they don't believe in God, they don't believe in any creator. Why have we called the *teerthankaras* Bhagwan? -- for the simple reason that they have attained to the ultimate bliss, they are the Blessed Ones.

'God' means creator, one who has made the world. Certainly I am not God. I don't take any responsibility for making this world -- not me!

A professor was about to set out on an expedition to Africa and the Near East and he needed an assistant. So he put an advertisement in the newspaper requesting a man who spoke foreign languages, loved to travel, was able to use a gun, and so on through a long list of qualifications. It was a pretty rare man who could fit his demanding specifications, and there were no responses to the advertisement.

But at the end of a week I appeared before him. He was a little bewildered, puzzled, but still interviewed me. 'Do you like to travel?' asked the professor.

'Me?' I said to him. 'I hate travelling! Boats make me seasick, planes I wouldn't get on, and trains are the worst of all.'

'But you are a linguist,' continued the professor. 'I presume you speak Hebrew, Arabic, Turkish...'

'Who, me?' I interrupted the professor. 'I know nothing but my own mother tongue.'

'Well, can you use a gun?' the professor insisted. 'Me? I cannot even carry a gun!' 'Well,' the exasperated professor exploded, 'then what did you come here for?'

'I saw your ad,' I said to him, 'and I just came to tell you that on me you shouldn't rely!'

You can exclude me! I am not responsible at all for creating this world and I don't think there is anybody who will take the responsibility. I am as much an atheist as Mahavira, as Buddha, as Lao Tzu. I don't believe in any God who has created the world. The world is a self-creative process; no creator is needed. The world is creativity. There is no division between the creator and the created; there is no need at all for a God.

But 'Bhagwan' is a totally different dimension; it has nothing to do with creating the world. 'Bhagwan' means your ultimate state of bliss.

Now, these people...

-Chaitanya Keerti, you ask: WHY DO PEOPLE CRITICIZE YOU AS SELF-STYLED AND A SELF-APPOINTED GOD?

Nobody else can be a witness to my inner bliss. If I have a headache only I know about it; nobody else can know it. When the headache disappears, I have- to declare that it has disappeared; nobody else can declare it. Do you think a committee is needed to decide whether I have a headache or not? Do you think that a vote is needed -- that the country has to vote on it whether I have a headache or not? Only I can declare whether I have come home or not; no committee can do it, no vote can decide it. It is an absolutely individual affair. It is nobody else's business at all. If I do not have a headache, shouldn't I declare that I don't need any aspirins anymore?

That's all that I have done by declaring that I am a Bhagwan: that all the headaches have disappeared, that there is no anxiety in me, no anguish, no desire, no longing for anything, that I am perfectly at ease, relaxed with existence, totally at home.

And these people go on criticizing me for being a self-styled Bhagwan... But so was Krishna! Now Hindus don't criticize Krishna. Who appointed Krishna? He himself declared it!

The Upanishadic seers declared it themselves. Do you think there was a committee to appoint them: 'Yes, this man can declare, "*Aham brahmasmi*, I am the ultimate truth"?'

Who appointed Jesus Christ? Do you think that a committee of the great rabbis of Jerusalem decided, voted in favour of it, that Jesus was the only-begotten son of God, that he was Christ? They were against his declaration. They thought he was a charlatan, that he was a deceiver, and they punished him for that.

Who declared Buddha to be a God? It is such simple arithmetic! Do you think ignorant people can declare Gautam Siddhartha a Buddha? Do you think blind people can decide about a man, whether he has eyes or not? How can the blind decide? They themselves don't have eyes so how can they see whether anybody else has eyes or not?

It has always been a self-styled phenomenon. One has to declare oneself; nobody else can do it. It cannot be done on my behalf by anybody else. So I say it again that I am Bhagwan. But Bhagwan does not mean God -- or, if you love the word 'God', then Bhagwan simply means godliness.

Obviously, when you have become absolutely blissful, that blissfulness is divine, it is godly. There is nothing more godly than blissfulness because out of that blissfulness many flowers blossom: love, freedom, deathlessness. It becomes the source of all the values, of all that is good. It is the *summum bonum*, the ultimate good.

So, Chaitanya Keerti, let those blind people go on criticizing -- it makes no difference. They are simply trying to console themselves that they are not missing anything. They cannot accept the Buddha, the Christ, they cannot accept me: for the simple reason that to accept me means accepting a challenge, a great challenge, accepting me means that now you have to start working upon yourself. Then you cannot take life for granted anymore. Then your life has to go through a radical change, a revolution! You have to be born anew.

The easier way is to deny it, to say, 'This man is deceiving us!' This is very simple -- anybody can do it. And by denying that anybody has attained to godliness, blissfulness, ultimate freedom, truth, you can again relapse into your sleep, you can again fall back into your unconsciousness.

People don't really want to be religious; their religion is only formal, it does not mean anything -- it is a Sunday religion. They go to the church, they go to the temple, they go to the mosque -- it is respectable, and they are good meeting places. Churches are like clubs, very formal; they don't change anything in you, but they give you a good feeling about yourself, that you are religious.

The people who go to the churches, to the temples, to the synagogues, are going for absolutely wrong reasons. What are their reasons for going there? They are going there to pray to God to grant them some of their wishes, so that some of their desires will be fulfilled. They have tried hard and they are not succeeding, and they would like God to do some miracles for them.

Here is an English public schoolgirl's prayer:

'Holy Mary, I believe  
that without sin  
thou didst conceive.  
Now I pray

in my believing  
that I may sin  
without conceiving.'

They are going there in search of some miracles, they are not interested in discovering the truth. But, yes, they are immensely interested in beautiful lies, consolations, confirmations that they are good, that whatsoever they are and wherever they are is perfectly right. And the priests have been doing this business: first they create guilt in you and then they console you. Guilt makes you go to the churches, to the temples, because you feel uneasy, and then the priest consoles you, helps you. He has created the wound in the first place and then he puts ointment on your wound and you feel very good.

But to be with Jesus or to be with Zarathustra or to be with Mohammed is to be with fire. You will be consumed! You will have to die! Unless you die you cannot be reborn. The only way to be reborn is to first die; resurrection first is not possible. First crucifixion, then follows resurrection. And who wants to be crucified? To be with me is crucifixion!

And for the people who are afraid of me their only method of protecting themselves from coming to me is to deny me, to say, 'There is nothing to go there for,' to create a wall. That's why they are so much against me, criticizing.

Just the other day I received a letter from Indore. One of my sannyasins, Gautama, has written: 'The Shankaracharya of Puri, one of the topmost Hindu priests, has been in the city and he has been condemning you like anything.' And Gautama has asked me why in the same breath he was saying both things: He was saying that the whole existence is divine, that each particle of the earth is divine, that each leaf is divine -- all is divine, because whatsoever exists is divine -- but this man, Bhagwan Rajneesh, is not! So he asked me, 'Why, except t. you, are animals divine, dogs divine, mosquitoes divine bedbugs divine, and you are the only exception?'

That is a rare compliment! In this vast universe I am the only exception, the most extraordinary man, of course!

But these fools will not even see what they are saying. They are simply repeating the scriptures, and because the scriptures, particularly the Hindu scriptures, say that everything is divine, they are saying it parrot-like, not knowing what they are saying, and then in the same breath they go on criticizing me.

I know this man, Niranjana Devateerth, Shankaracharya of Puri. Once we were on the same stage. Just seeing me, he became so angry, almost insane. He stood up and said, 'We cannot both sit on the same stage!'

Somehow the organizers controlled him, persuaded him. And when I spoke, in the middle of it he stood up and said, 'I cannot tolerate this anymore! It is too much! It is against our tradition!'

I told him, 'We are not here to talk about tradition, we are here to talk about truth! And truth and tradition are two different things, in fact, two diametrically opposite things. Truth is never traditional and tradition is never true. Tradition belongs to the crowd and truth belongs to individual inquirers.'

The Indian crowd particularly is formally very religious and informally very irreligious. The Indian mind has a schizophrenic quality: on the surface very holy and deep inside very unholy. It is bound to be so because of the thousands of years of repression, the repression of everything that is natural. So whenever an Indian drops his mask even his original face is not beautiful, it is distorted. He moves from one extreme to the other extreme. This is the way of

the mob psychology everywhere, but more so in India.

The first night, Shapiro was shown to his place for dinner and found himself sharing a table with a well-dressed Frenchman. When Shapiro arrived, the Frenchman rose, bowed, and declared, 'Bon appetit!'

Shapiro replied, 'Shapiro!'

This same ritual took place at every meal. On the last day of the trip Shapiro happened to run into the purser and took advantage of the encounter to tell him what a pleasant table companion Mr Bon Appetit had been.

'Oh, Mr Shapiro,' said the purser, 'Bon Appetit is not his name, that's just French for "I wish you a hearty appetite"!'

'Is that so?' said Shapiro. He couldn't wait to rectify the situation. That evening at dinner, before his companion could do a thing, Shapiro stood up, bowed ceremoniously, and declared, 'Bon appetit!'

Whereupon the Frenchman rose and replied, 'Shapiro!'

That's how it goes! The blind man is going to fall either on this side or on that side. Everybody is blind, and to live with eyes in the country of the blind is really very strange.

And that's what the Buddhas have been doing for thousands of years. They are the greatest strangers, the greatest foreigners in the world, for the simple reason that they are at home with existence but they are foreign to the mob psychology. The mob psychology is bound to be against them. And the strange thing is, whatsoever they are doing they are doing for these people, but these people react in tremendous anger, they become enraged. Just the *presence* of a Buddha is enough to make people go crazy; they become murderous. They cannot tolerate the presence of a Buddha.

Just the other day I heard in the newspapers that the same man who had thrown a dagger in order to kill me is now organizing a long march from Kholapur, a ten-day march -- it will start from Kholapur and end near the 'gateless gate' of our ashram, in protest against me, so that the ashram should be closed and I should be thrown out of the country.

Why do these people go berserk? There is some fundamental reason behind it. If I am right then they are all wrong, and of course they are millions and I am alone. If it is to be decided democratically then the votes will decide that they are right, but this is not something that can be decided democratically.

I declare that I am a self-styled Bhagwan, because nobody else can style a Bhagwan. I am self-appointed because nobody else can appoint me; that's why nobody else can disappoint me either! And the strange thing is that all I am doing here is to help these fools, to help these blind people to gain a little insight into things.

When I say I am divine I am really saying you are divine. This is a challenge, it is a provocation! When I say I am divine I am saying to you, 'Look! A very ordinary man like me is divine, so you being so extraordinary can easily be divine! There is no problem in it -- just accept the challenge! A little search and you can find your reality.'

Mrs Markowitz was anxious because it was the first day her little boy was going to leave her and go to school. She tried hard to appear calm, but she couldn't hide the concern in her voice as she talked to her son that morning.

'So, my bubeleh, today you're starting to get grown up, you're going off to school, eh? And, bubeleh, you'll be a good boy, do whatever the teacher tells you to, yes? Now, you'll get

nicely dressed up in your new suit, bubeleh, and you'll play at recess with the other children, but you won't mess up your new suit, will you, my bubeleh? And, bubeleh, you'll come right home after school, okay?'

'Yes, Mama,' said the little boy, and he went off to school.

All day Mrs Markowitz sat waiting and worrying. At three o'clock she was at the door waiting for her boy.

'So, my bubeleh, how was your first day at school? What did you learn? Tell your mama everything!'

'Well,' said the boy, 'I learned one thing. I learned that my name is not "bubeleh", it is Irving!'

You are not what you think you are, bubeleh! Your name is Irving! That's what I am doing here, trying to remind you, 'Bubeleh, this is not your name. Your name is Bhagwan.' But you get angry. Strange, bubeleh!

The second question

OSHO,  
HOW MANY GAY GUYS ARE NEEDED TO SCREW IN A LIGHT BULB?

Almasto,

Are you mad or something? Why are you after these poor light bulbs? And never give this idea to the gay guys, because as far as screwing is concerned whatsoever they do will be wrong -- they will always do it wrong! So have mercy on the poor light bulbs!

And can't you think of any other question? Where are we going to find so many sockets for so many light bulbs? You go on producing light bulbs and I have to produce sockets for you... There has to be an end to everything.

Now you have come across this great idea, 'How many gay guys are needed...?' They are not needed at all!

The third question

OSHO,  
I HAVE TO LEAVE SOON. IN THE BEGINNING I HAD A LOT OF QUESTIONS, BUT YOU ANSWERED THEM ALL. THERE IS ONLY ONE LEFT: WILL YOU TELL ME AT LEAST TWO GOODBYE ITALIAN JOKES?

Anand Amana,

That I can do.

An Italian immigrant with a distinct accent was bragging about his three children. 'My first-a bambino, he's a doctor. He's-a one of the best-a in his field. He make-a the fifty thousand-a dollars per year. My second bambino is-a a lawyer and he make-a the seventy-five thousand-a dollars per year. My third-a boy, he's-a my finest-a boy. He's a sports-a mechanic-a!'

'What,' enquired his friend, 'is a "sports-a mechanic-a"?'

'He's-a person that-a fixes the football-a games, the basketball-a games, and all-a the other sports-a games!'

Get it or not? If you cannot get it right now, think about it in the middle of the night and suddenly you will start laughing. Then you will get it! It takes a little time.

An Italian spent his annual holidays in Brazil. When he returned home his friend asked him, 'So, Mario, how was the sex life in Brazil?' 'Mamma mia!' exclaimed Mario. 'Big-a confusion... the male neighbours mixing with-a the female neighbours, bosses with-a secretaries, women with-a women, men with-a men... how it-a hurts-a!'

Now it is even more difficult! You will have to meditate!

The last question

OSHO,  
THE OTHER DAY I WAS AFRAID OF YOU WHEN YOU TALKED ABOUT THROWING THAT UGLY KISSING AND HUGGING INDIAN OUT OF THE ASHRAM. I DO NOT WANT ANY ANGRY GOD, AND ANYWAY HE WAS NOT KISSING YOU IN AN UGLY WAY. AND WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME WHEN SOMETHING UGLY COMES UP IN ME? AM I IN DANGER OF BEING THROWN OUT ALSO? DO YOU WANT ME TO BEHAVE?

Alfred,

The first thing to remember is that I am not a moralist, I am not a puritan, but I have certainly some aesthetic sense. To me beauty is higher than virtue, *any* virtue. Beauty is higher than good, than truth.

In the East we have this trinity: *satyam*, *shivam*, *sunderam*. *Satyam* means truth, *shivam* means good, and *sunderam* means beautiful. The beautiful is the highest. First you encounter *satyam*, the true, then *shivam*, the good, and then *sunderam*, the beautiful.

The beautiful to me is the most significant phenomenon, so I will not allow anything ugly to happen in my commune. In this Buddhafield everybody has to learn to be a little more aesthetic.

So I am not telling you to behave, I am only telling you to be a little more aware, a little more intelligent.

Two very devout Catholic women, Signora Brambilla and Signora Rossi, are chatting.

'I'm-a really in trouble,' moans Brambilla. 'My apartment has-a got-a only two tiny rooms and-a there lives-a me and my seven children. And-a I'm-a sure that I'm-a pregnant again. Dio mio, what a disaster!'

Signora Rossi looks at her very surprised and says, 'I have-a only two-a children and that's-a plenty! I don't-a want-a no more! Why don't-a you do-a something about it?'

'What's-a there to do?' cried Signora Brambilla. 'The Pope has-a forbidden the pill!'

'The pill, yes-a!' replied Signora Rossi. 'But I always crush-a it into a little powder!'

Yes, that much intelligence is needed. If the pill is forbidden, crush it into powder.

Alfred, all that I require is a little bit of intelligence. Ugliness is unintelligence, beauty is intelligence. I don't want you to behave, but I want you to be more alert.

And certainly nobody is going to throw anybody out, but that's the language Indians understand; they don't understand any other language. Since that day nothing like that has happened again and it will not happen. Nobody is going to throw anybody out -- that is not my way. I am not a person who can be angry at all, but I can pretend to be angry, I can act angry! I know which language is understood and I use that language.

Two fellows went duck hunting. One told his new-found friend that he was known to snore at night, and if he did hear him snoring to simply get up and shake him.

Shortly after they turned out the lights, his buddy went over to his bunk and kissed him on the cheek.

There was no snoring that night.

Today I have jokes which are a little difficult!

People are unconscious; they need to be hit exactly on the head, then a little bit of consciousness comes to them.

A crew was unloading a tanker of highly explosive chemicals when it exploded. Two men were killed and half a dozen were knocked unconscious. As the ambulance attendants were carrying one of the men on a stretcher, he regained consciousness. Just as he did, his hands fell over the side of the stretcher. Feeling nothing but air, he let out a great moan and said, 'Oh, my God! I haven't even hit ground yet!'

The lady of the house called to the maid downstairs, 'Has the milkman come yet?'

'No, Ma'am, but he's already startin' to breathe heavy!'

So, Alfred, don't be too afraid! Nobody is going to throw you out, and if something ugly comes up in you we have many groups here. Those groups are meant for you to be as ugly in as you can be; those groups are for catharsis. But not in the commune, not in Buddha Hall, otherwise you can see there are guards sitting all around -- just try to cough, Alfred!

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #7

#### Chapter title: The True Master: The Ultimate Rebel

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The first question

OSHO,  
YOU ARE SHOWERING IMMENSE LOVE ON YOUR DISCIPLES AND OTHERS. BUT WHY AREN'T OTHER ENLIGHTENED BEINGS LIKE YOU, SO FULL OF LOVE AND COMPASSION? IS IT NOT TRUE THAT LOVE AND COMPASSION DAWN WITH ENLIGHTENMENT?  
WHY DO OTHER MASTERS SEEM TO BE SO DRY AND MERE INTELLECTUALS IN COMPARISON WITH YOU?

Nikhilananda,

The first thing to remember is that out of one hundred masters there is only one Master; ninety-nine are only teachers. The teacher is necessarily learned, the Master may be learned, may not be learned; it is not a necessity. The teacher is well-versed as far as tradition is concerned, conventions are concerned, social ethos is concerned. He lives a borrowed life, and a borrowed life cannot be weightless, a borrowed life is bound to be heavy, dull, dry, dead. The Master is a rebel. He lives out of his own being; he is spontaneous, not traditional. He cannot be traditional -- it is impossible for a Master to be traditional. Jesus was born a Jew but is not a Jew. Buddha was born a Hindu but is not a Hindu. The same is true of all enlightened Masters. But the teacher is just a caricature of the Master; he pretends to be the Master, it is his ego trip. The Master is egoless, hence there is nothing but love. The moment ego disappears your whole energy is pure love, compassion, fragrance. It is a sheer celebration, a festival of lights, a song, a dance, a joy for no other reason, just for its own sake.

The Master is bound to be like a garden: many flowers many birds singing, peacocks dancing, the wind passing through the ancient pine trees, and the sound of running water.

The Master is music, is poetry; the teacher is mathematics, calculation. The teacher lives in words, the Master lives a wordless life. The teacher is head, the Master is heart. But we have completely lost the language by which to understand a Master for the simple reason that

a Master very rarely happens. The phenomenon is so rare that we go on forgetting how to recognize a Master, how to understand a Master how to comprehend a Master. We have lost all insight into that tremendous phenomenon.

The teacher is well-known, well-understood; he is part and parcel of our stupid existence. He is blind just as you are blind, but he speaks the same language, hence he is understandable, comprehensible. The Master is not blind. He speaks a totally different language so he seems to be an outsider; the teacher appears to be an insider. With the teacher you can fall *en rapport* very easily, there is no difficulty -- he belongs to the same dimension. But the Master is alien, a stranger -- he belongs to another dimension, to another world, to the farther shore, to the beyond. He exists *in you*, amidst you, but he belongs to the beyond. His message comes from a far, far away source. He is simply a representative here of the unknown and the unknowable. He does not speak the way your scriptures speak, he creates his own communication.

Hence you will feel more and more antagonistic towards the Master. You will have every sympathy for the teacher and no sympathy for the Master -- in fact, a very deep antipathy. You would like to kill him, you would like to destroy him, for the simple reason that he creates a disturbance in your life. He shatters your illusions, he gives shocks to your preconceived ideas, to your prejudices. He is a danger to your very foundation -- he takes away the very ground you are standing upon. He destroys your consolations, your rationalizations.

Ordinarily society is divided into two categories: the 'heads' and the 'hands'. That's actually how we divide people: the proletariat, the labourers are called the hands, and the bosses are called the heads. It is not coincidental, it is significant. The heads rule the hands, the heads dominate the hands. But there is no third category -- the 'hearts' -- and the Master belongs to that third category which is almost non-existent.

Only once in a while, at times which are far and few between, do you come across a Jesus, a Buddha, a Zarathustra, a Lao Tzu, a Chuang Tzu, but then you don't have any way to understand these people.

And if a person wants prestige, power, respectability, then he has to follow you. Your leaders are not really leaders, they are following the followers. Your teachers are not really teachers, they are constantly adjusting themselves to your prejudices, because without that you will not respect them; there will be no possibility of gaining power and prestige. Everybody speaks the language of blindness, and the teacher confirms you, he makes you happy.

The Master uncovers all your wounds. It hurts to be with a Master! Unless somebody is ready to die on the cross, to be poisoned by you, to be butchered, murdered by you, he cannot dare to be a Master. He is continuously in danger.

The teacher is very deeply respected by people; he is your support, although whatsoever he is supporting is nothing but a lie. But one thing is certain: that you can understand him. He understands you, you understand him.

Thor, the god of thunder, went for a ride on his favourite horse. 'I'm Thor!' he cried.  
'Well, you forgot your thaddle, thilly!' replied the horse.

If you are talking to a horse then, of course, it is going to happen!

Two drunks were staggering home one night. One looked up and said, 'Is that the sun or

the moon?'

His friend replied, 'I couldn't tell you, I don't live around here.'

An old lady went into the optician's and said, 'I need a new pair of glasses.'

The optician replied, 'I knew that as soon as you walked through the window.'

This is the world you are living in!

The teacher adjusts to you. With the Master it is going to be Just the opposite: you have to adjust to the Master. And of course you are millions and a Buddha is always alone. The majority belongs to you; you have all the power. Of course your power is very gross -- you can crucify Jesus but you cannot kill his spirit, you can poison Socrates but you cannot poison his message...

In the last moments when Socrates was dying -- he had been poisoned -- a disciple, Crito, asked him, 'Master, please give us instructions for what we have to do with your body. Would you like it to be buried or to be burnt? What kind of ritual...? You have been such a rare man. You don't belong to the establishment, you don't belong to any tradition, so we don't know what we have to do with your body when you are gone.'

Socrates opened his eyes. With his last energy leaving him he still laughed and said, 'The people who are against me think that they are killing me -- and you who are my disciples are worried about whether to burn me or to bury me under the ground or to throw me into the ocean. The enemies are killing me and the friends are trying to find a way to dispose of me But I tell you, Crito, that when all the friends and all the enemies are forgotten I will be here and my message will be here and my truth will be here.'

'And remember,' he said, 'your name will be remembered only because I have used it, otherwise nobody will remember your name.'

And certainly Crito's name is only remembered after twenty-five centuries -- this morning I am remembering Crito! -- just because Socrates mentioned his name, otherwise there is nothing else about Crito to remember.

You have to adjust to the Master, the Master cannot adjust to you, hence only very courageous people can walk with the awakened ones.

You ask me, Nikhilananda: BUT WHY AREN'T OTHER ENLIGHTENED BEINGS LIKE YOU, SO FULL OF LOVE AND COMPASSION?

Do you think there are many many enlightened people on the earth? It is a very rare phenomenon. Yes, there are teachers, many -- of many brands, with many trademarks, belonging to different traditions, different religions... There are three hundred religions on the earth and at least three thousand sects and cults belonging to those three hundred religions, and every cult and sect has hundreds of teachers, but it is very rare to find an enlightened being.

And because of this crowd of teachers even if by chance you find an enlightened being, there is every possibility that you will not recognize him. He will be outrageous! He will be such a shock to you that you will want to escape from him. You will feel as if you are dying! He will destroy every concept, every idea, every philosophy that you have carried all along, thinking that it is so precious. With the enlightened Master whatsoever you have been carrying as diamonds will prove to be just ordinary stones and nothing else: 'Throw them

away!' And your whole investment has been in those so-called diamonds. The greatest possibility is that you will escape from such a man and cling to your stones.

It needs guts to be with a Master: guts to renounce your ego, guts to renounce your past, guts to renounce all your investments, guts to live dangerously -- against the society, against the culture, against the whole past.

A true disciple is a rebel, just as a true Master is the ultimate in rebellion.

It is certainly true, Nikhilananda, that compassion and love are natural, spontaneous by-products of enlightenment; if they are not there then the person is not enlightened. But again I have to remind you, because you can misunderstand the word 'compassion' and the word 'love', because the meaning will be given by you...

What do you mean by 'compassion'?

It is a quality that surrounds the Master. It has nothing to do with service to the poor, opening hospitals and orphanages, feeding the hungry and sheltering beggars -- it has nothing to do with that. Compassion is the transformation of passion. Your sexual energy is transformed first into love and then into compassion. Sex is like a seed, love is like a flower, and compassion is like a fragrance..

But by 'compassion' you will understand service to the poor. These servants of the poor are one of the reasons why poverty is not disappearing from the earth. Unless you stop this whole stupidity of serving the poor and start destroying poverty, it is not going to disappear. In fact, the servants of the poor would like poverty to survive, otherwise what will happen to the servants?

One Hindu teacher, very well-known in India, worshipped by the Hindus, is Karpatri. He has written a book; in that book he talks about socialism and Hindu religion. He gives many reasons why he is against the idea of socialism and one of the most important reasons that he gives is worth considering. He says the Hindu religion teaches that service to the poor, giving donations to the poor is the way to heaven, and socialism tries to destroy poverty completely. It tries to distribute the money, and when the money is distributed equally then there will be no poor and no rich. Who is going to donate to whom? And who is going to serve the poor? -- because there will be no poor left. That means socialism will destroy the very roots of Hinduism. Unless you donate to the poor you cannot reach heaven. Socialism seems to be the most dangerous thing that can happen to people who are searching for heaven and God -- the very ladder is being destroyed!

So he says that money has not to be distributed equally because it is far more important to reach heaven, to realize God. He also says that a person is poor because he has committed sins in his past life and a person is rich because he has been virtuous in his past life. Who are you to disturb this law of karma? The poor *have* to be poor, the rich *have* to be rich. They are simply getting whatsoever they deserve; there should be no interference. This comes from a great Hindu saint, and even after this book he is still worshipped as a great saint.

His name is Karpatri. *Karpatri* simply means a man who eats from his hands, who uses his hands as a begging bowl. That is the meaning of the word *karpatri*: hands being used as a begging bowl. That's his only great achievement: that he uses his hands as a begging bowl, not that he is not eating well. You have to put sweets into his hands, then he will eat, then you have to put all kinds of things... It is such an unnecessary thing -- he can take them from the plates himself! One person is needed to take them from the plates and put them in his hands, then he eats them. This is his great spirituality! He is worshipped for it: that he does not use any plates, any spoons; nothing is being used, just his hands. But this has been worshipped for thousands of years.

Mahavira was very respected for the same reason, because he used his hands to eat; he was a *karpatri*. In Jaina scriptures it is said that Buddha has not yet achieved to that height. Buddha and Mahavira were both contemporaries. Why has he not achieved to that height? A few reasons are given: one of the reasons is that he uses a begging bowl while Mahavira uses his hands. His renunciation is total; Buddha possesses a begging bowl. That is his possession, and unless you renounce everything...

Mahavira lived naked and Buddha uses at least three pieces of clothing. Three pieces of clothing, one begging bowl, one walking staff... so he possesses five things. Mahavira possesses nothing -- his achievement is perfect; Buddha is a little lower than him. Mahavira is *bhagwan*, but Buddha is only a mahatma, a saint, Mahavira is an incarnation of God himself.

These stupid ideas have kept humanity poor.

Compassion is a fragrance; it has nothing to do with serving the poor or feeding the beggars, because when you are feeding the beggars you are feeding beggary, when you are feeding the poor you are feeding poverty, and the poverty will remain. Poverty has to be destroyed. A real man of compassion is not a man of service, he is a man who destroys the very causes or tries to destroy the very roots of all that is ugly in society.

That's exactly what I am doing here and that's why so many people are against me. Hindus are against me, Mohammedans are against me, Christians are against me.

Just a few days ago a sannyasin, Meeten, was murdered. But he died beautifully, he died as a sannyasin. When he was murdered his last words were, 'I can understand you -- why you are killing me. I know that nobody has loved you in your life.' He said these words to the murderer! 'I know that nobody has loved you in your life and you are angry with society. You are not killing me, you are taking revenge on society. But remember, these are my last words,' he said, 'that I am dying with immense love for you. I love you!'

These were his last words when he closed his eyes and died: 'I love you!' This is compassion! This is love!

And the next day the huts of six sannyasins were burnt down. The sannyasins had come to the ashram and then somebody set fire to their huts. Now, nobody was caught red-handed and the police suspect that because there is a great antagonism among the Catholic Christians in Poona against me because I have spoken against the Pope and against Mother Teresa... the suspicion is that some Catholic hand is behind it. They cannot do harm to me, but they can do harm to my sannyasins; that is an indirect way of harming me. And these people talk about public service, serving the poor -- all these murderers!

If you look at the history of religion you will be surprised: all the religions have proved murderous. The whole history of man is full of blood because of these so-called religions and these so-called saints and these so-called enlightened people. It is because of these people that humanity has not yet become grown-up, has not yet become sane enough. They have kept humanity imprisoned in a deep spiritual slavery and they have used human beings in every possible way.

They have told human beings, 'If you die fighting for the Church, then your paradise is absolutely certain.' They have told them, 'If you kill in the name of religion, then it is not sin.' So millions of people have been murdered down the ages and the murderers were thinking that they were doing virtuous deeds. And the same people go on serving the people and the same people go on murdering the people and the same people go on keeping humanity at its lowest psychological age.

The average psychological age of human beings is only twelve years. Who has kept

humanity in such a miserable state? Who is responsible? These so-called saints, popes, *shankaracharyas*, *imams*, *ayatollahs*, they are the root cause.

A Master tries to cut the roots; he is not interested in pruning the leaves because they will sprout again. But to understand a Master becomes more and more difficult because these are the ideals you have cherished for centuries.

You ask me, Nikhilananda: WHY DO OTHER MASTERS SEEM TO BE SO DRY AND MERE INTELLECTUALS IN COMPARISON WITH YOU?

If they are Masters they cannot be dry; if they are *dry* they cannot be Masters. If they are mere intellectuals they are not Masters. They may be great scholars, pundits, they may be theologians, philosophers, but not Masters. They may have accumulated great information, they may be able to comment on the ancientmost scriptures in the world, but that does not make them enlightened. They may talk beautifully, sermonize beautifully, but if they are dry... And intellectuals are bound to be dry. Intelligence is never dry, intellect is always dry.

So remember the distinction between intellect and intelligence: intellect belongs to the head, intelligence belongs to the heart. Intellect is a cultivated phenomenon, intelligence is a discovery of your innermost nature. Intellect can be given by others -- that's what schools, colleges and universities are all about: imparting intellectuality to you, giving you information, giving you a memory system, programming you in a certain way so that you can serve the society and the nation and the vested interests.

Intelligence is a totally different phenomenon. It is not possible for any school, college or university to give you intelligence: intelligence is discovered through meditation. Intelligence you bring with you -- every child brings it with him. The more intellectual he becomes the more burdened his intelligence becomes with words, language, ideologies, and the greater the distance becomes between himself and his own sources, his own real resources.

All this garbage has to be thrown out! That is meditation putting everything to the side that has been given to you by others and discovering that which is a gift from God, which is a gift from the whole, which you have brought with you. Discovery, not cultivation. And meditation is just a method of discovering your self-nature; then intelligence blossoms.

And intelligence is full of juice, it is never dry. Intelligence has a sense of humour, intellect does not know how to laugh. Intellect is serious, intelligence is sincere but never serious. Intellect always has a long face, intelligence is a smile, is innocence.

Nikhilananda, if you find a Master dry and a mere intellectual, that simply shows he is not a Master, he is a pretender.

You can see it in Jesus: his beautiful parables, his sense of humour, his love, his compassion.

Just the other day I was looking at a cartoon:

The three wise men from the East are going to Jerusalem on their camels. The star is leading them to where Jesus is being born. On the way one wise man says to the others, 'He is a Capricorn. He will be a drunkard, a singer, a dancer!'

Capricorns *are* like that -- singers, dancers, lovers of life -- but Christians say Jesus never laughed. It is good that these three wise men were from the East and they were not Christians! They said the truth: that he would be a singer, a dancer, a drunkard. And he was! A man who enjoys eating and drinking and enjoys late parties cannot be a man without a

sense of humour! Christians think that he just went on delivering gospels -- he must have been gossiping too, because parties are not for gospels! And he loved wine and he lived with all kinds of people -- *real* people, not phonies. He was not living with rabbis and bishops and popes; he was living with gamblers and drunkards and prostitutes and tax collectors -- real, authentic people! He mixed with the people you would think of as wrong. The pope would not like to mix with those people; the pope would like to mix with the kings and the queens and the presidents and the prime ministers.

Jesus has a tremendous juiciness to him; his parables show that. He is not a dry man, he does not philosophize. Even when great philosophical questions are asked he just tells a parable, a beautiful parable, a story. A good story-teller.

If you want to find out how a real Master is then read Chuang Tzu -- so absurd, with such a great sense of humour that each line of Chuang Tzu will tickle you to laughter. And his stories are simply far out! He has defeated all the Masters -- even his own Master, Lao Tzu, pales before Chuang Tzu. If Lao Tzu had come back and looked at what Chuang Tzu was writing he would have been angry: 'This is too much! This is going too far!' Of course, Lao Tzu himself was a very lovely man, a beautiful man, but Chuang Tzu would even have made *him* object: 'This is going too far!'

Chuang Tzu's stories are the first absurd stories in the world. Kafka and Sartre and Camus are nothing compared to Chuang Tzu. Each of his stories simply ends in absurdity, but it will give you a good laugh. He is telling you, 'Don't be serious! Take life as fun, as joy! Enjoy it, love it, live it, but don't make a problem out of it. It is not a problem to be solved, it is a mystery to be lived.'

These great Masters are never dry, are never intellectuals. But as a Master dies and a tradition grows around him his whole spirit is suffocated. Then scholars and learned people and rabbis and pundits and *brahmins* gather together and destroy the whole thing.

A story is told that a young disciple of the devil came running to him, perspiring, puffing, and said, 'What are you doing, Master? Come immediately! One man on earth has again found the truth! Our whole business is at stake, something has to be done immediately!'

The old devil laughed. He said, 'Don't be worried! You are too young and you don't understand the ways in which I work. Don't be worried -- my people are already there!'

The young disciple said, 'But I have not seen any of your disciples there.'

The devil said, 'I don't go directly. Have you not seen many scholars and many learned people there?'

He said, 'Yes.'

The devil said, 'Those are my people -- they are my agents. They will suffocate the truth, they will kill the truth. They will surround the man like a wall. They will not allow the truth to reach people and they will not allow people to reach the truth. And soon that old guy will die and then my people will rule. They will be the priests, the high priests, and they will dominate for centuries.'

Your temples, your churches, your synagogues, your mosques are dominated by the disciples of the devil! Just watch with consciousness and you will see that all the priests have invisible horns and a tail. Look at their hooves! They are invisible so you will need a little more awareness, then only will you see them. I have seen them so I am telling you!

The second question

OSHO,  
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A POLITICIAN AND A LADY?

Amrit Chinmayo,

It is not good for you to ask *me* such a question -- in fact, I should have asked you the question. You are both, a lady and a politician!

Amrit Chinmayo is both: a perfect lady and a perfect politician too. She has run for the American Senate twice and she is going to get a very important position in Reagan's administration -- she is one of the people who are very close to Reagan -- and she is asking me! I am neither a lady nor a politician. I am not even a gentleman!

The same question was asked of Bernard Shaw. His answer is beautiful. He says:

When a lady says no, she means maybe; when she says maybe, she means yes; when she says yes, she is no lady.

When a politician says yes, he means maybe; when he says maybe, he means no; and if he says no, he is no politician!

A judge asked a lady her age.

'Thirty,' she said.

'You've given that age for the last three years,' said the judge, looking up the record.

'Yes, I'm not one who says one thing today and another tomorrow,' replied the lady.

So there is something in common between the lady and the politician.

The wife said to her politician husband at a buffet dinner, 'That's the third time you've gone back for more chicken. Doesn't that embarrass you?'

'No, dear,' replied the politician husband. 'I keep telling them I'm getting it for you!'

A minister, in administering the confirmation rites for an elderly new member, a famous politician, asked, 'Do you repent of the devil and all of his ways?'

The politician replied, 'In my position I can't afford to antagonize anyone!'

During the Nazi regime of Adolf Hitler in Germany, the persecuted Jews had many opportunities to sharpen their wits. The story is told of a Jewish politician who was summoned before the court. He was told that there were two pieces of paper in a box: one read 'Innocent', the other read 'Guilty'. The words would determine the fate of the Jews in town. The court ordered the Jewish politician to draw one of the papers blindly; the future of the Jewish people of that town was to be entirely in the hands of God. If he led the Jewish politician to draw the paper which said 'Innocent', the Jews would go unharmed; that would be God's will. If he drew the paper that said 'Guilty', all the leaders of the Jewish community would be executed, for that would be God's will.

The politician knew, just because he was a politician, that the word 'Guilty' had been written on both slips of paper. He thought quickly. He selected one of the papers and quickly swallowed it.

'What are you doing?' cried the judges. 'How will we know what it said?'

'Very simply!' answered the Jewish politician. 'Just look at the piece of paper left in the box. If it reads "Innocent" then the one I swallowed must have read "Guilty". But if the paper

remaining in the box reads "Guilty", then the paper I swallowed obviously must have contained the word "Innocent"!"

This is a very cunning world. The politician will remain in the world unless the world becomes innocent. When the world is innocent there will be no politicians, no gentlemen, no ladies; they all will go down the drain. There will simply be innocent people. What is the need for ladies and gentlemen and politicians and priests? There is no need at all. They are needed because the world is cunning. If the world is innocent, if the people are rejoicing in their ordinary life, then nothing is needed. If the ordinary life becomes a sacred life then all these people are absolutely unnecessary.

Amrit Chinmoyo, I can only say this much: I don't know much about ladies -- my sannyasins are not ladies. I don't know anything about politicians; the moment somebody becomes my sannyasin that is enough proof that he is not a politician. And I commune only with my sannyasins, I know only my sannyasins and I don't want to know anybody else anyway!

The last question

OSHO,  
PLEASE EXCUSE ME, BUT I HAVE TO ASK FEW MORE ESOTERIC QUESTIONS!

Almasto,

Here you go again! You seem to be incurable -- you and your esoteric questions! Now again we have to screw in the bulbs! Okay, Almasto...

First: How many Marxists does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, none. They are too busy trying to nationalize the bulb company.

Second: How many behaviorists does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, ten. One to screw in the bulb and nine to observe his reactions.

Third: How many male chauvinist pigs does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, one. He unchains his wife from the kitchen sink so that she can screw it in.

Fourth: How many philosophers does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, twenty. One to screw it in and nineteen to decide whether or not light exists.

Fifth: How many Christian Scientists does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, ten. One to screw in the bulb and nine to believe that it will light up.

Sixth: How many Hindu gods does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, one, but he takes a million years to decide which arm to use.

Seventh: How many lesbians does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, six. One to screw it in and five to agree how easy it is without men.

Eighth: How many homosexuals does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, two. One to screw in the bulb and the other to see that he doesn't get too friendly with it.

Ninth: How many popes does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, none. Screwing is a sin.

Tenth: How many Protestant ministers does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, two. One to screw it in and one to say, 'And God said, "Let there be light!" '

And the last: How many Adams does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, one, but God has to tell him not to screw it in.

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #8

#### Chapter title: Women: Free of All the Chains

**3 January 1981 am in Buddha Hall**

Archive code: 8101030

ShortTitle: ZZZZZ08

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

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The first question

OSHO,

HOW CAN INDIA BE FREE WHEN HER WOMEN ARE NOT?

R. K. Karanjia,

India is suffering from a very ugly and rotten past, and the problem is that Indians go on praising their past as golden. The whole world, except India, believes in evolution; India believes in INvolution.

Now it is an absolutely accepted fact of science that man is evolving, becoming more and more mature, but India still lives under the illusion that the highest has already happened; now we are falling, deteriorating. The modern man, according to Indian ideology, is the worst. The farther back you go in the past the higher the quality of humanity you will find this is putting things absolutely upside-down, this is not so, and unless this whole idea is shattered, destroyed, burnt, India cannot be really free.

The very idea is depressing; one loses all zest for living. If it is only that we are going downhill every moment, then how can there be hope and how can there be joy? Then life can only be a boredom, a drag; it cannot be a dance and a celebration.

Hence India lives under a very great burden; that burden creates its spiritual slavery, and out of that burden many more things arise -- one thing leads to another. The past of India is full of pseudo religion and the pseudo religion imprisonments for man. It gives you masks, it creates the hypocrite, it does not help you to discover your original face.

One can be politically free easily, but unless one is spiritually free one will not be able to use that political freedom at all for right purposes. It will only create chaos, anarchy; it will be destructive, not creative. So the political freedom has not proved a blessing to India for the simple reason that the inner soul is still living within walls, chained. But the problem is the Indian mind *respects* those chains, *worships* those chains. It does not think of the prison as a prison but as a temple. The moment you start thinking and believing that your chains are ornaments and very valuable, you start protecting them. Rather than throwing them away you cling to them.

India clings to its past, and that clinging is not allowing it to release the splendours of its soul.

The women of India are living in utter slavery; their slavery is double. The men are slaves, but the women are the slaves of these slaves. And why are the women living in such slavery? If you go to the roots again you will find that the pseudo religion is its cause.

From Manu up to today the woman has been condemned for the simple reason that all these so-called saints and mahatmas were living with repressed sexuality, and when you live with repressed sexuality the woman becomes immensely important. Then your whole mind is full of fantasies about women, and naturally one starts feeling that the woman is the cause of all these fantasies. You cannot get them out of your mind because those fantasies are very alluring, fascinating, but the reason is not the woman at all.

Repress your desire for food and your mind will be full of food. Repress any desire and the repressed desire will take revenge; it is bound to happen so. It will assert itself in a thousand and one ways. If you prevent it at the front door it will start coming in through the back door.

India has lived with a repressive morality; its morality is not authentic, not true, not sincere. It is not centred in a self-realized consciousness, it is just cultivated, painted on the outside. It is a painted face! And you know it -- everybody who lives with the mask knows it -- that the real face is the total opposite of it. The real face is repressed and the unreal one is praised, decorated, worshipped. This creates a deep split, this creates schizophrenia.

Indian culture is schizophrenic, it is insane, but beautifully rationalized, beautifully covered. And the greatest problem, the greatest taboo in India has been sex. Just as in the West today the taboo is death, in India it has been sex. These two things have to be understood because these are the two fundamental taboos. Either a society creates a taboo around sex or it moves to the other extreme and creates a taboo around death. Both are deeply related -- two extremes of the same phenomenon.

Sex is birth, sex is the beginning, and death is the end. A few people are trying to hide the fact of birth and a few other people are trying to hide the fact of death. The culture which makes sex a taboo will accept death, and vice versa: the culture that creates a taboo about death will accept sex. Humanity needs freedom from all taboos, freedom from all extremist ideologies, because to be an extremist is to be insane. The sane person is balanced: he is exactly in the middle, he follows the golden mean. And to be in the middle is to transcend duality, is to transcend the extreme polarity.

Man needs a new kind of understanding which accepts both birth and death as part of life, with no fear. The moment you accept both, the moment you can celebrate both, you go beyond both.

If you create a taboo around the energy called sex then the woman is condemned. The condemnation of the woman, the slavery of the woman, is simply a condemnation of sex. Reduced to its scientific roots you can easily see it: unless sex is respected the woman will remain a means either to be exploited, manipulated, possessed like a thing, or renounced -- again like a thing. Either you possess the woman -- then she is your property -- or you renounce the woman, but again it is the same thing: she is your property. And woman considered as property cannot have freedom.

India considers the woman as property. The worldly use her and the other-worldly, the so-called mahatmas, renounce her, but both agree on one point: that she is your property. She has no soul, so where is the question of giving her freedom?

One of the most respected incarnations of God in India is Rama. His wife, Sita, was

stolen by Ravana. After years of fight and struggle Rama defeated Ravana, brought his wife back, but first she had to pass through an utterly inhuman examination. The examination is called AGNI PARIKSHA, 'fire examination'; she had to pass through fire. If she was absolutely free of any sin while she was away from Rama, even in her dreams, then she would come out of the fire unharmed, if she had sinned, even in her mind, then she would be consumed by the fire.

Now, this is sheer stupidity. Fire does not believe in your morality! Fire has no respect for any culture, any religion, any values. Fire has its own laws; it cannot suspend those laws

But one thing more has to be noted: only Sita had to pass through the fire, not Rama. And there is a greater possibility... He was also away from his wife -- what had he been doing? But he was beyond question. He was a man, and this is a man-dominated society. And he was really a male chauvinist pig!

Sita passed through the fire and, the story goes, she survived. And back home, when they reached their capital just a single man objected, but not to Rama himself. That man's wife had not come home one night and when she came back in the morning he simply said, 'I will not accept you. I am not Rama! Get lost! I am finished with you!'

This was reported to Rama and he simply threw the pregnant Sita into the forest. She was not even given a chance to say something -- she was not even asked! She was not even told what was happening to her. Who asks one's own property? If you want to dispose of your furniture you dispose of it. If you want to burn it, you burn it. If you want to sell it, you sell it.

And still Rama is worshipped as God by Hindus, he is thought to be one of the greatest incarnations. People seem to be utterly blind! Even *women* go on worshipping Rama! At least they should start burning his effigies, they should start throwing his statues out of the temples, because no man has done so much harm to women as this man has done.

Another Hindu, Yudishthira -- he is called Dharmaraj, 'the king of religion'... He was a gambler, and not only did he gamble away his whole kingdom, he gambled away his wife too. He staked his wife and lost her in the gamble. A woman is just a possession! You can gamble away your house, your king-dom, you can gamble away your wife! And still he is called the king of religion, one of the most respected persons -- a great saint. Nobody raises the question of what he did with Draupadi, his wife. Was it human? Even a very barbaric person would think twice before doing it. Even a criminal would not dare to do it. And still he remains one of the most respected persons in the history of India.

Not only did he stake her and lose her in the gamble, but Draupadi was divided by five brothers. He had four brothers and they all wanted Draupadi -- she was so beautiful. They were all interested in getting her, so the only solution was that they divide her; she would be the wife of all five. So the time during a week was divided -- how many hours she would be a wife to one brother and how many hours a wife to another brother. A possession can be divided! And she was not even asked. This is ugly! This is subhuman! This is animal! And this is India's past.

Indian saints have been telling the whole world that the woman is the door to hell. And of course, if woman is the door to hell she cannot have freedom, she cannot be allowed to have any say in life. Either possess her, dominate her, reduce her to a commodity, or renounce her; that is again the same. Possessing or renouncing, the woman remains a commodity.

This whole structure has to be shattered; only then can the woman, Indian woman, be free.

The Indian mahatmas go on condemning the woman as nothing but blood, bones, pus, dirt. And it is very strange -- they never think that they were born out of the woman, they had

lived in the womb of the woman, and they are also made in the same way: bones, blood, pus. They are not made of gold or silver or diamonds!

All Indian scriptures condemn woman as ugly, as rotten... and man? They don't talk about man at all. Strange logic! A double bind, a double standard.

Mrs Kohansky went to her butcher of many years and said, 'Bernie, today I need a beautiful chicken, maybe four pounds.'

Bernie pointed out three chickens in the display counter, but Mrs Kohansky turned up her nose at all of them. 'I asked for a beautiful chicken!' she sniffed.

So Bernie went to the back of the store, and from his refrigerator room he extracted an especially plump fowl. He brought it forward with pride.

The lady was cautious. She took the chicken and slowly began to examine each part with her fingers -- lifting the wings, feeling the breast and groping inside the cavity.

Finally the butcher's patience waned. 'Tell me, Mrs Kohansky,' he demanded, 'do you think you could pass such a test?'

But there are different criteria for men and women. These different criteria have to be absolutely destroyed, only then can the woman be free; otherwise she cannot be free. And without the woman being free, the country remains basically unfree. The woman constitutes fifty percent of the population, but she is more important than just fifty percent because all the children will be raised by the woman. If she is a slave she will create the slave mentality, unconsciously, in her children's minds. The girls and the boys -- everybody is raised by the woman; they will be conditioned as slaves. The woman can only give them what she has. So it is not that only fifty percent will remain in slavery, it will amount to almost ninety-nine per-cent. It will be a rare individual in India who is truly free!

The first thing is the ugly, pseudo religion, the phony morality. For thousands of years, even today, the phenomenon of *sati* has been happening. *Sati* means a woman throwing herself into the funeral pyre with her dead husband.

There is every possibility that the idea came from Egypt to India. In fact, geologists say that in the remote past Africa and India were one continent. India fits the African continent exactly -- if you cut out the maps of both and bring them close, you will be surprised. And South India still carries negroid blood. North India is Aryan, South India is African, it is negroid. It is possible that in the remote past both continents were one, that India was joined with Egypt. And now it is a well-established scientific fact that continents drift, they move. They are still drifting; they go on changing their locations very slowly.

In India all the North Indian languages were born out of Sanskrit, but not the South Indian languages. They are not of Sanskrit origin; their origin is completely lost.

In Egypt this was the idea: that when the king dies all his wives have to be buried with him, because till the Last Judgement Day he will have to live in the grave and he cannot live without servants and wives and all kinds of luxuries. So with him all the luxuries were buried, treasures were buried, slaves were buried and women were buried -- they were not more than slaves.

The same idea has prevailed for at least five thousand years in India: the woman has to throw herself into the fire. And of course it is a difficult task. Just put your hand into fire and you will know. Just the flame of a candle touching your finger will show you what it means to jump into a funeral pyre alive! So it was not done willingly -- the woman was really thrown into the funeral pyre.

And the arrangements were made in such a way that no-body would be able to see. Much purified butter was thrown in before; it created so much smoke. And the *brahmins*, the priests, were standing all around with burning torches, and then the woman was brought. And such a great noise was created with drums and the chanting of mantras and the shouting of slogans that the cry of the woman would not be heard.

Sometimes she tried to escape from the funeral pyre and those burning torches were there to push her back into the funeral pyre. It was pure murder, ugly murder, very barbaric!

And then the woman was worshipped. This still goes on happening even now although it is illegal. But the *worship* is not illegal. This is a strange thing! If a woman jumps into the funeral pyre or is forced to jump, that is illegal -- it still happens! -- but once a woman is burnt, has become a *sati*, then a temple is raised and then she is worshipped. If burning oneself in fire is illegal then all these worshippers should be imprisoned immediately, thrown into gaols, punished, because they are encouraging something illegal! But no steps are taken against them.

Why has no man ever burnt himself with his wife? The Indian scriptures say that love is so great, it is because of the greatness of love that women have been throwing themselves in with their dead husbands. I can agree it may be because of great love, but then why has no man...? In thousands of years not a single man has thrown himself into the funeral pyre of his wife. Does it mean that no man has ever loved, that only women love? This is a strange thing! And the mahatmas and the saints are absolutely silent about that. There is a double standard about everything.

The woman in India has not been allowed to read the Vedas the Upanishads, for the simple reason that she is 'impure'. Why is a woman impure? And if she is impure, then how can a man be pure? He is born out of the woman! But the woman is not allowed to become a priestess because if she becomes a priestess then these double standards cannot be continued any-more. She has not to be educated, she has not to be allowed to read the scriptures -- that is man's domain, his privilege, his prerogative.

The woman has to be kept in ignorance because if she is ignorant she will remain obedient. If she becomes as know-ledgeable as the priests then it will be difficult to dominate her, it will be difficult to argue with her, it will be difficult to force her into slavery.

And this is not only true about the so-called, the pseudo mahatmas, the phony ones, even great people like Mahavira, Buddha and others could not go against the tradition; they compromised. These are the few points I cannot agree on even with Buddha and Mahavira.

Mahavira said that no woman can attain to liberation unless she is first born as a man. All that she can attain through medi-tation, austerities, yoga, is a new birth in the body of a man, and *then* she can attain to the ultimate truth. But no woman can go directly from the body of a woman to the ultimate liberation.

And these people have been saying that man is not the body. You can see the contradiction, the inconsistency, the utter nonsense of the whole thing, the ridiculousness! Man is not body, man is consciousness. And woman?\_'Woman is a body, she is not consciousness!' Or do you think consciousness is also male and female? It is such a simple thing!

If you are silently watching yourself, that watching, that witnessing cannot be male or female. Witnessing is simply wit-nessing; it has nothing to do with sex, it has nothing to do with gender. And freedom, the ultimate freedom, truth, liberation, *nirvana*, God, is attained through witnessing.

If God is attained through witnessing, then why can a woman not attain? Just because she

is in a female body? And what is wrong with being in a female body? And what is special about being a man? There seems to be nothing special: maybe a little difference in hormones, in a few glands. But to say that the woman cannot attain to *nirvana*, to *moksha*, to ultimate liberation, means you are making your liberation dependent on hormones and glands. So your liberation has nothing to do with religion but with chemistry, biochemistry, biology, physiology!

Mahavira says no woman can attain to liberation directly. He is simply compromising with the traditional view. He is not courageous enough, although his name is Mahavira. *Mahavira* means 'the great courageous man', but he is only ninety-nine percent courageous; one perCent of cowardliness is there, absolutely present -- he is compromising.

Even Buddha for years denied initiation to women in his commune. The fear of the society condemning him! The fear of the repressed monks, because if women were there then the repressions might start surfacing.

I may be the first person who has accepted women totally. equally. Even Buddha and Mahavira are very reluctant.

Buddha finally initiated women into sannyas -- because his own stepmother insisted and he had owed much to the stepmother... His own mother died immediately after giving birth to him; he was brought up by the stepmother And she had loved him so much that he could not say no to her, he had to agree. But once one woman was initiated then the door was opened, then other women insisted that they had to be initiated too and he had to agree, he could not be partial. But he must have said it in deep sadness.

He said, 'My religion was going to exist on the earth in its purest form for five thousand years, but now it will only exist for five hundred years. The women will destroy it.'

This is a very condemnatory note from Buddha -- I cannot accept it. This shows his fear. This shows that he was in some way or other agreeing with the rotten tradition that has been always condemnatory of women. He rebelled against many things, but he could not rebel against one of the most fundamental things that has to be destroyed.

Indians are so much against me for the simple reason that what Mahavira has not done, Buddha has not done, I am trying to do. Naturally they are offended, and they have found great arguments -- rationalizations I will call them, not really arguments...

They say a soul is born as a woman because of past sins. How do you decide it? And who is the judge? The males are de-ciding it -- and of course they decide in their own favour. They are born as men because they have done great virtuous deeds in the past and the woman is born as a woman because she has sinned in past lives. This is a punishment and she has to suffer it.

This is consoling the woman, giving her a rationalization. A very tricky political game!

It was the first year that the family had been living in Germany, and the father wanted his little boy to shine at his studies. Mr Stein asked for Max's report card.

Reluctantly, Max showed it. Mr Stein was angry and scolded the boy for his poor grades.

'Well, Papa,' said Max, 'the other boys in my class are Nazis. They know I'm Jewish and they bother me so that I can't study. That's why I got such a bad report card.'

Mr Stein relented. 'All right, my son,' he said. 'Anything for your future. I'm converting you into a Nazi, then you won't have any more trouble.'

So Max had no more trouble in his class, but at the end of the next term he came home with another terrible report. Mr Stein was furious.

'What's your excuse now?' he yelled.

'Well,' Max said, 'you know, Papa, we Nazis don't learn as fast as those Jewish boys!'

One can always find excuses, rationalizations, but they are all inventions -- the inventions of cunning people.

An old Chinese man is walking down the road when he comes across a small Chinese boy who is cutting his nails. 'Little boy,' says the old man, 'stop cutting your nails!'

The small boy looks up at him and then carries on cutting his nails.

'Little boy,' repeats the old man, 'I say, you stop cutting your nails!'

Again the boy looks up at him and then continues cutting his nails.

'Little boy,' exclaims the old man, 'why when I have told you to stop cutting your nails do you carry on?'

'Because my neighbours beat their child,' replies the boy.

'But what has that got to do with you cutting your nails?' asked the old man.

'What has cutting my nails got to do with you?'

No real reason is there, but if you repeat a certain thing for thousands of years people become conditioned to it, they start thinking that it really is a reason. A rationalization can appear as a reason if repeated too often, and India is very repetitive: it has been repeating the same nonsense for thousands of years.

So every Indian mind is full of bullshit... or you can call it 'holy cowdung'! That will look far more Indian and far more religious too! Holy cowdung is sacred and if your head is full of it you are bound to go to heaven because holy cowdung is the only thing in the world that defies gravity. It will take you up and up and up until you reach heaven!

This male-chauvinistic country has lived in many kinds of slaveries, slaveries within slaveries. For twenty-two centuries India has been in slavery, political slavery. A country can live in slavery for twenty-two centuries only if somewhere deep down it is spiritually ready to accept slavery. Unless somewhere deep down there is a desire to remain a slave, nobody can keep anyone for two thousand years and more in slavery, that is impossible. But if spiritually you are a slave then politically, economically, socially, you will also be a slave.

The Indian woman has to be freed from her chains. Her freedom will help India to be really free. If the woman remains unfree, India's freedom will remain just superficial -- something borrowed, something imported, not grown within its own soul.

R. K. Karanjia, it is true that India cannot be free when her women are not, but the women can be free. It needs guts to issue the challenge. It needs courage to create a revolution in the minds of women and men.

That's exactly what I am doing through sannyas: making an effort to destroy the spiritual slavery of the Indian soul. The whole past is heavy, a Himalayan weight, but it can be drop-ped. Once you become conscious of it there is no problem in dropping it. It is our own creation; we can immediately get out of it. But then you will have to be aware that unless you die *totally* to the past you cannot be reborn.

One has to die to the past to be born anew, and India has forgotten how to die, hence it has forgotten how to renew itself, rejuvenate itself. Instead of dying to the past it goes on making it glorious, it goes on praising it. It enjoys the nostalgia that 'We had a great golden past.' And that is all sheer nonsense! That past has never existed; it is just imagination, nothing more -- pure imagination. We have invented the past. Seeing the ugliness of the present, which is our doing, we go on escaping into the past -- to avoid the present. There are

only two ways: either escape into the past or escape into the future. Both are anti-rebellion.

To live in the present is the only rebellion I know of, the only real revolution. Get rid of the past, get rid of the future and live in the present, totally herenow, with intensity and with Passion. And that intensity brings freedom.

The second question

OSHO,  
YOUR TALK SEEMS TO GET MORE AND MORE CRAZY FROM DAY TO DAY.  
THAT'S MY FEELING. IS THE DAY COMING CLOSER WHEN YOU WILL NOT  
TALK AT ALL?

Prem Michael,

It is absolutely impossible for me to predict the future. Who knows? Everything is possible! You see...? Any moment! But one thing can be said: before I stop talking completely I will start talking more and more in a crazy way. That is what I call heart-to-heart talk!

Moishe and Izzy sat in the restaurant for several hours without uttering a word. They drank tall glasses of tea with lemon. As each finished his glass he signalled the waiter to bring him a refill .

After a long while Moishe finally broke the silence. 'Oy vey!' he sighed.

Five minutes later Izzy replied, 'You're telling me!'

Two old buddies, Sam and Irv, met by chance one day.

'It's good to see you, Irv,' said Sam. So how are you?'

Irv gave a shrug and replied, 'Ehhhhh...!'

Undaunted, Sam continued, 'And how's your wife?'

Irv shook his head from side to side, rolled his eyes sky-ward, and says, 'Eh-eh!'  
'And how is business?' Sam persisted.

Irv moved his arms up and down with an unsteady motion. 'Mm-mmmm,' said he.

'Well, so long,' said Sam, as he turned to leave. 'It's been nice to see you. You know, there's nothing like a good heart-to-heart talk between friends!'

So before I completely stop talking it is going to be heart-to-heart talk: 'Eh-eh!', 'Mm-mm!', and then 'So long!'

The last question

OSHO,  
TODAY IS MY FATHER'S NINETY-THIRD BIRTHDAY. DO YOU HAVE A JOKE FOR  
HIM?

Fritjof,  
Yes, I have a joke for everybody in the world!

To celebrate their golden wedding anniversary, a couple decided to repeat the same things they did during their honeymoon. They went to the same town, to the same hotel and to the same room. She put on the same perfume and the same nightgown. As he did on his honeymoon night, he went to the bathroom and the wife heard him laughing -- just as he had done during their honeymoon.

So when he came back she said, 'Honey, it's really beautiful, everything is the same. I can remember it just as if it all happened yesterday! That night too you went to the bathroom and laughed the same way. At the time I didn't have enough courage to ask you why you laughed, but now you can tell me. Why did you laugh?'

'Well, it's like this, darling. That night, fifty years ago, when I went to piss I wet the ceiling. Tonight I wet my feet!'

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #9

#### Chapter title: India: A New Present for a New Future

**4 January 1981 am in Buddha Hall**

Archive code: 8101040

ShortTitle: ZZZZZ09

Audio: Yes

Video: No

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The first question

OSHO,  
WHY IS INDIA DRIFTING TOWARDS LAWLESSNESS? ARE INDIANS THE MOST  
LAWLESS PEOPLE?

Ayub Syed,

The Indian mind is programmed to be that of a slave; it is not ready to function in freedom. That's where the roots of the problems are. Twenty-two centuries of slavery have given a certain conditioning to the Indian mind: it understands only one language, the language of the jungle. Whosoever is powerful is right -- 'Might is right'. If there is nobody to dictate to it, if there is nobody to boss it about, then the Indian mind knows no way to function, what to do, what not to do. It has no inner guidance.

And it has not been a slave for only twenty-two centuries; even before that it lived in a spiritual kind of slavery -- politically free but spiritually not free.

The *brahmins* have been ruling the soul of the country for at least five thousand years, or more. They have dominated, dictated, guided, forced a certain discipline in every possible way, but that discipline comes from the outside, and the moment the outside agency that was creating the discipline is removed, the Indian feels at a loss. He has no integrity, no consciousness, but only a character, merely a poor character.

The difference has to be understood. Character is imposed by outside agencies: the society, the state, the church. Consciousness is individual; consciousness comes through meditation. Nobody can impose consciousness on you, you have to discover it.

And the Indian mind believes in the collectivity. It is not individual -- it has no respect for the individual at all. One should adjust to the society, one should bow down to the vested interests, to the status quo. The man of character is one, according to the Indian programming, who is not a rebel, who lives according to the tradition, the scriptures. the so-called saints who are nothing but agents of the past.

A man of character in India is not really a man of character, he is only a slave. Because he is obedient he is respected -- the more obedient you are the more you will be respected in

India. But the obedient person is really a slave: he has no guts, he has no consciousness; he cannot say no, hence his yes is also impotent.

The Indians understand only one language: that of enforcement. If you enforce something upon them they are very law-abiding.

For two hundred years the English people ruled India and found the Indians very law-abiding. Lawlessness was never a problem before the end of the British Raj, but these thirty-three years of freedom have seen India falling apart, becoming a chaos -- something which looks strange if you don't understand the root cause. The root cause is that freedom is absolutely strange to Indian programming. India needs a totally different kind of government. Democracy is an imported idea.

Indians are very reluctant about importing technology, importing new methods, new machines. They are very insistent on the spinning wheel, on Indian self-sufficiency. They are afraid of science, technology. The whole of Gandhian philosophy is anti-technology, anti-science, but they have imported the concept of democracy.

India has never been democratic, hence democracy has no roots in Indian consciousness, not at all. Democracy is failing; something totally different is needed in the Indian context. Democracy cannot succeed -- at least not now -- unless a context is created for it.

The people who fought for Indian freedom were all educated in England. Mahatma Gandhi, Subhash Chandra Bose, Jawaharlal Nehru, all these people were educated in Britain. They saw democracy functioning there beautifully and they be-came immensely impressed by it. But English democracy has a long tradition.

When India became free it immediately imported the idea of democracy. Ideas cannot be imported like that. You have to create the soil, you have to create the right atmosphere. So Indian democracy is just like a paper flower: you can go on hanging it on your tree, but it will not give fragrance. It may deceive people who are not close to the tree, but it cannot deceive the tree, it cannot deceive you, it cannot deceive the butterflies and the bees, it cannot deceive the birds who sing on the tree -- they know It is a paper flower. No bee is going to come to the flower. And how can you deceive the tree? The tree will not nourish it -- it is not joined to the flower, and there is no way to make it part of the tree.

Before democracy can start functioning in India, India needs something like a cross between democracy and dictatorship, something in-between -- something which has the ingredients of both, the best of both.

China has succeeded in a shorter period. China became free after India, four years afterwards, but China is in a far better state today than India. It has a bigger population, with greater problems, but it has been able to solve them because it is not living under a democracy. It is a dictatorship. Russia could manage only because of a dictatorial regime.

I am not a supporter of dictatorship, I am *for* democracy, but democracy is possible only if we can prepare the ground for it. The parliamentary system that has been imposed upon India is so foreign to the Indian mind that it cannot function. You can see it in the Indian parliament -- the behaviour of the members is so childish. They are continuously quarrelling, fighting. No work at all happens in Indian parliaments, simply unnecessary argumentation about pointless, meaningless things. Opposition for opposition's sake. A sheer waste of time and energy.

It will be better if India shifts to a presidential form of government which will be something between democracy and dic-tatorship. Democracy is needed so that no dictatorship becomes an absolute imprisonment for the country. So after each five or ten years you can change the government. But as far as the *functioning* of the government is

concerned, during the period in which the government is in power it needs absolute control of the country.

India can be put in a better situation only if the government starts working on a war footing -- less than that won't do. If the country understands only one language then you have to speak that language.

My own name for this cross between democracy and dictatorship is 'benevolent dictatorship' -- not absolutely dictatorial, so there can be a possibility to change the government. After at least ten years the government can be changed, but for those ten years the government has to be totalitarian, with absolute power, and all lawlessness will disappear immediately.

In these thirty-three years India functioned in a disciplined way only when Indira declared the Emergency. In those few months India functioned without any lawlessness. The smugglers disappeared, the bribery disappeared the dacoits disappeared. Crime suddenly fell to a minimum and the whole country was functioning without strikes, without protest marches, without any chaos anywhere.

Indians understand that language immediately. And they are not at fault: for centuries they have been fed on poison. They have not been prepared to function as free human beings and they cannot immediately start functioning that way.

If a person has functioned with crutches for thousands of years and you withdraw the crutches, he will fall. Maybe he is not crippled, maybe he is basically healthy, but now he has become dependent on the crutches. You cannot withdraw crutches so suddenly.

A rabbi was telling his wife on her birthday, 'I would like you to live one hundred years and three months.'

The wife was a little puzzled about those three months. She said, 'Why those three months? I have never heard of such a thing! One hundred years is enough! Why those three months?'

The rabbi smiled and said, 'I would not like you to die suddenly!'

Yes, those three months are needed. Nothing can be taken away suddenly.

Freedom came to India very suddenly, without any preparation. The so-called 'Father of the Nation', Mahatma Gandhi, had not prepared the country at all. The so-called leaders were only efficient in creating a little bit of chaos here and there, and when freedom came they were absolutely at a loss as to what to do because all their efficiency was in creating chaos.

So even though freedom did come -- thirty-three years have passed -- but those leaders still know only one thing: how to create chaos. They go on doing the same. And those leaders perfectly well that the only way to be in power is to go on creating chaos. The whole concern of those who are in power is to remain in power, and they can only remain in power if the country remains in chaos. So people go on fighting and they go on managing somehow, proving to the world that they are very much needed, otherwise the country will fall apart. And the interest of the people who are not in power is also in creating chaos because that is the only way to come back into power or to come into power.

So the politicians have learned one trick: they have gained freedom -- freedom means they have gained power for themselves -- and they know they have gained the power through creating chaos; that's the only way to be in power. So India should not be left alone -- let people fight in every possible way. When people are fighting, their energies are wasted in fighting each other and you can easily rule them, because then the people become weaker

every day. And those who are not in power know that if they can create more chaos than you can control, then of course sooner or later they will be in power. So it is a political game. Nobody is really interested in the welfare of the country.

The second thing to remember is that India has lived in a very repressive way. The cause lies in the phony morality. If people have lived with repression then whenever there is some freedom, that repressed energy starts uncoiling itself. Any energy repressed is sooner or later going to take revenge. Whenever there is a chance, an opportunity for the energy to explode, it will explode. Once the pressure on the lid is removed then the lid is going to be thrown off by all the repressed vapour inside.

And India has lived longest under moral repression, so the people are boiling within. They *talk* about morality, but they go on raping women. They respect the saints, but they go on murdering, butchering. They go on talking about God, *moksha*, *nirvana*, truth, Yoga, devotion, prayer -- beautiful words! -- but if you look at their life, all that they do is destructive.

India is not a creative country. No repressed society can be creative -- the repressed society is afraid of creativity because creativity means expression -- creativity is *against* repression, it is just the polar opposite.

So Indians have double faces: one face to wear in public and another face to wear in private.

Some years ago two rabbis met for lunch. After conducting a heavy philosophical exchange, the two turned to lighter topics.

'So,' said one, 'what do you think? One of our boys got to marry that Elizabeth Taylor!'

'Oh,' snapped the other, 'it won't last a year!'

The first rabbi sighed and said, 'I should have such a year!'

The Indian mind is full of sexuality, full of anger, full of hatred -- and it talks about love, talks about compassion, talks about non-violence. But don't be deceived by their talk -- their talk simply shows that just the opposite is inside them. And now they are free; there is no pressure on them to go on repressing. So everywhere in the country every day... I think nothing like this is happening anywhere else in the world. People are burnt alive! Women are raped everywhere -- *mass* rape! Many women die just because so many people rape them that they fall dead. And the mahatmas of the country go on talking about celibacy, but the *same* mahatmas are being caught doing all kinds of criminal acts.

The saints go on talking about non-attachment, non-possessiveness, and you will not find any more greedy people than these. They are greedy for pleasures in the other world and here too they are greedy, but in a roundabout way. They will not collect the money for themselves, they will collect the money for the temple -- and they are the real owners of the temple.

You will be surprised to know that even the stone statues in the temples own land. What a tricky mind! The priest owns the land. For example, the temple at Bodh Gaya where Gautam Buddha became enlightened, even that temple is dominated by Hindus. It does *not* belong to the Hindus. Buddha became enlightened, the temple was made in *his* memory; he was a rebel, he was not a Hindu; but the priest of the temple is a *brahmin*, he is not a Buddhist. *Brahmins* are very cunning! The god of the temple owns thousands of acres of land and the priest goes to the court on behalf of the god of the temple. Now, you cannot take that land and distribute it into the hands of the landless poor people, because how can you take the land from the god? And the priest cannot give it to you -- he is just working there on behalf of the

god. He is not the owner, the owner is just a stone statue! It cannot sign an agreement, you cannot put the statue in gaol, you cannot do anything. For thirty-three years the battle has continued in the courts, but the courts cannot do anything. There exists no law saying how to take land from a Stone statue. And the same is true about thousands of temples in the country.

And the priest will go on talking about greedlessness. He will teach people: 'Don't be greedy, donate to the temple. Greed is not good! If you donate to the temple you will gain a thousandfold in the other world.' And whatsoever they donate to the temple is really donated to the priest. He is the real owner, but he is dominating *via* a stone statue.

All kinds of things go on happening in India for the simple reason that the country lacks character -- character in my sense, character that arises as a by-product of consciousness. India is absolutely characterless, but what *they* think is character, they go on bragging about all around the world: that they are very religious, very moral. And that is sheer nonsense!

I have seen their morality, I have seen their character -- it is bogus, it is just painted. And when you have a painted face your face can be exposed. Just any opportunity...

I was a professor in a university. One of the professors wanted to come to see me with his wife, but he turned up alone. I asked, 'What happened to your wife? She was going to come -- and she was so eager to come!'

He said, 'There was some trouble. When we came out it started raining, so she had to go back.'

I said, 'But if you could come, why has she not come? It is not raining so much, just a little bit. It is not so much you don't seem to be totally wet.'

The professor said, 'You know my wife. She paints her face so much that just a few drops of water were enough to expose her real face, so she had to go back. Her make-up got lost!'

My personal physician is Devaraj; his granny and aunt are here. The grandmother is eighty-five years old, with perfect make-up -- lipstick and all. Now, a slight rain will expose the reality, but she must be taking great care about it because even Arup could not judge her age. When I told her, 'She is eighty-five,' she said, 'Eighty-five! She does not look eighty-five!'

People go on deceiving in many ways. Nothing much is wrong if you have a painted face, but if you have a painted soul much is lost. Maybe in the West people are more interested in painting the body, but in India they are more interested in painting the soul, which is far worse. Painting the face is nothing much -- the face, after all, is not you -- but the soul, the inner being, if you paint it, just a little scratch and the reality will show. Any opportunity... you are not going to lose the Opportunity.

Beware of the person who has been forcing himself to be a celibate, he can be a rapist any moment. Only my people cannot be rapists -- there is no need! There is no reason at all.

One of my mediums is Champa. Her friend from America has come; he is a photographer and a famous publisher of photographic books. He told Anutosh, 'I have never in my life seen so many beautiful women gathered in one place as I see here!' And when he says that he means it because he is a photographer -- he has that sense to know what beauty is. He must have seen so many photogenic faces.

But he said, 'One thing puzzles me: the women are so beautiful, so strong, so alive, but the men look a little wishy-washy, derailed -- as if they are escaping from the women!'

I would suggest to Champa's friend: be here for two, three months and you will become wishy-washy! With so many beautiful women around, how long can you stay alive? They are

bound to make you afraid. Here just the opposite happens: in the world, the outside world, it is the man who takes the initiative, here it is the women! In the outside world they say, 'When a woman says no, don't be too bothered about her no -- she means yes.' But here there is no chance for the woman to say no, the man says no -- and he really means no! He escapes.

Do you think my sannyasins can be rapists? Impossible! They have been raped! And remember always, the woman has more sexual potential than man; she has the capacity for multiple orgasms. Man is very poor in that sense. In twenty-four hours he can have one orgasm, and that too depends on his age, but the woman can have multiple orgasms. Naturally, men can become wishy-washy, afraid, shaken, always escaping. The moment they see a beautiful woman coming towards them they start meditating! This is my device for them to meditate!

The Indians cannot meditate because when they meditate, in their fantasy women start coming, but my sannyasins immediately start meditating even when real women are there! This is a totally different situation.

The Indian mind is repressive, and a repressive mind is dangerous. Firstly, it will not be creative because it cannot be expressive; it will be afraid of expression. Secondly, the mind is boiling with too much repressed energy which will explode. Any weak moment, any available opportunity, and it cannot miss it. And how long can you pretend? You cannot pretend twenty-four hours a day; sometimes you have to rest and relax too. The moment you rest and relax you have to put your character to one side, otherwise it keeps you uptight the whole time. Indians are very uptight, but they have been thinking that this is what religion is all about.

Willy loved to play golf, but the only course anywhere near his house belonged to a country club that wouldn't accept Jews. 'No problem,' thought Willy, 'I'll just call myself William, and they'll never guess I'm Jewish!'

Sure enough he was accepted.

So the very next day Willy went onto the course, found some partners and began to play. At the fourth hole, however, after a very careful swing, poor Willy missed the ball completely. Instinctively, he let out a holler, 'Oy gevalt!' he shrieked.

Suddenly realizing what he had said, Willy smiled broadly and added with a flourish, 'Whatever *that* means!'

A tale is told of a certain countess who was half French and half English. When she was in labour with her first child, her husband was beside himself with anxiety.

The doctor tried to calm him down. 'She's got plenty of time to go,' he said. 'Let's play cards.'

So he dealt out a hand, but then suddenly a cry came from the bedroom, 'Mon dieu! Mon dieu!'

The count jumped up from his chair. 'Not yet, not yet,' soothed the doctor. 'Keep on playing.'

So they did, but again came a wail, 'Oh, God! Oh, God!'

The husband was on his feet again, and still the doctor did not look up. 'Not yet,' he insisted, 'not yet. Your turn to play.'

A few minutes later the voice upstairs cried, 'Oy gevalt!'  
Then the doctor stood up and declared, 'Now!'

You can hide, but only to a certain extent; beyond that the reality is bound to surface.

India has done almost a miraculous job of five thousand years of suppression. Now for the first time India has become free, democratic, hence the anarchy, the chaos, the lawlessness. But in a way this is good: it shows the reality, the authentic reality of Indian mind, its character, its 'morality', its so-called religion, its 'spirituality'. All that garbage is exposed for the first time -- in *that* sense it is good.

Now we have to make a totally new kind of India. The past has failed -- five thousand years of work has gone down the drain! A little freedom has exposed everything. So now there is no need to go on doing the same again; we can start learning a new language.

That's what my work is here: to give you a new language -- of expression, of creativity, of transforming your energies from the lower to the higher, from the baser metal into gold. This school is an alchemical school, my sannyasins are alchemists, and this alchemy has to be spread not only in this country but all over the world. But this country needs it immensely more than anybody else.

You ask me, Ayub Syed: WHY IS INDIA DRIFTING TOWARDS LAWLESSNESS?

It is its true character, its reality. It is not drifting towards lawlessness, it is simply exposing itself, it is dropping its hypocrisy. Freedom has given us a great chance to see ourselves as we are, naked. Freedom has become a mirror -- now we have to think again. Now our whole past is useless.

This is a shock, but much can be learned from this failure. A revolution can happen! Character should not be imposed anymore, but consciousness should be helped to grow. And if consciousness is helped to grow, soon this lawlessness will disappear and an inner discipline will arise. For *that* to happen India needs a certain society, a certain atmosphere.

For the transition period democracy should be put aside. For the transition period a presidential form of government with more dictatorial power than the American President has will be of immense help. But that power has not to be used to impose the same old character -- no need to commit the same mistake again -- that power has to be used to de-programme people from the past and to give them a taste of consciousness. a taste of awareness. They have to be helped to become more individual, but democracy will not be able to do it; it will simply lead India into more and more chaos.

Remember perfectly well that India has never been a nation. It is a vast country and it has always been many nations, never one nation. If it drifts into lawlessness it will start falling apart it will become small pieces.

In Gautam Buddha's time there were two thousand kingdoms in India, two thousand countries. Now if lawlessness grows a little more, if chaos spreads a little more, India will start falling apart. Punjab will want to have its own Sikhistan the kingdom of the Sikhs, South India will want to separate from North India, the Bengalis will not want to live with non-Bengalis, Hindi-speaking people will not want to live with non-Hindi-speaking people, the Maharashtrians will want to have their own independent country.

In fact, it is strange -- the very name is strange means 'nation', Maharashtra means 'a great nation'. Now this is 'the only country in the world'! The country is only a nation, and in the nation there is a province with the name 'the great nation'. A small nation and within it a great nation! You see the stupidity of it?

Gujarat would like to have its own... India can fall apart and become at least thirty countries very easily. It is a subcontinent. And Indians are very quarrelsome; they have

always been fighting with each other. That has been very destructive in the past because their energies were lost. Small armies came and conquered India for the simple reason that India was never a nation.

For the first time again it is a nation, just as for the first time it is a democracy and for the first time really free. These are great opportunities -- they can be used -- but democracy can prove fatal. Democracy is beautiful, a rose flower, but you have to prepare the bed. You cannot grow roses in the desert -- and that's what we have been trying to do for these thirty-three years .

I believe absolutely in democracy, that's why I say a little bit of dictatorial preparation will be good for the flower of democracy. Dictatorship has to be used as a means, the end remains democracy. Hence dictatorship has to be used in a way that it can be dropped at any moment, and the best way is to create a presidential system according to the context. Create law but not enforced -- teach people the beauty of lawfulness, the beauty of understanding each other, the beauty of not encroaching on each other's space. In India everybody is ready to encroach on everybody's space, nobody respects anybody else's territorial imperative.

This is the problem my sannyasins are facing every day. If sannyasins are moving hand in hand, every Indian is against it. They are not doing anything to those people, they are not doing any harm to anybody. If two persons are lovingly holding hands or hugging each other, it should not be anybody's business -- you should not interfere in it.

In fact, if two persons are fighting a crowd gathers to watch and enjoy it, but if two persons kiss each other then people are very angry. People seem to be set against love and life, and they are all for destruction! Anything beautiful is hated, anything ugly is enjoyed, indulged in.

In Indian films kissing is not allowed, but murder is allowed. You can see the point! I will allow kissing, I will not allow murder.

Just the other day Alfred asked one question, because I had said -- it has been reported to me again and again by many people -- that one Indian was holding a Western sannyasin woman in such an ugly, obscene way that it was certainly exhibitionistic, because he was just standing by the gate inside the ashram so everybody passing by could see. It was nauseating! Many people reported it to me, and I said that if such a thing happens then throw this type of person outside immediately.

And Alfred was very angry because I had said just the day before that if two sannyasins are kissing each other it is nobody's business. They are not kissing any Indian, they are not kissing anybody else, they are kissing their own lovers. So Alfred was angry that I said to throw that Indian out if it happened again. He said, 'The Indian was doing something to a woman, he was not doing it to you!'

Alfred, you don't understand because you are not a sannyasin. I say to you he was doing it to *me*, because I am involved with my sannyasins and my sannyasins are involved with me. To be a sannyasin means to become a part of me; to be a sannyasin also means you let me become a part of you. If something ugly is done to any of my sannyasins it is done to me. If Meeten is murdered, something of me is murdered. If some repressed, ugly mind is trying to do some obscene thing to any sannyasin, I am involved in it.

And this is not a public place, it is not a road, this is my Buddhafield! I will not say anything if it happens in Poona somewhere on the road -- that is not my business at all. But this *is my home* and these people are part of me, part of this Buddhafield. Here, nothing like this can be allowed.

Yes, if two persons are beautifully hugging and loving each other there is no problem at

all, nobody prevents them, but Indians cannot be beautiful about hugging and kissing. Centuries of repression suddenly takes them to the opposite extreme Either they will be very moralistic, 'holier than thou', or suddenly they move to the other extreme, their pendulum goes to the other extreme. They start behaving in an ugly way.

Ugliness cannot be tolerated, beauty should be respected. Beauty is the greatest divine quality in existence, beauty is the face of God, but ugliness is evil. Lawlessness is ugly and lawfulness imposed from the outside is also ugly; they are two extremes of the same phenomenon.

I would like a totally different kind of morality, law, discipline, that arises from your own innermost source. And when it can happen, why should we go on depending on outer, formal things? When the real is possible, why remain with the plastic and the false?

Indians have been moralistic out of fear and greed -- fear of hell, greed for heavenly pleasures. This is not real morality. I don't believe in any hell and heaven! Destroy the idea of hell and heaven and *then* be moral. Then your morality is an end unto itself, then it has a beauty; then it is not out of fear, then it is not for any motive, you are doing something good because you enjoy doing it.

An old lady was impressed by the sermons of Morarjibhai Desai and she told a friend about him. 'Do you know,' she said, 'he can preach about hell as if he was born and reared in that place!'

But people have lived in fear. God is also nothing but their projection of fear. That's why in all the languages of the world we have words like 'God-fearing'. This is an ugly word! We use it synonymously with 'religious', and the religious person is never God-fearing, he is God-loving. But we call religious persons 'God-fearing'. Fear has nothing to do with religion at all; fear is anti-religious. Love is religion. But the idea of God that we have carried all along is just there to create fear, it is not the true vision.

A man falling from a plane started praying to God to save him. 'Oh, God, God, God! Save me, save me! Please, save me!'

Nothing happened, so he decided to try Allah. 'Oh, Allah, Allah! Save me, save me!'

Suddenly a great hand came from the sky, caught him and gently placed him on the earth. 'Oh, thank God!' the man uttered in relief.

Suddenly thunder boomed from the sky and an enormous foot came down to earth and squashed the man out of sight.

But this is your idea of God, Allah: that if you cry 'Allah! Allah!' he will save you and if you thank God he will come and crush you, and vice versa. This is nothing but an exploitation of fear. God simply means the loving energy of existence.

Indians have to be educated for democracy. Indians have to be educated to respect each other's views, visions, styles of life. Indians have to be educated to respect the differences in people's lives, thoughts, attitudes, approaches. But Indians are very interfering with each other and very argumentative. For five thousand years they have not done anything but argue, so they have become very skilful in argumentation. They can argue about anything, for or against, and they are continuously quarrelling. And this quarrelsomeness is a destructive thing; the whole energy has to be put into creativity.

Ethel lay in bed freezing. The draught from the open Window ran icy-cold through her blanket, but her husband Sam was snoring deeply, unaware of his spouse's discomfort.

Finally Ethel could take it no longer. She propped herself up on an elbow and poked a finger in her husband's stomach. 'Sam, Sam, it's cold outside!' she exhorted. 'Sam, close the window, it's cold outside!'

Now Sam awoke, somewhat furious. 'So? If I close the window,' he growled, 'will it be *warm* outside?'

This argumentativeness, this continuous fighting has gone very deep into Indians' blood, bones and marrow. They have to be taught that these arguments don't help, they simply destroy. Creativity has never been taught, has never been respected. We have respected saints only for one reason: because they were great self-torturers. We have never respected poets, painters, sculptors -- never.

Nobody knows who the architect of the Taj Mahal was, nobody knows who made the beautiful temples of Khajuraho, nobody knows who the people were who worked their whole lives creating the caves of Ajanta and Ellora. But we know all kinds of fools who fasted, who stood on their heads, who did nothing in their lives but rest on a bed of thorns, who remained naked in the cold! We know all about these idiots and we respect them -- we have raised temples in their honour. And nobody knows about the creators; we have not even bothered about them.

This an absolutely wrong approach towards life.

Creativity should be appreciated so that energies become diverted more and more towards creativity. The Indian mind knows nothing about creativity, and the energies *are* there.

And remember one fundamental law about energy if you don't use it in creativity it becomes destructive, it goes sour, it becomes poisonous. It has to be used; you have to create something. If you cannot create a beautiful poem or a painting or a sculpture, then you will kill somebody or you will burn somebody or you will rape somebody.

If God is the creator, then the only way to worship him is creativity.

India also suffers from a fatalistic philosophy: 'Everything is being done by God. If you are poor, God is responsible; if you are sinners, God is responsible. It is fate -- what can you do?' The fatalistic philosophy has made India utterly lazy, uncreative, lousy.

One of the sutras of Murphy is: If it doesn't work, it was made in India.

Another of his sutras is: When you are happy, be happy; when you are sad, blame God.

This fatalistic attitude has kept people and their energies imprisoned. There is nothing for you to do, you just have to be a watcher and things go on happening -- they are beyond you. No, this is not right.

Man brings no written fate with him; he comes open-ended, he comes like a clean slate. You create yourself by your actions -- you are creating yourself every moment.

You have heard the proverb: If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. But that is not true about India. In the first place they never try, so they never fail -- there is no question of failure because they never try, and even if they try then they will agree with Murphy's sutra: If at first you don't succeed, you fail again. Not 'try, try again', 'you fail again' -- nothing can be done about it.

Murphy says: When in doubt, worry.

Why did the Mexican mother forbid her daughter to marry an Indian?

She did not want her grandchildren to be too lazy to steal.

Mulla Nasruddin hadn't taken his wife out in a long time, so he called her into the living room and said, 'I've decided something,' and he slapped his arm on the couch arm for emphasis. 'We're stepping out this coming Monday if, God willing, we're alive. And if not, we'll go Tuesday.'

India is suffering from its own past: its philosophies, its saints, its scriptures, its religion, its morality. Unless we disconnect ourselves totally from the past there is no hope. A drastic revolution is needed, an absolute disconnection, a discontinuity -- less than that won't do.

Ayub Syed, this is my approach: a discontinuity with the past so we can start anew, afresh. There is no need to go on renovating the old collapsing house; it is better to destroy it and make a new house instead.

But Indians have become so accustomed to the old, so ob-essed with the old that they go on renovating it, they just go on patching it up. And every moment it is collapsing on this side or that side, it needs new props, and anyway it is not worth living in -- it is dangerous to be inside it. So everybody is living outside, and the whole work is: how to maintain it so that it does not collapse. Nobody dares to live inside because it can collapse any moment, but everybody is making every effort to keep it, to manage it. The whole energy is wasted in keeping the heritage, and there is nothing much in that heritage.

People who are obsessed with the past are people who have forgotten how to live in the present.

India needs a real education; for that purpose a certain educative climate is needed. It needs a scientific technology, not a fatalist attitude. It needs a scientific approach about everything, not just praying and worshipping and asking God to do this favour and that. Enough of all that!

And this lawlessness can disappear because nobody is benefited by it, everybody is a loser, except the politicians. The politicians are having their day because the more chaos there is, the more you will have to depend on them. Make people more and more lawless, more and more chaotic, and then they will have to depend on you.

A really disciplined society does not need to depend much on the government or on the politicians, so we have to learn that too: that politicians are reaping a good crop out of your misery. Only they are benefited, nobody else, and they are all in a conspiracy. If one party fails -- and every party is bound to fail because the problems are vast and no party has the guts to disconnect itself from the past... Every party goes on respecting the past, honouring the past, because that's the only way to get the votes.

I get only curses from all over the country; they would like to kill me. Every day I receive letters saying: 'You should be killed! You should be thrown out of the country!' Now, no politician can risk that much so they have to go on paying respect to the past knowing perfectly well that it cannot help you. We have to create a new present and through it a new future, but the politicians cannot do it.

I am creating sannyasins. These sannyasins can do much, not only for this country but for the whole world. They can bring a new education into existence, a new kind of man, a new kind of discipline, a new love for life and creativity, a new consciousness, a meditateness. When a person acts out of that meditation, his acts are always beneficial to himself and to others. He is a blessing to himself and to the whole universe too.

The last question

OSHO,  
IS THERE ANY JOKE THAT EVEN YOU WOULD NOT DARE TO TELL?

Pramod,

I have never come across any such joke yet. If you can find one, send it to me! To me all jokes are beautiful -- the more outrageous they are the more beautiful -- because my work here consists of shattering all your conceptions, your prejudices. So there is not a single joke that I have come across which I would not dare to tell. There is no question of daring -- I simply enjoy!

A nice little old lady bought a parrot for companionship in the sunset of her life. The sweet little creature -- the woman, I mean -- had very sedate bridge parties and teas once or twice a week, and the parrot always disgraced her by screeching the word 'shit' over and over again.

This practice continued until the old lady tried to discipline the parrot by putting it in the refrigerator, but the parrot continued to screech this obscenity. Finally when the parrot made its usual utterance, the old lady put it in the freezer and at the same time plucked out a couple of feathers. This went on for weeks.

During the last period in the freezer the parrot noticed a turkey trussed up and ready for the oven lying on the shelf below. Of course it was completely plucked.

The parrot eyed the turkey and asked, 'What did you say? "Fuck"?''

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #10

Chapter title: Here and Now: The Only Time, The Only Place

**5 January 1981 am in Buddha Hall**

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The first question

OSHO,

CAN YOU THROW SOME LIGHT ON THE FEELING OF NOSTALGIA? FREUD CALLED IT REGRESSIVE AND A SEEKING OF THE WOMB. THIS DOES NOT SATISFY ME.

SOMETIMES THE PERFUME OF A FLOWER, SOUNDS, A PLACE OR AN INCIDENT FROM CHILDHOOD, CAN EVOKE A FEW SECONDS OF FEELING AND YEARNING THAT ARE SO SAD AND SO SWEET, IT CAN CHOKE ME WITH ITS INTENSITY.

MY CHILDHOOD WAS NOT SO HAPPY, NOR IS THE WOMB SO APPEALING THAT MERE SENTIMENTALITY FOR 'THE OLD DAYS' CAN EXPLAIN IT.

COULD YOU HELP WITH SOME INDICATIONS?

Ronald Conway,

The whole of humanity suffers from nostalgia. Yes, I call it a suffering -- it is a disease. It happens only because we are not able to live in the present totally, passionately, intensely. Then the mind starts making substitutes for the present, and then there are two possibilities: either you move towards the past or you move towards the future. Neither the past exists nor the future: the past is no more, the future not yet. All that exists is this moment, only this moment. Now is the only real time and here the only real space.

But whenever you become obsessed with the past or the future it simply shows one thing: an escape from the present, an escape from the existential And why should one want to escape from the existential? Why should one want to escape into memories or into fantasies? There can be only one reason: you don't know how to live now, you don't know the art of getting in tune with reality. Because your present is so empty, so meaningless, you have to compensate for it with something.

The easier way is to compensate for it with the past because the past once existed; it has left its footprints in the sands of your memory, so it is easier to fall back. The past seems more substantial than the future, hence ninety-nine percent of people fall towards the past. Only one percent -- the poets, the visionaries, the artists -- look towards the future, they

compensate for their present with the future. But basically both are doing the same; more or less everybody is doing it in his own way.

Nostalgia means non-meditativeness, unawareness, unconsciousness, and it is an utterly futile exercise, an absolutely futile exercise. You cannot be nourished by the past, there is no way to live it again, but you can live in memories. Living in memories is an empty gesture.

So the first thing, Ronald, is to remember that it is not only you who is suffering from nostalgia, everybody is although there may be relative differences.

And the people who live in the future are also projecting their past, because where else can they get the material to make future dreams? They will get it from the memories. They will modify their past, decorate their past, make new combinations of the past and create a future -- a future heaven. And this is true about individuals and about societies too.

The old societies, for example, India, live in the past. India's golden age has passed. In the future there is only darkness and nothing else; the future holds no hope. So India falls back towards the past.

It happens to every individual in his old age -- it is an indication of old age -- because the old man cannot look ahead, there is nothing there but death. If he looks into the future he can hear the footsteps of death coming closer and closer and closer. It is frightening. He closes that door completely, he looks back. It is more beautiful -- all those memories of youth and childhood...

The child lives in the future because he has no past. He is always hoping to grow up as soon as possible, as quickly as possible. The same is true about young societies, for example, America: its whole history is only three hundred years old. India has existed for at least ten thousand years; more is possible but not less. Ten thousand years certainly create a deep hankering for the past -- the society is so old, so collapsing.

But America can hope for the future -- it is so young; it has no past. If the American tries to go to the past, where can he go? Abraham Lincoln, Washington... and then comes the end. There is not much in it -- three hundred years are nothing. India can go on and on as far back as one can conceive.

So it is true about individuals, it is true about societies, races, collectivities -- that if you are very young you look towards the future, if you are getting old you start looking towards the past.

So one thing, Ronald: you must be getting old, if not physically then psychologically. But deep down you know that the peak of life has passed and the future looks dark and dismal. But I don't differentiate much between future and past because both are escapes.

The king had very small reproductive machinery. One day, while bathing with other nobles, a friend remarked, 'My dear king, you have a really small thing there!'

And the king replied, 'Yes. If it was another inch smaller I'd be a queen!'

Relatively speaking... This is the whole theory of Albert Einstein, The Theory of Relativity.

So, Ronald, you may be too obsessed by nostalgia and others may be a little less obsessed, or more, but it is only a question of quantity.

Only an enlightened person has no nostalgia, because he need not escape from the present. The awakened person lives herenow, he knows no other life.

The first thing about nostalgia: it can be understood only if you understand the nature of the mind. The mind functions like the pendulum of an old dock: it moves from one extreme

to another, it never stays in the middle. If the pendulum stays in the middle, the clock stops. That's exactly true about the mind: if it remains in the middle, the mind stops, and that is the beginning of meditation. To be in the present is the beginning of an immense journey into eternity.

Eternity is vertical, time is horizontal. In time you move from A to B, from B to C, from C to D; it is linear, a line, a horizontal line. The moment you stop in the middle, you don't move from A to B, your whole dimension changes -- it becomes vertical. You dive deep into A: from A1 to A2, from A2 to A3, from A3 to A4, and you go on diving deeper and deeper into A -- not to B, not to C. The horizontal is no longer there; it is vertical. And the heights of life and the depths of life belong to the vertical dimension. The horizontal means the shallow, the superficial.

Mind is equivalent to time, hence it is not only a metaphor when I use the clock and the pendulum as symbols for the mind, it is literally true. The moment you are out of the mind -- that is, you are moving in the vertical dimension -- you are also out of time.

A Sufi saying attributed to Jesus is that when a disciple asked Jesus, 'What will be very special in your kingdom of God?' he said, 'There shall be time no longer.'

The disciple may not have ever thought that this was going to be the answer: 'There shall be time no longer.' It is not reported in the New Testament -- the New Testament has missed many important things about Jesus -- but other secret traditions have carried those messages. 'There shall be time no longer.' He defines his kingdom of God by that statement -- that will be the most special thing about it -- no time, timelessness.

Mind is time; the moment there is no mind there is no time. And when there is no time there is no past, no future. Remember, time consists only of past and future: nostalgia for the past and dreams of the future. The present is not part of time at all.

So when you hold the pendulum of the clock in the middle, the clock stops; when you hold your attention, your awareness, exactly in the middle, in the present, mind disappears, time disappears. If you don't know the art of meditation then the pendulum goes on moving from one extreme to another: from the past to the future, from the future back to the past. That's how it keeps itself going, that's how it keeps its momentum.

A beggar knocks at the gate of a Bavarian convent and asks the sister on duty, 'Please, do you have any old robes for me?'

A bit ruffled, the sister replies, 'But this is a nunnery! We don't have any men in this house and no men's clothing, of course!'

The beggar apologizes and leaves.

The Mother Superior, who has overheard the conversation, says, 'You shouldn't have told him that we are without any male protection. Now that he knows he might come one night and molest us.'

After a brief moment of thought, the sister on duty opens her little window and shouts after the beggar, 'Hey, you, listen! At night the house is full of men!'

That's the way of the mind -- from one extreme to another; it never stops in the middle. It is extremist, either rightist or leftist; it knows nothing of the golden mean.

You ask me, Ronald: FREUD CALLED IT REGRESSIVE AND A SEEKING OF THE WOMB. THIS DOES NOT SATISFY ME.

You have not understood poor Sigmund Freud; he is one of the most misunderstood men of this century. He had many insights of tremendous value and they gain more value because of the fact that he was not an awakened man. He was a blind man groping for the door and many times he came very close to the door. But obviously, not being enlightened himself, whatsoever he says about the door, his experience of being close to it, does not have that clarity which only a Buddha or a Lao Tzu or a Jesus can have. He uses words which can be very easily misunderstood. His words are ordinary, his insights very extraordinary. It is almost a miracle that a man who knows nothing of meditation, who knows nothing of his own consciousness, has many times come so close to the truth. One step more and he may have stepped out of darkness, out of blindness.

For example, Sigmund Freud calls it regressive. It is true, but the word 'regressive' hurts. Nostalgia *is* regressive. Of course it does not satisfy because it does not give you any nourishment for the ego. Regressive? And you always thought it was some great poetic quality, that you had a great understanding of the past, that your memory was magical, that you could recreate the past, you could relive it as if it were there again. You may have thought of it as something of very great creative value -- and Sigmund Freud comes and he calls it 'regressive'. It is certainly regressive.

You think of yesterdays only because you are not grown-up yet; you are still living somewhere farther back. The average psychological age of human beings is twelve years. And that is the average, Ronald -- one may be ten, eight, seven, six, five, because there are people who are sixteen, twenty, twenty-five... So don't take the average for granted.

Just look into your nostalgia, where you are lingering in past. There must be a few special spots, a few special memories which come again and again. That's an indication that something has remained there, something has not grown since then. A part of you is still six years of age if that is the time which gives you sad and sweet memories. If you remember some other time then another part is still clinging there. Man is spread out almost all over the way.

There is a story in India:

Shiva's wife died and he loved the woman so much, so madly, that he in his madness thought that there must be a physician somewhere in the country who could still bring her back to life. So he carried the dead body of his wife Parvati on his shoulders and roamed around the country looking for some miracle worker, some physician who knew the secret of the nectar which could revive the woman.

Of course, the body started deteriorating: it became rotten, parts of the body started falling. But he was so mad he went on and on. The hands fell in one place, the legs fell in another, the head fell somewhere else...

That's how the Indian sacred places were born -- this is the story. One part fell in Varanasi, another fell in Puri, another fell in Ujjain, and so on and so forth. The body fell in twelve parts all over the country. By the time his tour was over nothing was left; the woman had disappeared. But wherever one part of the woman fell a sacred spot arose; it became a *teertha*, a place for pilgrimage.

This is somehow very significant for each of you. A part of you fell when you were four years of age and that part has remained there, another part fell somewhere else... you are spread out all over the way. You are not one piece, you are a multiplicity -- multi-psychic many minds. And one part of may be very grown-up and another may be very childish.

A scientist may be a very grown-up man as far as his science is concerned. When he goes into his lab he is a very skilful, intelligent person, he works with great acumen, talent, genius, but another part of his life may be very childish, almost stupid. When he is out of his lab he is a totally different person.

It is said about Karl Marx that one day he brought many boxes of cigarettes to his home. The wife was a little puzzled. n are more together than men; they are more earth-bound, more earthly and live more closely to the present.

The wife asked, 'What made you bring so many cigarettes? And we are out of money!'

He said, 'Don't be worried at all! I have found a secret way of earning money, that's why I have purchased so many cigarettes. I will tell you the secret. Just along the way while coming back home I thought about an economic law: that if you smoke twelve cigarettes per day and you can find cheaper cigarettes, then with each cigarette you will be saving money, so the more you smoke the more money is saved! So now there is no need to worry about money. I will simply smoke and money will be saved! And I have found the cheapest brand. So much money will be saved that now you need not worry!'

The woman thought he had gone mad! He closed his doors and started smoking, two cigarettes at a time, because he was in such a hurry to earn money! And the woman rushed to one of his friends, Friedrich Engels, and told him the whole thing: 'He has gone mad! He is continuously smoking, and two cigarettes at a time, because he thinks that the quicker the better!'

Engels came and tried to convince him, but he argued. It was very difficult to bring him down to earth.

And this happens to many people: in one part they may be grown-up, in another part very childish.

Nostalgia *is* regressive. You may not like the word, but the truth is there. Sigmund Freud is very dose to the right point. And he is also right about the womb; again he is using a word which seems offensive. Who wants the womb? Who wants to go back into the womb? The very idea is sickening! What can you get in the womb of a mother? Just the very idea will make you vomit!

Just the other day Ajit Saraswati sterilized my tailor, Veena, and my librarian Gayan went to see the operation. Before Ajit started the operation, Gayan fainted. The very idea of looking into the womb was enough! And if this is so about a woman, what about a man?

Just think: looking back into the womb -- if there were a window and you could look inside -- would you like to go there? You will escape as far away as possible from *any* womb because a few wombs are very dangerous -- they can suck you in!

I have heard:

A woman was lying on the street dead and naked. A rabbi was passing by. Seeing the naked woman he removed his hat and covered her, particularly her private parts.

Then a drunkard came by. He looked at the naked woman and, being completely drunk, he thought there was a man there also. So he asked the rabbi, 'What are you going to do?'

The rabbi said, 'I am going to contact the hospital people.'

But the drunkard said, 'First we should take this guy out. Just his hat is showing, the rest of the guy has gone. By the time you bring the hospital people the guy may have disappeared! First let us take this guy out and then you can go anywhere you want. I am

concerned about this poor man.'

Who wants to go into the womb? So it offended you, Ronald, but what he means really is that those nine months in the mother's womb -- of course you are not conscious of them anymore, you were not conscious of them even when you were in the womb -- were the most pleasant time. Unless you can find a more blissful space the desire to go back into the womb remains; it is an unconscious longing.

Those nine months were of tremendous silence, rest, warmth There was no worry, no problem. You were fed, you were taken care of, and everything was absolutely automatic. You were surrounded by warm water and the womb was keeping you in a very cosy space, protected, safe, secure. Those nine months are still there in your unconscious, hence there is a desire to go back to the womb. That is part of nostalgia; in fact, that is part of what you call love.

The man trying to penetrate the woman is nothing but a search for the womb -- very much changed but deep down still the same search. Every man is looking for the mother and unless your woman fulfils the role of your mother you will not be happy with her.

Now you are asking something impossible, hence so much unhappiness in the world. You are asking your woman to be your mother and yet be your woman -- young, very alive, beautiful and yet at the same time motherly. Now, she cannot do both things. If she has to be very beautiful according to your criterion of beauty, if she has to be very young, then she cannot be your mother. If she tries to be your mother then she will no longer be beautiful; then she will not be a Sophia Loren. Then she will be like my Sushila -- she is a perfect mother! You can find the mother, but if you are asking for Sophia Loren in Sushila then there is going to be trouble! What can she do? She cannot do both things. And Sophia Loren will look good in the films, but she cannot be a mother to you. She cannot give you that warmth -- she does not have that much fat. How to give you warmth? She is bony!

Don't ask a woman to be both a model and a mother. But that's what everybody is asking. And every woman is asking the same from the man: to be a dad and to be a lover. No man can fulfil both roles together; it is almost impossible. Hence you will be frustrated this way or that; frustration is bound to be there.

The search is for the womb. You may not like the word 'womb', but that's your misunderstanding. Nothing is wrong with Freud using the word, but you have misunderstood it.

Punya has sent me a joke. She says, 'This is a *real* joke. I heard it on the main street of the ashram between the boutique and the bag check.'

One sannyasin said to another sannyasin, 'What I can't stand about this ashram is: wherever you look, there are queues.'

The other said, 'What? Jews?'

This is your misunderstanding, Ronald.

Mr Gold had been married for many years when he had to go to Paris for a business trip.

In that city of love he easily fell victim to the amorous advances of the pretty mademoiselles. But somehow Mrs Gold found out about it. She wired her husband at his hotel, 'Come home! Why spend money there for what you can get here for free?'

The next day she received a cable in reply: 'I know you and your bargains!'

Just a misunderstanding on your part...

An English vicar checked into a large hotel. As he was walking up the main stairway he met a tiny old lady half-way up, panting for breath and carrying an enormous suitcase.

He eagerly took the case from the speechless old lady and carried it to the top of the stairs.

When he returned to help her up, she kicked him viciously in the shins. 'It took me ten minutes to carry my case that far down!' she shouted.

Ella: 'I'm homesick!'

Bella: 'But this is your home.'

Ella: 'I know, and I'm sick of it!'

The newly-arrived ambassador to a Far Eastern country called on the Emperor to present his credentials. Although he was disturbed by the presence of so many comely, half-nude maidens in the palace, he was determined not to show it. Trying to restrict the conversation to affairs of state, he asked, 'Your Highness, when was the last time you had an election?'

'Ah,' said the Emperor, with a smile and a sly wink, 'Just befo' blekfast!'

Ronald, the problem is not with poor Sigmund Freud, the problem is with you! What can he do if it does not satisfy you? It is not a question of satisfying you -- the truth is truth.

You say: SOMETIMES THE PERFUME OF A FLOWER, SOUNDS, A PLACE OR AN INCIDENT FROM CHILDHOOD, CAN EVOKE A FEW SECONDS OF FEELING AND YEARNING THAT ARE SO SAD AND SO SWEET, IT CAN CHOKE ME WITH ITS INTENSITY.

It is possible only if this moment is not intense enough to grip you totally, only if something is left out of this moment, if you are holding back.

For twenty-five years I have never thought of my past, of my childhood -- no nostalgia. And I have never thought about the future either. This moment is so much -- in fact, too much -- so overwhelming, who bothers about past and future?

You say: MY CHILDHOOD WAS NOT SO HAPPY, NOR IS THE WOMB SO APPEALING THAT MERE SENTIMENTALITY FOR 'THE OLD DAYS' CAN EXPLAIN IT.

Nobody's childhood can be happy, it cannot be happy for the simple reason that the child is so dependent, so helpless. He is continuously being manipulated by the parents, by the teachers, he is continuously repressed by everybody, ordered, commanded. No child can be ever happy, but everybody later on thinks that the childhood was the most beautiful thing that happened to him.

The reason is again relative: the childhood was miserable, but now you are in far more misery! Now the childhood *looks* beautiful: seeing all the worries of life and the responsibilities and the troubles and the anxieties, it looks beautiful. But that is only relative -- the older you become, the more beautiful it will look.

That's why it is both sad and sweet. The sadness is its truth and the sweetness is your invention.

And when the childhood was *not* happy -- you say it was not happy -- that simply shows you must be living a really miserable life today. If even an unhappy childhood attracts you, that shows only one thing and shows it definitely: that today is just dark, meaningless, hence the past pulls you backwards.

I can say only one thing to you: learn the art of meditation -- meditation simply means the art of being herenow totally, absolutely -- and then all this nonsense about nostalgia will disappear. Otherwise it is going to remain with you to the very end.

From the cradle to the grave people go on living somewhere where they cannot live and go on escaping from the only place where it is possible to live.

The second question

OSHO,  
ALLOW ME TO ASK A FEW MORE ESOTERIC QUESTIONS. PLEASE DON'T LAUGH AT THEM. IT IS A QUESTION OF LIFE AND DEATH TO ME!

Almasto,

I know it is a question of life and death for you -- not only for you but for everybody else too -- because unless you know the art of screwing in a light bulb rightly you will never become enlightened! So I take your questions really seriously!

The first question:

How many Scotsmen does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, ten. One to screw in the bulb and nine to share the expense.

Second:

How many Englishmen does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, two. One to screw in the bulb and one to make the introductions.

Third:

How many Germans does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, two. One to screw in the bulb and one to read the instructions.

Fourth:

How many Frenchmen does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, seven. One to screw the bulb and six to screw anything else that happens to come by.

Fifth:

How many nuns does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, two. One to screw in the bulb and one to make sure that that's the only thing she's screwing.

Sixth:

How many astronauts does it take to screw in a light bulb '

Almasto, two. One to screw in the bulb and one to give him a countdown.

Seventh:

How many Russians does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, fifty thousand. One to screw it in and 49,999 to occupy the country the house is in.

Eighth:

How many drunks does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, four. One to try to screw it in and three to keep the pink elephants away.

Ninth:

How many Morarji Desais does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, one. But first he needs to be utterly drunk on his own heroin -- ordinarily called urine -- so that he can be convinced that he will save India by doing so.

Tenth:

How many people does it take to screw in an Indian light bulb?

Almasto, none. If it's Indian it's most likely screwed up already.

Eleventh:

How many Gautam Buddhas does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, none. Gautam the Buddha said to be a light unto yourself .

Twelfth:

How many niggers does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, none. Black is beautiful.

Thirteenth:

How many Oshos does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Almasto, none He persuades the bulb to screw itself in.

And the last question

OSHO,  
WHY ARE THE INDIANS GOING ABSOLUTELY MAD AGAINST YOU?

Neeraj,

It is very simple. Meditate over this story and you will find the reason.

And English vicar was driving along an unfamiliar country road late at night when a tyre blew on his car. Having no jack with him or a spanner, he began to walk to get help.

In the distance he saw a light. 'Good,' he thought, 'I will go and ask to telephone or maybe I can borrow the necessary tools.'

But as he walked along he became uncertain. 'What kind of people could be up so late?' he thought. 'Perhaps it is a couple having a marital row and I will disturb them. Imagine the

embarrassment! Or maybe it is a young man and woman indulging in pleasures of the flesh.' He was imagining his awkwardness if a half-naked young man should come to the door. 'Or,' he continued, 'worse still, it might be those dangerous Rajneesh orangies involved in a wild Tantra orgy!'

By the time he had reached the house he was in a state of great excitement. He rang the bell and waited for a few minutes. When the little old lady came to answer it was too late.

'Miserable sinners!' he blurted out. 'Keep your spanner and your telephone and go to the devil!'

That's what is happening in India. They themselves go on imagining things, then they become so excited about them that they start shouting at me -- and I have not done a single thing to anybody. I don't even leave my room! I just enjoy a bit of gossip every morning -- harmless gossip. But Indians are going mad; they are working themselves up, warming themselves up through their own imagination, all kinds of imaginings. They are the cause of their own excitement; I have nothing to do with it.

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #11

#### Chapter title: Man: The Call of the Eternal

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The first question

OSHO,  
WHAT IS IT TO BE A MAN?

Prem Agama,

It is one of the most difficult questions to ask -- difficult because it cannot be answered. It cannot be answered because it is not really a question but a quest. Questions are simple, they can be easily answered, but a quest is a challenge, it is an adventure. You have to explore it; it is not possible to give a ready-made answer to you. You have to go into your own depths and experience it, because man is not a being in the ordinary sense of the word.

A rosebush is a being, a tiger is a being, a dog is a being; but man is not a being, man is a becoming. To be a being means that one has come with a fixed programme into the world. The rosebush can only grow roses -- it has an inbuilt programme -- it cannot grow lotuses or marigolds; that is impossible, that is not open to it. It is linear; it can move only in one direction. Its destiny is fixed, hence the rosebush has a being.

A dog can only be a dog and nothing else. You cannot say to a dog that 'You are not a perfect dog' -- each dog is perfect in his doghood!

Man is only an opportunity, multi-dimensional. He can be a Genghis Khan, he can be a Lao Tzu -- poles apart. He can be a Tamburlaine, he can be a Gautam Buddha; there is nothing in common between these two persons -- they are unbridgeable. Both are men, but they have moved in different directions.

Man brings with him only a clean slate; he has to write his own fate, he has to decide what he wants to be. He has freedom, absolute freedom; he comes without a programme. He can be a rose flower, he can be a marigold, he can be a lotus, or he may decide not to grow at all. He may remain retarded, he may remain childish, he may miss the whole opportunity of growth.

So the first thing to be remembered, Agama, is that man is the only being who is not a being in reality. Man is the only entity in existence which is closer to becoming than to being. He does not bring any essence with him, he brings only existence, and then he has to create

himself. It is a great responsibility; nobody can decide for you. Each act, each thought is decisive. Whatsoever you are doing or not doing is going to give you a certain form, a certain soul.

It is because of this that one of the greatest Masters of all the ages, George Gurdjieff, used to say that man is born without a soul. When you come across this statement for the first time you are shocked, because nobody has ever said something like that. Man, and born without a soul? We have been told by all the religions that you *are* born with a soul, but Gurdjieff is far closer to the truth. He may be shocking, but he is trying to bring home a certain truth of immense importance.

What he means by no man being born with a soul is that no man is born with a programme, no man is born with a destiny, with a fate, with *kismet*. Man is born as an opening -- he can be anything he decides to be -- man is born as freedom; that's what he means when he says man is born without a soul. You have to create your soul, and each moment you are creating it, knowingly or unknowingly.

If you create your soul unknowingly it cannot be a piece of art -- it *cannot* be, because it is like a drunkard painting. He is not even aware of what he is doing, whether he is painting on the canvas or on the wall or on his own face.

A drunkard came home late in the night. He fell down the steps and hurt himself in many places. He was worried that in the morning his wife would find out. He touched his face and there was blood; he was wounded. He entered the bathroom, looked in the mirror. It was difficult to hide the fact that he was late and that he was drunk. The fear of the wife may have brought a little sense to him, a little consciousness, so he tried to hide the wounds on his face somehow.

In the morning when the wife went in the bathroom, she shouted. She said, 'So you were late again and absolutely drunk!'

He said, 'What do you mean? How did you come to know?'

She said, 'Come here!'

And then he knew what had happened: he had put the adhesive tape on the mirror! Wherever he saw a wound, obviously, he put the adhesive tape -- not on the face but on the reflection in the mirror!

But you cannot hope for more than that from a drunkard.

So man can create himself in an unconscious, mechanical, robot-like way; that's what millions of people are doing. Then they become Hindus and Mohammedans and Christians and Buddhists, not Buddhas, not Christs, not Krishnas, not Mohammeds. They become imitators, false, pseudo, phony. Their whole life becomes just a long tragedy. They go haphazardly, zigzag. They become pieces of driftwood at the mercy of the winds and the waves. They are not deliberately creating their being.

That's what sannyas is all about: a conscious decision to create your soul, a deliberate effort to give yourself a certain form, a shape, to write your own scripture. You have brought a clean slate, now you have to put your signature on it. Man is a becoming, a process, an opportunity, a ladder, a bridge.

But millions of people take their life for granted. Once they are born they think the full stop has come. That is very unfortunate. Birth is only a beginning, not the end. Birth is not life but only an opportunity to *create* life.

The whole thing depends on you, and except for you there is nobody else responsible. So

don't shirk your responsibility, don't try to throw the responsibility on others' shoulders. That's what man has been doing for thousands of years. First they used to say, 'It is God. He has decided already, so we simply have to be instrumental; we cannot do anything on our own.'

Even a man like Krishna says to Arjuna, 'Don't worry. You can kill in the war because God has already decided whom to kill and whom to save. In fact, he has already killed -- you are just a means. If you are not going to kill then some-body else will have to do the job. So why escape? Just do your duty! And your duty is fixed, it is already decided by God.'

That's the whole argument of Krishna in the SRIMAD BHAGAVAD GITA. He tries to persuade his disciple Arjuna to fight. In fact, Arjuna was saying, 'I don't see any point in it: killing so many people, millions of people, just for the kingdom is pointless. And the people I am going to kill are my friends, my relatives, my colleagues; we have grown up together. My brothers... even my teacher is on the other side! On this side are my friends, on that side are my friends.'

It was a family war -- *brothers* were fighting -- so the whole family, the friends, all were divided into warring camps. And Arjuna said, 'It is better that I should drop this whole idea. And what will be the point in living after killing all these beautiful people whom I have loved and respected? Even if I win it will not be worth anything. I will feel guilty, I will never be happy.'

So it will be better to go to the forest, renounce the world. meditate, work on myself. This whole thing is an absurd, futile exercise!'

He was ready to renounce the war, but Krishna persuaded him. And all the reasoning goes around and around one point one single point: that 'You are not to decide, it has been already decided by God.'

All the religions of the world have done the same thing in different words: they have taken away the freedom of man. Fate means the death of your freedom. Fate means you are mechanical, you are just a machine. You are no longer a man; your life is not your own life.

I don't agree with Krishna at all. The whole point is basically of throwing responsibility onto someone called God. One does not know whether anybody like that exists or not, and even if God exists he cannot do so much harm, because then man is reduced to an animal; then there is no possibility of any man becoming a Buddha, becoming enlightened -- impossible. And if it is already written that you will become a Buddha then there is no dignity in becoming a Buddha. Somebody becomes a murderer because God has written so and somebody becomes a Buddha because God has written so, so what is beautiful about being a Buddha? Both are slaves -- slaves of fate.

But there have been religions like Buddhism and Jainism which have dropped the idea of God completely. But they could not drop the idea of a determined life pattern so they invented a new thing. They started talking about the past lives and the whole philosophy of karma: that you are decided by your past life -- and not only one past life, all your past lives. You have lived thousands of lives and they determine what you are going to be; it is not in your hands. The past determines your present and your future -- again the same game, only the names have changed. And you will be surprised to know that this has been going on again and again with different names -- the same game.

Hegel, one of the greatest philosophers, dropped the idea of any past lives because in Christian, Mohammedan and Jewish philosophies there is only one life. So either God has to decide or life becomes free. And to throw the whole responsibility on God... Hegel could not do it because he was a logician, a great philosopher. He could not find arguments for why

God should decide that somebody be a Buddha and somebody be a Christ and somebody be a Jesus. Why? For what reason? It seemed to be very arbitrary. And why should he go on playing this game -- millions of people in misery and he is the one who has decided that they should be miserable?

Only once in a while is there somebody who is blossoming, is blissful, but that too is not much to brag about because that too is decided. You are programmed, you are conditioned, so you are happy. Somebody is conditioned, that's why he is unhappy. But how does he decide that somebody has to be unhappy and somebody has to be happy? At least Jainas and Buddhists have some rationalization: past lives.

Hegel decided on history -- history with a capital H; it becomes God itself. It is history that decides, it is no longer the individual past but the past of the society which is decisive. Now history plays the role of God or the role of the philosophy of karma.

And then one of his disciples, Karl Marx, decided that it is not history but economic structure. It is economics, the class struggle that is decisive. But they all agree on one thing: that it is somebody else who decides. Call it God, call it history, call it karma, call it economics, but about one thing they are in absolute agreement: that you are not free.

And that's where I disagree with this whole tradition. Man is absolutely free. Man is born free and if he decides to be in chains, that too is his decision, if he decides to be a prisoner that is his decision. Otherwise he has the whole multi-dimensional existence to grow in whatsoever direction he chooses .

Man is freedom, absolute freedom, but with freedom comes great responsibility. With freedom you become for the first time responsible, and each act has to be done very consciously. You have to be aware and alert about what you are doing, what you are thinking, what you are dreaming, because even your dreams are going to affect your life.

In one way it feels like a great burden, this great responsibility of creating yourself, but on the other hand it is weightlessness, because then if something has gone wrong it can be changed. You can undo everything that you have done, you can again start afresh, you can cancel your past, you can begin anew.

Initiation into sannyas means that you are breaking away from your past: whatsoever it was -- communist, Catholic, Hindu, Mohammedan -- you are breaking away from your past. You are closing your past completely and starting afresh. This is a resurrection -- a death and a resurrection: the death of the past and the resurrection of something absolutely new, so absolutely new that it has nothing to do with the past; it is discontinuous with the past.

Agama, man is a ladder. One part of the ladder, the lowest, touches the earth, the world, and the other end touches paradise itself. And there are many rungs to the ladder; at least three rungs are very important. There are many rungs, but they can all be divided into three categories.

The first rung is sexuality; that is very close to the animal world, that is the lowest rung. The second rung is exactly in the middle -- I call it love. That makes you human: you have gone beyond the animal, you are no longer animal. It is love that gives you the first taste of humanity. And the third and the highest is prayer; that makes you divine. And these are the three basic planes: animal, human, divine.

Move from the animal towards the human and remember, even the human has to be transcended. Unless prayer arises in your heart, unless your whole sexual energy is transformed into love and then into prayer... Sexuality is biological, physiological, chemical. Love is psychological. And prayer is spiritual .

Sexuality is exploiting the other, getting as much as you can get from the other, using the

other as a means. Love is just the opposite: giving as much as you can, not using the other as a means but using the other as an end. It has great respect for the other, for the other's freedom and space. And prayer is the melting and merging with the whole, with the other. The other is no longer the other -- 'I' and 'thou' have become one. In sexuality the 'I' and 'thou' are very prominent, hence there is continuous conflict, no communion, no communication; it is sheer exploitation. Both are playing political games, trying to dominate the other, to reduce the other to a slave, to a commodity.

That's what has been done all over the world. 'Husband' and 'wife' are nothing but ugly names. To be a man is good, but to be a husband is very humiliating. To be a woman is beautiful, natural, but to be a wife is institutional. Husbands and wives are both living in institutions -- and they certainly create a madhouse: they start reproducing children, and the madhouse becomes madder and madder. Somehow they go on pulling themselves, dragging themselves. Life has no song, no grace; it is all ugly. But they go on smiling on the outside, hiding their tears, their wounds.

Love respects the other. In the world of love there are no husbands and wives -- they cannot exist; there are only lovers, friends at the most, but no relationship like wife and husband. A certain intensity, intimacy, a passionate sharing but no possessiveness, no jealousy.

Love is exactly in the middle between sex and prayer -- now 'I' and 'thou' can have a communion, a dialogue. Dialogue is possible only in freedom; between two individuals dialogue is possible, not between a husband and wife. Between a husband and wife there is only a possibility of fight, nagging, struggle; there is no possibility of dialogue.

Have you ever seen any wife and husband in a dialogue? It is impossible! The moment one says anything, the other immediately jumps and starts creating trouble. One says one thing, the other immediately understands something else. Even wives and husbands cannot agree about the meaning of what they are talking about, hence wives and husbands by and by settle down into a non-speaking relationship. They speak as little as possible, they become telegraphic, because every word costs so much! It is better to be as telegraphic as possible because each single word can create so much chaos.

One man was saying to Mulla Nasruddin, one of his friends, 'My wife can talk for hours! Just a small opportunity and she starts.'

Mulla Nasruddin said, 'That's nothing! My wife needs no opportunity -- she is a self-starter! Just the other day I was sitting silently and she came and said, "Why are you sitting silently? What do you mean by sitting silently? Have you lost your voice? Can't you say something nice to me?"'

But in love dialogue is possible, conflict becomes impossible. If you are not reducing the other to a slave there is no need for conflict. Conflict is an indication that the other is feeling that you are trying to dominate him, you are trying to destroy him, and the other is trying to destroy you -- you are feeling it. So the question is of survival, who wins. But in love there is no question of winning, there is no question of dominating, hence communication is possible, dialogue is possible. And dialogue has a beauty, an intimacy.

In prayer the ultimate happens: 'I' and 'thou' disappear into one unity. When 'I' and 'thou' disappear there is a transcendence; that transcendence is prayer. Then the person you love simply becomes a window to the whole. You disappear into the person and suddenly you find you have jumped into the whole. Then love becomes a door to the ultimate.

Man attains his soul only when his sexuality is absolutely transformed into prayer. Man is a ladder, Agama, and unless you are growing towards heights and depths, unless you are growing every moment towards the Everest of self-realization, you are not a man. You are missing the opportunity, you are missing the challenge; you are not accepting the adventure, you are hiding -- you are a coward. A man has to be ready, always ready each moment to go on the voyage to the unknown and the unknowable. He has to be ready, always ready for the call of the eternal, for the call of the uncharted.

Man is a pilgrimage from the animal to God.

The second question

OSHO,

TO WHAT END DO WE LEAD OUR LIVES?

YOU HAVE SUGGESTED THAT WE MEDITATE TO RID OURSELVES OF STRIFE AND YEARNING BY ATTAINING A SENSE OF THE MOMENT. HAVING ACHIEVED THAT, TO WHAT END DO WE LIVE?

WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE IS IMMENSELY OVERPOWERING AND BEAUTIFUL. WILL IT LAST?

Phiroze Hansotia,

The most significant thing to remember is that life is not a business. It does not exist for any particular end, it exists for the sheer joy of existing. There is no goal as such. Hence the moment you have achieved silence, meditateness, awareness, prayerfulness, and you are capable of living the moment in total abandon, then there is no goal, no end. To live passionately in that moment is a blessing unto itself. But that's how the mind works...

Now, Phiroze is a doctor -- he must be a Ph.D. or D.Litt. -- he is a professor at the University of Wisconsin, so he is thinking logically. And life is not logic, life is not philosophy. Life is a dance, a song, a celebration! It is more like love and less like logic.

Do you ever ask why you love, to what end? Do you ever ask why you appreciate a beautiful sunset, to what end? Do you ask why the starry nights are beautiful? Why the roses are beautiful? Why a certain face, certain eyes, a certain gesture suddenly catches your heart and you miss a heartbeat? What happens? To what end?

Logic is business. In business you always ask, 'What am I going to gain out of it? What is going to be the profit?'

And I tell you, your so-called religions are all businesslike because they all tell you that you will attain paradise and the kingdom of God and you will have all kinds of heavenly pleasures -- beautiful women who remain always young, with golden bodies, who don't perspire!

I have heard:

Muktananda died... It is a future story! And the same day, after a few hours, one of his disciples died. The disciple was very excited when he reached heaven. He was thinking that Paramahansa Baba Muktananda must be enjoying heaven, now he must be getting all the rewards possible for those who were *siddhas*, for those whose kundalini has risen. And he was dreaming and fantasizing about what he was going to see. And when he reached inside, certainly the stories that he had heard before were true.

Muktananda was sitting under a tree and Sophia Loren was sitting in his lap! And they

were hugging and kissing each other.

The disciple fell at the feet of Muktananda and said, 'My great Master, so you have been well rewarded!'

Muktananda said, 'Shut up, you fool! I have not been rewarded, it is Sophia Loren who is being punished!'

Certainly, to hug Muktananda is a punishment! But all these people have been thinking of heavenly pleasures. There are rivers of wine, vodka! Here Morarji Desai is drinking his urine... and the reward? The reward is, he will go to heaven where rivers of wine will be made available to him. Then he will take revenge for all that he has done, all that sacrifice of drinking wine for his whole life. How much he has suffered! This is true asceticism! One never knows what he is doing in privacy... he may be doing even more ascetic things! This is a publicly known fact, but there must be some private, secret practices also. He will be rewarded, greatly rewarded! These are all projections of greed.

And those who are not drinking urine, beware. You will suffer in hellfire! It is better to drink urine and be finished with hell -- urine is not so bad. In hell, who knows? And now with all the latest technology, what new tortures must they not have invented! And all these people -- Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin and Mao Tse Tung -- are there, and they must have become ministers of the devil. They must be helping him to find new ways of torturing people. Forget all about this old idea of hell, that you will be thrown in fire; that is five thousand years old. In five thousand years so much water has gone down the Ganges that it is not possible that there still exists that old type of torture.

One man, one Indian -- he must be like Phiroze Hansotia was living in Germany. When he died he went to hell. He was a sinner -- a sinner because he never drank his urine. He never did any stupid thing, that's why he was a sinner. He never fasted, he never tortured himself, he lived comfortably. of course, if you live comfortably you will have to suffer, because things have to be balanced.

Sometimes I wonder... God has been living so comfortable for so long, what will happen ultimately to this poor guy? He will fall into the seventh hell or even deeper than that if there is some hell deeper than that. He will reach the rock bottom.

This man who was born in India but lived in Germany was given a choice. The devil asked him, 'Because you were born in India and you lived in Germany a choice can be given to you. To what hell do you want to go -- to the Indian hell or to the German?'

The Indian was a little puzzled. He said, 'What is the difference? Obviously, before I can decide I have to know the difference . '

And the devil said, 'There is no difference -- the same routine has to be followed.'

The Indian asked, 'Then why are you asking me to choose?'

The devil laughed. He said, 'There are a few minor differences. For example, the German hell is very efficient everybody is on duty exactly on time, the electricity never fails.' And he said, 'You know, German torture is German torture! In the Indian hell nobody is ever on time, and there are so many holidays. There are even people there whom you can bribe. And after all, they are Indians -- lazy, lousy. The electricity fails at least fifty times every day. Sometimes the electricity is off the whole day.'

The Indian said, 'Then I will go to the Indian hell, I don't want to go to the German one. I have lived in Germany and I know their efficiency!'

Greed and fear have dominated the religious scene for centuries, and both are absolutely irrelevant. The religious person is one who lives without fear and without greed.

Phiroze, you ask me: TO WHAT END DO WE LEAD OUR LIVES?

There is no end -- there is no fixed end. Life is a creativity. We live moment to moment, rejoicing in the moment. The question is asked only because we are always looking to the future: 'To what end...?' We are not herenow, we are always looking to the future.

But then you will be in an infinite regression, because if it is said that life is lived to attain paradise then the question will arise: 'To what end is paradise? Why should one live in Paradise? To what end?' This question will remain the same and will still remain relevant. And if it is said, as has been said in India, that paradise is not the last thing -- you have to go to *moksha* -- beyond paradise... But to what end? Even if you reach moksha...

Just as you ask, 'Having achieved that meditative moment, to what end do we live?' You will ask the same question, Phiroze, if you reach moksha: 'To what end...?' Just think: Mahavira and Buddha and Patanjali have been living in moksha. What are they doing? Centuries have passed... just sitting under the trees doing nothing? Not even a coffee break! No sandwiches available, no spaghetti at all! No radios, no television, no newspapers. They must be feeling very silly, sitting under the trees. And for how long? For ever! Now they cannot come back, because once you become enlightened -- finished! You cannot become unenlightened again, that is the difficulty.

I have been trying for twenty-five years -- impossible! I have tried all methods: standing on my head, doing all kinds of things, but you cannot become unenlightened again. That simply is not part of the law of existence. So beware! Before you decide to become enlightened don't be in a hurry. If you want to do something else finish it, because once you are enlightened you are enlightened forever! Just think what it means: forever...

So, Phiroze, in *moksha* also you will ask: 'To what end...?' And Mahavira and Buddha will shrug their shoulders and they will look down, ashamed, because now there is no way to go back and there is nowhere else higher to go either. Living in a kind of limbo, not knowing what to do, 'to what end'.

Life is purposeless. Don't be shocked. The whole idea of purpose is wrong -- it comes out of greed. Life is a sheer joy, a playfulness, a fun, a laughter, to no purpose at all. Life is its own end, it has no other end. The moment you understand it you have understood what meditation is all about. It is living your life joyously, playfully, totally, and with no purpose at the end, with no purpose in view, no purpose there at all. Just like small children playing on the sea beach, collecting seashells and coloured stones -- for what purpose? There is no purpose at all.

When I was a small child I used to bring as many stones and shells from the river as I could collect, and I would go to my bed with all the stones and all the shells in my pockets. And my father would say, 'Throw these things away! For what purpose do you go on carrying them?'

And I always asked him, 'First you answer me: For what purpose are you living? For what purpose do you go on doing your business, earning money, raising your children? For what purpose?'

And he would always say, 'It is futile to argue with you! So go to bed! Keep your stones and whatsoever you want!'

But he would again forget and when he would see all those stones in my pockets, again he would ask, 'For what purpose?'

And I was always ready: 'First prove to me for what purpose you are living. If you can keep money in your safe, why can't I keep my stones in my pockets? I don't have a safe -- otherwise give me a safe. I will keep my stones in the safe. Prove to me... It is your question, not my question! I have never asked anybody, "For what purpose...?"'

Finally he dropped the idea, thinking that 'This boy is absolutely incurable!'

When I came back home from the university, he didn't ask me about marriage -- which is very natural in India. The moment you come back from the university, the first thing is, 'Now get married!' He knew me -- that it would create unnecessary argument. So indirectly... he asked one of his advocate friends who was very argumentative and used to shout in court and was very well-known to win cases -- cases which were impossible to win... And he used to win those cases just because he was the greatest shouter in the town. He would bang on the table and shout and throw law books and create such a mess that everybody was afraid of him! And they were friends so he asked him.

The advocate said, 'This is simple! I have defeated great advocates, I have convinced very shrewd magistrates and I have won cases even for murderers, so this is nothing. I am coming tomorrow.'

He came and he asked me, 'Why don't you get married?'

I said, 'Perfectly okay! I will get married!'

He was at a loss what to do, because he had come with great preparation, with all the arguments in favour of marriage and its beauty and its joy and its intimacy, and all that bullshit!

I said, 'Perfectly okay! Where is the girl? Do you have a daughter?'

He said, 'This is strange! Your father was telling me that it is very difficult to convince you, but you don't argue at all!'

I said, 'I don't argue at all. I am ready to get married -- you bring the girl. But first, before you bring a girl, you have to tell me one thing, you have to convince me about one thing: what purpose have you achieved through your marriage? I trust you -- you are a friend of my father's, you are almost like a father to me. I trust you! If you say so, I will get married. But you have to tell me one thing -- what have you achieved? Because I know your married life. You may have won many cases in court, but I know what happens in your home! You have not been able to win a single quarrel. And I am going directly to your wife!'

He said, 'What do you mean? Why are you going to my wife? What has she got to do with it?'

I said, 'In front of her you have to prove what you have attained, to what purpose your life has been, what joy you have attained.' And I said, 'I will get married -- I am ready -- if you convince me of what your life has attained. All those arguments you have come prepared with... and I have not given you a chance. But if you cannot convince me then you will have to divorce your wife! Either I get married or you get divorced!'

After that I would go to his house every day, and sometimes he would hide in the bathroom, sometimes he would escape by the back door. His wife became very worried: 'What is the matter? Why is he so afraid of this boy?' And she asked me, 'What is the matter? He is not even so afraid of me! He hides in the bathroom, he says he is sick, "Tell that boy!" And he is not sick. He continuously worries about you. What is the matter?'

I told her, 'This is the matter -- it is a question for you to think over too. He has to prove

it! And I have been contacting all the neighbours. I will collect all the neighbours who are my witnesses that his life is the most miserable in the whole town! He has to prove that he has achieved some bliss. If he cannot prove it, then he has to divorce you!

She said, 'What!'

I said, 'That is the question. If I have to get married then he has also to put something at stake. It is a gamble! I am gambling my whole life, I am gambling my future -- he has to gamble his past. I have no past, he has no future!'

He was listening from the bathroom. He came out and touched my feet. He said, 'Forgive me, and I will never bother you anymore! Don't disturb my life! I am already in so much trouble, and you are haunting me every day. Even in the night I see you in my dreams. And I know that you can defeat me -- you have got hold of my weak point!'

Life has no purpose, Phiroze. Nothing has any purpose; that's the beauty of life. The moment you bring purpose in you destroy the beauty. Love has no purpose and meditation certainly is absolutely beyond the idea of purpose. There is no end beyond it, it has *intrinsic* value. It is not a means to some end, it is an end unto itself.

And you say: HAVING ACHIEVED THAT...

That is only a supposition -- you have not achieved that. You are just asking a question for the question's sake, because anybody who has achieved that moment of meditation cannot ask this question.

You are asking: HAVING ACHIEVED THAT, TO WHAT END TO WE LIVE?

Once you have achieved meditation all ends disappear. You simply live as the flowers live, as the birds live, as the stars live. You become part of this universal festival of existence, of joy, of beauty. This whole grandeur, this splendour is yours.

To be meditative simply means dropping all ego trips -- purpose is also an ego trip -- dropping all goals, being herenow.

And you ask: WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE IS IMMENSELY OVERPOWERING AND BEAUTIFUL. WILL IT LAST?

You have lost it already! If it had been immensely overpowering and beautiful you would not ask the question, 'Will it last?' Who cares? This moment is enough! Who knows about the next moment? And why should one bother about the next moment? If you are beautiful and blissful this moment you know how to be blissful and beautiful in the next moment. And you will not have two moments together ever, you will always only have one moment. When one is lost you get another. That is lost, you get another. You get one moment at a time, and if you know how to be blissful in a single moment you have the key for being blissful forever; there is no need to lose it.

But you are asking: WILL IT LAST?

Already you have started thinking of the future, already you have lost contact with the present, already you are not here -- you have gone to America. You are already in hell --

that's where America is!

The old Indian idea was that if you dig a hole in the earth and go on digging, go on digging, just exactly there you will reach hell. You will simply reach America! And for American, India is a hell; if they go on digging they will come to India. In fact, all this travelling can be stopped -- just a hole is needed so people can be thrown from here to America and from America to India! You can even play football -- and to no purpose, just for the sheer joy of it!

You have already left this overwhelming and beautiful space. You are already thinking, 'What is going to happen in America? How will I be able to be so peaceful, so laughing, so loving?' But why bother about it? The next moment has not come yet and when it comes you will know the secret of responding to it.

Live moment to moment -- that's the message.

The third question

OSHO,

YOU SAY THE CRYSTALLIZATION OF THE EGO IS NECESSARY TO MAKE IT WORTHWHILE DROPPING IT AND THAT FOR THIS, INDEPENDENCE AND REBELLION ARE NEEDED. YET BY BECOMING A SANNYASIN AND A MEMBER OF A GROUP IT WOULD SEEM TO PRECLUDE ATTAINING THE INDEPENDENCE YOU SAY IS REQUIRED FOR THIS CRYSTALLIZATION. PLEASE COMMENT.

David Fox,

I have come across many foxes -- foxes are cunning, clever. All foxes have been Jews in the past, or vice versa! You have enough crystallization already. Believe me, you can drop it! But rather than seeing the point you are trying to cover up your cowardliness in a cunning way.

You want to be a sannyasin, that much I know, otherwise this question would not have arisen. There is a desire, but there is also a desire to be cautious, not to jump too quickly. You *will* become a sannyasin; that much is certain. No Jew can escape, no queue can escape! You will be back soon -- you are already caught. You may not know it because it takes a little time. My traps are subtle! And when it is a question of dealing with foxes I am also a Jew -- I know all the strategies! So we can play a little bit of hide-and-seek, but you have enough crystallized ego already.

And you say:... by BECOMING A SANNYASIN AND A MEMBER OF A GROUP IT WOULD SEEM TO PRECLUDE ATTAINING THE INDEPENDENCE YOU SAY IS REQUIRED FOR THIS CRYSTALLIZATION.

A sannyasin is not a member of a group -- it is not a Rotary Club! A sannyasin is directly in tune with me. It is a love affair -- not even a marriage, just a love affair, very delicate. The organization that you see is just arbitrary, to make things easier for you.

I lived for twenty years without any organization, but then it was so impossible to work. Even in the night when I was asleep there were fifty people sitting in my room; everywhere there was a crowd. Even to talk to me was impossible; one could not ask anything. It became so impossible to give attention to individuals, to help them to grow, to share my joy with them. And the crowd was absolutely useless, because I am not a person who can have

anything to do with a crowd.

My work is basically concerned with the individual because only the individual has the capacity to grow. The crowd never grows; it remains always the same. It was the same when it crucified Jesus, it was the same when it poisoned Socrates. It was the same when it killed Mansur, it is the same with me. The crowd is absolutely useless; the crowd belongs to the lowest stratum of intelligence.

And what I am saying can be understood only by very highly intelligent people; that is the possibility of only a few individuals, a few chosen individuals. Just to make it possible for chosen individuals to be with me I had to create a formal organization. And this has been of immense help, but this is not an organization at all. Yes, it will become an organization when I am no more...

So, David Fox, be quick! I can leave this world any moment Don't wait any longer for the crystallization of your ego -- the ego that you have is enough, it will do! As far as dropping it is concerned, it can be dropped. And don't try to rationalize things. Don't try to cover up your cowardliness, your cleverness.

It is not a group at all. Each sannyasin is related to me personally; it is a person-to-person, intimate relationship. And you are not becoming a member of any group, you are simply becoming a member of me. The word 'member' is beautiful; it means a limb. My hand is my member, my leg is my member. My heart is my member. Hence the beautiful meaning of the word 're-member'; it simply means becoming a member of the whole again. That is the meaning of 'remember': becoming part of the whole, losing yourself in the ocean -- like a dewdrop slipping from the lotus leaf and falling into the ocean and becoming one with the ocean.

Remember, and become a member of me! And the moment you become a member of me, I become a member of you. The more you are part of me, the more I am part of you.

Just the other day one of our beautiful sannyasins, Vimalkirti, who belongs to the Royal Family of Germany, he is the great-grandson of the last German Emperor, suddenly collapsed. He was doing karate and his breathing stopped. His heart is functioning perfectly well, but the brain centre that controls the breathing is no longer functioning. There has been a haemorrhage; some blood has covered the breathing centre in the brain.

I went to see him last night and although he is in a coma a part of him immediately felt my presence. When I touched him he responded. That response is not of the brain, that response is not of the body. The body is in a mess, the brain is no longer functioning, but man is more than the body and the brain. That something more, that plus, immediately danced with joy. I am part of him, he is part of me. In his life he is part of me, if he goes he is part of me.

A sannyasin is one who becomes a member of the being of the Master.  
Drop your hidden Jewishness, Fox.

Mrs Levy's son, David, had gone from New York, clear across the country to college in California. One day, David phoned his mother. 'Ma, I just got married!' announced David.

'Wonderful, David! Mazel tov!' said Mrs Levy. 'But what was so urgent about it that you had to get married in such a hurry and call me on the phone to break the news?'

'Well, Ma,' said David, 'there's a little problem. She's not Jewish. '

'Oy vey!' shouted Mrs Levy, but then she calmed down. 'Well, I love you very much, David. You're my only son and I guess I'll have to accept her and make the best of it.'

'But there's another little difficulty, Ma,' continued David. 'She is a little older than I am

and also she's pregnant.'

'Oy, David!' screamed his mother. 'How could you do such a thing?' But again she regained her control. 'But you are my only son and I love you, I forgive you.'

'Thanks, Ma, but there's still another little matter. She already has five children!'

'David! David!' Mrs Levy was distraught. 'You're breaking my heart! But you're my own flesh and blood. What can I do for you?'

'Ma, we have nowhere to stay.'

'Come to New York, David,' said Mrs Levy. 'You can have this apartment.'

'But, Ma, where will you stay?'

'Don't worry about me, David. As soon as I put down the phone I'll drop dead!'

Feinberg was on the subway when a man came up to him and asked if he had the time. Feinberg didn't answer him. The man thought he hadn't heard so he asked again. Still Feinberg said nothing. Finally the man walked away toward the other end of the platform.

After he was gone another rider approached Feinberg. 'Excuse me, sir, but that seemed like a perfectly reasonable question. I notice you are wearing a watch. Why didn't you give him the time?'

'Well,' replied Feinberg, 'I'll tell you why. I'm standing minding my own business, and this guy wants to know what time it is. So maybe I tell him what time it is. Then we get to talking, and this guy says "How about a drink?" So we have a drink, then we have some more drinks. So after a while I say, "How about coming up to my house for a bite to eat?" So we go up to my house, and we're eating sandwiches in the kitchen when my daughter comes in -- and my daughter is a very good-looking girl. So she falls for this guy, and he falls for her. Then they get married!'

The other man was staring at Feinberg in utter amazement. But Feinberg went on. 'And any guy that can't afford a watch I don't want for a son-in-law!'

Now, you are not a sannyasin and you are thinking of becoming a member of a group and of the crystallization of the ego and that you will drop it when it is crystallized... You have gone too far!

David, don't try to hide your desire to become a sannyasin. You can hide it from yourself, but you cannot hide it from me. This time I can forgive you, next time when you come, come ready. This time I can allow you to go without becoming a sannyasin, but next time it is going to happen. So next time, if you come at all, be ready.

And all these things are not going to help. Sannyas is rebellion, it is the ultimate rebellion. It is rebellion against the whole past of humanity, rebellion against all ideologies, philosophies, dogmas, creeds, cults. It is rebellion so that you can simply be yourself.

I am not here to discipline you, I am not here to impose any idea of mine on you. I am just here to help you discover your own being.

And the last thing:

A joke for Vimalkirti.

He used to be here, just the other day he was here, and he will miss the joke in the hospital. And a little laughter inside him will help him immensely. If he can chuckle a little, giggle a little, that may help to melt the damage in the brain. It can melt the whole brain,

what about the damage! He is a German and if he had told me before that he had this difficulty I would not have allowed him to do karate. Germans and Japanese don't go together at all, they don't mix. The Second World War has proved it perfectly well -- they tried hard! I would have stopped him doing karate.

So this is a special joke for Vimalkirti. And when you laugh, laugh really loudly because he is in a coma -- the Germans find it very difficult to understand a joke anyway, and he is in a coma... German, and in a coma! So unless you really laugh loudly... so please, even if you are English, laugh! Even if you are German and you don't get the joke, laugh! Even if you are Indian, trust me and laugh, because that is the only prayer we can do for him. Laughter to me is prayer.

A football match was arranged between the Germans and the Americans. The referee was a beautiful Japanese woman.

The match began, and all was going well for the Germans until Wolfgang, star player, passed the ball back and scored a goal under the wrong poles. The referee screamed, 'Ko-ho!' and the game continued.

After the game there was a big party for both teams. Wolfgang and the Japanese referee began to chat together, had a few drinks, then left to go for dinner. One thing led to another and they returned quite late to Wolfgang's hotel room and went to bed.

They began to make love. After a few minutes the Japanese girl whispered softly into Wolfgang's ear, 'Ko-ho!' Wolfgang took this as encouragement and built up more speed. Now she was saying quite forcibly, 'Ko-ho!' He thought she was really getting turned on so he built up to a crescendo of energy. Finally she screamed, 'Ko-ho!' and dropped dead.

Wolfgang returned to Germany, a little puzzled. After a few weeks he could not contain his curiosity any longer, so he phoned the Japanese department of the local university.

'Ahem, excuse me,' he mumbled. 'I'm sorry to disturb you... ahem... I am reading a Japanese novel at the moment and I cannot find the meaning of a word, "Ko-ho".'

'Aha,' said a voice on the other end of the phone. "'Ko-ho"? "Ko-ho" means "wrong hole".'

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #12

#### Chapter title: Life: Let it have it's Dance

**7 January 1981 am in Buddha Hall**

Archive code: 8101070

ShortTitle: ZZZZZ12

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

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The first question

OSHO,

FOR MOST OF MY LIFE I HAVE HELD MYSELF ALOOF, SEPARATE AND ISOLATED, AND I HAVE THEREFORE BEEN PROTECTED FROM PEOPLE AND SITUATIONS.

MY INNERMOST FEAR HAS ALWAYS BEEN THAT IF I OPENED MY HEART TOTALLY THE VAST LOVE THAT I FEEL WOULD RUSH OUT LIKE WATER FROM AN OVERFLOWING WELL AND BE LOST, DIVERTED OR REJECTED.

MY ESSENCE IS LIKE A DELICATE FLOWER AND IF IT BLOSSOMED IN THE WRONG TERRAIN IT COULD EASILY BE BADLY BRUISED OR DESTROYED. THIS IS MY FEAR. IS THIS THE TIME AND PLACE TO OPEN MY HEART TOTALLY?

Tom Cassidy,

It is one of the most basic fears of all human beings. This is the fear that has created the monks and the nuns. The whole past of humanity has been dominated by this fear -- like a cancer of the soul.

It looks very logical that if you share your love you will be wasting it and soon you will become poor. This is the ordinary law of economics: if you want to have more money don't share it, be miserly. Get as much as you can and give as little as possible. Then only can you accumulate, then you can be rich.

This is true as far as the outside world is concerned, but this is absolutely untrue about the inner world; there a totally different law functions. The inner law is: if you don't give you will lose; if you give you will keep. The more you give the more you will have; the less you give the less you will have. If you don't give at all then you will not have anything, you will be just utterly empty, a grave, and inside the grave there is no possibility of any flower blossoming. The flower needs the sun, the rain, the wind, the stars, the sky, the birds. Howsoever delicate it is, it needs to open up to existence. In that opening the fragrance is released, the imprisoned splendour is released.

Tom, you are basically a monk. The word 'monk' is significant; it means 'one who lives a lonely life', one who lives a life of no relationship, of no relatedness, of no love, of no sharing; who lives a windowless life closed on all sides, utterly closed in himself out of the fear that if he opens up, who knows what will happen to his tender heart, to his delicate inner being? He is afraid of rejection, he is afraid of situations, he is afraid of the unknown. He clings to himself, but this clinging only brings death. He may go on dragging for years, but that is not life, that is slow suicide.

The very word 'monk' means one who has decided to live a lonely life. From the same root comes 'monastery', where people live in loneliness. From the same word come words like 'monopoly', 'monotony', 'monogamy'.

Trying to live on your own, unbridged with others, is the most dangerous idea that can possess anybody ever, and once it starts taking on religious colours then it becomes very difficult to get rid of it because it fulfils your ego, it nourishes all that is wrong in you, it destroys all that is beautiful in you.

In a grave there is no possibility of roses flowering -- inside a grave -- but there is a possibility of snakes and scorpions and spiders -- all that is ugly, all that is poisonous. If the grave is completely closed its very air will be poison.

And millions of people are living the life of monks and nuns. They may not have gone to the monastery, they may be living with their wife, but closed, with their children, but closed. They may be living in the world but so guardedly, so cautiously, so calculatively that their life cannot have any joy, any dance, any song.

One needs a little courage to make life a celebration.

You say, Tom: FOR MOST OF MY LIFE I HAVE HELD MYSELF ALOOF...

You have been suicidal! Life means togetherness with existence, with the trees, with the rivers, with the rocks, with people, with animals, with all that is. To relate with it multi-dimensionally that's the only way to make your life rich. The more you relate, the more multi-dimensional you are, the richer you are, the more you grow, the more you blossom. There is still time. Drop this stupid idea of being aloof separated and isolated. That you can do after you die! Then you will have more than enough time. From your name it seems you are a Christian. Then you will have more than enough time -- till the Last Judgement Day! Then you can live in your grave as a monk, you can keep your Bible with you, you can keep your rosary. But while you are alive, while this immense opportunity is given to you, live it, rejoice in it!

Jesus says again and again to his disciples, 'Rejoice! Rejoice! I say again rejoice'. Jesus was not a monk, he was a very alive man. He lived with all kinds of people: the gamblers, the drunkards, the prostitutes, the sinners, the tax collectors. He and not with the idea of 'holier than thou', he lived with great friendliness. He enjoyed late parties, dances, music. And believe me, he was not continuously giving gospels, he was gossiping too! And he was a drunkard, he loved wine -- he shared it with his disciples. Fasting was not his way but feasting!

Don't be monkish. To be a man is such a great opportunity that there is no need at all to waste it. And remember one thing: the things that you are afraid of...

... THAT IF I OPENED MY HEART TOTALLY THE VAST LOVE THAT I FEEL WOULD RUSH OUT LIKE WATER FROM AN OVERFLOWING WELL...

For whom are you feeling this vast love? Just for yourself? -- because love means to have a direction, an object. It is always addressed to somebody. To whom is your love addressed? You are like an unopened envelope: you have not even read what is written in the letter, you don't know whether the letter exists inside at all or if you are simply carrying an empty envelope. Unless you open the envelope you will never know. Open it!

And remember, the well never runs out because deep down the well is connected with the oceans. The oceans are continuously reaching it in small springs. In fact, if you don't draw the water out of the well it will die, because soon those springs will not be needed; they will become blocked. They will not be in use, they will lose their functioning, and the old water will become stale and dead, maybe poisonous. It is good for the well-being of the well to go on drawing water from it. The more water you take out, the more fresh streams of water go on reaching the well. The well is not disconnected from existence.

Your heart is certainly a well. If you keep it closed then you will not get energy flowing into you from the universe. Go on emptying yourself and you will be surprised -- you *are* in for a great surprise: the more you empty yourself, the fuller you are.

That's why Gautam the Buddha emphasized the word *shunya*, 'zero'. Become a zero! If you want to become full, his message is, just become empty, a nothingness, just space, pure space, unlimited space containing nothing. Just empty yourself totally and you will not be able to believe it -- a miracle happens.

When you are utterly empty, the whole existence enters you.

All the stars are within you and all the flowers are within you, the sun and the moon are within you. Suddenly you see yourself as vast as the universe itself.

To be nothing is the only way to be all. To be nobody is the only way to be divine. Emptiness brings godliness.

And don't be worried that your love will be lost -- nothing is ever lost. The world always contains the same amount of everything, neither less nor more. Now this is a scientific fact: there is not a single atom less than there ever was, not a single atom more than there ever was. The quantity of the universe remains absolutely the same, because from where can anything new come in? -- the existence contains all, there is 'nowhere else'. And where can anything go out? There is nowhere else to go, so nothing is ever lost. Maybe it takes a little longer to reach the right person, but it always reaches.

Sing the song and don't be worried! It will reach the right people at the right time, if not today then tomorrow, if not in your life then in some other time. But it will reach -- it is bound to reach! It will always find the right person who can absorb it. Simply sing the song. You should not be too concerned whom it reaches, your whole concern should be that you are singing it with totality, that's all; more than that is not required of anybody. It is not your business whether it has been heard or not.

When a flower opens in the jungle it is not worried whether anybody will be passing by, 'to know the beautiful fragrance that I am releasing', it simply releases the fragrance. If it reaches to some nostrils, good; if it does not reach, so what? The flower has blossomed, it has offered itself to the universe. Now it is up to the universe to do whatsoever it wants to do with it.

Nothing ever is lost and nothing is ever diverted and nothing is ever rejected.

But people feel rejected many times because even before they have given something there is expectation; if their expectation is not fulfilled then they feel rejected. It is the expectation that is creating the trouble, not love.

Give love without any strings attached to it. Give love for the sheer joy of giving. Enjoy giving it.

The cuckoo calling in the distance -- not worried at all whether anybody is enjoying it or not. The faraway star -- do you think it is concerned whether a poet is writing a beautiful poem about it or a Vincent van Gogh is painting it or a photographer or an astronomer are concerned about it? It is none of the business of the star. The joy is in shining forth.

Simply open up your heart, Tom Cassidy -- and open it totally, without any expectations, without any conditions and it is sure to reach to the right heart; it always happens.

When I started singing my song there was nobody to hear it then people started coming. I was surprised -- how did they hear? Why did these people go on coming? From all directions. From all over the world people started coming. How did you arrive here? And I was not waiting for anybody to come! I was just singing my song, I was enjoying it.

Just the other day one sanniyasin asked, 'Osho, I have had one dream: in the dream I am sitting in Buddha Hall alone. And then you come, you sit in the chair, and I am very much puzzled because I am alone and there is nobody else in Buddha Hall, the whole of Buddha Hall is empty. And I am worried about what you are going to do!'

You need not be worried -- I will do my thing! I cannot leave you alone! I will talk to you for one and a half hours continuously. And you cannot escape either! When there are so many people, a few people can escape, but if you are alone where can you go? I will follow you! Without anybody there at all, even if you are not there and I am alone in Buddha Hall, I will sing my song.

Try it one day! I will still tell my jokes, and if there is nobody to laugh at them I will laugh myself -- if not at the joke because I know it already -- then just because I am laughing, laughing that there is nobody and I am telling a joke! How ridiculous!  
Tom, don't be worried.

You say: MY ESSENCE IS LIKE A DELICATE FLOWER...

So let it be! It is beautiful it is a delicate flower. Let others also partake of its fragrance, let others also drink out of your well. And soon the flower will die -- by the evening it will be gone. So don't hide it, because even if you hide it you cannot save it. In the morning the rose opens its petals, in the evening the petals will wither away and the rose will be gone. Before it is gone let it be shared. Let the bees come and hum and let the birds sing, let the children play around it. Let everybody rejoice! Otherwise you will be dying unfulfilled.

It is a delicate flower, but the more delicate it is the more quickly one has to open it to existence, because one cannot wait for tomorrow -- it may not be there tomorrow.

And you are worried: IF IT BLOOMED IN THE WRONG TERRAIN... There is no wrong terrain anywhere. In fact, if a rose can blossom in a desert that will be the most beautiful terrain -- that will be an exceptional rose. If it can blossom among rocks then that rose must be a Buddha, not less than that, a Christ, not less than that. In the right terrain, in the garden, ordinary flowers blossom but extraordinary flowers blossom among the rocks too, in the deserts too. So don't be worried about the terrain, and don't be worried that IT COULD EASILY BE BADLY BRUISED OR DESTROYED.

Everything that is born is going to be destroyed, so before it is destroyed let it have its dance.

And you are asking me: IS THIS THE TIME AND PLACE TO OPEN MY HEART

TOTALLY?

Every time and every place is the right place! And because you are here at this moment, let this be the place. Where can you find a better space, with people more beautiful, more accepting, more loving than you are surrounded by here in this Buddhafield?

Tom Cassidy, you have waited long enough -- don't wait anymore. This is the time. This is the moment. Never trust the next moment -- the tomorrow never comes. Now or never!

The second question

OSHO,  
ARE YOU A GURU? YOU SEEM TO FIT THE DESCRIPTION I HAVE HEARD: 'A GURU IS ONE WHO WHEN INVITED INTO YOUR HOUSE EATS YOUR FOOD, FUCKS YOUR WIFE AND, AS HE DRIVES AWAY IN YOUR CAR, YOU THANK HIM FOR IT.'

Babbo,

I am not a guru at all -- at least I will not fit your definition. Nobody can invite me. Even if the President of America invites me, I am not going! I never accept anybody's invitation. So, Babbo, rest assured -- I am not coming!

And I would not eat your food even if I came -- I eat only *my* food. I eat exactly the same food every day, morning, evening, year in, year out. My kitchen people are getting bored, utterly bored. And they only have to cook it, I have to eat it -- it has nothing to do with them! But just cooking it every day... I can understand the austerity. It is really a great task for Vivek, Astha, Pragya, Nirgun: every day doing the same thing, not even a little change.

I cannot eat your food. And as far as your wife is concerned don't be worried! When I take my bath I take my bath with my dress on so that I do not have to look at the unemployed! Don't be worried at all -- I *hate* to look at the unemployed!

And what car can you provide for me? Just for a hundred yards I have one Rolls Royce -- the latest. But it is the 1980 model and now it is '81, so the '81 model is coming within a week. Just in case it does not work I have a Mercedes Benz. So, two cars in front of my porch for one hundred yards. What am I going to do with your car? I never sit in anybody else's car! So all that can fit with your definition is the last thing: YOU THANK HIM FOR IT. You can thank me!

I am not a real guru, just a phony one! A real guru fits your definition perfectly. Just not to reject you completely I accept one thing: I accept your thank-you. I can neither accept your wife, nor your food, nor your house, nor your car. But you may feel offended...

Babbo, are you a Polack? -- because only a Polack can ask such a great question!

Did you hear, Babbo, about the jealous Polack husband whose wife gave birth to twins?  
He is still looking for the father of the second child.

A man doing research on birth control knocked at a Polack's door and asked the Polish woman who answered, 'Are you willing to answer a few questions?'

'Yes.'

'Are you married?'

'Yes.'

'For how long?'

'Twelve years.'

'Do you have any children?'

'Yes, ten.'

'And your husband, where is he?'

'Oh, he left me eight years ago.'

'Excuse my curiosity, but if your husband left you eight years ago, how can you have so many children?'

'Ah well, you see, he comes back every year to ask for forgiveness.'

The Polish woman was recovering from a difficult labour, when the head nurse came into her room and said, 'Here is your baby. He is black!' The Polack husband looked appalled. He glanced at his wife, glanced at the baby, opened his mouth to say something, but his wife got in first: 'Markowitz, I told you not to fuck around with the maid!'

Babbo, how did you manage to come from Poland? You made a great journey and you arrived in time! I would have been happy if I could have fitted your definition and been your guru, so excuse me. But there are many gurus; you can search and you will find them.

I am not a guru at all! The very idea of guru and gurudom is ugly. I am not teaching you anything, so how can I be a guru-' On the contrary, I am taking all your knowledge away from you. A guru is one who gives you knowledge.

I am an anti-guru! I take away your knowledge so that you can again become innocent, so that you can again have the same awe and wonder as a child has. I don't inform you, I transform you. And I don't need anything from you.

I am absolutely fulfilled. There is nothing in this world or in the other world which can have any attraction for no desires are finished. I am here just hanging around to share whatever I have experienced. There is nothing for me to gain. If I die right this moment there will be no complaint because I am fulfilled, I am utterly contented. I am not interested anything at all, but what I have seen is so vast and so immense and so beautiful and so lovely that I would like as many people as possible to share it before this flower withers away.

The people who are gathered here are my friends, not my followers. I am not creating any following. Every sannyasin is absolutely equal to me. The only difference is very small: I am awake and he is asleep. One day I was asleep, one day he will be awake, so there is not much difference at all.

Babbo, you have to get rid of the idea of the guru. Here you will not find any guru. Here you will find yourself, not the guru. I am at the most a finger pointing to the moon the faraway moon. Don't catch hold of the finger. Don't start biting my finger! Just look at the moon and forget the finger totally -- forget all about it.

The third question

OSHO,  
YOU SAID THE OTHER DAY THAT CAPRICORNS WERE SINGERS, DANCERS,  
AND DRUNKARDS. I HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT THIS WAS THE DEFINITION  
OF A SCOTSMAN. WELL, IT'S MY BIRTHDAY TODAY (7TH), AND I HAPPEN TO  
BE BOTH. DO YOU KNOW ANY GOOD SCOTTISH JOKES?

Prem Pramod,

I know a few Scottish jokes, but I cannot guarantee that they are good! In fact, good jokes are not really jokes, they are just good, 'goody', too sweet! They don't have spice. But I have tried to find a few as far as it was possible, because my librarians, Lalita, Nandan, Gayan -- none of them are 'good'. They go on finding such juicy jokes, and I am completely in their hands. I am such a lazy man I don't even read the jokes! My librarians do the reading, the marking. They find the jokes for me.

In the morning when I see your questions I just choose a few jokes, not bothering much whether they will fit with the question or not, then somehow I manage.

The Scotsman fell in love with her at second sight. The first time he met her he didn't know she was rich.

The church was having trouble raising its annual budget. A member of the congregation, an electrician, came up with a great idea. He said, 'We will wire all of the seats and then, when our chairman of fund-raising asks for pledges on Sunday morning we will follow something like the following procedure: we will ask, "Will all those who will pledge five dollars a week please stand up?" And then the electrician will punch the five dollars button.' They went through this procedure up to what they felt would be the maximum limits of some to pledge.

After the congregation had been dismissed, in the back row they found that the only Scottish member of the congregation had been electrocuted!

The small Scottish boy said, 'Dad, you promised me a pound if I was top of the class. Well, I did it!'

His father reluctantly handed over a pound note and said, 'There you are, son. But don't study so hard -- it's not good for you!'

The Scotsman had arrived home unexpectedly, and now he stared suspiciously at a cigar smouldering in an ashtray.

'Where did that cigar come from?' he thundered as his wife cowered in bed.

There was a pregnant pause. Then from the closet a shaky Scottish masculine voice said, 'Cuba!'

And the last question

OSHO,  
I WANTED MY NAME TO MEAN 'LOVE AND BLISS', AND THAT'S EXACTLY THE  
NAME YOU GAVE ME.  
HOW DO YOU DO IT?

Premanando,  
There is nothing much in it, just a coincidence.

An American Indian boy came back home after his first day at school and asked his father, 'Father, how come all the white boys have short names like Jim, John, Dick, Tom, and

we Indians have such long ones like Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Thunder Cloud?'

'You see, my son, the white people are new. They do not have ancient traditions. Their names have no significance; they are just casually picked up, whereas for us a name, like everything else, always has a meaning, a poetic significance which is inspired by the moment when a woman becomes pregnant. For example, take your elder brother: your mother and I were making love by the nest of a beautiful eagle when he was conceived, so when he was born we called him Grey Eagle. And we called your sister Moon Ray because she was conceived during the full moon when its silvery light was filtering through the opening of our wigwam. That is the beauty and the significance of our customs. Do you understand now, Leaking Condom?'

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #13

#### Chapter title: Godliness: An Experience of Immense Joy

**8 January 1981 am in Buddha Hall**

Archive code: 8101080

ShortTitle: ZZZZZ13

Audio: Yes

Video: No

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The first question

OSHO,  
WHY DO I WANT PEOPLE TO ADMIRE ME? WHY DO I WANT YOU TO TELL ME THAT ONLY VERY SENSITIVE AND INTELLIGENT PEOPLE CAN ASK SUCH A QUESTION? WHY DO I WANT YOU TO TELL ME THAT YOU WERE ONLY WAITING FOR ME TO SAVE THE WORLD? AND WHAT IS THE HELL IS THE WAY OUT OF THIS VICIOUS CIRCLE OF ADMIRATION AND REJECTION? IT IS REALLY HARD TO LAUGH AND DANCE FREELY AND WITHOUT PURPOSE WITH THIS LONGING ENGRAVED DEEP IN MY MIND.

Alfred,

One wants to be admired because one has no respect for oneself. We are brought up with guilt feelings deeply rooted in us. From the very beginning we are condemned by the parents, by the teachers, by the priests, by the politicians, by the whole establishment. A single note is continuously repeated to every child: that 'Whatsoever you are doing is not right. You are doing what should not be done and you are not doing what should be done.' Every child is given directly and indirectly the impression that he is not really wanted, that his parents are tired, that he is being somehow tolerated, that he is a nuisance.

This creates a deep wound in every person, and a rejection of oneself arises. To cover up that wound we expect admiration, admiration is a compensation. If you respect yourself that is more than enough; if you love yourself there is no need for any admiration, there is no desire at all, because once you start expecting admiration from others you start compromising with them. You have to fulfil their expectations, only then will they admire you. You have to be according to their dictates, you cannot live a life of freedom. You become crippled and paralysed, you become retarded, you don't grow up. You become so afraid of your own self that you are constantly on guard, because you know if you allow yourself you are bound to do something wrong -- because all that you have ever done was labelled wrong and now there is a trembling inside. You cannot depend on yourself, you have to depend on others.

This is a very psychological strategy to create slavery. Condemn the person in his own

eyes and he will remain dependent on others. The priests have done this for centuries: create guilt and the person will never be rebellious, he will always be obedient because he will always be rooted in fear. He cannot gather enough courage to say no to something that is absolutely wrong in his vision. In spite of himself he will go on accepting the authoritative, the powerful. Those who wield power, those who have might, simultaneously become right for him.

And as time passes this self-condemnation goes on getting deeper and deeper; it becomes your very being. You become just a wound while you could have been a lotus flower! Your whole energy becomes poisoned.

The politician uses the same strategy. The politicians and the priests have always been in deep conspiracy, they have divided man. The politician rules the outside and the priest rules the inside: the politician the exterior and the priest the interior. They are joined in a deep conspiracy against humanity -- they may not even be aware of what they are doing. I don't suspect their intentions; they may be absolutely unconscious.

Just the other day I received a letter from Mother Teresa. I have no intention of saying anything against her sincerity; whatsoever she wrote in the letter is sincere, but it is unconscious. She is not aware of what she is writing; it is mechanical, it is robot-like. She says, 'I have just received a cutting of your speech. I feel very sorry for you that you could speak as you did. Reference: the Nobel Prize. For the adjectives you add to my name I forgive you with great love.'

She is feeling very sorry for me... I enjoyed the letter! She has not even understood the adjectives that I have used about her. But she is not aware, otherwise she would have felt sorry for herself.

The adjectives that I have used -- she has sent the cutting also with the letter -- the first is 'deceiver', then 'charlatan' and 'hypocrite'.

The deceiver is not only the person who deceives others, in a far more fundamental sense the deceiver is one who deceives himself. Deception begins there. If you want to deceive others, first you have to deceive yourself. But once you have deceived yourself you will never become aware of it unless you are shocked by somebody from the outside, shaken, hammered; you will not become aware that the deception has gone very deep on both sides. It is a double-edged sword.

She is a deceiver in this double-edged sense. First she has been deceiving herself, because meditation can certainly create a life of service, a life of compassion, but a life of service cannot create a life of meditation. Mother Teresa knows nothing of meditation: this is her fundamental deception. She has been serving poor people, orphans, widows, old people, and she has been serving them with good intentions, but the way to hell is full of good intentions! I am not saying that her intentions are bad, but the results don't depend on your intentions.

You may sow the seeds of some tree with the intention of growing beautiful flowers, and only thorns may come out because the seeds were not those of flowers at all. You did it with good intentions, you worked hard, but the results will come out of the seeds, not out of your intentions.

She has been serving the poor, but the poor have been served for centuries and poverty has not disappeared from the world. Poverty is not going to disappear from the world by serving the poor; in fact, this whole society exists through serving the poor. The poor have to be served in some way so that they don't feel absolutely rejected, otherwise they will take great revenge, they will go wild, they will become murderous. It is good to keep them consoled that this society is doing so much' for them, for their children for their old people,

for their widows -- this is a 'good' society.

Hence the same people who exploit the poor donate to these missions. Mother Teresa's mission is called Missionaries of Charity. From where does all this money come? She feeds seven thousand poor people every day -- from where does this money come? Who donates this money?

In 1974 the Pope presented her with a Cadillac and immediately she sold the car. The car was purchased at a great price because it was from Mother Teresa, and the money went to the poor. Everybody appreciated it but the question is: from where had the Cadillac car come in the first place? The Pope had not materialized it, he had not done any miracle! It must have come from somebody who had enough money to give a Cadillac -- and the Pope has more money than anybody else in the world. From where does that money come? And then a little bit -- not even one percent -- goes to the poor, through these Missionaries of Charity.

These are the agencies. They serve the capitalists: they serve the rich, not the poor. On the surface they serve the poor, apparently they serve the poor, but fundamentally, basically, indirectly they serve the rich. They make the poor feel that 'This is a good society, this is not a bad society. We are not to revolt against it.'

These missionaries, these servants of the people, function like buffers in a railway train or like springs in a car. When you move on a rough road the springs protect you from the roughness of the road. The buffers between two bogies of a train protect the bogies from colliding with each other -- they protect. These missionaries are buffers. These missionaries function like springs. Life remains a little smooth because of these springs, and the poor go on feeling that soon things will be better; they go on hoping.

These missionaries give hope to the poor. If these missionaries were not there, those poor would become so hopeless that out of that hopelessness there would be rebellion, revolution.

Now I have criticized her and said that the Nobel Prize should not have been given to her, and she feels offended by it. She says in her letter, 'Reference: the Nobel Prize.'

This man Nobel was one of the greatest criminals possible in the world. The First World War was fought with his weapons; he was the greatest manufacturer of weapons. He accumulated so much money out of the First World War. Millions of people died; he was the manufacturer of death. He earned so much money that now the Nobel Prize is being distributed only from the interest on Nobel's money. One Nobel Prize now brings twenty *lakh* rupees with it, and each year dozens of Nobel Prizes are being given. How much money did this man leave? And from where did that money come? You cannot find any money which is more full of blood than the money that one gets from a Nobel Prize.

And now this Nobel Prize money has gone to the Missionaries of Charity. It comes from war, it comes from blood, it comes from murder and death! And now it serves a few hundred orphans, feeds seven thousand people -- kills millions and feeds seven thousand people, raises a few orphans and makes millions of orphans! This is a strange world! What kind of arithmetic is this? First make millions of orphans and then choose a few hundred and give them to the Missionaries of Charity!

Mother Teresa could not refuse the Nobel Prize. The same desire to be admired, the same desire to be respectable in the world -- and the Nobel Prize brings you the greatest respect. She accepted the prize.

Jean-Paul Sartre seems to be a far more religious man, although he is godless. He does not believe in God, he does not believe in the soul, he does not believe in the beyond, but I say to you he is far more religious than Mother Teresa because he *refused* that prize, he *refused* that money, he *refused* that respectability, for the simple reason that it comes from a

wrong source -- one thing. Secondly, he said, 'I cannot accept any respectability from this insane society. To accept any respectability from this insane society means respecting the insanity of humanity.' This man seems to be far more religious, far more spiritual, far more authentic than Mother Teresa.

That's why I have called the people like Mother Teresa 'deceivers'. They are not deceivers knowingly, certainly, not intentionally, but that does not matter; the outcome, the end result is very clear. Their purpose is to function in this society like a lubricant so that the wheels of the society, the wheels of exploitation, oppression can go on moving smoothly. These people are lubricants! They are deceiving others and they are deceiving themselves.

And I call them 'charlatans' because a really religious person, a man like Jesus... Can you conceive of Jesus getting the Nobel Prize? Impossible! Can you conceive of Socrates getting the Nobel Prize or Al-Hillaj Mansur getting the Nobel Prize? If Jesus cannot get the Nobel Prize and Socrates cannot get the Nobel Prize -- and these are the true religious people, the awakened ones -- then who is Mother Teresa?

The really religious person is rebellious; the society condemns him. Jesus is condemned as a criminal and Mother Teresa is respected as a saint. There is something to be pondered over: if Mother Teresa is right then Jesus is a criminal, and if Jesus is right then Mother Teresa is just a charlatan and nothing else. Charlatans are always praised by the society because they are helpful -- helpful to *this* society, to this status quo.

Whatever adjectives I have used I have used very knowingly. I never use a single word without consideration. And I have used the word 'hypocrites'. These people are hypocrites because their basic life style is split: on the surface one thing, inside something else.

She writes: 'The Protestant family was refused the child not because they are Protestant but because at that time we did not have a child that we could give them.'

Now, the Nobel Prize is given to her for helping thousands of orphans and there are thousands of orphans in the homes she runs. Suddenly she ran out of orphans? And in India can you ever run out of orphans? Indians go on creating as many orphans as you want, in fact more than you want!

And the Protestant family which has been refused was not refused immediately. If there was no orphan available, if all the orphans had been disposed of, then what is Mother Teresa doing with seven hundred nuns? What is their work? Seven hundred nuns... then whom are they mothering? Not a single orphan -- strange! -- and that too in Calcutta! You can find orphans anywhere on the road -- you find children in the dustbins. They could have just looked outside the place and they would have found many children. You can just go outside the ashram and you can get orphans. They will come themselves, you need not find them!

Suddenly they ran out of orphans... And if the family had been refused immediately it would have been a totally different matter. But the family was not refused immediately; they were told, 'Yes, you can get an orphan. Fill in the form.' So the form was filled in. Till they came to the point where they had to state their religion, up to that moment, there were orphans, but when they filled in the form and wrote 'We belong to the Protestant Church,' immediately they ran out of orphans!

And this reason was not given to the Protestant family itself. Now, this is hypocrisy! This is deception! This is ugly! The reason given to the family itself was that because these children... because the children *were* there, so how could she say, 'We don't have any orphans'? They are always on exhibition!

She has invited me also: 'You can come any time and you are welcome to visit our place and see our orphans and our work.' They are constantly on exhibition!

In fact, those Protestants had already chosen the orphan, the child that they wanted to adopt, so she could not say to those people, 'It is because there are no more orphans. We are sorry.'

She said to them, 'These orphans are being raised according to the Roman Catholic Church and it will be bad for their psychological growth because it will be such a disruption. Now, giving them to you will make them a little disturbed and it will not be good for them. That's why we cannot give the child to you, because you are Protestant.'

Exactly that was the reason given to them. And they are not stupid people. The husband is a professor in a European university -- he was shocked, the wife was shocked. They had come from so far away just to adopt a child, and they were refused because they are Protestants. Had they written Catholic' they would have been given the child immediately.

And one thing to be understood: these children are basically Hindu. If Mother Teresa is so concerned about their psychological welfare then they should be brought up according to the Hindu religion, but they are brought up according to the Catholic Church. And then to give them to Protestants, who are not different at all from Catholics... What is the difference between a Catholic and a Protestant? Just a few stupid things! Otherwise both believe in Jesus, both believe the Bible, so what is really the problem? Protestant or Catholic -- just different brands of cigarettes! The same tobacco is used, the same paper is used, it may even be the same manufacturer. Just different names!

There is no difference between Protestants and Catholics but there is certainly a great difference between a Hindu and a Christian. Hindu children are being brought up according to the Catholic religion and their psychology is not disturbed? Now their psychology will be disturbed! And if this is true then Mother Teresa should never try to convert any person to the Catholic religion. And that's their whole work: conversion.

Just a few days ago there was a bill in the Indian Parliament Freedom of Religion. The purpose of the bill was that nobody should be allowed to convert anybody to another religion: unless somebody chooses it out of his own free will no conversion should be allowed. And Mother Teresa was the first one to oppose it. In her whole life she has never opposed anything; this was the first time, and maybe the last. She opposed it. She wrote a letter to the Prime Minister, and there was a heated controversy between her and the Prime Minister: 'The bill should not be passed because it goes against our whole work. We are determined to save people, and people can be saved only if they become Roman Catholics.' They created so much uproar all over the country -- and the politicians are always concerned about votes, they cannot lose the Christian votes -- so the bill was dropped, simply dropped.

If this is true that a child's psychology will be disturbed, then what about a grown-up person? When you convert a man of forty or fifty from Hindu to Catholic or from Mohammedan to Catholic or vice versa, from Catholic to Hindu or from Catholic to Mohammedan, what happens to him? If even a small child's psychology is disturbed then what happens to a person who has lived fifty years in a certain pattern, with a certain life style, with a certain ideology? He has an inbuilt programme now, he has a whole programme. Converting that person to another religion must be a disaster, it must be a crime, but for that she is ready. She is very enthusiastic about converting people.

If people were not converted then who would have been the Christians in the world? Christianity is not a very old religion. There are only two old religions, Hinduism and Judaism, and both of these old religions are non-converting, remember. Neither the Hindus nor the Jews are interested in conversion. Their idea of religion is that it comes from birth; there is no possibility of conversion. These are the most ancient religions and they are against

conversion, it is in their interest, because anybody who is converted will be converted from their fold. This is religious politics! If Jews and Hindus were to allow conversion that would simply mean that Jews would be lost, Hindus would be lost. If nobody is allowed to convert then Jews will be Jews, Hindus will be Hindus; the world will belong only to two religions.

Now, all the new religions -- Jainism, Buddhism, Christianity, Islam, Sikhism -- are all converting religions. They have to be, otherwise from where are they going to get members? From where? Jews have to be converted, Hindus have to be converted. So conversion goes against the Jews and the Hindus, against their politics, but it is favourable to Buddhists, to Jainas, to Christians, to Mohammedans. Their methods of conversion differ, but as far as conversion is concerned they all agree. These four religions are in absolute agreement that a man should be allowed to be converted, otherwise they cannot even exist.

The Jews were against Jesus because he was saying things which were not according to their tradition. The Hindus were against Mahavira and Buddha and Nanak because they were saying things which were going against the tradition. The Jews crucified Jesus because he was born a Jew and was trying to create a new cult. The Hindus were against Buddha because he was born a Hindu and started trying to create a new religion.

Christianity has existed for only two thousand years but they have the greatest number in the world. From where have these people come? All from conversion. But their methods of conversion are different.

The best methods are used by the Buddhists. They don't coerce you economically, politically, physiologically -- they don't bribe you, they don't in any way force you or become violent, they don't threaten that they will kill you or throw you into hell -- they simply explain to you their vision. Buddhists have converted people in a most religious way.

The same cannot be said about the Christians and the Mohammedans: they have been constantly warring -- great crusades, *jihads*. Millions of people have died because of th

Christians and Mohammedans. In the past they believed in the sword: whosoever is powerful is right, so whosoever wins the fight also wins the fight for truth.

Buddhists only argue, they don't fight. They don't try to convert you through muscular power -- they are Intelligent people -- they simply propose their philosophy. If it appeals to you, good, if it does not appeal to you, there is no question of coercion.

But in the past Christians and Mohammedans have fought and they have converted people to their religions with violence. Mohammedans have lagged behind because they have not been able yet to learn new technologies. Now, Christians are far more up to date because they belong to the Western world which is far more up to date about everything. They have dropped the old idea of forcing you with the sword; that has become out of date. Now they serve you -- they give you bread and butter and services and education and hospitals and schools and universities. They bribe you! Now from military power they have shifted to economic power, but conversion continues -- and there are ample proofs.

Christians have not been able to convert a single rich Hindu. How can you convert a rich Hindu? You cannot bribe him. You can only convert poor beggars because they can be bribed very easily, they can be purchased very easily.

If Mother Teresa is really honest and believes that converting a person disturbs his psychic structure, then she should be against conversion unless a person chooses it by himself.

For example, you have come to me, I have not gone to you. I don't even go outside the door.

Just three days ago I went to see Vimalkirti -- after years. Just in passing I saw your

boutique for the first time, otherwise I had no idea... I told Vivek, 'This has changed completely! The whole scene is different!' It was out of courtesy to Vimalkirti that I became acquainted with the new face of the ashram, the new boutique; everything seemed to be absolutely new.

I have not gone to anybody, you have come to me. And I am not converting you to any religion either. I am not creating any ideology here, I am not giving you any catechism, any doctrine. I am simply helping you to be silent. Now, silence is neither Christian or Hindu nor Mohammedan; silence is silence. I am teaching you loving. Now, love is neither Christian nor Hindu nor Mohammedan. I am teaching you to be aware. Now, awareness is simply awareness; it belongs to nobody. And I call this true religiousness.

To me Mother Teresa and people like her are hypocrites: saying one thing but doing something else behind a beautiful facade. It is the whole game of politics -- the politics of numbers.

And she says, 'For the adjectives you add to my name I forgive you with great love.' First of all, love need not forgive because in the first place it is not angered. To forgive somebody first you have to be angry; that is a prerequisite.

I don't forgive Mother Teresa at all, because I am not angry at all. Why should I forgive her? *She* must have been angry. This is why I want you to start meditating on these things.

It is said that Buddha never forgave anybody for the simple reason that he was never angry. How can you forgive without anger? It is impossible. She must have been angry. This is what I call unconsciousness: she is not aware of what she is writing,... she is not aware of what I am going to do with her letter!

She says, 'I forgive you with great love' -- as if there is small love and great love, and things like that. Love is simply love; It cannot be great, it cannot be small. Do you think love is a quantitative thing? -- one kilo of love, two kilos of love.

How many kilos of love makes it great? Or are tons needed?

Love is not a quantity at all, it is a quality. And quality is immeasurable: it is neither small nor great. Whenever somebody says to you, 'I love you very greatly,' beware! Love is just love; it cannot be less than that, it cannot be more than that. There is no question of less and more.

And what crime have I committed that she is forgiving me for? Just old Catholic stupidity -- they go on forgiving! I have not confessed any sin, so why should she forgive me?

I stick to all the adjectives, and I will add a few more: that she is stupid, mediocre, idiotic! And if anybody needs to be forgiven it is she, not I, because she is committing a great sin. She is saying in this letter, 'I am fighting through adoption the sin of abortion.' Abortion is not a sin; in this overpopulated world abortion is a virtue. And if abortion is a sin then the Polack Pope and Mother Teresa and company are responsible for it because they are against contraceptives, they are against birth control methods, they are against the pill. These are the people who are the cause of all the abortions, they are responsible. To me they are great criminals!

In this overpopulated world where people are hungry and starving to be against the pill is just unforgivable! The pill is one of the most significant contributions of modern science to humanity -- it can make the earth a paradise. But certainly in that paradise there will be no orphans, and then what will happen to Mother Teresa and the Missionaries of Charity? And in that paradise who will listen to the Polack Pope? People will be so happy, who will bother about these people? And who will think about a paradise after death? If paradise is herenow then there is no need to invent, project, dream, fantasize a paradise beyond.

The paradise beyond has been fantasized about because we have lived in hell on the earth. And this hell is very helpful to the priests, to the so-called religious, to the saints, to the popes, to all kinds of *ayatollahs* and *shankaracharyas* -- all kinds of hocus-pocus people. They are all against the pill. If they have something against the pill, then make it a powder! If just the pill is the problem, then grind it! Find some other way. These are the people who are the reason for orphans, abortions -- and then they serve them. It is really a beautiful job they are doing!

I have heard about two brothers; they used to do a business. Their business was: one brother would enter a village in the night and put coal-tar on people's windows, doors, and in the morning he would leave. In the morning would come the other brother, shouting in the streets of the village, 'I clean coal-tar! If somebody wants their windows to be cleaned, I am here!' And of course he had great work -- the whole town needed him! By the time he had finished, the other brother would have destroyed another village's windows, doors, then this other brother would arrive. They were doing a lot of work and earning enough money!

This is what these people are doing. Be against the pill, be against contraceptives, be against sterilization, be against all birth control techniques, and then naturally there will be abortions, then there will be orphans and beggars. Then serve them and earn great virtue, because without service you will never reach heaven. These poor people are needed as stepping-stones for you to go to heaven.

I would like to destroy poverty, I don't want to serve poor people. Enough is enough! For ten thousand years fools have been serving poor people; it has not changed anything. But now we have enough technology to destroy poverty completely.

So if anybody has to be forgiven it is these people. It is the Pope, Mother Teresa, etcetera, who have to be forgiven. They are criminals, but their crime is such that you will need great intelligence to understand it.

And see the egoistic 'holier than thou' attitude. 'I forgive you,' she says. 'I feel sorry for you,' she says. And she asks, 'May God's blessings be with you and fill your heart with his love.' Just bullshit!

I don't believe in any God as a person, so there is no God as a person who can bless me or anybody else. God is only a realization, God is not somebody to be encountered. It is your own purified consciousness. and why should God bless me? I can bless all your gods! Why should I ask for anybody's blessing? I am blissful -- there is no need! And I don't believe that there is any God. I have looked in every nook and corner and he does not exist! It is only in ignorant people's minds that God has existence. I am not an atheist, remember, but I am not a theist either.

God is not a person to me but a presence, and the presence is felt when you reach to the climax of your meditateness. You suddenly feel a godliness overflowing the whole existence. There is no God, but there is godliness.

I love the statement of H. G. Wells about Gautam the Buddha. He has said that Gautam the Buddha is the most godless person yet the most godly too. You can say the same thing about me: I am the most godless person you can find, but I know godliness.

Godliness is like a fragrance, an experience of immense joy, of utter freedom. You cannot pray to godliness, you cannot make an image of godliness, you cannot say, 'May God's blessings be with you' -- and that too with a condition: 'May God's blessings be with you during 1981.' Such misers! And what about 1982? Great courage! Great sharing! Such

generosity!

'... and fill your heart with his love.' My heart is full with love! There is no space for anybody else's love in it. And why should my heart be filled with anybody else's love? A borrowed love is not love at all. The heart has its own fragrance.

But this type of nonsense is thought to be very religious. She is writing with this desire that I will see how religious she is, and all that I can see is simply that she is an ordinary, foolish person, just the same as you can find anywhere among the mediocre people.

I have been calling her Mother Teresa, but I think I should stop calling her Mother Teresa because I am not very gentlemanly but I have to respond adequately. She calls me Dear Mr Rajneesh, so from now onwards I will call her Dear Miss Teresa -- just to be gentlemanly, mannerly!

The ego can come in from the back door. Alfred, don't try to throw it out.

You ask: AND WHAT THE HELL IS THE WAY OUT OF THIS VICIOUS CIRCLE OF ADMIRATION AND REJECTION?

There is no way out. You have to see what this ego is, and just seeing is enough. When you project something... for example, you can project a snake on a rope in the night and ask, 'What is the way to get rid of this snake?' What am I going to say to you? I will say there is no way to get rid of this 'snake'. because this 'snake' does not exist at all. Just bring light and see. Seeing is enough, because you will see there is only a rope there is no snake in the first place. And seeing that there is only a rope you are finished with the rope; then the question does not arise. Or, Alfred, will you ask me, 'Okay, I have seen this is a rope -- now what to do with the snake?' Then you cannot ask that question at all.

But that's what has been happening. Down the ages the so-called saints have been trying to get rid of the ego, to become humble, because they have heard people like Jesus saying 'Blessed are the meek for theirs is the kingdom of God.' Now, everybody wants to be in the kingdom of God, everybody is greedy for it, and people are even ready to become meek, humble: 'If this is the price to be paid, okay, we will be humble, we will be meek, but anyway we have to conquer the kingdom of God.' Now the whole idea of conquering the kingdom of God is egoistic.

What Jesus means is totally different -- listen to his statement again. He says, 'Blessed are the meek for theirs is the kingdom of God.' He is not saying that if you want the kingdom of God, then be meek. What he is saying is that if you are meek, the kingdom of God is just a by-product, a consequence of it. It happens of its own accord; you need not worry about it.

If you try to get rid of the ego -- this desire to be admired -- then the desire will come in from the back door. It is very cunning, it can hide in every possible way.

A feeble little man finds out that his wife is at home with, another man. Filled with rage he rushes to his house and enters the bedroom to find his wife lying lazily in bed.

'Where is he, you bitch? Where is that man?'

The husband frantically starts looking under the bed, in the bathroom, out the window. Finally he opens the closet and finds a very handsome, tall, athletic, Mr America type looking straight at him.

Stunned and petrified, he turns to his wife and says in a croaky voice, 'Well, dear, there is a man here, but it's not him!'

The ego is so tricky! You cannot escape the ego very easily. If you try to deceive it, it will deceive you. You have to understand it -- deceptions won't help.

A master forger lived in New York. His counterfeit ten and twenty-dollar bills were so good that he had become a millionaire. Bored by the repetitive task of turning out these forged notes, he decided one day to make an eighteen-dollar bill which would be so realistic that it would be accepted without question. It was his masterpiece, but being cautious as well as smart, he decided to try it out first in a small country village before passing it in the city.

He drove into upstate New York and stopped in a tiny village outside a shop bearing the sign 'Murphy's General Stores'.

The forger walked confidently into the shop, pointed at the cigar display and said, 'Well, fellah, I'd like one of those fancy fifty-cent cigars, but all I have is this eighteen-dollar bill. I hope you can change it for me.'

Murphy took the bill, turned it over a few times, and said, 'Sure can, mister. What would you like -- two nines or three sixes?'

There is no need to be clever and cunning with the ego you just have to be alert, aware, watchful. Just look at it to see what it is -- whether it exists or not. Those who have looked at it have found without exception that it is not there. It is there only if you don't look at it; the moment you look at it it is not there.

And then the question of getting out of this vicious circle does not arise.

And don't ask the priests, the philosophers, the psychoanalysts, because if you start asking how to get rid of this vicious circle there are fools all around who will give you beautiful recipes. Beware *of* all those great wise men with whom the world abounds! They are the cause *of* great misery in the world. They will give you techniques for getting rid of the snake which does not exist at all. Now the snake is accepted and you will be in more trouble, because now you will be trying to get rid of it -- of something which is not there. If you start fighting with it you are going to be a loser.

Alfred went to the doctor and explained that he was unable to sleep because there was an alligator under his bed.

It is some other Alfred!

The doctor nodded wisely and prescribed some sleeping pills for him.

A few weeks later Alfred came back, and when the doctor asked how he was he replied, 'Well, I'm sleeping now, but the alligator is still there.'

The doctor shook his head in mock sympathy. 'Okay, Alfred, now double the dose of sleeping pills and take these tranquillizers and you'll soon not be bothered by the alligator anymore. Come back in a week.'

Several weeks passed and Alfred did not come back. The doctor decided to telephone to his house. 'How is Alfred?' he asked.

'Oh, doctor,' said Alfred's wife, 'didn't you hear that the alligator ate him?'

Don't fight with the ego, otherwise the ego will eat you! The very fight will destroy you. Fighting with anything non-existent is the most dangerous thing in the world. It is like fighting with darkness; if you start fighting with darkness, wrestling, even if you are a Mohammed Ali you are not going to win. Soon you will be tired, exhausted, and you will fall flat on the ground, thinking that darkness seems to be very powerful. Darkness is not

powerful, darkness is not weak, because darkness does not exist at all. All that you need is just a small candle and the darkness will be gone.

I call that small candle meditation, and out of that small light thousands of flowers blossom within your heart: love blossoms, freedom blossoms, truth blossoms, godliness blossoms, and so on and so forth. There is no end to it -- it is an eternal garden. Flowers and flowers... your whole being becomes fragrant.

Don't fight with the ego. See where it is, what it is, otherwise it will come in some other form. You will push it away on this side, it will come from another side. You will repress one aspect, it will come through another aspect.

The last question

OSHO,  
I HAVE A TERRIBLE CONFESSION TO MAKE. I AM A JEW BY ORIGIN AND I AM LEAVING TOMORROW. ANY CHANCE OF A JOKE?

David,

I feel a deep affinity with the Jews. In many of my lives I have been a Jew, so not one but three jokes for you.

A young fellow was up for membership at a very exclusive club where Jewish people were not welcome. As his name was Baker, he thought they might not figure out his true identity.

On the day of his interview with the membership committee the young man took great pains to dress carefully and make an elegant appearance. One committee member asked, 'Did your parents come from Russia?'

His reply was a simple no.

Since they had no real grounds on which to base their suspicions the board accepted Baker, but several weeks later an investigator gave the committee the facts.

Summoned before the committee again Baker was asked 'Why did you lie to us? We asked you if your parents came from Russia and you said no.'

'Well, they didn't,' answered Baker. 'They're still there!'

In a hospital in New York's Lower East Side two women had just given birth.

Back in their own room again one woman said to the other, 'Mazel tov, Mrs Teitlebaum. What are you naming your son?'

The woman replied, 'Qadaffi!'

'Are you kidding?' the first lady cried.

'Certainly not!' affirmed the other. 'I was never more serious in my life!'

'Well, I guess you can name your child whatever you feel like. But, Mrs Teitlebaum, are you sure that's the name you want?'

'Yes, I'm sure!' said the woman icily. 'And by the way, I'm not Mrs Teitlebaum, I'm MISS Teitlebaum!'

You missed it! It needs a Jew to get it. Now this will be a little more difficult...

Little Bernie was seated with his tutor studying the Holy Scripture. They came to the portion where the GOOD BOOK recounts that Dinah, the daughter of Jacob, had been sexually assaulted by the sons of Schechen. Bernie asked for clarification .

The rabbi said, 'Well, let us take a look at the words of the great commentator Rashi.'

The text said, 'And they lay with her and they afflicted her.'

'Yes ' said Bernie, 'but what does that mean?'

Answered the rabbi, 'Well, the commentator said, "And they lay with her" -- that means, in the ordinary manner; "and they afflicted her" -- that means, in an extraordinary manner.'

'Yes,' said Bernie, 'and what does "extraordinary manner" mean?'

Whereupon the rabbi gave Bernie an enormous whack across the mouth and said, 'And the ordinary manner you already know about?'

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #14

#### Chapter title: The Child: Father to the Man

**9 January 1981 am in Buddha Hall**

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The first question

OSHO,

DOES A CHILD NOT HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO PRIVACY AND FREEDOM FROM PARENTAL CONDITIONING AS THE PARENTS THEMSELVES EXPECT?

D. M. Silvera,

It is one of the most fundamental problems facing humanity today. The future depends on how we solve this problem. It has never been encountered before. For the first time man has come of age, a certain maturity has happened -- and as you become mature you have to face new problems.

Slowly slowly, as man progressed, he became aware of many kinds of slavery. In the days of Rama, who is being worshipped in India as one of the greatest incarnations of God, people were sold in the markets just like a commodity, particularly women. Man was not yet aware of what he was doing to other men -- selling, purchasing people in the market-place just like any other thing!

And the days of Rama are thought to be the golden days of India's history. They were the blackest days possible, the ugliest possible. Even Mahatma Gandhi used to think that we have to bring the kingdom of Rama back. I am surprised at the enormous ignorance! The kingdom during the days of Rama was as primitive as one can imagine.

Rama himself does not seem to be very religious, spiritual -- what to say about his being an incarnation of God? He poured melted lead into one untouchable's ears because he had head the holy scriptures, the Vedas, which were prohibited to the poorest part of the society. The Vedas were not allowed to be read by the untouchables -- who constituted almost one-half of India -- and women were not allowed either.

It was a simple strategy: if you want to keep millions of people in slavery, let them remain as uneducated as possible. If you educate them they start thinking of themselves as human beings, equal to others. The more educated they become the more they demand equality, freedom. The best way to prevent that is not to educate them.

Education makes so much difference that only *brahmins* and the *kshatriyas*, the priests

and the warriors, were educated, and the others were not educated. Naturally the gap was big between the two, and the uneducated person could not conceive of himself as equal to the educated one. He was ready to be a slave; he accepted it as his fate.

And the women were not allowed to read the Vedas either they were also thought of in terms of being a commodity. It was very easy to purchase women.

Even Krishna, whom India worships as the most perfect incarnation of God, had sixteen thousand wives. Now, this is the ugliest thing one can conceive of! And all these wives were not married to him, many were the wives of others whom he had forcibly taken away. He had the power, he had the army -- he could manage it. He could purchase them, he could steal them he could force people to give their beautiful wives to him -- and still he was thought to be the most perfect incarnation of God! These women are taken away from others as if they are prop-erty. Just as you can overrun somebody's property, land somebody's kingdom, you can snatch away his wife. She is just property -- nothing much; no need to bother about the woman And still no rebellion arose. Man was in a very primitive, ignorant, unintelligent state.

Slowly that kind of slavery disappeared. The woman in India still remains a slave, but in the West the woman is getting out of the bondage.

Only recently in the West have we become aware that the greatest slavery is that of the child. It was never thought of before, it is not mentioned in any scripture of the world. Who could have thought... a child and a slave? A slave to his own parents, who love him, who sacrifice themselves for the child? It would have looked ridiculous, utter nonsense! But now, as psychological insight has deepened into human mind and its functionings, it has become absolutely clear that the child is the most exploited person; nobody has been exploited more than the child. And of course he is being exploited behind a facade of love.

And I don't say that the parents are aware that they are exp-loiting the child, that they are imposing a slavery on the child, that they are destroying the child, that they are making him stupid, unintelligent, that their whole effort of conditioning the child as a Hindu, as a Mohammedan, as a Christian, as a Jaina, as a Buddhist, is inhuman; they are not aware of it, but that does not make any difference as far as the facts are concerned.

The child *is* being conditioned by the parents in ugly ways, and of course the child is helpless: he depends on the parents. He cannot rebel, he cannot escape, he cannot protect himself. He is absolutely vulnerable, hence he can be easily exploited.

Parental conditioning is the greatest slavery in the world. It has to be completely uprooted, only then will man for the first time be able to be really free, truly free, authentically free, because the child is the father of the man. If the child is brought up in a wrong way then the whole of humanity goes wrong. The child is the seed: if the seed itself is poisoned and corrupted by well-intentioned people, well-wishing people, then there is no hope for a free human individual, then that dream can never be fulfilled.

What you think you have is not individuality, it is only personality. It is something cultivated in you, in your nature, by your parents, the society, the priest, the politician, the educators The educator, from the kindergarten to the university, is in the service of the vested interests, is in the service of the establishment. His whole purpose is to destroy every child in such a way, to cripple every child in such a way, that he adjusts to the established society.

There is a fear. The fear is that if the child is left unconditioned from the very beginning he will be so intelligent, he will be so alert, aware, that his whole life style will be of rebellion. And nobody wants rebels; everybody wants obedient people.

Parents love the obedient child. And remember, the obedient child is almost always the

most stupid child. The rebellious child is the intelligent one, but he is not respected or loved. The teachers don't love him, the society does not give him respect; he is condemned. Either he has to compromise with the society or he has to live in a kind of self-guilt. Naturally, he feels that he has not been good to his parents, he has not made them happy.

Remember perfectly well, the parents of Jesus were not happy with Jesus, the parents of Gautam the Buddha were not happy with Gautam the Buddha. These people were so intelligent, so rebellious, how could their parents be happy with them?

And each child is born with such great possibilities and potential that if he is allowed and helped to develop his individuality without any hindrance from others we will have a beautiful world, we will have many Buddhas and many Socrateses and many Jesuses, we will have a tremendous variety of geniuses. The genius happens very rarely not because the genius is rarely born, no; the genius rarely happens because it is very difficult to escape from the conditioning process of the society. Only once in a while does a child somehow manage to escape from its clutches.

Just the other day I was saying to Tom Cassidy, 'Please open your envelope.' Ajit Saraswati has sent me a note about it. He says, 'Osho, I found that the word "develop" means exactly the same thing: that is, "opening the envelope". "Velop" means a veil, a cover; "de-velop" means removing the veil, un-covering it; "en-velope" means putting the veil on, covering it.'

Every child is being enveloped by the parents, by the society, by the teachers, by the priests, by all the vested interests -- enveloped in many layers of conditioning. He is given a certain religious ideology: he is forced to become a Jew or a Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan. It is not his choice. And whenever somebody is forced with no choice of his own you are crippling the person, you are destroying his intelligence; you are not giving him a chance to choose, you are not allowing him to function intelligently; you are managing it in such a way that he will function only mechanically. He will be a Christian, but he is not Christian by choice. And what does it mean to be a Christian if it is not your choice?

The few people who followed Jesus, who went with him, were courageous people. They were the only Christians: they risked their lives, they went against the current, they lived dangerously; they were ready to die, but they were not ready to compromise.

The few people who went with Gautam Buddha were real Buddhists, but now there are millions of Christians around the world and millions of Buddhists around the world and they are all bogus, they are pseudo. They are *bound* to be pseudo -- it is forced on them. They are enveloped in a certain religious ideology then they are enveloped in a certain political ideology -- they are told that they are Indians, that they are Iranians, that they are Chinese, that they are Germans -- a certain nationality is imposed on them. And humanity is one, the earth is one. But the politicians wouldn't like it to be one because if the earth is one then the politicians with all their politics have to disappear. Then where will all these presidents and prime ministers go? They can exist only if the world remains divided.

Religion is one, but then what will happen to the Polack Pope, to all the stupid *shankaracharyas*, to Ayatollah Khomaniac? What will happen to all these people? They can exist only if there are many religions many churches, many cults, many creeds.

There are three hundred religions on the earth and at least three thousand sects of these religions. Then of course there is a possibility for many priests, bishops, archbishops, high priests, *shankaracharyas* to exist. This possibility will disappear.

And I tell you, religiousness is one! It has nothing to do with any Bible, any Veda, any Gita. It has something to do with a loving heart, with an intelligent being. It has something to

do with awareness, meditateness. But all the vested interests will suffer.

Hence parents who belong to a certain establishment, a certain nation, a certain church, a certain denomination, are bound to force their ideas on the children. And the strange thing is that the children are always more intelligent than the parents, because the parents belong to the past and the children belong to the future. The parents are already conditioned, enveloped, covered. Their mirrors are covered with so much dust that they don't reflect anything; they are blind.

Only a blind man can be a Hindu or a Mohammedan or a Jaina or a Christian. A man with eyes is simply religious. He does not go to the church or to the temple or to the mosque; he will not worship all kinds of stupid images.

There are people in India who are worshipping the monkey god, Hanuman. Men worshipping monkeys! No monkey worships a man! Even monkeys laugh about it: 'What has happened to these people?' And these people think that they have evolved from monkeys. Monkeys think just the opposite: they think it is these people who have fallen. Of course they have fallen from the trees -- they have literally fallen! And still worshipping monkey gods!

All kinds of gods, all kinds of superstitions! Parents carry all these. When a child is born he is a clean slate, a *tabula rasa*; nothing is written on him. That's his beauty: the mirror is without any dust. He can see more clearly.

Mum: 'Jimmy, did you fall over with your new trousers on?'

Jimmy: 'Yes, Mum, there wasn't time to take them off.'

The first-grade teacher was talking to her class about nature and she called it 'The World Around You'. She asked little Helen in the first row, 'Now, Helen, tell everyone in the class. Are you vegetable, animal or mineral?'

'I'm not any of those,' she replied promptly. 'I'm a real live girl!'

A little fellow who was fishing off the end of a pier lost his balance while trying to land a fish and fell in the lake. Several men who also were fishing nearby rushed to his aid and pulled him out.

'How did you come to fall in?' one of the men asked him.

'I didn't come to fall in,' the kid said. 'I came to fish!'

A large family was finally able to move into a more spacious home. Some time later an uncle asked his nephew, 'How do you like your new house?'

'Just fine,' replied the lad. 'My brother and I have our own rooms and so do my sisters. But poor Mom, she's still stuck in the same room with Dad!'

A woman was almost panic-stricken as she called her long-time friend on the telephone, but the friend was in the bathroom and her young daughter took up the phone.

'Oh dear,' she said, 'I just have to talk to someone! I just found this note on my kitchen table. My husband has run off with another woman. Gone, gone, gone forever! I am so full of pent-up emotion I don't know what to do. I am sure that any minute I'll just let go.'

'That's the thing to do,' the daughter said. 'Just give in to your emotions. Let yourself go. Nothing will do you any more good right now than a good laugh!'

Every child is born intelligent, clear, clean, but we start heaping rubbish on him.

Silvera, you ask me: DOES A CHILD NOT HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO PRIVACY AND FREEDOM FROM PARENTAL CONDITIONING AS THE PARENTS THEMSELVES EXPECT?

He has much more right than the parents because he is beginning his life. The parents are already burdened, they are already crippled, they are already depending on crutches. He has more right to be his own self. He needs privacy, but parents don't allow him any privacy; they are very afraid of the child's privacy. They are continuously poking their noses into the child's affairs; they want to have their say about everything.

The child needs privacy because all that is beautiful grows in privacy. Remember it: it is one of the most fundamental laws of life. The roots grow underground; if you take them out of the ground they start dying. They need privacy, absolute privacy. The child grows in the mother's womb in darkness, in privacy. If you bring the child into the light, among the public, he will die. He needs nine months of absolute privacy. Everything that needs growth needs privacy. A grown-up person does not need as much privacy because he is already grown-up, but a child needs much more privacy. But he is not left alone at all.

Parents are very worried whenever they see that the child is missing or is alone; they immediately become concerned. They are afraid, because if the child is alone he will start developing his individuality. He always has to be kept within limits so that the parents can go on watching, because their very watching does not allow his individuality to grow; their watching covers him, envelops him with a personality.

Personality is nothing but an envelope. It comes from a beautiful word, *persona*; *persona* means a mask. In Greek dramas the actors used masks. *Sona* means sound, *per* means through. They used to speak through the mask; you could not see their real faces, you could only hear their voices. Hence the mask was called a *persona* because the sound was heard through it, and out of *persona* comes the word 'personality'.

The child has to be continuously on guard because he is being watched. You can see it yourself: if you are taking a bath you are a totally different person -- in your bathroom you can put aside your mask. Even grown-up people who are very serious start singing, humming. Even grown-up people start making faces in the mirror! You are in private -- you are perfectly aware that you have locked the door -- but if you suddenly become aware that somebody is watching through the keyhole, an immediate change will happen to you. You will again become serious, the song will disappear, you will not be making faces in the mirror; you will start behaving as you are supposed to behave. This is the personality -- you are back in the envelope.

A child needs immense privacy, as much as possible, a maximum of privacy, so that he can develop his individuality uninterfered with. But we are trespassing on the child, continuously trespassing. The parents are continuously asking, 'What are you doing? What are you thinking?' Even thinking! They even have to look in your mind.

There are a few tribes in the Far East where each child has to tell his dreams every morning to the parents, because even in the dreams he cannot be left alone. He may be dreaming wrong dreams, he may be thinking of things which he should not think, the parents have to be reported to.

The early morning ritual is that first thing before breakfast he has to relate his dreams -- what he has seen in the night.

Psychoanalysis is a very late development in the West, but in the East, in these Far

Eastern tribes, psychoanalysis has been practised by the parents for thousands of years. And of course the poor child does not know the symbology so he simply relates the dream as it is. He does not know what it means; only the parents know. But this is going too far. It is encroaching upon him, it is inhuman; it is overlapping on somebody's space.

Just because the child is dependent on you for food, for clothes, for shelter, do you think you have the right to do it? -- because if the child says that he has seen that he was flying in his dream, the parents immediately know that that is a sexual dream. Now they will curb his behaviour more, they will discipline him more. They will give him an early-morning cold bath! They will teach him more about celibacy and they will teach him that 'If you are not celibate things will go wrong. If you think about sexuality you will lose an intelligence, you will go blind, and an kinds of nonsense.

A child needs immense privacy. The parents should come on? to help him, not to interfere. He should be allowed to do things or not to do things. Parents should only be alert that he does not do any harm to himself or to somebody else -- that's enough. More than that is ugly.

A tourist drove into a small town and spoke to a boy who was sitting on a bench in front of the post office.

'How long have you lived here?' the tourist asked.

'About twelve years,' the boy replied.

'It sure is an out-of-the-way place, isn't it?' the tourist asked.

'It sure is,' the boy said.

'There isn't much going on,' the tourist said. 'I don't see anything here to keep you busy.'

'Neither do I,' the boy said. 'That's why I like it.'

The children like very much to be left alone; spaciousness is needed for their growth. Yes, parents have to be alert, cautious, so that no harm happens to the child, but this is a negative kind of cautiousness -- they are not to interfere positively. They have to give the child a great longing to inquire about truth, but they have not to give him an ideology that gives him the *idea* of truth. They should not teach him about truth, they should teach him how to *inquire* about truth. Inquiry should be taught, investigation should be taught, adventure should be taught.

The children should be helped so that they can ask questions and the parents should *not* answer those questions unless they really know. And even if they know they should say it as Buddha used to say it to his disciples: 'Don't believe in what I say! This is my experience, but the moment I say it to you it be-comes false because for you it is not an experience. Listen to me, but don't believe. Experiment, inquire, search. Unless you yourself know, your knowledge is of no use; it is dangerous. A knowledge which is borrowed is a hindrance.'

But that's what parents go on doing: they go on conditioning the child.

Silvera, the children need privacy, they need freedom -- they need the freedom to be. But every parent is trying to make the child into something other than he is. They are telling the child to become a Jesus Christ or to become a Gautam Buddha or to become a Mahavira or a Zarathustra. And this is such an ignoble project because nobody can become a Bud&a again, nobody can become a Jesus again. Existence is so creative it never repeats itself. Two thousand years have passed since Jesus -- has anybody become a Jesus again? That is not possible, that is not allowed, and it is good that it is not possible. Twenty-five centuries have passed since Buddha and millions of people have tried and imitated in order to be Buddhas,

but nobody has succeeded. It is good that nobody succeeds, because everybody has his own uniqueness.

Imitation is to destroy yourself, it is suicidal! But all the parents are teaching the children some suicidal thing: 'Become somebody, somebody else. Become anybody, but don't become yourself.' The child is condemned, rejected in every possible way, told directly, indirectly that 'Whatever you are is not right, whatever you are doing is not right.' You have to be following some example, some ideal. 'Unless you behave like a Buddha or Mahavira, Confucius or Moses, you are not right' -- and the child starts imitating. This world is full of imitators, that's why there is so much misery, that's why there is so much uncreativity and so much insensitivity, so much ugliness.

It is like telling the roses to become marigolds and telling the marigolds to become lotuses. Neither the rose can become a marigold nor the marigold can become a lotus. Only one thing is possible: if the lotus gets the idea of becoming a rose and the rose gets the idea of becoming a marigold and the marigold is conditioned to become a lotus, there will be no more lotuses, no more marigolds, no more roses, because the whole energy of the rose will be wasted on becoming a marigold, which the rose cannot become, which is not possible. And because it cannot become a marigold its energy is wasted -- the same energy which would have blossomed as a rose.

No conditioning is needed for the children, no direction has to be given to them. They have to be helped to be themselves they have to be supported, nourished, strengthened. A real father, a real mother, *real* parents will be a blessing to the child. The child will feel helped by them so that he becomes more rooted in his nature, more grounded, more centred, so that he starts loving himself rather than feeling guilty about himself, so that he respects himself.

Remember, unless a person loves himself he cannot love anybody else in the world, unless a child respects himself he cannot respect anybody else. That's why all your love is bogus and all your respect is pseudo, phony. You don't respect yourself, how can you respect anybody else? Unless love for yourself is born within your being it will not radiate to others. First you have to become a light unto yourself, then your light will spread, will reach others.

It was examination day at school and a bad-tempered teacher was questioning a small boy about his knowledge of plants and flowers. The boy was unable to answer any question correctly. In frustration, the teacher turned to his assistant and shouted, 'Go and bring me a handful of hay!'

As the assistant turned to go out, the small boy cried, 'And for me, just a small coffee, please!'

A Polack was driving along a country road when his car broke down. While he was fixing it, a small boy approached and asked, 'What is that?'

'It's a jack,' said the Polack.

'My father has two of those,' said the boy.

Then a minute later he asked again, 'And what is that?'

'That's a torch.'

'Oh, my father has two of those too. And over there? Is that a spanner?'

'Yes,' said the man, irritably.

'My father has two of those.'

The conversation went on in this vein for some time. Finally the repair was finished and the Polack got up and went to piss at the side of the road. As he was pissing he pointed to his

reproductive machinery and asked, 'Does your father have two of these too?'

'Of course not!' said the boy. 'But he has one that is twice as long!'

Children are immensely intelligent, they just need a chance! They need opportunities to grow, the right climate. Every child is born with the potential of enlightenment, with the potential of becoming awakened, but we destroy it.

This has been the greatest calamity in the whole history of man. No other slavery has been as bad as the slavery of the child and no other slavery has taken as much juice out of humanity as the slavery of the child, and this is also going to be the most difficult task for humanity: to get rid of it.

Unless we arrange the whole society in a totally different way, unless a radical change happens and the family disappears and gives place to a commune, it will not be possible. The parental institution has become so deep-rooted in its structure that unless the whole pattern is destroyed and replaced by a totally new phenomenon which I call the commune...

A commune is where many people live together collectively, not in single-family units. For example, this commune... Now, nearabout three thousand sannyasins are living here, fifteen hundred sannyasins are working in the commune. There are many children; these children are being loved by everybody. They are not just focused on their parents, they are enjoying immense freedom. They go and they visit other sannyasins, they remain with other sannyasins for days together. They have many uncles, many aunts.

Little Siddhartha has so many friends, from small children through grown-up people to very old people -- all ages, all kinds of friends. His mother, Neerja, has changed lovers many times, but every lover becomes an uncle to Siddhartha. It is a gain for him, because each time Neerja changes her lover Siddhartha gains one more uncle! Neerja's love affairs may come and go, but Siddhartha's love affairs remain. Even ex-boyfriends of Neerja are still friends with Siddhartha -- he goes on asking them... whenever he needs money he goes to them. And he gets money from everywhere -- he is the richest person in the commune!

He comes to Sattva every day and Sattva has to give him five rupees -- that's the fixed amount! One day Sattva had no money, so Sattva said, 'I'm sorry, Siddhartha, today I have no money.'

He said, 'Why didn't you ask me?' And after ten minutes he came with five rupees and gave it to Sattva!

He said, 'I have so many friends! Whenever you need money you can ask me -- I can find it anywhere!'

In a commune a child will not be obsessed with his parents. He will have more freedom, more liquidity. He will be more open to many people, many varieties. He will learn more. He will become multi-dimensional, he will become multi-lingual. And the most important thing will be that he will not be conditioned by anybody, because when there are so many people with so many different backgrounds he will be able to learn this: that 'My mother's or my father's religion is not the only religion,' that 'My mother's country is not the only country,' that 'My mother's language is not the only language,' that 'There are many languages and they are all beautiful, and there are many religions and they are all beautiful, and there are many countries and they are all beautiful.' He will have a more universal approach towards things. He will remain liquid, flowing, he will not become fixated.

And psychologists say that each child becomes fixated: if the child is a boy he becomes fixated on the mother figure; if the child is a girl the child becomes fixated on the father figure. And this is one of the problems in life, because once a boy has become fixated on the

mother figure, his whole life he will be searching for a woman who exactly fits his mother figure. He will be expecting his mother's qualities from his beloved, which is not possible. Where can he find his mother? Each woman will have her own way, and the woman will not be there to be his mother.

And the strange thing is, the woman will be searching for her father. The man is searching for the mother and the woman is searching for the father -- and both are pretending to be lovers! Hence all marriages fail, hence no love affair succeeds for a simple reason: because of these obsessions. There is a criterion of how a really good woman should be or how a really good man should be.

If a child moves with many people he will not have a fixed figure of a woman or a man. He will not have an imprint -- that's what psychologists call it -- and without any imprint he will just have a vague idea of a woman. He will more or less have the idea of womanhood, not of a woman, and she will have the idea of manhood, not of a particular man. And then life can have a totally different flavour. Then you are not searching for the mother, not searching for the father. Then love affairs can bring immense joy; right now they only bring miseries and nightmares.

And if we can make children liquid, flowing, the countries can disappear sooner or later. The family is the basic unit of the nation, of the state, of the church, hence the church, the state and the nation, will all defend the family. They are not concerned about the misery of humanity.

I am against the nation, against the church, against the state, hence I am in favour of the commune not in favour of the family. Once this old pattern of family disappears into a more multi-dimensional set-up, humanity can have a new birth. A new man is needed and the new man will bring the very paradise that in the past we were hoping for in some other life. Paradise can be herenow, but we have to bring about a new child.

My sannyasins at least have to understand it very clearly. If you can be helpful in bringing the child to his uniqueness you will be helping humanity immensely. You will become the harbingers of a new dawn, of a new sunrise.

The last question

OSHO,  
WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT MODERN ART?

Amrita,

I don't know much about modern art, and I don't want to know much about it either. It is not much of an art. In the past art had a totally different quality: it was beautiful. Modern art is ugly. It is very rare to find something beautiful in modern art, and I can see the reason. The modern mind is boiling with repressed sexuality, anger, hatred, violence. Centuries of repressions have become accumulated; it has come to a crescendo and it is erupting. The volcano is erupting!

Modern art is more like a catharsis, more like vomiting. It is not art. One just wants to get rid of all kinds of poisons that have become accumulated. The same is true about all dimensions of art; music, poetry, painting, sculpture -- they all have become ugly.

Modern man is suffering, is in immense misery and hell and that shows in modern art. Modern art is a reflection. Art is always a reflection, it is a mirror, because the artist is the

most sensitive person in the society, hence he is first to become aware of what is happening; others take a longer time to become aware.

The poet is the most prophetic because he becomes aware of things which are going to happen, he becomes aware a little ahead of time, hence he is never understood.

Modern art is psychotic -- it reflects humanity. It shows that something has gone wrong, very wrong: man is falling apart. And modern art is representative art. In a way it is very realistic; it is not creating a dream world, a fantasy. But it has lost the artistic touch.

Amrita, just as modern man needs a new birth, modern art also needs a new birth. But that is a secondary phenomenon. Unless a new man arrives on the earth a new art cannot arrive, a new poetry cannot be born.

Modern art is becoming more and more ridiculous. Just the other day I was reading this story:

Jake Mazeltov was walking along Fifth Avenue when he bumped into an old friend whom he had not seen for twenty years. 'Joe Pasternak! My God, you haven't changed a bit! Am I glad to see you! Tell me, what are you doing?'

'Well,' smiled Joe, 'I'm an artist. As a matter of fact, I've done very well. I've got a picture hanging in the Modern Museum, right here off Fifth Avenue.'

'You don't say!' exclaimed Jake. 'Gee, that's marvellous! Say, we're not far from there. Could you take me over and show the picture to me?'

'With pleasure,' said Joe, and they strolled over to the Modern Museum.

There on the wall, Joe pointed to his picture. It was brown all over, almost a solid monochrome, with only a deep patch of darker brown in the lower right-hand corner. Jake looked at it quizzically for a few minutes but got nothing out of it. He turned to his pal Joe and said, 'What is this picture supposed to represent?'

'Well,' said Joe, 'it's modern art. The name of the picture is "A Cow in a Field".'

"A Cow in a Field"! My God, Joe, what d'ya mean, a cow in a field? I don't see any field there. A field is green. Where's the green?'

Joe explained patiently. 'Well, you see, in modern art, it doesn't go quite that way. The cow walked into the field and she ate up the grass, so now the grass is all gone; there's no more green, there's only brown.'

'Okay,' said Jake, 'So where's the cow?'

'Well, the cow, she ate up the grass already, so, of course, she just went on, that's all.'

'Oh,' said Jake, 'now I understand. There's no green because there is no grass, there is no cow because the cow went away. But there's a big patch of brown in the right-hand corner, now what's that?'

'Oh well, you've gotta understand, this is modern art,' said Joe. 'A cow eats up a whole field of grass and she walks on, but on the way out what d'ya think she does?'

That's what the modern art is!

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## Zen: Zest, Zip, Zap and Zing

### Chapter #15

#### Chapter title: The Philousia

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The first question

OSHO,  
IS THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN SAY ABOUT WHAT IS HAPPENING TO  
VIMALKIRTI?

Arup,

Nothing is happening to Vimalkirti -- exactly nothing, because nothing is *nirvana*. The West has no idea of the beauty of nothingness. The whole Western attitude is extrovert, oriented towards things, oriented towards actions. 'Nothing' sound like emptiness -- it is not so.

This is one of the greatest discoveries of the East: that nothing is not empty, on the contrary it is just the opposite of emptiness. It is fullness, it is overflowingness.

Break the word 'nothing' in two, make it 'no-thingness', and then suddenly its meaning changes, the gestalt changes.

Nothing is the goal of sannyas. One has to come to a space where nothing is happening; all happening has disappeared. The doing is gone, the doer is gone, the desire is gone, the goal is gone. One simply is -- not even a ripple in the lake of consciousness, no sound.

The Zen people call it 'the sound of one hand clapping'. Now, one hand clapping cannot create sound; it is soundless sound, the *omkar*, just silence. But silence is not empty, it is very full. The moment you are absolutely silent, absolutely attuned with nothingness, the whole descends in you, the beyond penetrates you.

But the Western mind has overpowered the whole world: we have become 'workaholics'. And my whole approach is to help you to become zeros. The zero is the most perfect experience in life; it is the experience of ecstasy.

Vimalkirti is blessed. He was one of those few of my chosen sannyasins who never wavered for a single moment, whose trust has been total the whole time he was here. He never asked a question, he never wrote a letter, he never brought any problem. His trust was such that he became by and by absolutely merged with me. He has one of the rarest hearts; that quality of the heart has disappeared from the world. He is really a prince, really royal, really aristocratic! Aristocracy has nothing to do with birth, it has something to do with the

quality of the heart. And I experienced him as one of the rarest, most beautiful souls on the earth. It is not a question at all of asking about him: What is happening?

Of course, one tends to think in the old ways in which one was brought up, and more particularly so about a German!

I have heard:

One German reached heaven and knocked on the doors. St Peter opened a small window and looked out. He asked, 'How old are you?' Then he looked in the records and was very puzzled because the German said, 'Seventy.'

He said, 'This can't be right. According to your record of working hours you must be at least one hundred and forty-three years old!'

The German continuously works. The German represents the ultimate in Western mind, just as the Indian represents the ultimate in Eastern mind. The Indian is always sitting silently, doing nothing, waiting for the spring to come so that the grass can grow by itself. And it really grows!

Little Joey was sitting outside under a tree when he heard his mother cry out from the house, 'Joey, what are you doing?'

'Nothing, Mom,' he answered.

'No, really, Joey, what are you doing?'

'I said I ain't doing anything.'

'Don't lie to me! Tell me what you are doing!'

At this point Joey gave a deep sigh, picked up a stone and tossed it a few feet. 'I'm throwing rocks!' he said.

'That's what I thought you were doing! Now stop it immediately!'

'Golly!' Joey said to himself. 'No one will let ya do just nothin' anymore!'

Something has to be done... Nobody believes -- you will not believe me when I say Vimalkirti is doing nothing, is just being.

The day he had the haemorrhage I was a little worried about him, hence I told my doctor sannyasins to help him remain in the body at least for seven days. He was doing so beautifully and so fine, and then just to end suddenly when the work was incomplete... He was just on the edge -- a little push and he would become part of the beyond.

In fact, that's the reason why I want one of the most modern medical centres to be in the commune. If somebody is just on the verge and can be helped medically to remain in the body for a few more days, then he need not come back to life again.

Many questions have come to me about what I think of living through artificial methods. Now, he is breathing artificially. He would have died the same day -- he almost did die. Without these artificial methods he would have already been in another body, he would have entered another womb. But then I will not be available here by the time he comes. Who knows whether he will be able to find a Master or not? -- and a crazy Master like me! And once somebody has been so deeply connected with me, no other Master will do. They will look so flat, so dull, so dead!

Hence I wanted him to hang around a little more. Last night he managed: he crossed the boundary from doing to non-doing. That 'something' that was still in him dropped. Now he is ready, now we can say goodbye to him, now we can celebrate, now we can give him a

send-off.

Give him an ecstatic *bon voyage*! Let him go with your dance, with your song!

When I went to see him, this is what transpired between me and him. I waited by his side with closed eyes -- he was immensely happy. The body is not at all usable anymore... The surgeons, the neurosurgeons and the other doctors were worried; they were asking again and again, enquiring about what I was up to, why I wanted him to be in the body, because there seemed to be no point in it -- even if he somehow managed to survive his brain would never be able to function rightly. And I would not like him to be in that state. It is better that he goes.

And they were worried about why I wanted him to go on breathing artificially. Even his heart stopped once in a while and then, artificially, his heart had to be stimulated again. His kidneys began to fail yesterday, his skull has been drilled -- there was such a great swelling inside. This was something congenital; it was bound to happen -- it was a programme in his body.

But he managed beautifully: before *it* could happen he used this life for the ultimate flowering. Just a little bit had remained; last night even that disappeared.

So last night when I told him, 'Vimalkirti, now you can go into the beyond with all my blessings,' he almost shouted in joy, 'Farr out!' I told him, 'Not that long!' And I told him a story...

The crow came up to the frog and said, 'There is going to be a big party in heaven!'

The frog opened his big mouth and said, 'Farr out!'

The crow went on, 'There will be great food and drinks!'

And the frog replied, 'Farr out!'

'And there will be beautiful women, and the Rolling Stones will be playing!'

The frog opened his mouth even wider and cried, 'Farr out!'

Then the crow added, 'But anyone who has a big mouth won't be allowed in!'

The frog pursed his lips tightly together and mumbled, 'Poor alligator! He will be disappointed!'

Arup, Vimalkirti is perfectly beautiful. He will not need to come back again into a body; he is going awakened, he is going in the state of Buddhahood.

So you all have to rejoice, dance and sing and celebrate! You have to learn how to celebrate life and how to celebrate death. Life is really not as great as death can be, but death can be great only if one achieves the fourth state, *turiya*.

Ordinarily it is difficult to get disidentified from the body and the brain and the heart, but it happened very easily to Vimalkirti. He had to become disidentified because the body was already dead -- it has been dead for five days -- the brain was already lost, the heart was far away.

This accident is an accident for the people who are on the outside, but for Vimalkirti himself it has proved a blessing in disguise. You cannot get identified with such a body: the kidneys not functioning, the breathing not functioning, the heart not functioning, the brain totally damaged. How can you get identified with such a body? Impossible. Just a little alertness and you will become separate -- and that much alertness he had, that much he had grown. So he immediately became aware that 'I am not the body, I am not the mind, I am not the heart either.' And when you pass beyond these three, the fourth, *turiya*, is attained, and that is your real nature. Once it is attained it is never lost.

He used to love my jokes and this will be the last lecture for him, so two jokes for him:

An Italian couple was rushing to the hospital as the wife was about to have a baby. On the way there was a terrible automobile accident and the husband ended up in the hospital in a coma.

When he finally came to he was told he had been in a coma for three months and that his wife was fine and he was the proud father of twins, a boy and a girl.

As soon as he could he left the hospital to be with his family and after being home for a little while he asked his wife the names she had given the children.

The wife replied, 'Well-a, in keeping with-a Italian-a tradition, I didn't name them. It's-a the man's-a place to name-a the newborn babies, and since you were unconscious the job-a went-a to your brother.'

Hearing this, the husband got very upset, saying, 'My brother is an idiot-a! He doesn't know-a anything! So what-a did-a he name them?'

The wife said, 'He named the girl-a Denise.'

'Hey,' the husband said, 'that's-a not-a bad! And-a the bambino?'  
'The boy he named Da nephew.'

Abe Einstein owned a company which manufactured nails in Ohio. He was doing so well that he could afford to spend the winter vacationing in Miami. The only problem was that he did not believe that his son, Max, had the good sense to run the business in his absence. Abe's friend, Moishe, convinced him to take the winter off, pointing out that Ma% was going to inherit the business some day anyway, so he ought to give himself a chance to prove himself now.

Abe was having a great time in Miami until he received a copy by post of the magazine, NAILS QUARTERLY. In the magazine was a full-page colour ad for Einstein's Nails with a picture of Jesus nailed to the cross. The caption read: 'They Used Einstein's Nails!'

Abe called Max immediately, 'Don't ever say such a thing again!'

Max assured his father that he understood. Abe felt assured until he got the next issue of NAILS QUARTERLY, containing an ad showing Jesus lying on the ground below the cross with the caption: 'They Didn't Use Einstein's Nails!'

These are the 'three L's' of my *Philousia*: life, love, laughter. Life is only a seed, love is a flower, laughter is fragrance. Just to be born is not enough, one has to learn the art of living; that is the A of meditation. Then one has to learn the art of loving; that is the B of meditation. And then one has to learn the art of laughing; that is the C of meditation. And meditation has only three letters: A,B,C.

So today you will have to give a beautiful send-off to Vimalkirti. Give it with great laughter. Of course, I know you will miss him -- even I will miss him. He has become such a part of the commune, so deeply involved with everybody. I will miss him more than you because he was the guard in front of my door, and it was always a joy to come out of the room and see Vimalkirti standing there always smiling. Now it will not be possible again.

But he will be around here in your smiles, in your laughter. He will be here in the flowers, in the sun, in the wind, in the rain, because nothing is ever lost -- nobody really dies, one becomes part of eternity.

So even though you will feel tears, let those tears be tears of joy -- joy for what he has attained. Don't think of yourself, that you will be missing him, think of him, that he is

fulfilled. And this is how you will learn, because sooner or later many more sannyasins will be going on the journey to the farther shore and you will have to learn to give them beautiful send-offs. Sooner or later I will have to go, and this is how you will also learn to give me a send-off with laughter, dance, song.

My whole approach is of celebration. Religion to me is nothing but the whole spectrum of celebration, the whole rainbow, all the colours of celebration. Make it a great opportunity for yourself, because in celebrating his departure many of you can reach to greater heights, to new dimensions of being, it will be possible. These are the moments which should not be missed; these are the moments which should be used to their fullest capacity.

I am happy with him... and many of you are getting ready in the same way. I am really happy with my people! I don't think there has ever been a Master who had so many beautiful disciples. Jesus was very poor in that sense -- not a single disciple became enlightened. Buddha was the richest in the past, but I am determined to defeat Gautam the Buddha!

The second question

OSHO,

MY IDEA OF A GOOD TIME IS TO GO TO A GOOD FRENCH RESTAURANT, EAT MY FAVOURITE FOOD, SMOKE BETWEEN COURSES, LISTEN TO MUSIC, DRINK LOTS OF WINE AND READ AN ABSORBING NOVEL -- ALL AT THE SAME TIME. WHAT TO DO? P.S. I AM IN THE ZAZEN GROUP AT THE MOMENT.

Anand Surendra,

Zazen and Vipassana -- these two groups give people such beautiful ideas! *Every* day I receive many letters from the Zazen and Vipassana groups -- no other group gives such good ideas, because sitting silently doing nothing, one starts fantasizing about all kinds of things. Your idea is just farr out!

Vimalkirti's brother is here, Georg. He has sent me a beautiful definition of the difference between heaven and hell. Surendra, that will help you.

Heaven is when the English are the policemen, the Germans are the engineers, the Italians are the lovers, the Swiss are the organizers and the French are the cooks.

Hell is when the Germans are the policemen, the English are the cooks, the French are the engineers, the Italians are the organizers and the Swiss are the lovers.

The third question

OSHO,

HAVE YOU COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN ABOUT US, THE POOR POLACKS?

Rupam,

It is impossible for me to forget the Polacks, but once in a while it is good for you to remind me because I have to take care of so many kinds of idiots that I cannot devote my whole time to the Polacks!

Marlboro cigarettes were advertised for the first time ever on Polish television recently. The response startled advertising executives throughout the world... sales of horses and cowboy hats went up by five hundred percent!

What does it say at the bottom of a Polish Coca-Cola bottle? 'Open other end.'

Did you hear about the Polack who lost his girlfriend? He could not remember where he laid her.

How can you tell if a Polack has been in your backyard? The garbage is gone and the dog is pregnant.

What do they call a Polack who marries an ape? A social climber.

What do you get when a Polack marries an ape? A retarded ape.

Did you hear about the Polack who thought his typewriter was pregnant when it skipped two periods?

How does a Polack grease his car?  
He runs over an Italian.

Did you hear about the Polack who was so lazy he married a pregnant girl?

The Polack was asked in a political discussion, 'What would you do with Red China?'  
He said he would put it on a purple tablecloth.

The two Polish astronauts were in outer space. One was walking outside the capsule and after a while he wanted to re-enter. He knocked on the door and the guy inside said 'Who's there?'

The Polish mother was baking. Her kid entered the house and asked, 'Ma, can I lick the bowl?' 'No,' she said, 'flush it like everyone else.'

A Polack walked into a butcher's shop with a pig. The pig said, 'Hey, how much can I get for this Polack?'

The last question

OSHO,  
OUR MOTHER IS GOING REALLY CRAZY BEING HERE. IN THE MORNING BEFORE LECTURE SHE GOES TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, AND AFTERWARDS SHE COMES TO LECTURE -- AND EVEN ENJOYS IT! SHE HAS STARTED WEARING A RED DRESS AND SHE LAUGHS AND CRIES A LOT. AND DID YOU KNOW THAT OUR OTHER SISTER IS A CATHOLIC NUN? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

Prem Bijo and Prem Cordula,  
This is a good sign that your mother is going crazy, because that's the only way to escape from the so-called sanity of Catholicism. And you feel puzzled that:

IN THE MORNING SHE GOES TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, AND AFTERWARDS SHE COMES TO LECTURE -- AND EVEN ENJOYS IT!

There is no problem in it; it is very consistent. After the Catholic church one is bound to enjoy it here! The whole credit goes to the Catholic church. After hell you will enjoy anything!

But I am worried about your sister who is a Catholic nun...

Do you know what the favourite food of Catholic monks is?  
A hot buttered *nan*!

Let her go a little more crazy! She is on the right track.

These priests -- Catholic, Hindu, Jew, Mohammedan -- they are the same people. They talk very consistently, their theologies are very systematic, logical. It appeals to the head, but only to the head -- and you are not the head. It destroys your heart.

My function here is to make your heart beat faster, to bring your energy more to the heart, because only from the heart can it go to the being; without the heart it can never reach the being. From the head there is no direct route to being, it has to go via the heart.

And whenever you have lived long enough in the head and you start slipping into the heart, you are torn apart. You will cry, you will laugh -- you will laugh because of the heart and you will cry because of the head! And you will feel crazy, torn apart, because you will be neither here nor there; you will be in a kind of limbo.

Getting rid of the priests is a difficult phenomenon, but once you are here it is bound to happen. And if your mother has started becoming a little crazy that means she is catching the disease -- the orange disease!

Fred Tannenbaum was stationed in a small Southern town. There he met a girl and fell madly in love. He called his mother to tell her he wanted to get married. Yes, the girl was Jewish.

'But you must be married by a rabbi!' insisted Mrs Tannenbaum.

'There aren't any rabbis around here!' said Fred.

'I'll send you one!'

And so Mrs Tannenbaum set off for her Lower East Side *shul*. She pleaded with her old rabbi to go South with her to marry her son, and he agreed. For the occasion the rabbi put on his best beaver hat, his favourite black silk wedding suit and his long black frock coat that almost touched the ground

When they got off the plane Mrs Tannenbaum showed the cab driver the girl's address, but somehow or other he dropped them at the wrong place and drove off. Mrs Tannenbaum, with the rabbi in tow, walked up and down the streets searching for Freddie and his bride-to-be. As they went along they seemed to attract a growing following. By the time they found the right address there were a dozen people behind them, staring at the rabbi.

The rabbi pulled himself up to his full height and faced the crowd of Southerners. 'What's the matter?' he said. 'Ain't you never seen a Yankee before?'

Logical but absurd, ridiculous!

The golf course was haunted by a malicious leprechaun who exploited the desperate

ambitions of the poorer players. He slipped up beside one unfortunate man who was ploughing up the fairway in a club competition.

'Look,' he said, 'if you agree never to court a woman, flirt with a girl or marry, I'll help you win.'

'Done!' shouted the young golfer with the desperate abandon of his breed.

When the golfer was in the clubhouse changing and receiving the congratulations of the members, the leprechaun popped up on the shelf of the locker.

'Hey,' said the little elf, 'I have to have your name for my records. What is it?'

'Father Murphy,' grinned the golfer as he adjusted his Roman collar.

These people are cunning! Their cunningness appears as cleverness. They themselves are tired of what they are doing, bored, utterly bored; their only joy is to bore others. When they succeed at it they feel a little happy.

Your mother must have been bored enough, hence she is enjoying it here, because this is a totally different world. These are not gospels, these are gossips! And I am not talking religion, I am *imparting* it. And I am not a priest. I am simply enjoying myself, and whosoever wants to join in this merry-go-round is welcome.

The golfer was having a disastrous day. He had bogeyed nine holes and double-bogeyed three. Then on the eighteenth hole he was two feet from the pin for a possible birdie, but even then he couldn't do it. He took three strokes to sink his ball for another bogey.

At that point, understandably, his nerves cracked and he went to pieces. He threw his ball into the woods, broke his putter over his knee, and sat on the green and began to weep

'Oh!' he moaned. 'Oh! Oh! I'm going to give it up! I'm going to give it up! I'm going to give it up!'

Another golfer who was standing nearby said, 'Don't take it so hard. Just because of a bad day, don't give up golf!'

'Oh no,' the man moaned. 'I'm not going to give up golf. I'm going to give up the ministry!'

Your mother has come at the right time. It is still possible to take a quantum leap from the boring so-called religiousness into a really living godliness.

We are creating here a climate of life, love, laughter. This is a great opportunity if you have guts enough -- you can fulfil your destiny.

It is 9.05, and I agreed with Vimalkirti that at 8.30 he could leave the body, so he must have left the body. At 9.30 he will be here, and I will be coming back to give him a send-off. Get ready, rejoice, dance -- dance to abandon! Let him go like a prince. He *was* a prince. Everyone of my sannyasins is a prince.

I don't believe in beggars, I believe only in emperors!