
The White Lotus

Discourses on the Zen Master Bodhidharma
Talks given from 31/10/79 am to 10/11/79 am
English Discourse series
11 Chapters
Year published: 1981

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Chapter #1

Chapter title: Lotus rain

31 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 7910310

ShortTitle: WLOTUS01

Audio: Yes

Video: No

BELOVED OSHO,

QUESTION: WHAT IS BUDDHA-MIND?

ANSWER: YOUR MIND IS IT. WHEN YOU SEE THE SELFSAME ESSENCE OF IT, YOU CAN CALL IT SUCHNESS. WHEN YOU SEE THE CHANGELESS NATURE OF IT, YOU CAN CALL IT DHARMAKAYA. IT DOES NOT BELONG TO ANYTHING; THEREFORE, IT IS CALLED EMANCIPATION. IT WORKS EASILY AND FREELY, NEVER BEING DISTURBED BY OTHERS; THEREFORE, IT IS CALLED THE TRUE PATH. IT WAS NOT BORN AND, THEREFORE, IT IS NOT GOING TO PERISH, SO IT IS CALLED NIRVANA.

QUESTION: WHAT IS TATHAGATA?

ANSWER: ONE WHO KNOWS THAT HE COMES FROM NOWHERE AND GOES NOWHERE.

QUESTION: WHAT IS BUDDHA?

ANSWER: ONE WHO REALIZES THE TRUTH, AND HOLDS NOTHING THAT IS TO BE REALIZED.

QUESTION: WHAT IS DHARMA?

ANSWER: IT WAS NEVER PRODUCED, AND WILL NEVER BE REDUCED; THEREFORE, IT IS CALLED DHARMA, THE NORM OF THE UNIVERSE.

QUESTION: WHAT IS SANGHA?

ANSWER: IT IS SO NAMED BECAUSE OF THE BEAUTY OF ITS HARMONY.

I AM ECSTATIC because just the name of Bodhidharma is psychedelic to me. In the long evolution of human consciousness there has never been such an outlandish Buddha as

Bodhidharma -- very rare, very unique, exotic. Only in some small ways George Gurdjieff comes close to him, but not very close, and only in some ways, not in all ways.

There have been many buddhas in the world, but Bodhidharma stands out like Everest. His way of being, living, and expressing the truth is simply his; it is incomparable. Even his own master, Gautama the Buddha, cannot be compared with Bodhidharma. Even Buddha would have found it difficult to digest this man.

This man Bodhidharma traveled from India to China to spread the message of his master. Although they are separated by one thousand years, for Bodhidharma and for such men there is no time, no space -- for Bodhidharma Buddha was as contemporary as Buddha is contemporary to me.

On the surface you are my contemporaries, but between me and you there is a long long distance. We live on different planets. In reality, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Jesus, Pythagoras, Bahauddin, Bodhidharma -- these are my contemporaries. Between them and me there is no gap either of time or of space. Superficially there is a one thousand years' gap between Buddha and Bodhidharma, but there is not even a single moment's gap in reality, in truth. On the circumference Buddha was already dead for one thousand years when Bodhidharma arrived on the scene, but at the center he is together with Buddha. He speaks the essence of Buddha -- of course he has his own way, his own style, but even Buddha would find it strange.

Buddha was a very cultured man, very sophisticated, very graceful. Bodhidharma is just the opposite in his expression. He is not a man but a lion. He does not speak, he roars. He has not that grace which belonged to Gautama the Buddha; he is rough, raw. He is not polished like a diamond; he is just from the mine, absolutely raw, no polishing. That is his beauty. Buddha has a beauty of his own, very feminine, very polished, very fragile. Bodhidharma has his own beauty, like that of a rock -- strong, masculine, indestructible, a great power.

Buddha also radiates power, but his power is very silent, like a whisper, a cool breeze. Bodhidharma is a storm, thundering and lightning. Buddha comes to your door without making any noise; he will not even knock on your door, you will not even hear his footsteps. But when Bodhidharma comes to you he will shake the whole house from its very foundations. Buddha will not shake you even if you are asleep. And Bodhidharma? He will wake you up from your grave! He hits hard, he is a hammer.

He is just the opposite of Buddha in his expression, but his message is the same. He bows down to Buddha as his master. He never says, "This is my message." He simply says, "This belongs to the buddhas, the ancient buddhas. I am just a messenger. Nothing is mine, because I am not. I am only a hollow bamboo who has been chosen by the buddhas to be a flute for them. They sing; I simply let them sing through me."

When he reached China, the Emperor Wu came to receive him on the borders: A great enlightened person is coming! And of course Wu was imagining him to be something like Gautama the Buddha -- very gentle, graceful, kingly. When he saw Bodhidharma he was shocked. He looked very primitive, and not only that, he looked very absurd, because he was carrying one of his shoes on his head -- one shoe on one foot, the other shoe on his head!

The emperor was embarrassed. He had come with his whole court and the queens. "What will they think? And what kind of man have I come to receive?" He tried to overlook it out of politeness. He did not want to ask the question, "Why is this shoe on your head?"

But Bodhidharma would not leave him. He said, "Don't try to overlook it. Ask directly and be straight from the very beginning. I have already read the question in your head."

The emperor was at a loss; he had to ask. Now what to do with such a man? He said, "Yes, you are right, the question has arisen in me. Why are you carrying this shoe on your head?"

Bodhidharma said, "To put things in the right perspective from the very beginning. I am an absurd man! You have to understand it from the very beginning. I don't want to create any trouble later on. Either you accept me as I am or you simply say that you cannot accept me, and I will leave your kingdom. I will go to the mountains. I will wait there for my people to come to me. This is just to show you that I am illogical, I can be as absurd as one can imagine. That is my way of working, that is my way of destroying your mind. And unless your mind is destroyed you will not know who you are. So what do you say?"

The king was at a loss. He had come with a few questions, but whether to ask this man those questions or not? -- because he may say something ridiculous; not only that, he may do something ridiculous.

But Bodhidharma insisted, "It is better that you ask whatsoever you have come to ask."

The king said, "The first question is: I have been doing many virtuous deeds...."

And Bodhidharma looked deeply into the eyes of the king -- a shiver must have gone down his spine! -- and said, "All nonsense! How can you do a virtuous deed? You are not yet aware. Virtue is a by-product of awareness. What virtuous deeds do you mean? You look like a fool -- how can you do a virtuous deed? Virtue follows a buddha, virtue is my shadow." He said, "You can only do vice, not virtue. It is impossible."

The king still tried to make some conversation and get rid of this man as politely as possible; he did not want to offend this man. He said, "By virtuous deeds I mean that I have made many temples for Buddha, many shrines. I have made many ashrams for the Buddhist *bhikkhus*, *sannyasins*. I have arranged for thousands of scholars to translate Buddhist scriptures into Chinese. Millions and millions of rupees I have put in the service of Gautam Buddha. What is going to be the result, the consequence, of all my virtue and of all my virtuous deeds? Millions of *bhikkhus* take food every day from the palace and all over the country. What is going to be the outcome of it?"

And Bodhidharma laughed -- the king had never heard such laughter -- a belly laughter that could shake mountains. He laughed and laughed and he said, "You are simply foolish. All your efforts have been a sheer waste; there is going to be no result out of it. Don't try, and don't imagine that you are going to the seventh heaven as other Buddhist *bhikkhus* must have been telling you. They have been exploiting you. This is their strategy to exploit foolish people like you. They exploit your greed for the other world, they give you great promises. And their promises cannot be proved wrong because nobody comes back from the other world to say whether those promises have been fulfilled or not. They are exploiters, they are parasites! You have been a victim. Nothing is going to happen out of this which you think is very virtuous. In fact, you will fall into the seventh hell, because a man who lives with such wrong desires, who lives with *desires*, is going to fall into hell."

The emperor tried to change the subject. He said, "Is there anything holy or not?"

Bodhidharma said, "There is nothing holy, there is nothing unholy. Holiness, unholiness, are our mind attitudes, prejudices. Everything is as it is. This is *tathata*, suchness: things are simply as they are. Nothing is wrong and nothing is right. Nothing is sin and nothing is virtue."

The emperor said, "You are too much for me and for my people."

Bodhidharma said goodbye, turned back and moved to the mountains. For nine years in the mountains he sat facing a wall. People would come, because this conversation -- if you

can call it a conversation -- reached faraway places. "The emperor has been hammered like anything, has been crushed. And this Bodhidharma is really something very strange, but he has a quality... some integrity, some strange perfume surrounds him. He is surrounded by an aura of his own."

People started coming from faraway places to see him, and they would ask him, "Why don't you look at us? Why do you go on looking at the wall?"

And Bodhidharma would say, "I am waiting for the right man. When he comes I will look at him. Otherwise it is all the same whether I look at the wall or I look at your faces. And the wall can be forgiven because it is a wall -- you cannot be forgiven. Hence it is better for me to look at the wall and not to look at you. You have fallen into such unawareness that I would like to shake you out of it. But then you feel angry, then you feel offended. I don't want to bother you. I will turn only towards the man who has the capacity, the courage to be with me, to be my disciple."

And only after many years did one man turn up. He stood for twenty-four hours behind Bodhidharma not saying a single word. Finally Bodhidharma had to ask, "Why are you standing behind me?"

He said, "Now it is you who are starting it. I have come to kill myself if you don't turn towards me."

And he cut his hand off with his sword and presented it to Bodhidharma and he said, "Take it as a token; otherwise I will next cut my head. Turn towards me immediately!"

Bodhidharma had to turn. He looked at the man, smiling, and said, "So you are my disciple! So the man has come for whom I have been waiting!"

Bodhidharma was the first patriarch of Zen, and this man was the second patriarch of Zen, and a new tradition started. A new river was born from the source of Bodhidharma. These fragments were found just at the beginning of this century. They were excavated by M.A. Stein from Tung Huang. These are the notes of some unknown disciples of Bodhidharma. They consist of a question by a disciple and the answer by Bodhidharma. These notes, fragmentary as they are, still are of great significance: they represent the essential core of Buddha's message. It is going to be a little arduous to understand them. Be very attentive and silent because these are not ordinary words. When a man like Bodhidharma speaks, small questions, ordinary questions, are transformed into great inquiries. And whatsoever he says about those ordinary questions is of immense significance. His each word has to be pondered over, meditated upon. This will also give you a little taste of communion between the disciple and the master.

The first thing that you will note is: the question is asked, the answer is given, but the disciple never asks any question about the answer given. The answer has been totally accepted. It is not an inquiry from a student, it is an inquiry from a disciple. So the answer of Bodhidharma does not create any more questions, it simply ends the question. The disciple asks another question, but never raises a question *about* the answer, concerning the answer.

That is the first thing to be noted. That is a very central part of communion. It is trust, it is faith. It is not belief but it is certainly faith. And there is a difference between belief and faith. When you believe in something, the doubt still persists in you. The belief can only cover it up, it never destroys it: it will rise again and again and again. No belief can destroy your doubt, because belief is in the head and doubt is also in the head. Faith is of the heart, something far superior to the head. The question comes from the head, but the answer is received in the heart, at a higher altitude of your being. And then the question simply

disappears from the head. The heart knows how to trust, the heart knows what faith is.

Faith is not against doubt, faith is *absence* of doubt. Belief is *against* doubt. Belief represses doubt, faith dissolves it. Belief is like a blind man believing that there is light; faith is like one who has opened his eyes and *seen* the light. The moment you see the light there is no question of doubting anymore.

Communion means communion of two hearts. The student functions from the head, the disciple through the heart. And only the disciple can understand the master. And when all the questions of the disciple are dissolved he becomes a devotee. Then the head has disappeared totally. Then there is only the heart, functioning in rhythm with the master's heart, in deep accord. This will give you an insight into communion.

The question: WHAT IS BUDDHA-MIND?

It has been asked again and again down the centuries. For twenty-five centuries all those who have become interested in Gautama the Buddha have asked the question: WHAT IS BUDDHA-MIND?

The question is significant -- it is significant because the very question creates a paradox. The buddha-mind is a no-mind. To say anything about the buddha-mind is to say something about no-mind. We live in the mind, the buddha has gone beyond it. He is no more a mind, he is only a no-mind. So the buddha-mind does not mean a certain type of mind, it simply means a transcendence of mind. The question is significant, is very fundamental; it is the beginning of inquiry, *real* inquiry.

The disciple is not asking, "What is God?" He is not asking, "What is paradise?" He is not asking, "What is sin?" He is asking a very existential question: WHAT IS BUDDHA-MIND? because to understand the reality of the buddha-mind is to understand the very foundation of existence itself.

A buddha-mind is a pure consciousness. It is like a mirror: it simply reflects, it does not project. It has no ideas, no content, no thoughts, no desires, no imagination, no memory. It is present to the everpresent, it *lives* in the present. And when you are totally in the present, the mind disappears, it loses all its boundaries. A great emptiness arises in you. Of course that emptiness is not empty in the ordinary sense of the word, it is also a kind of fullness -- empty as far as the world is concerned, but full, overfull, flooded, as far as truth is concerned. Empty because all misery has been thrown out, overflowing because bliss has descended in.

WHAT IS BUDDHA-MIND? should be the beginning for all seekers. Asking about God, asking about hell and heaven, are just ordinary things. Asking about the buddha-mind is asking something that, if you can understand it, is bound to transform you, is going to give you a new birth.

The mind is very cunning. It can create such questions which are only distractions from your being. The mind is so subtle it can deceive you. It can make you feel that you are a great seeker because you are asking, "What is God? Who created the world? Why are we here? What is the purpose of life?" And all these questions are stupid! The whole of philosophy consists of such stupid questions.

Buddha again and again says, "I am not a philosopher, I am a physician. I don't want to intellectualize, I want to make you intelligent. I don't want to give you answers to cling to, I want to give you insights in which questions melt, evaporate."

One has to be very aware of the mind, because mind can give you such questions as will lead you into the wrong direction of philosophizing. And then there is no end; you can go on

and on forever. Ten thousand years of philosophizing, and not a single conclusion has been arrived at!

Be aware that your mind is a great deceiver. And just as your mind is a deceiver, so are the minds of others. If you ask wrong questions you will get wrong answers. There are people who are always ready to supply whatsoever you demand. It is just the ordinary law of economics: wherever there is a demand there will be a supply. What you demand is not the question. Whatsoever you demand -- the world is a marketplace -- somebody is going to create the supply. You are cunning, others are also cunning. There are more cunning people than you. The less cunning become the followers, the more cunning become the leaders. The less cunning question and the more cunning go on answering.

Buddha says, "I am not interested in your questions unless you ask something existential, unless you ask something in order to be transformed -- not just to be informed, not just to be made more knowledgeable."

Because you ask wrong questions there exist so many teachers in the world, and they are ready with many many answers, with all kinds of answers. And answers come in all shapes and sizes to fit everybody. But remember: there is you and your cunning mind and there are others who are more cunning.

To safeguard his pint while he left the bar for a moment a man left a note, "I have spat in this beer."

When he returned he found another note, "So have I."

Remember, the world is full of cunning people. These cunning people become politicians, priests; they can even pretend to be prophets. You can avoid them only by asking the right question. They can't answer the right question because to answer the right question they will have had to experience something. It cannot be done by borrowed knowledge; it can be done only if they have authentically experienced truth.

This is a beautiful question, the right question:

WHAT IS BUDDHA-MIND?

Bodhidharma answers:

YOUR MIND IS IT.

The first thing he says is: Don't be bothered about Gautama the Buddha. YOUR MIND IS IT.

It is not a question about the historical person called Gautama the Buddha. He gives a new turn to the question. He immediately makes it more existential, more personal. The question is no more philosophical, it has become a question about you. You may have asked about Buddha, but in the hands of a Bodhidharma the question is immediately transformed, changed. It becomes an arrow moving towards your heart.

He says:

YOUR MIND IS IT.

Buddhahood is not something that happens to somebody else, buddhahood is your

potential; it is something that is waiting to happen within you. So the first thing he says: It is *your* mind. Buddha-mind is not something foreign to you, it is your innermost core, it is your very nature. You are buddhas -- maybe unaware of the fact, maybe fast asleep, but that makes no difference. A buddha asleep is still a buddha. A buddha unaware of his own buddhahood is still a buddha.

YOUR MIND IS IT.

It is not somebody else's mind -- because how can you understand somebody else's mind? In the hands of masters like Bodhidharma everything is changed into the concrete, into the personal. It is taken out from its abstraction and made concrete and real.

People enjoy abstract questions because they are safer; they don't touch you, they leave you aside. You can ask about God, you can ask about who created the world and when. And cunning and stupid people are always there -- the cunning to lead and the stupid to be led.

A Christian theologian has even calculated the exact time when the world was created: four thousand and four years before Jesus was born -- the first of January of course, and on Monday. Now how can there be a first of January if there has not been a December before it? And how can there be a Monday if there has not been a Sunday preceding it? From nowhere Monday! From nowhere the first of January! And Christians have believed it, they have believed it so deeply that when Darwin and other scientists discovered the theory of evolution and said that the world has existed for millions of years, Christians were very much offended. Their whole religion was at stake. "The world has existed only for six thousand years, not more than that."

But scientists discovered and proved that this can't be the case, because in the earth they have found bodies of animals, bones of animals, skeletons of animals and men, which are ten thousand years old, twenty thousand years old, fifty thousand years old, one hundred thousand years old. How to explain that?

But as I told you, there are cunning people. Christian theologians even found a way out. They said, "Everything is possible for God. God created the world exactly four thousand and four years before Jesus, but he created bones, skeletons, which appear to be millions of years old just to test the faith of humanity." You see the cunningness? God created those skeletons so that it can be decided who is really faithful to the Christian dogma and who is not. God created those skeletons to see whether you still have some doubt within your being; then the doubt will surface. It is a strategy of God -- and nothing is impossible for him. If he can create the whole world, why can't he create skeletons which only appear to be millions of years old, although they are not?

When I was reading such Christian theologians I was reminded of one of my friends who lives in Bombay but has a factory in Nepal. He creates antiques, he manufactures antiques -- buddha statues. They are manufactured right now in his factory in Nepal. Then they are dipped into acids to disfigure them, then they are buried down deep in the earth for six months, and then they are taken out. With inscriptions in ancient languages, with dates reaching far back -- three thousand years, two thousand years, one thousand years -- in the languages which were prevalent in those days. And then they are sold all over the world.

When I had stayed with this friend for the first time and I saw so many antiques in his house, I said, "From where did you get them?"

He said, "I cannot lie to you -- we manufacture them."

I was puzzled. I said, "You are doing something so Christian? Do you follow the Christian God? He has also done the same thing: he manufactured everything four thousand and four years before Jesus Christ, but with marks, distortions, which can deceive people."

People go on clinging to their dogmas; but the whole thing is because we start by asking wrong questions.

When you come to a master be very alert and ask things which are really a deep concern for you, the ultimate concern for you. Ask things upon which your life and death depend.

WHAT IS BUDDHA-MIND?

Bodhidharma says:

YOUR MIND IS IT.

He immediately changes the very flavor of the question. It is no more abstract, nothing to do with Buddha. Buddha may have been, may not have been. He may not be a historical person, who knows; he may never have existed, he may be just a beautiful fiction. But you are not a fiction, you are here, you are present; the question has to be concerned with you.

YOUR MIND IS IT. WHEN YOU SEE THE SELFSAME ESSENCE OF IT, YOU CAN CALL IT SUCHNESS.

Now Bodhidharma has started entering in you. He says: The mind can manifest in many ways. The ordinary manifestation is that of insanity: thousands of thoughts and desires and memories running inside, clashing with each other, conflicting. A great war going on... sometimes very hot, sometimes very cold, but the war continues. Awake, asleep, it is always there. You are just a battlefield. This is the ordinary state.

But if you SEE THE SELFSAME ESSENCE OF IT.... What does he mean by 'selfsame essence'? Your ordinary mind changes every moment; it is never the same for two seconds even. One moment you are angry, another moment you are sad, another moment you are happy.... You go on changing, you change so easily; you are a flux. But if you watch this flux, then a totally different kind of mind arises in you: the witnessing.

This witnessing is selfsame: sadness comes, you witness it; happiness comes, you witness it; despair comes, you witness it; joy comes, you witness it. Now, the content is continuously changing, but the witnessing is the selfsame witnessing. It is always the same, it never changes. The mirror remains the same. People go on and go on passing in front of the mirror. It reflects one face for a moment, then another face, but the mirror remains the same.

Bodhidharma says:

WHEN YOU SEE THE SELFSAME ESSENCE OF IT, YOU CAN CALL IT SUCHNESS.

You can call it tathata, suchness. 'Suchness' is a Buddhist way of expressing that there is something in you which always remains in its intrinsic nature, never changing. It always remains in its selfsame essence, eternally so. That is your real nature. That which changes is not you, that is mind. That which does not change in you is buddha-mind. You can call it no-mind, you can call it samadhi, satori. It depends upon you; you can give it whatsoever

name you want. You can call it christ-consciousness.

WHEN YOU SEE THE CHANGELESS NATURE OF IT, YOU CAN CALL IT DHARMAKAYA.

Seeing that it never changes, you can call it the very embodiment of the ultimate law, the very body of dharma.

IT DOES NOT BELONG TO ANYTHING....

It is not identified with anything, it does not belong to anything. The witness in you is always a transcendence, always a surpassing phenomenon; it transcends everything. Whatsoever is seen, whatsoever comes before it, it is never one with.

IT DOES NOT BELONG TO ANYTHING; THEREFORE, IT IS CALLED EMANCIPATION.

It is called liberation. Liberation from the mind brings the buddha-mind into your vision. Liberation from identification, liberation from the body, from the mind, from ideologies, from prejudices, from all that makes *you* -- liberation from *you* -- brings you to the reality.

Then you have to understand one thing. Ordinarily, whenever you think of liberation, you think: *my* liberation. There is nothing like that; there is no liberation which can be called *my* liberation. All liberation is from the idea of the ego. You will not be liberated, you will be liberated from yourself. It is not *your* liberation, it is liberation from you -- it is emancipation from all that you have become identified with.

The Upanishads say: *neti, neti*, neither this nor that. When you go on negating and saying, "I am not this, I am not that," a moment comes when nothing is left -- nothing to reflect in the mirror, only the mirror. Then you know who you are. But now you cannot say, "This is what I am," because that will bring the thought back. You cannot say anything about it, you have to be utterly silent about it.

We are deep asleep; the name of that sleep is ego. And in our sleep anything can happen, all kinds of accidents. And they are happening. You are talking in your sleep and you are getting into trouble because you talk in your sleep. You go on saying things which you are not supposed to say. You decide not to say them again because they bring trouble, but again you go on repeating the same pattern: you go on doing things which you have decided not to do. But you are asleep and others around you are also asleep. People are talking in their sleep, answering each other in their sleep. Great dialogues are going on, great fights, quarrels. And the whole thing is that if you wake up all this nonsense will disappear. The buddha-mind is one which has become awakened.

A beautiful, young unmarried movie starlet was throwing a large party in her swanky home for all the men she knew. As the party went on into the wee hours, the hefty-chested young babe drank more and more liquor, but she resisted the advances of her bachelor guests.

Finally, at about five-thirty a.m., she said good night to the last guest and slumped down on the living room couch, dead drunk.

The next morning she found herself in her own bed, clad in her sheerest nightgown. Surprised, she went down to breakfast.

"Wang Lee," she asked her Chinese manservant, "how did I get to my room last night?" "I put you there, Missy," he answered.

"Gee," she said, "I must have really been on my back."

"First time on back, Missy," he replied, "second time on side, third time on stairs, fourth time...."

Everybody is asleep. People are doing things to you in your sleep, you are doing things to people in their sleep. You are all interfering in each other's sleep. When you look from the vantage point of a buddha, the world simply seems to be a madhouse.

An elephant was walking through the jungle when she suddenly heard a voice behind her. She turned around and saw a little mouse sitting on the ground. The mouse asked if she could give him a ride on her back and she said, "Sure, just crawl up!"

Sometime later the elephant suddenly heard the mouse laughing. She turned her head and asked, "Hey, what's the matter? Why are you laughing?"

But the mouse replied, "Oh, never mind. Just keep on walking."

So she trotted on, but after a while the mouse started giggling again. He jumped up and down on her back, choking with laughter.

This time the elephant was really pissed off and said, "Listen, if you don't tell me why you are laughing I am gonna throw you off my back!"

So the mouse finally said, "Ha, ha, ha! I raped you two times and you didn't even notice it!"

But this is how it is with everybody. You go on doing great things in your sleep, thinking that the whole world is noticing it, that the whole universe is taking great note of it, that you will be remembered for centuries, that you will have a place in history, that your name is going to be written in golden letters. In sleep one lives in the ego. As you wake up, suddenly you find ego disappearing. Just as the sun rises and the mist of the early morning disappears, ego disappears when you wake up.

A buddha-mind is a mind which has become awakened.

IT WORKS EASILY AND FREELY, BEING NEVER DISTURBED BY OTHERS; THEREFORE, IT IS CALLED THE TRUE PATH.

The moment you are awakened, the moment you are egoless, all the rocks on the path are removed. The greatest is the ego, and then there are many small rocks: rocks of greed and lust and anger and jealousy and possessiveness. All these rocks are hindering your natural flow, your spontaneity. Once these rocks are gone, your river of consciousness starts flowing easily, freely, and then you are never disturbed by others.

It is impossible to disturb a buddha. You can kill him, but you cannot disturb him. You can destroy him, but you cannot disturb him; that is impossible.

... IT IS CALLED THE TRUE PATH.

That's why Bodhidharma says, IT IS CALLED THE TRUE PATH -- because it leads you to the absolute, undisturbed state, to the absolute calmness, quietude, stillness.

IT WAS NOT BORN AND, THEREFORE, IT IS NOT GOING TO PERISH, SO IT IS CALLED NIRVANA.

The buddha-mind is never born and is never going to die. It has always been there, you are just not aware of it. You have to turn in and look at it. You are looking outside, continuously you are looking outside, and all the time it is waiting behind you. Just a little turn -- a hundred-and-eighty-degree turn of course -- just a small turn, and suddenly you face the Buddha.

You cannot meet the Buddha in Bodh Gaya, you cannot meet him in the great temples raised in his name. There are temples, the greatest temples, raised in Buddha's name, but you will not find the Buddha there. Buddha is within you and has always been there. It is your eternity, never born, hence can never die. You can call it nirvana. Here, by nirvana Bodhidharma means that which is eternal.

The ego is born and dies. You can put the ego together, you can dismantle it any moment. You cannot put your nature together or dismantle it; it is simply there.

The second question: WHAT IS TATHAGATA?

One of the names of Buddha is Tathagata. We have given many names to Buddha, just to signify different qualities of buddhahood. One of the most used is Tathagata; Buddha himself used it. He rarely used the word I, he used Tathagata. He would say, "Tathagata was dwelling in a certain garden, and then this happened." "Tathagata was on the way, moving towards a certain city, then this happened." He would use 'Tathagata' more often than he would use the word I.

The question is: WHAT IS TATHAGATA?

Literally it means 'one who comes like the wind and goes like the wind', 'thus come, thus gone'. That is the literal meaning of the word Tathagata: just a breeze that suddenly comes. It was not there one moment before and then it is there, and then next moment it is gone. And it leaves no trace behind. You cannot see the breeze, you can only feel it. You cannot see the buddha, you can only feel him. Hence those who come to see the buddha will go empty-handed, because whatsoever they will see is not the buddha.

Seeing my body is not seeing the buddha. The body is only a house where the buddha is dwelling. Seeing the house is not seeing the one who is dwelling in it. You cannot see the one who is dwelling in the house, you can only feel him. Hence those who come with a thinking mind miss. Those who come with a feeling heart are immediately moved, touched, transformed.

It is like wind: you cannot see it but you can feel it. You can feel the touch of it, the coolness of it. It is so refreshing, it is so rejuvenating, it makes you so alive!

To be in a buddhafield is to be in the field where the wind is blowing constantly. It can be seen only by the disciples. By 'seen' I mean it can be felt only by the disciples. That's how it has to be seen. And it can be breathed in and out only by the devotees. The disciple feels it touching his body, playing with his hair, moving his clothes. He feels it, he infers that it is there. But the devotee breathes it in; it circulates in his being, it becomes part of his being.

The student comes to see, the disciple to feel, the devotee to be.

Bodhidharma says:

ONE WHO KNOWS THAT HE COMES FROM NOWHERE AND GOES NOWHERE.

From where does the wind come and where does it go? It has no destination... it has no motive. It is not going anywhere and not coming from anywhere; it has always been here. Swami Ramateertha used to tell a parable:

There was a great atheist. In his drawing room he had written in big letters: God is nowhere.

His small son was playing one day while he was reading his newspaper. The small son was trying to learn how to read, so he tried to read the sentence on the wall: God is nowhere. But 'nowhere' was a big word, so he broke it in two. He read, "God is now here."

The father was shocked -- he had never read the sentence that way. The whole gestalt changed: "God is nowhere," and the child was reading, "God is now here." There is great difference between 'nowhere' and 'now here'! For the first time he read that sentence with the vision of a child, with the innocence of a child.

It is said that since that day he could not read the old sentence in the old way: "God is nowhere." Whenever he would look he had to read, "God is now here." It became something fixed -- the impact of the child was such.

A buddha is always here. You have always been here. You don't come from anywhere and you don't go somewhere else. This whole universe contains you; we are part of it. Bodhidharma says:

The Tathagata IS ONE WHO KNOWS THAT HE COMES FROM NOWHERE AND GOES NOWHERE.

Read 'nowhere' as 'now here'. The Tathagata is one who is now here and knows that he is always now here. He has not come and he is not going.

Ramana Maharshi was dying, and a disciple asked, "Bhagwan, where will you go?"

He opened his eyes and laughed. That was not the time to laugh at all. He was dying, his death was absolutely certain -- he was dying of cancer -- there was great pain. Still he laughed and he said, "You fool! My whole life I have been telling you that there is nowhere to go, we are always here. So where can I go? I will be here! The body will be gone, dust unto dust, but where can I go? I will be part of this universe as I am part of it now. Now the body gives you the idea that I am separate -- that is your idea, not mine. For me, my body does not separate me from existence but bridges me."

You see the difference between the ignorant and the wise? The same body to the ignorant is a wall that separates you from existence. The same body to the wise, to the enlightened, is a bridge; it joins you with the existence.

Just watch your body and you will be aware of it. Your body is continuously breathing air in and out -- not only through the nose but through every pore of the body you are breathing in and out. Scientists say that if all the pores of your body are closed, if your body is heavily painted and all the pores are closed and filled with paint but the nose is left to breathe with, you will still die within three hours, because just the nose is not enough. Every part of your body needs its own breathing.

You are continuously in communication with existence. If the sun is not going to rise tomorrow, we will all be dead. We will not be able to live at all, not even for a few minutes, because without the sun the whole warmth will disappear. And without warmth, life is impossible. We will become so cold, so frozen, that death is bound to happen. We are continuously *in exchange* with existence. We are not separate, we are one.

And if this is so about the body, what about the inner consciousness? That inner consciousness is not divided at all. Your courtyard is surrounded by a wall, but your courtyard still belongs to the sky, is part of the sky.

Just like that, ONE WHO KNOWS THAT HE COMES FROM NOWHERE AND GOES NOWHERE, he is Tathagata. He is always like the fresh breeze blowing. Those who can understand this, they will be refreshed by the breeze. They will dance in the breeze of the buddha, in his sunlight. They will laugh with the buddha, they will dance with the buddha.

QUESTION -- the third question: WHAT IS BUDDHA?

Buddha is awareness, simple awareness. It is awakening, it is waking up. Buddha is nothing to do with Gautam Siddhartha; he is only one of the buddhas. Many more have preceded him, many more have succeeded him. And one day or other you are also going to become a buddha. You can become right now, because *you are it*. It is only a question of recognizing your reality, of remembering.

Bodhidharma says:

ONE WHO REALIZES THE TRUTH, AND HOLDS NOTHING THAT IS TO BE REALIZED.

This is one of the most beautiful statements ever made. What an answer! What great insight! There is nothing to be achieved, because you are already the buddha. Achievement is always of something which you are not. You cannot achieve buddhahood, you can only wake up and find that you are a buddha. And then of course you will laugh. You will laugh because you have been trying to be something that you have always been.

In Zen there is a saying:

WHEN THE BIG BELLY THUNDERS WITH LOUD ROARS OF LAUGHTER, THOUSANDS OF WHITE LOTUSES RAIN THROUGH THE WORLDS.

And when it happens, WHEN THE BIG BELLY THUNDERS WITH LOUD ROARS OF LAUGHTER... whenever a person becomes awakened, whenever he sees the stupidity he has lived for centuries: first, trying to find things which he had already inside himself; second, trying to renounce things in order to get something which has nothing to do with those things. First, trying to achieve money, power, prestige.... When one is already a buddha, what more richness can you ever have, and what more power, and what more glory?

First, one was trying to achieve these things. Failing in achieving them or succeeding in achieving them, one comes to know the futility of it all. Failure brings frustration and success brings frustration. Nothing fails like success, remember it. And then one starts renouncing these things, as if renouncing these things were a condition for achieving that which you are already. That is not a condition at all. There is no need to chase shadows and there is no need to escape from shadows. Shadows are shadows; only this much has to be recognized.

That's why I say to my sannyasins: Don't escape from the world. The world is only a

shadow. Let it be there, it can't disturb you. Just become aware of who you are, and that's enough.

ONE WHO REALIZES THE TRUTH....

You see the paradox of the statement:

ONE WHO REALIZES THE TRUTH, AND HOLDS NOTHING THAT IS TO BE REALIZED.

The ultimate truth can always only be said in paradoxical ways; paradox is the only way to express it: one who realizes that there is nothing to realize, he is a buddha.

Once Buddha asked Subhuti, one of his most significant disciples, "Subhuti, when in ancient days Tathagata was with another buddha, Dipankara Buddha, did he attain anything? What was his achievement then?"

Subhuti said, "No, World-honored One, he did not attain anything. Nothing was his attainment. When Tathagata was with another buddha, Dipankara Buddha, he had not achieved, attained, realized, anything at all."

Buddha laughed and said, "Subhuti, you have understood the truth very well -- because there is nothing to achieve, nothing to attain."

Then Buddha asked Subhuti, "What have you attained living with me?"

And Subhuti said, "World-honored One, nothing. I have not attained anything living with you. That's why I bow down to you, I touch your feet, because you have made me aware that there is nothing to achieve, there is nothing to attain. All that is already IS. It is as it should be."

Buddhahood cannot be desired; one cannot be ambitious for it. If one is ambitious, that is the barrier. One has to relax, be still, and see that the universe has already provided you with everything that you need. Even the ultimate buddhahood is already built-in.

The fourth question: WHAT IS DHARMA?

Simple questions from innocent disciples!

Bodhidharma says:

IT WAS NEVER PRODUCED, AND WILL NEVER BE REDUCED; THEREFORE, IT IS CALLED DHARMA, THE NORM OF THE UNIVERSE.

DHARMA simply means the ultimate law that keeps the universe together, that keeps the universe in harmony, in accord, the norm that makes the universe a cosmos and not a chaos.

The definition of dharma is totally different from the definition of religion. Ordinarily religion is translated as dharma, dharma is translated as religion. Christianity is a religion, Hinduism is a religion, but what Buddha means by dharma is not a religion. It is not definable, containable in a creed. It is not a dogma, it is a very scientific truth.

It is like gravitation. You cannot make a religion out of gravitation. Nobody worships gravitation, nobody makes temples for gravitation, although gravitation has been doing so much for you. If there was no gravitation none of us would be here, we would simply fly up.

It is gravitation that keeps you tethered to the earth, otherwise you would be lost. Even mountains, even trees, would become uprooted with nothing to hold them to the earth. Earth itself would fall into fragments and the whole universe would simply be a chaos: there would be no order of any kind. And life is not possible without order. And consciousness is impossible unless there is something like an ultimate law which keeps everything together.

Dharma simply means the law. You cannot worship it, you can only understand it. You can *live* it, but you cannot worship it. That is the great contribution of Buddha to the world: religion, in his understanding, is law. You have to live it. You have to live according to the law, according to the norm of the universe. Whenever you go against it you are in misery, and whenever you are in tune with it you are in bliss.

His definition of bliss and misery is very simple. To be in tune with the ultimate law is bliss; that very harmony is bliss. And to be disharmonious, to go astray from the law, is misery. Hell is when you are running away from the universal law and heaven is when you are running towards it. And when you have become one with it, it is nirvana; it is the ultimate peak of bliss, of truth, of consciousness: *satchitanand*.

One has to be very very watchful to be aware of the ultimate law. Do you see the meditateness of the trees surrounding you? Such stillness! Just as you are listening to me, *they* are listening to me, not even a leaf moving. The birds are singing. The whole universe is still and yet a song... silent, yet musical. A tremendous harmony permeates everything. From the grass leaf to the greatest star it is the same law.

But you have to be a little more aware. And then the very earth you move on becomes sacred. Then trees are gods. Then birds are buddhas. Then each person you meet is a potential buddha. How can you hurt anybody? How can you be destructive to anybody, disrespectful to anybody? Impossible! Then it is not etiquette; then it is simple, natural understanding.

But people are so unaware that it is difficult for them to see the greatest thing that surrounds them within and without.

The owner of a big furniture store went to New York to buy some stock and met a really beautiful girl in the hotel elevator. But she was French and they could not understand a word of each other's language.

So he took out a pencil and notebook and drew a sketch of a taxi. She nodded her head and laughed, and they went for a ride in the park.

Then he drew a picture of a table in a restaurant with a question mark and she nodded, so they went to dinner.

After dinner he sketched two dancers and she was delighted. They went to a night club and danced and had a lovely evening.

At length she motioned for the pencil and drew a picture of a four-poster bed.

He was dumbfounded. He's never been able to figure out how she knew he was in the furniture business.

One has to be aware, otherwise you can miss the obvious! And dharma is the obvious, God is the obvious. It is not a complicated, complex thing. It is not far away, it is very close by. It is dharma that beats in your heart, it is dharma that pulsates in your blood. It is dharma that breathes, it is dharma that *lives* in you. It is dharma that you are made of, the very stuff that you are made of. And yet you are unaware of it.

The last question: WHAT IS SANGHA?

SANGHA means commune.

Bodhidharma says:

IT IS SO NAMED BECAUSE OF THE BEAUTY OF ITS HARMONY.

A sangha, a commune, is the brotherhood of those disciples and devotees who have gathered around a buddha. It is a brotherhood of the bees who have come to the flowering of the buddha. They have smelled the perfume from far away. Something mysterious has pulled them towards the center. Wherever the buddha is, is the center of the world at that moment.

The center of the world goes on changing, because wherever the buddha is, there is the center of the world. For that moment, that place functions as the center of the whole existence. And whoever is a little bit aware, just a little bit aware, is bound to become attracted, enchanted, magnetized, hypnotized. And soon people start gathering around a buddha.

Many circles gather around a buddha. The first circle is of the devotees, the second circle of the disciples, the third circle of the students, the fourth circle of the curious spectators.

Just at the center is a man who has come to know who he is. He is not a priest, he is not a preacher. He is not a psychoanalyst, a therapist. He is simply the one who has become awakened, whose problems have all disappeared, who has the insight to see through and through you. Just being with him is enough to be transformed. Just being with him is enough to be charged, magnetized.

This brotherhood is called sangha, a commune -- a commune because communion is happening. A buddha radiates rays of consciousness around himself, creates vibes of a totally different plane. Those who become affected by those vibes, those who become interested in the rays that reach them and want to seek and search for the source of those rays, they make the sangha.

Whenever there is a buddha, a sangha arises automatically; it cannot be avoided. It should not be avoided, it need not be avoided, because this is the only way a buddha can share his being with others, his understanding with others.

He does not solve your particular problems; he simply solves the very root of your problems. He is not an expert. If you bring a particular problem, he is not interested in your particular problem. His whole interest is: Why do problems arise in your life at all? Why solve one problem? -- because by solving one, nothing is solved; many more will be there. And if you try to solve problems one by one, it will take millions of lives. And even then there is no hope, because by the time you solve one problem, others are arising. When you solve others, the first problem that you thought you had solved has arisen again in a new form.

A buddha is one who has no problems, who lives a non-problematic life, who lives innocently like a child. His innocence is contagious. He allows people to come close to him, to become infected. He pours his being into those who are available and ready to receive him. Just being with him is more than is needed. It is such a radical change to be with a buddha, but it is something invisible. The world remains absolutely oblivious of it.

Only a few people, sensitive, alert, intelligent, become aware of the existence of a buddha. And the moment they become aware they risk all. They take the plunge, because then there is nothing that can hold them back.

Bodhidharma says:

IT IS SO NAMED BECAUSE OF THE BEAUTY OF ITS HARMONY.

And around a buddha you will find the brotherhood in absolute harmony. No discipline is imposed, yet there is discipline, great discipline. No order is imposed, yet there is order, immense order. Just the presence of a buddha is enough. It creates love in the disciples, in the devotees. It creates prayerfulness, gratitude.

If a buddha is not available, it is very difficult to attain to that state where you can see that there is nothing to be attained. If a buddha is available, it is very easy: you can ride on the wind. If a buddha is available, you can become part of his being.

And he is already on the other shore. He only exists in the body with you on this shore; his consciousness is on the other shore. If you move closer and closer and become really intimate, surrendered, slowly slowly your consciousness also starts reaching towards the other shore.

And that is the perfection of a sannyasin: to live on the shore, yet be not of this shore. Enough for today.

The White Lotus

Chapter #2

Chapter title: Because I Love You

1 November 1979 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 7911010

ShortTitle: WLOTUS02

Audio: Yes

Video: No

The first question:

BELOVED OSHO,

SOMETIMES I WANT TO SCREAM, "STOP, OSHO! NOT SO FAST! I'M NOT UP TO IT!"

I HAVEN'T BEEN HERE FOR TEN DAYS BEFORE I AM HAVING TO CONFRONT MY ATTACHMENTS, MY POSSESSIVENESS, MY JEALOUSY, MY FEAR OF DYING AND DISTRUST, IN ADDITION TO DIARRHEA. JUST AT THE POINT WHEN I FEAR THAT YOU HAVE ASKED TOO MUCH, IT ALL PASSES; WHAT I FEARED WAS TOO HARD TO FACE BREAKS AWAY AND I'M NOT THERE -- JOY AND GRATITUDE RUSH IN. EVERYTHING THAT IS HAPPENING IS A GIFT -- THE VERY GIFT THAT I NEEDED TO GROW. A SENSE COMES THAT ALL IS POSSIBLE. THANK YOU, BELOVED ONE.

Amitabh, it is an arduous journey, the journey to the ultimate core of your being. It is an uphill task, it is moving towards the peak. And when you are moving towards the peak you have to unburden yourself of many things, you have to become more and more weightless. You can't go on carrying rubbish with you.

Slowly slowly, attachments, possessiveness, jealousy, greed, fear, anger, all have to be dropped, because as you move towards higher altitudes things start becoming heavier and heavier. As you move towards purer layers of being, many things which you were never aware of become so clear, and you feel so stupid that you are carrying them, that you have carried them for lives together.

It is difficult to drop them, because one becomes accustomed to one's habits. Those habits may be creating misery, but still it is difficult to drop them because they have become so familiar; they have become part of your style of life. You are identified with them; without them you will be somebody else. And one is afraid -- afraid to be somebody other than one is. One is always afraid to go into the unknown. The fear of death is nothing but the fear of the unknown.

How can you be afraid of death, Amitabh? You have not encountered it yet. You have not

seen its face -- whether it is ugly or beautiful. You cannot say anything -- whether it is going to be a curse or a blessing. You have no idea about it; how can you be afraid of death?

No, no one is ever afraid of death. People are really afraid of losing their attachments with life, with their lifestyles. One thing is certain: that death will change you totally, that death will take you into a dimension of which you are absolutely unaware. One thing is certain: that death will not leave you intact as you are. It will take away your body, it will take away your mind; it will take away all that you had thought you consist of. It will leave only the purest consciousness within you. Hence the fear of death, and hence the fear of going deep into meditation -- they are the same.

Meditation does the same work as death. Meditation is a willful death: you start dying, disappearing, evaporating of your own accord. And to be close to me has no other purpose. To be close to me is to be close to your death.

The ancient Eastern sutras say that the master is nothing but death, and the disciple is one who is ready to die. But death is a prerequisite for being reborn. Jesus cannot be resurrected if he is not crucified.

Once a Christian missionary was asking me, "How do you explain the fact that God allowed Jesus to be crucified?"

Christians have been at a loss to explain it. On the one hand they say that Jesus is the only-begotten son of God... and the father must have been absolutely cruel to allow Jesus to be crucified. Everybody was waiting for a miracle to happen that day; even the enemies were thinking that something was going to happen. Thousands of people gathered to see the miracle. They had seen Jesus, known Jesus, they had looked into his eyes, they had felt his vibe. He was a rare man: he had something of the supernatural about him. He had something which is not ordinarily available: a depth, a height. He had roots going deep into the earth and wings to fly to the ultimate. People had felt all this: the grace, the beauty, the grandeur of his being. They had felt the peace, the silence, surrounding him. They had felt the nourishing love that continuously flowed from his being towards others. Something was bound to happen -- God could not leave Jesus, God had to do something. They were waiting for the last moment.

It seems that even Jesus himself was waiting for something to happen, because in the last moments he said, "Why have you forsaken me? What have I done?" It shows that deep down somewhere he was also hoping that something *would* happen, that maybe at the last moment he would be saved. But there seems to have been nothing happening. God seems to be absolutely cold, indifferent, not concerned. Of course, Christian theologians, priests, have been worried about it. They can't answer why God did not do anything on that day.

This missionary was asking me. I said, "You don't understand the whole phenomenon. If God had done any miracle and Jesus had been saved, the whole story would have been very ordinary. God did not do anything; he allowed Jesus to die. In fact, he helped in every possible way for him to die, because that is the only way to be resurrected."

The real miracle is resurrection -- not saving you but helping you to die as you are so that you can be as you should be. God allowed Jesus to die on the cross. And the story is beautiful: on the third day Jesus is back, resurrected, new, young, no more son of man but only son of God. He is so new, so fresh, that even his own disciples fail to recognize him.

He meets two of his disciples who are going towards a village, escaping from Jerusalem, because now they are afraid that the next thing is going to be that the disciples will be caught and they will be killed. The rumor is hot: the master has been killed, now the disciples will be killed. Everything is destroyed and not even a trace is left behind of this man and his work.

So they were escaping.

Jesus meets them on the way, believing that at least his own disciples will recognize him. But they don't recognize him -- they talk with him as if he were a stranger. Jesus is very much puzzled.

Then they enter a small restaurant to eat something -- they are tired -- and Jesus breaks bread. Then they suddenly recognize him, because that is the way Jesus used to break bread; something of the old, then recognition happens. Then they suddenly come awake, as if they have come out of sleep or out of a dream, and they say, "Is it you? We could not recognize you on the way." And they had been walking for at least three hours, talking -- and they had been talking about their master being crucified to the master himself! Jesus must have been laughing inside himself, that they were talking about the master but they couldn't recognize him.

People are recognized only by their old habits. When Jesus breaks bread, immediately the disciples recognize him, because "That is the way of Jesus! Only he used to break bread that way!" As if suddenly the clouds disperse, the darkness is gone, and they see that Jesus has come back. The form is so new... no trace of the old.

My own feeling is that Jesus must have deliberately broken bread in the old way just to give them a clue.

God allowed Jesus to die so that a resurrection became possible.

Amitabh, I am going to help you to die. That's the function of a master: he has to be a death. And, yes, to die is difficult, hard. That diarrhea is nothing but a mind thing: you are so much afraid that fear is creating diarrhea. But it is good -- it will cleanse the body. Your body, your mind, both need deep cleaning.

That's why whenever clouds are not there "joy and gratitude rush in." Whenever you are ready to die you will find joy and gratitude rushing in -- whenever you accept. If you resist, then there is a problem. If you resist, then you will scream, your very being will scream, "Stop, Osho! Not so fast! I'm not up to it!" Nobody is up to it! Who wants to die?

And dropping all your old patterns is a great death, greater than the ordinary, physical death, because when you die ordinarily you only change the body, you change the garments. Your old habits, old patterns of thinking and feeling, continue in a new life, in a new body. Just the surface changes, nothing else.

The ordinary death is really ordinary; it is not much of a death. It only scratches the surface; it changes your skin, that's all. Otherwise you remain the same person: death after death you remain the same person.

But the death that happens in a love affair with a master is absolute, irrevocable. It is a point of no return. You cannot go back, you cannot fall back to the old patterns again; that becomes impossible. You have to go on moving ahead. And, of course, the mind screams, "Stop, Osho!" But because I love you, I cannot stop. Because I love you, I have to kill you.

"Sweetheart," gushed the ardent swain, "let me adore your lovely face and I will buy you a sable muff. Let me hold your hand and I will give you a red fox scarf. Let me kiss you and I will give you a mink cape. Let me...."

"Stop!" cried the girl. "That's fur enough!"

Yes, Amitabh, many times you will scream, "That's far enough!" But I cannot stop. I am utterly helpless in that way; it is not within my hands to stop. I have to go on. The more you scream, the faster I have to go, so that soon the work is done.

Your screaming is coming from your mind. And your question is significant, because your heart is feeling deep joy and gratitude. Your mind is saying, "No, stop!" Your heart is saying, "Everything that is happening is a gift -- the very gift that I needed to grow. A sense comes that all is possible. Thank you, Beloved One."

Two different layers, two different planes of your being -- the head and the heart -- are both expressed in your question. A part of you, the superficial part which is afraid of death -- the ego, the mind -- is crying, begging, "Stop!" It is because of this superficial plane of your being that you have been escaping again and again from here. Of course, the mind is very cunning and it tries to find excuses. If there aren't any, it can invent; it is very capable of managing. It can create illnesses in the body so that you don't blame the mind. What can you do?

This has been happening to Amitabh for at least three years continuously. He comes, he comes with great love, and then the mind starts playing tricks. And the mind has been playing a really subtle trick on him: each time he comes he starts losing weight, and naturally a point comes when he becomes afraid of losing so much weight that he has to go back.

This is a mind trick. If you become aware of it this time, the mind will not be able to do it. And the excuse is such that nobody can blame you, you cannot blame yourself. It is natural: when the body starts losing weight you have to go.

There is no visible reason why his body should lose weight, because Amitabh remains a vegetarian in America and here too he is a vegetarian. Even people who are nonvegetarians in the West and who come here and become vegetarians don't lose weight. So a vegetarian coming to India will not lose weight; there is no reason. The doctors cannot find any reason at all. It is something in the mind; it is a trick of the mind, a subtle strategy.

And the mind has to be very subtle, because Amitabh's love for me is tremendous. But as the moment of death comes close the mind freaks out. And Amitabh will not listen to the mind, hence the mind has to take support from the body. And the body always follows the mind. If the mind wants to create a certain illness, the body simply has to submit to the mind, surrender to the mind.

Ninety percent of diseases are now known to be mind-created, mind-oriented. Many diseases that happen here around me are more or less mind-created. You want a valid reason to escape, and any small thing won't do because your love for me is great. Something really dangerous has to be created: your life has to be at risk, only then will you go.

On one plane your mind says, "I'm not up to it. Stop, it is enough! Go slowly!" But there are a few things which can only be done in a sudden blow, in a single blow. The slower you go, the more painful they are. It is better to cut the knot with a single blow of the sword rather than to go very slowly and make the whole process unnecessarily painful.

Secondly: you are aware of another plane, too. Your heart says, "This is what you need -- you need a death, because only after death is a resurrection possible. The old has to cease for the new to be." The mind has to go for the heart to take total possession of your being.

Hence you feel gratitude, you feel joy, you feel great thankfulness. And you understand that it is needed in order for you to grow that all these things -- attachments, possessiveness, jealousy, fear of death, distrust -- have to be dropped. They are ugly. They are hanging around you, they are parasites -- they suck your blood. They don't allow you freedom, they don't allow you the impossible.

But in those rare, crystal-clear moments when the heart is functioning as a master and not as a slave, you know: "A sense comes that all is possible."

Yes, all is possible, even the impossible is possible... because what I am trying to do

really is to put you in order. You are in disorder; everything is there but upside down. Things have to be put right side up, things have to be rearranged. You have all that can create the orchestra, but everybody is trying to play on his instrument within you as if they are not part of an orchestra but a solo performer. The flute player is playing his flute with no idea of what others are doing. The sitar player is playing his sitar with no connection to the flute. The tabla player is playing the tabla absolutely unaware of the flute and the sitar... and so on and so forth. They are doing all that they can do, but they are only creating a chaos, a noise, which is destructive. They all have to be put in tune with each other, and then the same noise will become a great music.

Yes, Amitabh, all is possible, because you are carrying within you a buddha. Amitabh is one of the names of buddha; it means infinite light. In the East we love to give many names to those who have arrived home. Each name represents a certain aspect. Buddha is called Tathagata because he is like a wind which comes and goes from nowhere to nowhere -- eternal movement, no beginning, no end. Buddha is also called Amitabh; *amitabh* means infinite light, pure light, knowing no boundaries.

When the mind disappears, all darkness disappears. When the mind dies, only light is left -- and a light that needs no fuel, a light that is uncaused. You are carrying a buddha within you as a seed. It is difficult to believe, because you know only your mind -- and thinking of a buddha *and* your mind, the distance seems to be unbridgeable. And it is unbridgeable! If we try to reach the buddha through the mind the distance is unbridgeable, but if we try to reach the buddha through the heart there is no distance at all, there is no need for any bridge.

Just the other day Bodhidharma was saying that there is no attainment. How can you attain the already attained? There is no question of becoming; becoming is not needed because you already have BEING. Your future is not in the future, it is already in the present. Your now contains all: your past, your future -- all that you have been and all that you will be and all that you *can* be. Your present moment contains infinity in it.

Just the other day we were talking about Buddha asking Subhuti, "Subhuti, what do you say? When I was living with another buddha in my past life, Dipankara Buddha, what had I attained?"

Now anybody who is only knowledgeable will answer, "You attained buddhahood. You attained truth, nirvana." But Subhuti says, "Bhagwan, you did not attain anything when you were with Dipankara Buddha, because there is nothing to be attained. You simply became aware of your inner treasures. That is not attainment. You had simply forgotten about it and you remembered. Where is the question of attainment?"

A forgetfulness and a remembering, that's all. The whole story of man, of every man: a forgetfulness and a remembering.

A girl was walking along a country road and almost stepped on a frog. She was about to go on, when he began to speak.

"I have not always been a frog," he croaked. "I was once a tall, dark, handsome man, but was transformed into this creature you know now by a wicked and magical genie. The spell can only be broken if I spend a night under the pillow of a beautiful girl."

The girl, of course, was skeptical, but the pleading eyes of the unhappy frog caused her to take him home that night and put him under her pillow.

Sure enough, when she awoke the next morning, there beside her she found a tall, dark, gorgeous hunk of a man.

Well, you know, to this very day her mother does not believe that story!

Amitabh, frogs can turn into princes because princes have turned into frogs. You can become buddhas because you *are* buddhas turned into frogs. Maybe orange frogs... but the buddhahood is already the case. It is not something that is going to happen in future, it is already the case. You have only to look in. But your attachments keep you engaged outside. Your jealousies, your possessiveness, don't give you time to look in, space to look in.

In a subtle, surgical way I have to help you to come out of your dreams, attachments, jealousies, possessiveness. Once you are out of these illusions you *are* a buddha, as everyone else is.

Yes, all is possible, Amitabh, and I am here to help you to make it possible. The impossible can happen, and I am trying to create the right space for it to happen. But there are going to be a few painful moments. You will have to accept those painful moments too, because they are only creating the right context in which bliss can descend in you. That's why again and again you feel joy and gratitude rushing in.

Allow me, cooperate with me. Let your head be cut by me. Surrender your head. It is happening -- slowly slowly you are gaining courage. And it is not very far away. But all depends on you. I cannot force buddhahood on you, I can only help you to discover it within your own being. But before you discover it, a few things which are hindrances have to be dropped, and you will not be a loser.

On the way towards buddhahood nobody has ever lost anything. And whatsoever we lose is not worth keeping -- what we gain is so infinite, is so eternal, that one never feels sorry for what has been lost. We are carrying pebbles, colored pebbles, thinking that they are precious diamonds. They are not. Your hands have to be emptied first and then diamonds will go on showering on you. They are always showering, it is just that your hands are not empty. Your hands are so full of ordinary stones that there is no space for the diamonds to be.

Be a little more empty. And this time don't allow the mind to play tricks upon you.

The second question:

BELOVED OSHO,

I BELIEVE IN DISCIPLINE, LAW AND ORDER, AND THAT'S WHY I AM HESITATING TO TAKE A JUMP INTO SANNYAS. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Suresh, sannyas is the greatest discipline there is; it is the greatest order possible. Sannyas belongs to the ultimate law, what Buddha calls *aes dhammo sanantano*, the inexhaustible, ultimate law.

You say: "I believe in discipline, law and order...."

If you really understand what discipline is, what order and law is, then there is no question of hesitating. Then sannyas is the only way for you; there will be no other way, no alternative. But you don't understand what discipline is. You believe, but you don't understand. In fact, if you understand there is no need to believe.

Belief is a state of non-understanding. People believe because they don't know. You don't believe in the sun, you don't believe in the trees, you don't believe that the trees are green; you simply know. But you believe that God exists, that heaven and hell exist. These are beliefs, because you don't know.

Belief is a substitute for knowing; it deceives you. It keeps you in a state of ignorance because it helps you to pretend. And if you have been pretending long enough you are

befooled by your own belief so deeply that you don't suspect, you don't doubt. Your belief starts becoming your wisdom -- and belief can never become your wisdom.

Remember one thing: believing is a wrong approach. Don't believe in God. Why believe in God when God can be known? Don't believe in love when love can be lived. Don't believe in me while you can experience the truth of my being present to you. When you can commune with me, why believe in me? Belief is a barrier, not a bridge. If you believe in me you will never understand me.

Drop believing, Suresh, and start knowing. Sannyas is a jump from belief to understanding. You were a believing Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan; sannyas is a jump from your Christianity, Hinduism, Mohammedanism. Sannyas is a jump from belief into a real, authentic search for the truth.

Belief simply means that others have told you and you have believed them -- maybe your parents, your teachers, priests, politicians, friends, or just the climate around you, the social conditioning. You were born into a certain society, into a certain structure; you have imbibed the spirit of it unknowingly. Just as you breathe in air you breathe in beliefs. But you have not experienced anything. And these beliefs can be dangerous, because if you are a sincere man you may start imposing your beliefs upon your life. You may start creating a character, cultivating a character.

And that's what you must be doing, Suresh: you must be trying to live a very disciplined life. But if a man is conscious he need not live a disciplined life. He only needs to live a conscious life, and discipline follows him like a shadow.

A disciplined life is rigid, frozen, cold, dead. You simply go on doing things mechanically. Sometimes it may suit the situation, many more times it is absolutely irrelevant. Then the disciplined man, the so-called disciplined man, is always lagging behind. The situation demands something else, but his discipline reacts in its own way, so he is never in a deep communion with reality. He is always isolated, alienated.

It happened: A Sufi mystic, Junnaid, was going for a pilgrimage, a holy pilgrimage to Kaaba. He told his disciples, "It will take one month for us to reach Kaaba, and we will fast so that by the time we reach Kaaba our bodies will be absolutely purified."

The disciples agreed. The journey started. The third day they reached a village. The whole village had come to receive them, because Junnaid had a disciple there who was a very poor man. Because Junnaid was coming for the first and maybe the last time to his village and was going to be his guest, he sold his field, his house, everything, to give a feast to the whole village. He was not aware at all that Junnaid was on a fast and that he was followed by hundreds of disciples.

Junnaid saw the joy of the disciple. He was just ecstatic, although he had gambled everything just to give a feast to the whole village in welcome to his master. Junnaid did not say anything -- he did not even mention that he was keeping a fast. When Junnaid did not say anything the disciples were also silent, but they were boiling within.

The feast started. Junnaid ate well and thanked the disciple, blessed the disciple. The other disciples also had to eat since Junnaid was eating. They could not say, "We are on a fast," when the master had himself forgotten about the fast. And moreover the food was delicious, and for three days they had been hungry, too! But deep down they were feeling angry also: "What kind of discipline is this?"

When they departed, the first thing they did on the way was to ask the master, "This we can't understand. Did you forget all about the fast? You did not even mention it."

He said, "No, I never forget anything, but his joy was such and his ecstasy was such... and it would have been such a pain to his heart if I had said, 'I am not going to eat.' He had prepared the food with such love. There is no problem," said Junaid, "we can keep our fast for three more days. Forget about those three days -- we start our fast from today, and we will keep the fast for one month. There is no problem in it. Why hurt the poor man for a simple thing? We can keep the fast three days more."

But the disciples said, "But it is a question of discipline: since we had taken the vow we should have followed it."

Junaid said, "Live consciously, don't live according to a dead discipline. You were feeling irritated -- I saw it on your faces. You were angry at me -- I was watching -- because you were simply following a dead rule: 'We have taken a vow so it has to be followed.' We are the masters. We take the vow, we can break it. And the situation was such that what we did was the right thing. Our fast is just ordinary; his love was something really holy. Eating or not eating does not matter much, but his joy you missed, his ecstasy you could not share. A great opportunity has been lost.

"If it happens again," said the master, "because we may be coming across other disciples in other towns, don't be worried. I act out of the moment. I see the situation and I act -- that is my discipline. I don't act according to the past."

And the people who act according to the past are not necessarily in order, in discipline, in accord, because the people who have a law-abiding mind can be very cunning and they can always find ways to bypass the laws. They can find loopholes to get out of obeying the law; there is not much of a problem in it.

In the Buddhist scriptures there are ten thousand major rules and thirty-three thousand minor rules for the disciple. Now, even to remember them is impossible -- forty-three thousand rules in all! How are you going to remember those rules? And why were they created? It was not Buddha who created them but the tradition, the priests that followed him. And even forty-three thousand rules are not enough, because people go on doing things. They can always find a way to do what they really want to do: Where there's a will there's a way. No law can prevent you. And every law can be interpreted in such a way that it is very easy to wriggle out of anything.

During an inspection a lieutenant discovered that a young soldier's laundry bag was full of books. Being a stickler for having everything in the proper place, he bawled out the guilty private in no uncertain terms. When he was just about out of breath he asked, "Now, how by any stretch of imagination can you justify stuffing your laundry with books?"

Quietly the lad replied, "With all due respect, sir -- they're dirty books."

It is very easy to play with words. It is very easy to get out of any discipline that you have imposed upon yourself. And exceptions are always allowed.

A disciple was going on a pilgrimage. He asked Buddha, "I will be away from you for many months. The only thing that I am afraid of is the existence of women. Here with you I can keep myself disciplined, but alone I am afraid -- afraid of myself. If I see a woman, what am I supposed to do?"

Buddha said, "Just look down at the ground four feet ahead, don't look at the woman. That will be enough to avoid the woman. Just looking down four feet ahead of you is enough

to walk. And you will not be seeing the face and the beauty or whether it is a man or a woman."

The disciple said, "That's right, but sometimes there may be a situation in which I will not be aware that a woman is coming and before I look down I will have already seen her. Then what to do? Then even looking down on the ground won't help. And the possibility is there...." So he asked, "Then what to do?"

Buddha smiled and he said, "Then don't talk to her. Just go on moving and don't look back."

But the disciple asked, "But there could be a situation in which the woman starts talking. Then just out of etiquette... and a *bhikkhu*, a disciple of Buddha, has to be graceful and cultured. If a woman asks something, am I not supposed to listen to it? Am I not supposed to answer her?"

Buddha said, "Okay, so you can talk, but don't touch her."

The disciple said, "Just one thing more: in a certain situation it can happen that you have to touch a woman. For example, some accident has happened. A woman has fallen into a ditch, or a bullock cart has gone into a ditch and the woman is underneath the bullock cart. Do you suppose that I should simply go on moving without saying anything, without touching her? -- because I will have to take her out of the ditch or from underneath the cart and then I will have to touch her. What do you say about that?"

Buddha laughed and he said, "Then do only one thing: just remain aware."

The bhikkhu said, "That's okay, that I can do."

Now, small things he cannot do, but awareness, "Yes," he says, "that I can do." ... Because who can see your awareness? It is simply an inside phenomenon; only you know whether you are aware or not aware. Now he has asked permission to do everything. Creating imaginary situations he has asked for exceptions.

So although there are thirty-three thousand minor rules and ten thousand major rules, Buddhists have been doing all the same things that others are doing who have not even heard about these forty-three thousand rules.

Rules can't help. If they are imposed from the outside they are utterly useless -- not only useless but they burden you, and unnecessarily burden you.

Drop the legal mind! If you really want to know the law, the ultimate law, and if you want to live according to the ultimate law, don't be legal. Manmade laws are worthless.

The young woman was depositing a fifty-dollar bill at the bank.

"I can't accept this," said the teller, "it's counterfeit."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed the woman, "I've been raped!"

Now immediately the interpretation changes. Your law, your words all depend on you.

When the next patient is called, a skeleton walks in. "Mmmm!" says the doctor. "A bit late, aren't you?"

Must have been a very legal-minded man!

Suresh, you say: "I believe in discipline, law and order, and that's why I am thinking but hesitating to take a jump into sannyas."

Many people think that my sannyas has no discipline, no law, no order. They are utterly wrong. Yes, I have not given you thirty-three thousand minor rules and ten thousand major rules to live by. I give you a single commandment: Be aware. Even Buddha had to do that after seeing the man trying to find ways out; finally he has to say, "Then just be aware." He said it only at the end, I say it from the very beginning. So that you need not find excuses, exceptions, strategies, tricks, so that you need not be diplomatic, I simply say it from the beginning.

This is the only commandment -- the eleventh commandment. And the eleventh is enough; the other ten are not needed at all. Be aware and let your discipline come out of your awareness. And there will come a discipline which has a beauty. It will not be like a plastic flower, it will be a real rose. It will have perfume, it will have life. And there will come a certain order, but not imposed, not cultivated -- natural.

Just the other day Bodhidharma was saying: When you know the ultimate law, Dharma, when you have become aware of it, when you are attuned to it, your life becomes simple, easy, natural, flowing. No hindrances, no obstructions are there, no blocks are there. That is order.

Order is not like railroad tracks, where the train goes on moving on the rails, the same rails, every day. Order is like a river coming down from the Himalayas and moving towards the ocean. The river is alive! It is not following a certain map, it is not running like a canal, it is not manmade. It simply flows freely, but it still reaches to the ocean. And a canal always looks ugly, artificial, because it does not have the natural turns, sudden surprises; it is straight, geometrical. The real river is zigzag, sometimes going to the south and sometimes moving to the north.

If you are too legal you will say, "This is a waste of time and waste of land and waste of energy." If you are too legal-minded you start believing only in straight lines: the shortest path is to go straight from one point to the other. But the river goes zigzag, takes a long route, sometimes flows fast and sometimes goes very lazy. And there are different moods and different climates and different lands which it passes through. It takes sudden turns. It goes in a dancing way: not confined, not like a slave, not like a prisoner, chained, following the policeman. It goes in freedom. Then each step has its own beauty.

My sannyasin is like a river, not like a canal. Yes, there is a discipline, but very subtle: that of love, that of understanding, that of meditation. Yes, there is an order, but not imposed, not cultivated -- natural, spontaneous. Yes, there is a law, but not the law made by stupid politicians or stupid priests -- the law of nature itself, the law of God.

Buddha calls God The Ultimate Law. My sannyasin is working out how to be more attuned with nature, with the whole, how to drop this ego, how not to be separate from the whole -- because to me, to be one with the whole is to be holy.

Suresh, there is no need to hesitate. Try what I am saying. Experiment with it and come to your own conclusions. But never believe. Experiment, experience, and your experience will prove the truth of what I am saying.

The third question:

BELOVED OSHO,

I AM A GOD-FEARING MAN, BUT YOU SAY THAT ALL FEAR HAS TO BE DROPPED. HAS THE FEAR OF GOD ALSO TO BE DROPPED?

Ramchandra, fear is fear: it does not matter of what, of whom. The object makes no difference; your subjectivity is full of fear. And if you are God-fearing you can never be God-loving.

In all the languages of the world this ugly type of phrase exists: God-fearing. This is ugly, because fear and love, like light and darkness, cannot exist together. If there is fear you cannot love God. How can you love God if you are afraid of him? You may submit and surrender, but deep down there will be resistance, anger. Somewhere in your unconscious there will persist the idea of taking revenge. You cannot forgive a God of whom you are afraid.

And fear is just the opposite of love. Hate is not really the opposite of love -- you will be surprised -- fear is the exact opposite. Hate is love standing upside down; fear is just the opposite. You cannot be afraid of God if you understand what God is. This total universe is God. In fact, there is no God as a person; the whole existence is permeated, overflowing, with a quality called godliness. It is in the flowers and in the grass and in the stars; it is in you -- it is everywhere. The whole existence is made of the stuff called godliness. God is not a person -- how can you be afraid?

And if you follow a religious life out of fear it will be the life of a slave, not of a man who is free. And if you start in fear you cannot end in freedom; you will end in slavery. And all that you will do out of fear is going to be wrong; it is going to be false, superficial.

The young couple were canoeing in the middle of the lake when a sudden squall hit.

Terrified at the intensity of the wind and rain, the boy started to pray: "O Lord, save us and I'll give up smoking... I'll give up drinking... I'll give up...."

At this moment the young lady yelled, "Don't give up anything else! I think the storm is over!"

Out of fear nothing radical is possible.

I have heard a story about Mulla Nasruddin. He was also coming from a faraway journey in a small ship, and a great storm arose and it appeared that there seemed to be no chance of surviving.

Nasruddin had a beautiful palace, a marble palace of which he was very proud, in the capital of his country. Even the king was jealous of him and he had offered him whatsoever money he wanted to take, "but give the palace to me."

But Nasruddin was insistent that he was not going to give the palace to anybody at any price. Great offers had come, but he had always refused.

Now that his life was in danger he prayed to God and he said, "Listen! I will give the palace to the poor. I will sell the palace and distribute the money to the poor."

It so happened that the moment he said it the storm started subsiding. As the storm started subsiding, Nasruddin started having second thoughts: This is too much! And maybe the storm was going to subside anyway. I have unnecessarily risked my palace.

But then he was in for a big surprise: the storm started rising again. Then he really became afraid. He said, "Listen! Don't be bothered with my thoughts -- I am a foolish man -- but whatsoever I have said I am going to do. I promise you that I will sell the house and distribute the money to the poor."

The storm subsided again. Again he wanted to have second thoughts, but now he was

afraid.

He reached the shore and the next day he informed the whole capital that he was going to auction his palace. All the rich people, the king, the prime minister, and the ministers, and the general, all came, because everybody was interested in his palace. And they were all surprised at what he was doing; they thought him crazy.

Just in front of the palace he had kept a cat, and he told the people who had gathered, "The price of the cat is ten lakh rupees, and the price of the palace is only one rupee, but I am going to sell them together."

The whole thing looked crazy: the cat, ten lakh rupees... just an ordinary cat! He must have caught any wandering cat. But people thought: Why be worried? That is not our business.

The king purchased them. Ten lakh rupees were paid for the cat, one rupee for the palace. Nasruddin gave one rupee to a beggar and said to God, "Look! What I promised I have fulfilled!"

If you do things out of fear you can't do them with your heart. You will be cunning, you will find ways. And whenever the fear goes you will be the same again.

Please, Ramchandra, don't be God-fearing. Be God-loving: that is my essential message.

Up to now, religion has been based on fear. That's why the earth has remained irreligious or only superficially religious. Religion has remained just something like a painted face: false, pseudo. And the basic reason why it has failed is fear.

The priests have based the religion on fear and greed -- which are two aspects of the same coin. Because of fear they have created the idea of hell, to make people really God-fearing. And they have also created the idea of heaven to make people really greedy. And greed creates fear. Greed means: if you don't follow God, if you don't pray to God regularly, you may miss all the joys of heaven. Missing the joys of heaven is a great fear-creating situation. And you will be thrown into hell, hellfire.

And in the scriptures they have invented so many methods of torture that it seems that Adolf Hitler must have read all the scriptures of the world, otherwise how had he come across so many methods to torture people? They can be found only in religious scriptures. He must have asked the advice of knowledgeable priests, because whatsoever is written in the scriptures he managed to do in his concentration camps, in his gas chambers. And the only thing which is not written in the scriptures he also managed to do.

In the scriptures it is not written that there are windows in hell which you can go and look through to see what is happening inside. He made windows in his gas chambers. Those windows had the kind of glass that you can look in through but through which the people who are being gassed inside cannot look out at the spectators. And look at the inhumanity of man: thousands of people waited for months to look through those windows and thousands of people came to see through those windows. They stood in queues for hours to gain entry and to see people disappearing in smoke. Those gas chambers were such that within seconds one thousand people in one gas chamber would be just smoke and nothing would be left. It was almost like an entertainment for the people; people enjoyed seeing it very much.

The devil should learn something from Adolf Hitler. He can earn much money if he makes a few windows in hell and sells tickets. The tickets will be sold out for almost one century ahead. Who would not like to have a look into hell?

The priests have based their religion on two basic, ugly instincts: fear and greed. And both have nothing to do with real religion. Real religion is freedom from greed and freedom

from fear.

Ramchandra, you will have to get rid of *all* fear. Yes, the fear of God is included in it. It has to be dropped if you really want to understand what God is. But our whole life is so covered with fear.... We love out of fear, we pray out of fear.

There are people like Dale Carnegie who write books which are sold in millions. I think his book, *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, has sold only next to *The Bible* -- millions of copies in almost all the languages of the world. Why do people read such rubbish? And what is he teaching in those books? Cunningness, diplomacy!

He suggests that even if you don't love your wife, that is not the point. At least whenever you have a chance to say to her, "I love you," say it. Repeat it as many times as possible, because she only hears your words, she does not know your heart. Your wife is not a veterinary surgeon. The vet has to look and decide about the disease of the animal himself, he cannot ask the animal, "How are you? How do you feel? How is your sleep?" Your wife is not a vet; she depends on your words. She does not know what goes on inside you; that is your business. But if you just say, "Darling, I love you!" if you repeat it ten times a day, whenever you come across her -- and you say it with great fervor.... Be an actor, that's what he is saying. And she will believe you, and your life will be smooth; there will be less conflict. This he calls love! This is just fear of conflict, fear that something disturbing may happen. So just keep things smooth.

Your saying again and again, "I love you," is like a lubricant. And be afraid, that is the message; if you are not afraid you will be in trouble. Wives are afraid of their husbands and husbands are afraid of their wives. Parents are afraid of their children and children are afraid of their parents. Children are afraid of their teachers and teachers are afraid of their pupils. Everybody is afraid of everybody else -- it seems as if fear is the only climate we live in.

A traveling salesman who was not feeling up to snuff visited a doctor for a check-up. A routine examination did not reveal any particular ailment. The doctor then questioned his patient about his living habits.

"Now I'm going to get personal," said the doc. "How often do you engage in sexual relationship?"

"Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, regularly," replied the salesman.

"Well," went on the doctor, "your trouble may lie there. I suggest you eliminate the Wednesdays."

"Oh, no," answered the salesman, "I couldn't do that. That's the only night of the week I'm home!"

People are loving even... even love is nothing but fear -- a diplomacy, a strategy, to keep things running smoothly. And that's why you pray regularly. Morning, evening, you go on praying, hoping that God will hear your prayer. There is nobody to hear your prayers! Your prayer is simply a monologue. You are praying to the empty sky. Nobody is going to reward you for your prayers, remember it.

Ramchandra, if you really know what prayer is then prayer itself is its own reward. There is nobody else to reward you; the reward is not there in the future, not in the after-life. But praying itself is such a beautiful phenomenon that who cares about the future and who bothers about the reward? That is greed, the idea of reward. Prayer in itself is such a celebration, it brings such great joy and ecstasy, that one prays for the prayer's sake. One does not pray out of fear and one does not pray out of greed; one prays because one enjoys it.

One does not even bother whether there is a God or not.

If you enjoy dancing you don't ask whether there is a God or not. If you enjoy dancing, you simply dance! Whether anybody sees the dance from the sky or not is not your concern. Whether the stars and the sun and the moon are going to reward you for your dance, you don't care. The dance is enough of a reward in itself. If you love singing you sing; whether anybody listens or not is not the point.

So is prayer. It is a dance, it is a song, it is music, it is love. You enjoy it, and there it is finished. Prayer is the means and prayer is the end; the ends and the means are not separate. Only then do you know what prayer is. And prayer is far more important than God.

Patanjali says: God is only an excuse to pray. It is like a peg on the wall to hang your coat on. If the peg is not there you can hang your coat somewhere else. You can hang it on the door, on the window, anywhere. Patanjali has great insight when he says that God is just a peg: God has been invented because otherwise it will be difficult for you to pray. Ordinarily you think prayer is a means to reach God; Patanjali says God is only a means so that you can pray. But it is only for the beginners -- to help them.

It is just like when a small child goes to school to learn the alphabet we give him a few helpful clues. We say, "D is for donkey." Now, D has nothing to do with donkey in particular; donkey is not the owner of D. D is as much for dog as it is for donkey, and D is for many things. "D is for donkey" is just to help the child, because he can visualize the donkey more easily. He giggles and enjoys -- he knows the donkey perfectly well -- and in this way he remembers D.

But if a grown-up reading always reads "D for donkey" and then goes on, then something has gone wrong. Then he will be in difficulty, he will not be able to read anything. "M is for monkey, and D is for donkey"... if he goes on reading that way the donkeys and monkeys will get so mixed up that he will not be able to make any sense out of it! No, the child soon learns that it was only a device.

According to Patanjali, one of the greatest masters of the world, God is a device -- a device to help you to pray. Once you have learned to pray, forget all about God; prayer itself is enough, more than enough.

Prayer means surrender. Prayer means bowing down to existence. Prayer means gratitude. Prayer means thankfulness. Prayer means silence. Prayer means that "I am happy that I am." Prayer simply means that "This tremendous gift of life is so much for such an unworthy man like me. I don't deserve it, yet the unknown has showered it on me." Seeing it, gratitude arises.

Ramchandra, you ask me: "I am a God-fearing man, but you say that all fear has to be dropped. Has the fear of God also to be dropped?"

Yes, absolutely yes. Only then you will know what God is, and only then you will know what love is, and only then you will know what being religious means, what it is all about.

The last question:

BELOVED OSHO,

CAN'T PSYCHOANALYSIS HELP PEOPLE TO KNOW THEMSELVES? IS RELIGION REALLY NECESSARY?

Sugeet, psychoanalysis can help a little bit, it can prepare the ground, but it cannot be a

substitute for religion. In the West it is becoming a substitute for religion, and that is going to destroy something immensely beautiful. Religion is a totally different phenomenon from psychoanalysis. Religion is not analysis at all, religion is meditation. It is not thinking, it is not analysis.

Psychoanalysis is concerned with the mind and helping the mind to become adjusted to society, to whatsoever is thought to be normal. It may be, it may not be. Usually the average is thought to be the normal, but the average is not necessarily the normal. The word normal comes from 'norm'; norm means the law. Normal is one who lives according to the law, the ultimate law, the ultimate norm.

A Buddha is normal, a Jesus is normal, a Zarathustra is normal, a Bodhidharma is normal. You are not normal, you are simply average. You are not following the norm, you don't know anything about the norm. But psychoanalysis simply helps you to adjust yourself with the society you live in; it makes your life a little easier.

Sigmund Freud is reported to have said, "We cannot make man happy, because there is no possibility of man ever being happy. All that we can do is to make him less unhappy." This is a significant statement, and coming from the founder of psychoanalysis it has great importance. And he is being true.

One thing must be said about Freud: that he is always sincere. Even though his sincerity goes against many things which he wants, goes against his own psychoanalysis, still he remains sincere. He never hides behind facades and masks. He is a simple man in that way. In that way he has some religious quality about him.

But otherwise, psychoanalysis can help you in particular problems: it can give you a little insight into your problems, it can make you accept them. It can bring you down from your feverish state to the average, and that too at a very great cost and years of work.

Meditation can do it within days, and meditation can do far more. It does not help you to become adjusted with society; it helps you to be adjusted with God, with godliness. The society means the crowd. To be adjusted with the crowd is not growth, it is just the opposite of growth. The crowd consists of the lowest, and to be adjusted with the lowest you have to remain the lowest. Religion takes you to the heights. It takes you towards the sky, it gives you wings.

Religion will always be needed. Psychoanalysis may not be needed one day. Psychoanalysis is a temporary phenomenon; it is only the contemporary mind that needs it. For centuries man had lived without psychoanalysis. In the East we have not given birth to any system like psychoanalysis; we have lived without it, we are still living without it. It is just the contemporary Western mind, which has become too tense, that needs psychoanalysis. It is something like a phase which is going to pass.

Psychoanalysis will soon be part of history, but religion is going to remain forever. Religion is something without which man cannot be man.

And the psychoanalyst himself is in the same trap as you are. He needs religion as much as you. He needs meditation as much as you, or maybe he needs it more than you, because he has to live with mentally ill people. He becomes infected by all their illnesses.

Patient: "People seem to think I'm brash, provocative and forward."

Psychiatrist: "I quite understand, Miss. Now, I want to make a few notes. Would you mind getting off my lap for a few minutes?"

If you live with people like this long enough, you may be helping them, bits of insight

may be given to them, but they are also changing you meanwhile.

More psychoanalysts commit suicide than any other profession. More psychoanalysts go mad than any other profession. It is very strange! Psychoanalysts going mad is enough condemnation of psychoanalysis.

A gorgeous girl walked into the psychiatrist's office. No sooner had she closed the door, when the doctor ripped off her clothes and attacked her.

After fifteen minutes he got up and said, "Well, that takes care of my problem. What's yours?"

Now, how can these people help you and how much can they help? Professionally they know much about the mind, but they know nothing about the soul. In fact, psychology, psychoanalysis, psychiatry, should not be named the way that they are, because 'psyche' means soul and they don't believe in the soul. 'Psychology' means the science of the soul.

Religion is the science of the soul, psychology is not the science of the soul. Psychology is the science of the mind -- and not even a science yet, it is just in a very primitive, crude state, just at the beginning. Religion is the science of the soul. It is an effort to help you to meet and merge with the totality of existence -- call it Dharma, Tao, God, or anything you like. It is an effort to destroy all the barriers between you and the whole so that you can start feeling the whole merging with you and you merging with the whole.

When you simply become a wave in the ocean there is great joy, because all fear of death disappears. You are no more separate so you cannot die. When you are just a wave in the ocean, all anxiety disappears, because anxiety is possible only if you think of yourself as an individual, separate. When you are just a wave in the ocean, then the ocean takes care of you. Sometimes you are there manifest and sometimes you are there unmanifest, but you are there always and forever.

Religion is a totally different phenomenon; psychoanalysis cannot become a substitute for it. It is good that psychoanalysis helps a little bit -- people need help -- but it is not religion, because psychoanalysis never transforms you. Religion is the science of transformation. You need a radical transformation, you need a mutation, you need a new birth. Psychology cannot become that.

Religion is nothing but the process of rebirthing. You are born anew, you are born in God, you are resurrected. Religion is death and resurrection.
Enough for today.

The White Lotus

Chapter #3

Chapter title: Just Dreaming

2 November 1979 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 7911020

ShortTitle: WLOTUS03

Audio: Yes

Video: No

QUESTION: WHAT IS MEDITATION IN EMPTINESS?

ANSWER: ONE OBSERVES THINGS IN THE PHENOMENAL WORLD, YET ALWAYS DWELLS IN EMPTINESS. THAT IS MEDITATION IN EMPTINESS.

QUESTION: HOW CAN ONE DWELL IN DHARMA?

ANSWER: ONE SHOULD STAY NEITHER IN IN-DWELLING DHARMA NOR IN NON-DWELLING DHARMA. HE SHOULD LIVE NATURALLY IN DHARMA. THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL DWELLING IN DHARMA.

QUESTION: HOW CAN A MAN LIVE AS NOT-MAN AND A WOMAN AS NOT-WOMAN?

ANSWER: THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE IN BUDDHA-NATURE BETWEEN A MAN AND A WOMAN, NOR AN ENTITY DESIGNATED AS MAN OR WOMAN. PHYSICAL MATTER PRODUCES THE GRASS AND TREES AS IT DOES HUMAN BEINGS. IN COMPARISON YOU SAY 'GRASS' OR 'TREES'. YOU GIVE ALL SORTS OF NAMES TO YOUR ILLUSIONS. BUDDHA SAID, "IF ONE SEES THAT EVERYTHING EXISTS AS AN ILLUSION, HE CAN LIVE IN A HIGHER SPHERE THAN ORDINARY MAN."

QUESTION: IF ONE ATTAINS THE NIRVANA OF AN ARHAT, HAS HE ZEN REALIZATION?

ANSWER: HE IS JUST DREAMING AND SO ARE YOU.

QUESTION: IF ONE PRACTISES THE SIX PARAMITAS, AND PASSES THROUGH THE TEN STAGES OF BODHISATTVAHOOD, AND COMPLETES TEN THOUSAND VIRTUES, HE SHOULD KNOW THAT ALL THINGS ARE NOT BORN, THEREFORE, THEY ARE NOT GOING TO PERISH. SUCH REALIZATION IS NEITHER INTUITION NOR INTELLECTUALITY. HE HAS NOTHING TO RECEIVE AND THERE IS NOTHING TO RECEIVE HIM. HAS THIS MAN ZEN REALIZATION?

ANSWER: HE IS JUST DREAMING AND SO ARE YOU.

QUESTION: IF A MAN HAS TEN POWERS, AND ACCOMPLISHES FOUR FORMS OF FEARLESSNESS, AND COMPLETES EIGHTEEN SYSTEMS OF THE TEACHING, HE IS THE SAME AS BUDDHA WHO ATTAINED ENLIGHTENMENT UNDER THE PIPPALA TREE. HE CAN SAVE SENTIENT BEINGS AND THEN ENTER INTO NIRVANA. IS HE NOT A REAL BUDDHA?

ANSWER: HE IS JUST DREAMING AND SO ARE YOU.

THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION that man has ever encountered is "What is

meditation?" The English word meditation is not so pregnant with meaning as the original Sanskrit word *dhyana*.

'Meditation' has a wrong connotation. The moment you say meditation, immediately the idea arises "On what?" Meditation, in the English sense of the word, is always on some object. But in the Sanskrit sense of the word *dhyana*, there is no object as such; on the contrary, to be absolutely objectless, to be utterly empty of all content, is *dhyana*.

Hence, when Buddha's message reached China, the word was left untranslated, because there was no equivalent in the Chinese language either. And the Chinese language is far richer than any other language of the world. Yet there was no word which could be called synonymous with the word *dhyana* -- for a simple reason: such a word was missing because *dhyana* has never been practiced anywhere else except in this country. This country has contributed only one thing to the world, and that is the art of *dhyana*. And that one contribution is enough, more than enough.

The whole of science can be put on one side and still it will not be more weighty than the single word *dhyana*. All the knowledge of the world can be put on one side, but the word *dhyana* will still weigh more. It has infinite significance, it is a totally new vision of consciousness: a consciousness without content, a consciousness without any thought, desire; an ocean without ripples, waves, utterly silent and still, reflecting the whole sky with all the stars. Such is *dhyana*.

In China it was left untranslated, but when you write a word from one language in another language, even if you don't translate it, it changes its color, its form. That's natural; it has happened many times.

Now, you know the word India; it is simply a different pronunciation of *Sindu*, the great river that now passes through Pakistan. When the Persians crossed that river for the first time they pronounced it *Indu* not *Sindu*. From *Indu* it became *Indus*, from *Indus* it became *India*. And then some other language group passed through and pronounced it not *Sindu* but *Hindu*; hence *Hindu*, *Hinduism*, *Hindustan*. But they have all arisen out of the name *Sindu*. Now it seems so far away that *Hindu* and *India* seem to be not related at all.

When the Indian constitution was being prepared, there was great discussion about what to call this country: *India* or *Hindustan*? Great controversy over the same word! -- because they both arise from the same word, the name of the great river that now passes through Pakistan, *Sindu*. It traveled in one direction and became *Hindu* and *Hindustan*, traveled in another direction and became *Indus*, *India*.

The same has happened with *dhyana*. Buddha never spoke Sanskrit; that was also one of his originalities. In India Sanskrit has always been the language of the priests, of the cultured, of the sophisticated. Buddha was the first to bring about a radical change: he started talking in the language of the people.

Sanskrit has never been a language of the people, it has always been the language of the highest strata of the society. And they have guarded it with great care, so that it never falls into the hands of the common people. It has been one of the strategies of all the priests all over the world that their language should not be understood by the common people, because if their language is understood by the common people then they will be exposed -- because what they go on saying is simple, very ordinary, but in a language that you don't understand it appears as if they are saying something superb, something very supernatural.

If you read the Vedas in your language you will be surprised: there is not much there -- not more than one percent of the sutras is significant, ninety-nine percent is simply rubbish. But if you hear it chanted in Sanskrit you will be enchanted, you will be simply hypnotized.

So is the case with the Koran. If you hear it in Arabic it will have something magical. Translated into your own language you will be puzzled: it looks very ordinary. Priests have always been aware that their scriptures can be valued and appreciated and respected and worshipped only if they are not translated into the language of ordinary people.

Buddha is one of the revolutionaries in that sense, too. He started talking in the language of the people. The language of the people that surrounded Buddha was Pali; in Pali dhyana became *jhana* -- more rounded, more used. When a word is used more, it starts having a roundness to it, it loses its corners. It is like a rock in the flowing river: slowly slowly it becomes rounder, softer; it attains to beauty, it attains to a lovely form. Dhyana is harsh, jhana is round, soft, easy to pronounce. So when Buddhist messengers reached China, jhana became *ch'an* in Chinese. And when the same word reached Japan from China it became ZEN. The root is dhyana.

In English also there is no equivalent word. 'Meditation' can be used because that is the most approximate, but that has to be used with very great care, because 'meditation' itself means meditating upon something, and dhyana means being in meditation, not meditating upon something. It is not a relationship with an object, it is absolute emptiness; no object, not even God. Simple objectlessness, the mirror reflecting nothing, the mirror simply in its nature, as it is. When you come to that simplicity, to that innocence, you are in meditation.

You cannot do meditation, you can only be in meditation. It is not a question of doing something, it is a question of being. It is not an act but a state.

The disciple asks Bodhidharma, the master:

WHAT IS MEDITATION IN EMPTINESS?

He must have been puzzled. Many people ask me, "On what should we meditate? On what form? What should we visualize? What mantra should we chant, or what thought form should we create inside our minds, so that we can focus on it?" They are asking about concentration but they think they are asking about meditation. And there are thousands of books written on concentration but they all go on using the word meditation. This is one of the most misinterpreted words -- and the experience is so rare that you will never understand that somebody is using the word in an absolutely wrong sense.

I have come across hundreds of books which go on using the word meditation as if it were a higher state of concentration. It has nothing to do with concentration; in fact, it is just the opposite of concentration. In concentration there is an object. You have to focus on the object, you have to be absolutely concentrated on it, your whole consciousness falling on the object, not missing the object even for a single moment: that is concentration. Concentration has its own value. It is a great method in the hands of science, but it has no religious value at all. It has scientific value, it has artistic value, but no religious value at all. Science cannot move a single step without concentration. Art cannot create without concentration.

The artist becomes so concentrated on his painting, or sculpture, or music, that he forgets the whole world. In his concentration everything else is excluded, bracketed out; only one thing remains in his mind, as if the whole world consisted of that one thing. That thing *is* the whole world for the moment; nothing else exists.

There is an ancient story:

One very famous book, one of the greatest ever written, is a commentary on the Brahma Sutras written by Vrihaspati. The name of the commentary is very strange: the name of the

commentary is Bhamati. It is strange because it has nothing to do with the Brahma Sutras, one of the greatest expositions of the philosophy of *advaita*, nondualism.

Bhamati is the name of Vrihaspati's wife. What connection can there be between the commentary on the Brahma Sutras and Vrihaspati's wife? There is some secret hidden in it. Vrihaspati must have been a man of deep concentration -- he was a great philosopher. He got married because his father was getting old and he wanted Vrihaspati to be married. And in the old days obedience was the simple way; it was naturally so -- people used to follow their parents' wishes. There was no question of saying no, so Vrihaspati said yes.

He was married to Bhamati but he was not a man who needed a wife or needed a family. His whole concentration was on the great commentary that he was writing on the Brahma Sutras. He was so absorbed that he brought the wife home and forgot all about her.

The wife took every care of Vrihaspati. That too is no longer possible -- who can take care of such a husband who has completely forgotten her? He had no idea who she was or what her name was. He had never even asked her name. She served him like a shadow. She never came in front of him because he might get distracted, disturbed.

And he was continuously writing his commentary. He was in a hurry because he had taken a vow in his heart that the day the commentary was complete he would renounce the world, and he wanted to renounce the world as soon as possible. Day in, day out, he was writing. Late into the night he would go on writing. Sometimes the candle burned out, and the wife would come up from behind and just put a candle there. Once in a while he will see the wife's hand bringing food, taking away the *thali* and the plates, but he was so concentrated on his work he never inquired. "Who is this woman?"

It is a beautiful story; whether it really happened or not is not the point. But I don't think that wives could have been so nice even in those old days. One hopes... but hopes are never fulfilled.

Years passed and the night came when the commentary was completed. Vrihaspati closed the book, the wife came and removed the candle. Now he was free from the commentary and the absorption. He asked the woman, "Who are you? And why do you go on serving me like this?"

The woman said, "I am absolutely blessed that at least you ask my name. It is more than I could have asked for. You must have forgotten... many days have passed. And you were so absorbed in your work, how can you remember, how can one expect to remember? I am Bhamati; you married me a few years ago. Since then I have been serving you."

And tears rolled down Vrihaspati's cheeks, and he said, "Now it is too late because I have taken a vow that the day the commentary was completed I would renounce the world. It is too late; I cannot be a husband to you anymore. I have renounced the world. Closing the book is closing this chapter of my life. I am now a sannyasin. But I feel tremendously grateful to you. You are a rare woman. Just out of gratitude I will call my commentary Bhamati."

Hence his commentary on the Brahma Sutras is called Bhamati. On the surface there is no relation between Bhamati and the Brahma Sutras, but that is what Vrihaspati called it. And he said to his wife, "That way your story will be remembered for centuries." Yes, many centuries have passed, and I have remembered it, and now you will remember it. A rare woman, and a rare man, and a rare story....

This is concentration, absolute concentration. It is possible to be so concentrated on something that everything else is excluded. It is said of Thomas Alva Edison, a great scientist, the greatest, because he discovered at least one thousand things alone.... Nobody

else has done so much. Many things that you are using are Edison's inventions: the electric bulb, the gramophone, the radio -- many things.

He used to become so absorbed in his work that once he forgot his own name. It is very difficult to forget your own name even if you want to. It becomes so ingrained, it goes so deep in the memory that it becomes part of your unconscious. Even in your sleep you remember your name. If you all fall asleep here -- as you can if I go on and on talking about meditation.... What will you do? Where will you escape? You will start falling asleep. If you all fall asleep and suddenly I call somebody's name -- I call, "Mukta!" -- then nobody else will hear; only Mukta will hear. Mukta will open her eyes and will say, "Who is disturbing? And why me?" Even in deep sleep you remember your name. It is very difficult to forget it. But Edison once forgot his own name. Somebody else had to remind him.

During the first world war he was standing in a queue; when his name was called, he looked here and there. The clerk called again, then a man standing behind him told him, "As far as I know from the newspapers -- I have seen your picture -- you appear to be Thomas Alva Edison."

He said, "Yes, you are right! I was thinking, who is this man? Sounds as if I have heard this name before. I can recognize the name but I completely forgot that this is my own name." He said, "I am very sorry."

This can happen to a scientist. He used to keep notes, because he was working on so many things together, but then he would forget where he had put the notes. And he would use pieces of paper -- that was his habit, something eccentric -- just small pieces of paper to write great things on. His whole study was full of pieces of paper, and every piece of paper had to be preserved because nobody knew what he had written on it. His wife had to take every care that no piece was ever lost, because he would ask, "Where is that piece of paper?" and then search for hours, because there were so many pieces of paper.

His wife told him, "Why not use a copybook?"

He said, "That's such a great idea, why didn't you tell me before?" So he used to carry a notebook but then he would forget the notebook -- where he kept it. His concentration was so total on whatsoever he was working. It is not meditation, remember.

Science needs concentration. Meditation is just the opposite of concentration. Concentration means bracketing out the whole world and pouring your consciousness on a single object. Meditation means no object at all; nothing to be excluded, nothing to be bracketed out. One simply relaxes, open, alert, available -- available to all that is. The distant call of the cuckoo, and the noise of the train, and somebody honking his horn, and a child giggling. One is available to all and yet one is far away, transcendental.

The first question the disciple asks is:

WHAT IS MEDITATION IN EMPTINESS?

He can understand what meditation is, because then he will be able to understand it as concentration. But the condition is 'in emptiness'; that creates the problem. 'Meditation in emptiness' -- you have to be utterly empty, no thought, no desire, no object, no content of the mind. You are just an emptiness; everything passes through you with no hindrance, no block. Winds come and go through the empty temple, sunrays come and go through the empty temple, people come and pass through the empty temple, and the temple remains empty. Everything comes and goes like shadows passing by, and nothing distracts you. That point has to be remembered.

In concentration everything distracts you. If you are concentratedly working on something and your wife starts talking to you, that is a distraction. If your child wants to ask a question, that is a distraction. If a dog starts barking in the neighborhood, that is a distraction. If you are trying to concentrate, everything is a distraction, because concentration is an unnatural state, forced; hence anything can distract you.

But meditation is a natural, spontaneous flow; nothing can distract you. That is the beauty of meditation: distraction is impossible. The dog can bark, and the child can ask a question, and the airplanes can go on flying in the sky making all kinds of noises, and nothing distracts you because you are not concentrating at all. From where can you be distracted? If you are focusing, you can be distracted. If you are not focusing, how can you be distracted? See the point.

Meditation knows nothing of distraction. That's its grace, its beauty, its grandeur: nothing can disturb it. If your meditation can be disturbed that simply means that you are concentrating and have not yet tasted meditation. Meditation is so vast it can contain everything, absorb everything, and yet remain empty.

The disciple asks:

WHAT IS MEDITATION IN EMPTINESS?

The disciple must have thought about meditation in terms of concentration. That's how it always happens: the master says one thing, the disciple understands something else. That too is a natural process. I am not complaining about it; it is bound to happen, because the master speaks from one plane and the disciple understands from a different plane. Something coming from the heights has to come down to the darkness of the valley, and the valley is bound to affect it.

What to say about a master and disciple dialogue when even in a dialogue between ordinary people, when you are talking with people, you constantly feel you have not been understood? Sometimes the more you try, the more impossible it becomes, particularly when you are intimately related with people. A husband talking to his wife, the wife talking to the husband; the parents talking to the children, the children talking to the parents. It seems there is no possibility of communication at all. The husband says one thing, the wife immediately jumps to some other conclusion. The wife says something, the husband starts talking about something else. Their minds are preoccupied. They go on misinterpreting each other. Hence so much argumentation continues with no understanding at all.

He called his doctor and began shouting hysterically, "My five-year-old son just swallowed a contraceptive!"
"Don't worry. I'll be right over."

As the doctor was about to leave his office, his phone rang again and the same caller announced, "Forget it, Doc. I found another one!"

It is very difficult to know exactly the meaning of the other.

Grant had gone to France on vacation, met a pretty French girl, married her, and returned home with his bride to Cleveland. After being in this country only three weeks the poor little Parisian went to a clinic for an operation.

On coming out from under the ether, she asked the doctor, "How soon can my husband

and I resume our usual sex life?"

"I'll have to look in my medical book," gulped the physician. "You're the first patient who asked me that after a tonsillectomy."

You simply don't know about the French and their ways of lovemaking!
I have heard one story:

A French professor of sexology was talking with an American professor of the same subject whom he met in a conference. The Frenchman was saying, "There are one hundred ways of making love."

The American was puzzled, "A hundred?" And when the Frenchman started relating all the ways, he was more and more puzzled. The hundredth way was: the husband making love to his wife hanging off the chandelier.

The American said, "There are a hundred and one ways to make love."

The Frenchman could not believe it; he said, "That is not possible, because nobody knows more about love than us." But the American insisted that there are a hundred and one. So the Frenchman said, "Yes, okay, you start relating."

The American said, "The first is: the wife lying down on her back and the husband on top of her."

The Frenchman said, "Wait! I never thought of that!"

Different people, different minds, different conditionings, different preoccupations, different prejudices. So when you talk, the words can't have the same meaning. When you say something, you say it with one meaning; when it reaches to the other it has the meaning that he gives to those words. This is so in ordinary conversation -- what to say about a buddha talking to a disciple.

The buddha is standing on the other shore, and the disciple is on this shore. The buddha is awakened and the disciple is fast asleep and snoring. The buddha speaks as an awakened one and the disciple listens as one who is asleep. In his dreams he distorts the meaning, he gives his own ideas, imposes his own concepts, philosophies, his own conclusions upon the words.

Hence unless the master and disciple relationship is that of a deep love affair, communication is not possible; it is impossible. Only in a deep deep loving relationship, in deep intimacy where the disciple is simply in a letgo, where he puts his mind aside and listens without interfering at all, never giving his own meanings, just listening attentively, not being bothered whether what is said is right or wrong, or what it means, then only can he listen and that listening can be a transforming experience. From the disciple's side great silence is needed, only then can what the master speaks be understood.

The disciple's question is:

WHAT IS MEDITATION IN EMPTINESS?

He must have heard Bodhidharma talking about meditation again and again, because in the East masters have been talking *only* about meditation. You can ask any question and they will bring the subject to meditation sooner or later -- and it is going to be sooner than later. You can ask about God and they will talk about meditation. You can ask, "Who am I?" and they will talk about meditation. You can ask, "Who created the world?" and they will talk about meditation -- because the East knows the key.

Meditation is the key to all the mysteries of life and existence; hence it is pointless to go on talking about other subjects. If we can make the disciple understand what meditation is, then he is going to open and unlock all the doors on his own, and he will be able to see and experience on his own. And only your experience is liberating, because only then is it authentically your truth.

Jesus says: Truth liberates. Certainly, truth liberates. Absolutely, truth liberates. I agree with him, but his statement seems to be only half. The full statement should be: Truth liberates, but the truth has to be your own. If it is somebody else's truth, then rather than liberating you it binds you, it chains you, it imprisons you.

Bodhidharma says:

ONE OBSERVES THINGS IN THE PHENOMENAL WORLD, YET ALWAYS DWELLS IN EMPTINESS. THAT IS MEDITATION IN EMPTINESS.

A simple answer, just the essential answer, but if you can understand the answer in an existential way, you will never be the same again. Simple words, but they can become a ladder to the other world.

ONE OBSERVES THINGS IN THE PHENOMENAL WORLD, YET ALWAYS DWELLS IN EMPTINESS. THAT IS MEDITATION....

See the whole world as if it consists of shadows. It really does consist of shadows. It is made of dream stuff. Because we believe in it, it gains reality in the same proportion as we believe in it. The moment your belief disappears, the thing you believed in also disappears.

You see a woman and you project beauty on her, and she looks so beautiful, so golden, not of this world at all, and you fall in love. And you are falling in love with your own dream, remember; the woman has nothing to do with it. That's why lovers are thought to be blind and mad, because nobody else can agree with them.

Majnu was mad about a woman, Laila, so mad that never has there been such a mad lover; he tops the list. The king of the country called him, because he started feeling sorry for this young man. And because he was so much in love with Laila, even the king had become interested, "Who is this woman?" He was also interested in beautiful women, so he made inquiries. He saw the woman and he was shocked -- she was just very plain, homely, very ordinary. Then he felt even more sorry for this young man. "He is just a fool, or mad, or gone blind. What has happened to him?" And he was the most intelligent young man in the capital, beautiful, healthy; destroying his health, destroying his intelligence for an ordinary woman.

The king called him to court. He said, "You must be mad, because I have seen your Laila and she is just an ordinary woman. But I feel sorry for you. We have been hoping for much from you, we were thinking that you would become a great man, but you are destroying yourself. I will give you one of the best women from my family. I have many beautiful women."

He called a dozen girls and he told Majnuj, "You can choose any, and that one will be yours."

Majnu looked from one girl to another and shook his head and said, "No. This is not Laila, this too is not Laila." He rejected all twelve girls. He said, "Not one is Laila."

The king said, "You are certainly mad. Laila is nothing compared to these beautiful girls."

They belong to the royal family!"

Majnu said, "Sir, I can understand your compassion for me, but I am sorry to say that you cannot see Laila unless you see her through my eyes."

This is a significant statement -- from a madman, of course, but sometimes mad people make very sane statements. "Unless you look through my eyes," Majnu says, "you will not be able to see the beauty of Laila." In a way he is true, because the beauty is not there in Laila, it is projected through his eyes. Laila is just the screen on which he is projecting a certain idea.

Every lover is doing it. You fall in love with your own projection. That's why it is always frustrating. If you happen to get your woman or your man, you will be frustrated. Blessed are those who never get their man or their woman, because they never get frustrated. They always remain loving, they always go on hoping. Cursed are those who succeed, because then it is very difficult to go on carrying the old projection. When you come closer to the screen and you touch the screen, how long can you feel that there is beauty? Sooner or later you will see that there is only a plain screen, that you have been projecting. Hence all lovers, if they succeed, become very frustrated.

This world consists of our projections. In fact, when Bodhidharma talks about the world, he is talking only about your projections. He is not talking about the trees and the rocks and the mountains and the stars, he is talking about your projections. A rose is a rose is a rose -- neither beautiful nor ugly. It simply is itself; you project your idea.

Just a hundred years ago nobody thought that cactuses were beautiful. But now they are 'in', and the rose is out. Now to talk about roses looks a little old fashioned. If you tell your woman, "Your face is like a rose," she will think you are just old hat. Tell her, "You look like a cactus," and she will think, "Yes, you are modern, up to date. You understand Picasso and Dali and modern art."

People now keep cactuses in their drawing rooms, and before they used to put cactuses only on the fences of their fields and gardens to protect them. Now the cactus has entered the drawing room. Suddenly the beauty is discovered. For centuries nobody had ever thought -- neither Shakespeare nor Kalidas, neither Milton nor Tennyson -- nobody had ever talked about the cactus and praised the cactus. But now we have started projecting beauties on the cactus. We are tired of the roses; enough is enough. After thousands of years we have said everything about the roses; we are finished with them. Nothing new can be said about the roses. All that could be said has been said -- and said so beautifully that there is no way to improve upon it. And we have a great need to project. Hence fashions change, because everybody has a need to project his ideas. Hence we need new screens.

And the idea of beauty goes on changing. In every country there is a different idea of beauty. What is beautiful to an American is not beautiful to the Indian; and what is beautiful to the Indian is not beautiful to the African; and what is beautiful to the African is not beautiful to the Chinese. Different ideas.

Then is there something like objective beauty? There is not. Existence simply is there with no adjective; there is neither 'good' nor 'bad', there is neither 'beautiful' nor 'ugly'. Hence Bodhidharma says: Drop liking and disliking. Stop choosing, stop projecting, and the world disappears. Not that the trees will not be there and the mountains will not be there, not that you will be able to pass through walls. The walls will be there and the trees will be there and the mountains will be there; everything will be there in its absolute truth but your dreams will not be there at all. And we have become so attached to our dreams -- that's why meditation seems to be difficult.

Patient: "Doctor, all night long I dream about baseball, and that happens night after night."

Psychiatrist: "Well, that can be easily remedied. Do you have any favorite actress?"

Patient: "Yes, Elizabeth Taylor."

Psychiatrist: "Well then, all you do is think of her at night."

Patient: "What! And lose my turn at bat!"

I have heard: Mulla Nasruddin nudged his wife in the bed one night and said, "Quick, bring my specs!"

The wife said, "In the middle of the night...! What do you want your specs for?"

He said, "Don't waste time, bring my specs!"

But the wife insisted, "First I have to know why, for what: in the middle of the night, what are you going to see?"

He said, "You're going to destroy the whole thing. I was just having a dream. Three beautiful women: Elizabeth Taylor, Sophia Loren... two I could recognize; the third, the most beautiful, I couldn't recognize. Bring me my specs! You know that my eyes aren't what they used to be. I'm getting old and I can't see things clearly."

People are living in dreams. There are only two kinds of people in the world: those who live in dreams and those who live in awareness. To be a sannyasin means the beginning of living in awareness.

Bodhidharma says:

ONE OBSERVES THINGS IN THE PHENOMENAL WORLD, YET ALWAYS DWELLS IN EMPTINESS.

One goes on seeing shadows, dreams, projections, but remembers that all this is just dream stuff. Remembering it, deep down one remains utterly empty. The mirror never clings to any reflection; howsoever beautiful the face may be looking into the mirror, it never clings to it. The face is reflected. When the person has moved, the face disappears. The mirror remains empty, so does the meditator: he reflects everything and yet remains empty, because he clings not.

The second question: HOW CAN ONE DWELL IN DHARMA?

Bodhidharma says:

ONE SHOULD STAY NEITHER IN IN-DWELLING DHARMA NOR IN NON-DWELLING DHARMA. HE SHOULD LIVE NATURALLY IN DHARMA. THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL DWELLING IN DHARMA

Bodhidharma's way of expressing it may seem a little strange, but he can't help it; he has to say it as it is.

The disciple asks:

HOW CAN ONE DWELL IN DHARMA?

Dharma, remember, ordinarily is translated as religion. That too is not right. Dharma is not religion, religion is an attitude towards reality. Dharma is not an attitude towards reality, Dharma is simply to live naturally, spontaneously. To live in tune with nature is Dharma.

That is Bodhidharma's experience, that is my experience too: to live naturally, without interfering with your spontaneity, to live moment to moment without being dominated by the past or the future is Dharma. Bodhidharma says: Forget about in-dwelling Dharma and non-dwelling Dharma. That is bringing your mind in, creating categories. Live simply and naturally.

When asked, "What is Dharma?" a Zen master is reported to have said, "When I feel hungry I eat, and when I feel sleepy I sleep."

What a tremendously beautiful answer! What height, what depth! One would never expect such an answer -- and so simple, so innocent: "When I feel hungry, I eat." The master is saying: Be natural, that is Dharma.

Another Zen master was asked, "Before you became enlightened, what did you used to do?"

He said, "I used to chop wood and carry water from the well."

And then he was asked, "Now that you have become enlightened, a Buddha, what do you do?"

He said, "What else can I do? I chop wood and carry water from the well."

The questioner was naturally puzzled; he said, "Then what is the difference? Before enlightenment you used to do the same thing, and after enlightenment you are doing the same thing, then what is the difference?"

And the master laughed and he said, "The difference is great. Before I had to do it, now it is all happening naturally. Before I had to make an effort, before I became enlightened it was a duty to be fulfilled somehow, done grudgingly, reluctantly. I was doing it because I was ordered to do it; it was my master's order to chop wood, so I was chopping. But deep down I was angry: How long is this old fool going to force me to chop wood and carry water from the well? How long? -- although on the surface I did not say anything.

"Now I simply chop wood because I know the beauty of it, the joy of it. I carry water from the well because it is needed. It is no more a duty, it is my love. I love the old man. It is getting cold, winter is just knocking on the doors, we will need wood. The master is getting older and older every day; he needs more warmth. We will have to heat his place. It is out of love that I chop wood. It is out of love that I carry water for him from the well. But now a great difference has happened. There is no reluctance, no resistance; there is no ego, I am not following anybody's orders, I am not being obedient, I am simply responding to the moment and its necessity."

Bodhidharma says: To live naturally is to dwell in Dharma.

You need not be a Christian or a Hindu or a Buddhist, you have only to be natural, just as natural as your breathing. Live *your* life. Don't live according to certain commandments. Don't live according to others' ideas. Don't live because people want you to live that way. Listen to your own heart. Be silent and listen to the still, small voice within and follow it. And *that* is dwelling in Dharma.

The third question: HOW CAN A MAN LIVE AS NOT-MAN AND A WOMAN AS NOT-WOMAN?

Buddha has said: The deeper you go the more you become aware that you are not the body, you are not the mind, you are not even the heart. You are only a being, a consciousness, a pure witness. Hence in meditation there is nobody who is a man or a woman. In meditation you are so deep in your being that from that peak all differences -- biological differences, physiological differences -- disappear.

Bodhidharma says:

THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE IN BUDDHA-NATURE BETWEEN A MAN AND A WOMAN, NOR AN ENTITY DESIGNATED AS MAN OR WOMAN. PHYSICAL MATTER PRODUCES THE GRASS AND TREES AS IT DOES HUMAN BEINGS. IN COMPARISON YOU SAY 'GRASS' OR 'TREES'. YOU GIVE ALL SORTS OF NAMES TO YOUR ILLUSIONS. BUDDHA SAID, "IF ONE SEES THAT EVERYTHING EXISTS AS AN ILLUSION, HE CAN LIVE IN A HIGHER SPHERE THAN ORDINARY MAN."

The ordinary man lives in the body, thinking that he is the body, in the mind, thinking that he is the mind. The moment you start transcending the body-mind complex, you start becoming extraordinary. You start living on higher planes, and from higher planes things are totally different.

There is a story in Buddha's life....

He was meditating under a tree; it was a full-moon night. A group of young men came for a picnic to the forest. They had brought a prostitute with them, and much wine and delicious food. They drank, they ate, they danced. They drank so much that they forgot all about the prostitute. The prostitute escaped, but she had to escape naked, because before they started drinking they had taken her clothes away.

As the night was coming closer and closer to the morning and a cool breeze started blowing, they became a little alert and they remembered, "Where is the prostitute?" Her clothes were there, but she was missing. So they went in search of her. There was only one way for the prostitute to escape to the town and they remembered that they had seen a certain man meditating under a tree. So they went to the man, because she must have passed him. They were not aware that he was Gautama the Buddha.

They asked Buddha, "Sir, have you seen a naked woman, a beautiful woman, going towards the town? -- because this is the only possible path. We had brought a woman with us; she has escaped, and she was naked."

Buddha said, "Yes, somebody did pass, but it is impossible for me to say whether the person who passed was a he or a she. Yes, somebody did pass, but it is difficult for me to say whether the person was naked or clothed."

The young people were puzzled; they said, "If you have seen the person, you must have seen... because the woman was really beautiful. You must have seen that she was a woman, and you must have seen that she was naked."

Buddha said, "You have come a little late. I used to see women and men before. And, of course, when you see a naked woman, how can you not recognize? But those days are gone. I was in meditation, so when somebody passes I'm bound to see them."

Buddha used to meditate with half open eyes. He always followed the middle course.

There are three possibilities. You can meditate with closed eyes. Buddha has said: Don't

do that, because there is every possibility that you will fall asleep.

With closed eyes the tendency of the mind is to fall asleep, to go into a reverie, into dreams, because for centuries, for lives together, closed eyes have become associated with sleep and dreaming. So the moment you close your eyes, immediately it triggers a process of sleep in you. It is very difficult to remain awake with closed eyes, so Buddha has said: Don't do that.

The other possibility is to concentrate with open eyes -- but that is concentration. Concentration can be done with open eyes; you can focus your eyes on something. But meditation is a relaxed state. With open eyes, fully open eyes, there will be a certain tension in the eyes.

The eyes are part of your brain: eighty percent of your brain energy functions through the eyes. If your eyes are tense your brain will be tense. That's why if you have to watch TV for hours, you become so tired. You go to the movie and for hours you go on watching and you forget to blink. That's why you become tired: you don't blink -- you can't afford to -- so much is happening on the screen. You don't want to miss any of it, so you drop blinking. Looking at the screen for three hours, unblinking, is bound to tire your eyes and your brain too.

Now recent research shows that people who watch TV for four, five, six hours a day are bound to suffer some brain damage. There is every possibility that they will become victims of brain cancer. So much tension is bound to create damage to the very delicate and fragile nervous system of your brain.

Buddha said: Meditate with your eyes half open; that is the most relaxed state.

You can't see anything clearly; everything becomes vague. And that's what Buddha wants you to know: that everything is vague, shadowy, dreamy. You cannot fall asleep because you have to keep your eyes half open, and you cannot be tired and tense because you are not forcing your eyes to be fully open. Half open eyes is the most relaxed state. Try it and you will see. Whenever you sit with half open eyes, you will feel a great relaxation descending on you.

So Buddha said, "I was meditating with my eyes half open. Somebody passed, somebody certainly passed, but I can't make any distinction whether the person was a man or a woman. Because I am no more identified with my own body, hence I don't think in terms of the body with others too. And who cares whether the person was naked or clothed! I am not interested in their bodies!"

Ordinarily just the opposite happens. When you see a beautiful woman passing by, you start disrobing her -- at least in your mind. You start penetrating her clothes, you start visualizing her -- how she will be when she is naked. That's why a woman hidden behind clothes is far more beautiful than when she is naked. For a certain reason: when she is clothed, your imagination can imagine anything; you have full freedom to imagine. But when she is naked there is no scope left for the imagination. And man's sexuality is rooted in his imagination. So whenever a woman is hiding her body you become more interested in her, because you start imagining... the curves -- which may not be there -- the proportion -- which may not be there.

Clothes are very deceptive; clothes, it has been discovered, create more sexuality in the world. It is because of clothes that people are obsessed with the sexual. If clothes disappear from the world, sexuality will be reduced to its natural proportion. If clothes disappear from the world, nobody will be interested in pornography. Pornography is interesting because of clothes. If people become a little more natural -- I am not saying go to your office naked, but if people are natural then at least in their home they will be naked. At least with their children

they will play naked in their own garden.

If children know their parents naked from the very beginning they will never be interested in magazines like PLAYBOY. Those magazines will look stupid. But priests are against nudity. It seems there is a conspiracy between the priests and the people who deal in obscenity; there is a secret deal. Obscenity can exist only, and obscene things can remain interesting only, if priests go on condemning nudity. Allow nudity on all the beaches and soon you will see nobody interested in nudity at all. And because imagination has no more freedom, you will see things more as they are.

Right now you imagine, hence the neighborhood woman is more interesting to you than your own wife. Your neighbor is more interested in your wife than he is interested in his wife. It seems everybody is interested in everybody else's wife, everybody else's husband. Nobody is interested in their own wife or husband. You already know the whole geography of the woman or the man. You know the whole topography. Now there is nothing to discover; it is known territory. Imagination dies, and with imagination ninety-nine percent of sex disappears. And it will be a great thing in the world if ninety-nine percent of sexuality disappears, because then ninety-nine percent of your energy will be available for higher purposes.

What I am saying is bound to be misunderstood, is *being* misunderstood. For years I have been saying these things but I have been condemned for these things. And the irony is that if I am listened to, I will prove to be the the greatest danger to sexuality in the world. If I am allowed, the world can become absolutely nonsexual. Sex will be there but sexuality will disappear.

Sex is a biological phenomenon, sexuality is a psychological phenomenon. In a primitive society, where people are nude, there is sex but no sexuality. And in cultured societies there is sexuality and not much sex.

Buddha said, "Somebody passed, somebody certainly passed, but because I am no longer interested in sexuality, I cannot say absolutely, I cannot guarantee that the person was a woman."

Meditation means going deeper and deeper, closer to your being. Being is neither 'man' nor 'woman'; being is simply transcendental to all categories.

The fourth question: IF ONE ATTAINS THE NIRVANA OF AN ARHAT, HAS HE ZEN REALIZATION?

The disciple is still thinking in terms of the mind, in categories. When you think, you are always full of ifs and buts. When you know, there is no if and no but.

The disciple asks:

IF ONE ATTAINS THE NIRVANA....

In the first place nirvana is never attained -- it is your nature -- it is simply discovered, remembered rather. It is not attained. And THE NIRVANA OF AN ARHAT....

The Buddhist scholars divide nirvana into two categories. Scholars cannot remain without creating categories; that is their whole work, their whole function. There are two kinds of buddhas according to the scholars: one is called *arhat*, the other is called BODHISATTVA. An arhat is one who attains buddhahood and disappears into the ultimate, who does not care about others, who does not bother about sharing his insight with others. And the bodhisattva

is one who attains buddhahood but resists the temptation to disappear into the ultimate and helps people, who is compassionate. Now even with nirvana the mind of the scholar has created categories; he has created a division, a duality.

Bodhidharma simply answers in his own unique, inimitable way. He says:

HE IS JUST DREAMING AND SO ARE YOU.

These scholars are dreamers. A real seeker has nothing to do with ifs and buts. A real seeker does not bother about what happens after nirvana; first he moves towards it, knows it through his own experience, and then whatsoever happens, happens. One becomes natural and allows it to happen, one remains in a letgo. One does not go on thinking and philosophizing.

The fifth question: IF ONE PRACTICES THE SIX PARAMITAS, AND PASSES THROUGH THE TEN STAGES OF BODHISATTVAHOOD, AND COMPLETES TEN THOUSAND VIRTUES, HE SHOULD KNOW THAT ALL THINGS ARE NOT BORN, THEREFORE THEY ARE NOT GOING TO PERISH. SUCH REALIZATION IS NEITHER INTUITION NOR INTELLECTUALITY. HE HAS NOTHING TO RECEIVE AND THERE IS NOTHING TO RECEIVE HIM. HAS THIS MAN ZEN REALIZATION?

All speculative questions, questions out of the mind, irrelevant, insignificant, meaningless, absurd. But they look like great questions and scholars devote their whole lives to such questions.

In the Middle Ages there was a great controversy among Christian theologians. The controversy is still there, undecided, no conclusion has yet been reached, but the whole thing started looking so foolish that the project was dropped. But in the Middle Ages for three hundred years the controversy was such that the whole Christian world was involved in it. The problem was: how many angels can dance on the point of one needle? Now it looks foolish, but it was not foolish to those people. And they were great scholars, people who knew the scriptures and the subtleties of logic. For them it was really a great question, because angels don't have any weight and angels have the capacity to become big or small as they wish, so how many angels can you accommodate on the point of a single needle? Now you will throw the question into the dustbin, but for three hundred years people remained concerned with it.

These questions are of the same type. IF ONE PRACTICES THE SIX PARAMITAS... the six methods of being perfect.... And the buddhas say you are already perfect, so there is no question of practicing perfection. And one who practices perfection will remain imperfect; his perfection will be just on the surface, deep down he will be imperfect. He will repress his imperfections and cultivate a kind of perfection and will remain divided. He is not truly perfect. You cannot be anything other than that which you are. You are already perfect. You are gods in disguise. You are buddhas asleep. Wake up, and there is no need to practice anything.

In your dream you can go on practicing a thousand and one things and nothing is going to happen. When you wake up, you will find that all that effort was useless.

Now these SIX PARAMITAS....

... AND PASSES THROUGH THE TEN STAGES OF BODHISATTVAHOOD.

There are no stages at all. Are there stages between sleep and awakening? There are no stages; either you are asleep or you are awake. It is a jump, a quantum leap. Are there stages when water evaporates? There are no stages. At ninety degrees the water is water. At ninety-nine degrees the water is still water although hot. At ninety-nine point nine degrees the water is still water although utterly hot. And one step more, just one step, one single jump, and the water evaporates. There are no gradual stages in evaporating. A man either is alive or dead; you never find somebody who is half dead or a quarter dead or one-tenth dead. It is not attained in parts.

I have heard a story:

In the second world war an English general shot down a German plane and the pilot was severely wounded. The English general talked to the pilot -- he was also a general, so he gave him all the respect due to a general of the enemy army. He was taken to the hospital, taken care of, but one of his legs was so damaged that it had to be cut off, amputated. The English general asked the German, "Can I be of any help?"

The German said, "This will show something of great compassion towards me if you could send my leg back to my home, because this has been the longest desire in me -- to be buried in my own fatherland."

The English general said, "That is not a problem at all."

They packed the leg, sent it to Germany, to his home. But then one of his hands had to be cut; that too was sent. Then another leg, then another hand.

When the last hand was being sent, the English general asked, "Can I ask you a question? Are you trying to escape part by part?"

You cannot escape part by part, and you cannot become enlightened part by part. It is not a gradual process, it is sudden enlightenment. But scholars need some work, so they go on dividing. Buddhas go on saying that it is a quantum leap and scholars go on dividing: there are ten stages of bodhisattvahood and ten thousand virtues. One virtue is enough: awareness. They talk about ten thousand virtues; there is only one virtue: to be awake. All else follows of its own accord.

The disciple asks:

... HE SHOULD KNOW THAT ALL THINGS ARE NOT BORN, THEREFORE THEY ARE NOT GOING TO PERISH. SUCH REALIZATION IS NEITHER INTUITION NOR INTELLECTUALITY. HE HAS NOTHING TO RECEIVE AND THERE IS NOTHING TO RECEIVE HIM. HAS THIS MAN ZEN REALIZATION?

Bodhidharma says:

HE IS JUST DREAMING AND SO ARE YOU.

Bodhidharma does not even bother to answer and explain. He is not a philosopher, he simply puts the question aside. He says: Don't talk nonsense. You are dreaming, and not only are you dreaming: if there is somebody who thinks that he is at the ninth stage of bodhisattvahood, he is dreaming too. If somebody thinks that he has fulfilled all the six *paramitas*, all the six perfections, he is dreaming too. In fact, the person who thinks, "I have attained buddhahood," is simply dreaming, because buddhahood is not something to be attained.

When you reach that realization, you simply become aware that there was nothing to attain from the very beginning. From the very beginning you are a buddha -- you have always been a buddha -- you had just fallen asleep, you had just forgotten who you are. It is only a question of remembering, of recognizing, of rediscovering.

The last question: IF A MAN HAS TEN POWERS, AND ACCOMPLISHES FOUR FORMS OF FEARLESSNESS, AND COMPLETES EIGHTEEN SYSTEMS OF THE TEACHING, HE IS THE SAME AS BUDDHA WHO ATTAINED ENLIGHTENMENT UNDER THE PIPPALA TREE. HE CAN SAVE SENTIENT BEINGS AND THEN ENTER INTO NIRVANA. IS HE NOT A REAL BUDDHA?

Bodhidharma must be feeling very sorry for this man, because he goes on asking the same question in different ways. It is the same stupidity -- called scholarship. Again and again he brings the same question in different forms. But the masters are always patient; they have to be, otherwise it would be impossible to work with the disciples.

Bodhidharma again says:

HE IS JUST DREAMING AND SO ARE YOU.

A simple statement but with great potential. The moment you start thinking that you have become enlightened, beware. If you think you have become enlightened then you have not become yet. If you think you have become a buddha and you start proving that you have become a buddha, know perfectly well you are not yet. A buddha needs no proof; he does not argue for it, he simply knows it. And there is no way to prove it. He knows that it is not something great that he has done; it is not a big deal. It is a simple phenomenon: he has looked in. He could have looked any time, any day, and he would have found the buddha inside.

When Buddha became enlightened, the first question that was asked him was: "What have you attained?"

He laughed. He said, "Nothing. I have not attained anything; on the contrary, I have lost many things."

Naturally, the questioner was shocked. He said, "We have always heard that to become a buddha is to attain the perfect, the ultimate, the eternal -- and you are saying that rather than attaining anything, you have lost many things. What do you mean?"

Buddha said, "Exactly what I have said. I have lost my ego, I have lost my knowledge, I have lost my ignorance. I have lost my being a man, I have lost my body, my mind, my heart. I have lost thousands of things and I have not gained a single thing -- because whatsoever I have gained has always been mine, it is my nature. The unnatural has been lost, and the natural has blossomed. It is not an attainment at all. To think in terms of attainment is to remain in a dream."

Bodhidharma is right:

HE IS JUST DREAMING AND SO ARE YOU.

Remember these words of Bodhidharma, let them resound in your being, because you will dream these things many times.

Many people go on writing to me: "Osho, this has happened. Is this the first satori or the second or the third? I have experienced great light. How far am I from buddhahood now?" Every day people go on asking.

Remember Bodhidharma. Next time such a question arises in you and you start writing a letter to me, don't send it to me, just write on top of your letter: "I am dreaming."
Enough for today.

The White Lotus

Chapter #4

Chapter title: The Highest Flight

3 November 1979 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 7911030

ShortTitle: WLOTUS04

Audio: Yes

Video: No

The first question:

BELOVED OSHO,

WHAT IS A POET? WHAT IS POETRY?

Devaprem, there are three ways of looking at existence: seeing it, feeling it, being it. The first is science, the second is art, the third is religion.

Science looks at the universe in an objective way. It looks at the universe as if it is there, outside. Hence science concludes that there is only matter and nothing else. The very method of science limits it; it is a great limitation. If you look in an objective way you can only catch hold of the objectivity of existence. That is matter. Matter is the objectiveness of existence.

The word object is significant; it means that which obstructs you, that which objects to you. Anything that obstructs your vision is an object. Hence science becomes antagonistic towards the world, it starts trying to conquer it, because the object is the enemy and has to be conquered. It is because of the scientific approach that man has become so alienated from nature. And now he feels so isolated and alone that it seems that suicide is the only way to get rid of the whole misery that this isolation has created.

The second approach, the second way, is that of art, aesthetics, poetry. It is a subjective approach towards existence. Art is not concerned with what is there but what is here, inside you. It is not concerned with the roseflower itself but how it feels to you. When you see the roseflower, what happens in your inner world? When you see the sunrise, how does it reflect in your being? When the cuckoo starts calling from the distance, how does it echo in your innermost recesses?

Art is concerned with your response: not with what is there but with what is inside you. Art is closer to home than science -- although not yet exactly at home, but on the way. It is a mid-point between science and religion. Art gives you more freedom than science. The poet has more freedom than the mathematician, the musician has more freedom than the physicist. The scientist is obstructed by his own objects. The scientist cannot go beyond matter and matter defines his world. But the poet can soar, can go beyond, can create his own worlds.

Science discovers, art creates. Science can only discover that which is already there. Art

creates, hence art brings you closer to the creator.

And whenever I talk about poetry I mean the essence of art. Poetry is the essence of art. The sculptor is creating poetry in stone, the musician is creating poetry in sound, the painter is creating poetry in color on the canvas. They are all poets. Their mediums differ, their expressions differ, but their basic approach is not that of arithmetic but of poetry.

Because science has become too predominant, art has almost disappeared. It is no longer thriving, it is no longer as alive as it always has been in the past. Science has taken over everything. Hence the great boredom felt in the world, because unless you are creative you are bound to be bored.

Only a creative person knows how to drop boredom; the creative person knows no boredom at all. He is thrilled, enchanted, he is constantly in a state of adventure. And small things create such ecstatic states within him. A butterfly is enough to trigger a process in his being. Just a small flower is enough to bring a spring into his heart. A silent lake reflecting the stars, and the poet himself becomes a silent lake and starts reflecting millions of stars.

Science is the root cause of the creation of boredom in the world. First it creates isolation: man is no more part of nature, he stands outside it -- he becomes just an observer, a spectator, no more a participant. And unless you participate in the celebration, unless you participate in the dance, you are bound to be bored. Isolated from existence, antagonistic to existence, trying to conquer it, you are simply killing yourself. And you become fed up, bored. Life loses meaning, there is no significance; there are only things without any significance, and life appears only to be an accident with no intrinsic value. Yes, things have prices, but nothing has value as far as science is concerned.

As far as poetry is concerned, things are valuable, they don't have any price. How can you price a beautiful roseflower? It is impossible. Its beauty is immeasurable; it is not possible to fix its price. Yes, value is there... and remember, value is not price, value is your appreciation. The rose and the star and the moon and the sun are not marketable. You cannot sell them, you cannot purchase them. You can enjoy them, but you cannot possess them.

Price means you can possess a thing, you can sell it and purchase it; it is a commodity. Value means it is not a commodity; it is an experience, it is a love phenomenon.

Science lives through logic, poetry lives through love. Poetry is a loving approach towards existence. Science is a kind of rape; poetry is a love affair. Yes, in rape also you go through the same act of penetration as in love but there is such a vast distance; the gap is unbridgeable. You can rape a woman, she may even get pregnant, but it will not be to know the mystery of the woman. You will not know the joy of love. And if rape becomes your very lifestyle, you will be missing something of tremendous value. Your life will remain empty, hollow.

Poetry is a love affair with existence. Existence has to be persuaded, seduced; not conquered, loved. And love never tries to conquer; on the contrary, love is surrender. The poet is closer to home because he starts surrendering, he starts loving, he starts living subjectively. He starts living from the center. The scientist lives from the circumference.

I have deep respect for poetry and the people who have poetic visions, the poets of all kinds: musicians, sculptors, painters, singers, dancers, actors. Whosoever is creative in whatsoever way is a poet. Poetry is the essence of all art. But there is one step still to be taken.

Religion is transcendental. It is neither objective nor subjective, because both are halves of one whole. Science has chosen one half -- the outside, the objective; poetry has chosen the other half -- the subjective, the inner. But both are half and a half can never be fulfilling. One

needs the whole to become whole. Religion is whole. It is neither objective nor subjective; it is transcendental. It goes beyond both and includes both. It encompasses both and yet is not limited by either. That is the highest flight possible for human consciousness.

Religion dissolves all dualities -- and the duality of the subjective and the objective is the fundamental duality of within and without. Religion dissolves both and then there is only one single phenomenon. The within is without and the without is within; there is no distinction, no gap. The within is becoming without every moment and the without is becoming within every moment -- just like the breath. Just a second ago it was without, now it is within, and again it is without. The breath comes in, goes out, comes in, goes out. Just like that, existence is continuously merging. It is one orgasmic unity, it is not two.

The scientist is approaching reality as a male mind. It is the masculine approach: conquer nature. And the poet approaches reality with the feminine mind: surrender, be receptive, open up to reality, be in a letgo, relax. Religion is neither male nor female; it is just a witnessing of both. But the scientist is very far away from religion; the poet is a little closer.

That's why I sometimes talk about poetry and the poet, because before you can become transcendental you will have to learn how to be poetic. Science is taught by the society, by the school, the college and the university. Poetry is missing. Because it has no market value, nobody cares about it. If you have a poetic approach, your approach is so private it can't be used by the society. And in fact you may be a little problematic to the society, because you will be bringing your private vision and your private vision can be a disturbance.

The society lives with the collective; the object is collective. The rose as an object is a collective phenomenon, but when *you* approach the rose you approach in your own unique way. Somebody else will approach in his own unique way.

Poetry is private; it is individual, it is not collective. And the society has always to be aware, alert, watchful, that private visions should not be supported because they become disruptive, they create chaos: the collective vision should be imposed on people. Christianity is a collective vision, Hinduism is a collective vision, communism is a collective vision. Impose a collective thing on everybody so that they all look alike and they all *live* alike; then they are all conformists.

The poet is basically a rebel. The real poet is bound to be a revolutionary. Vincent van Gogh has painted his trees so high that they reach beyond the stars. Somebody asked him, "We have never seen such trees. What kind of trees are these and how can they go beyond the stars?"

Van Gogh is reported to have said that "it doesn't matter whether any tree succeeds or not. This is the desire of the tree that I have painted, this is the ambition of the tree, this is the very spirit, the longing of the tree. Every tree longs to go beyond the stars. I have seen it in the trees, I have listened to the trees, I have watched them. I understand their language and the message is clear and loud from every tree, from the smallest to the biggest, that they are all trying to go beyond the stars. Whether they succeed or not is another matter. I am not concerned with that, I am concerned with the inner feeling of the tree."

Now Vincent van Gogh is right in a poetic way but not right in a scientific way. In a scientific way he looks absurd, but in a poetic way he is absolutely right. He says, "Trees are nothing but the longings of the earth to meet the stars, the desires of the earth to bridge the gap between itself and other stars. It may succeed, it may not succeed, that is beside the point." That is irrelevant for van Gogh.

The poet has his own vision; it is private, it is not collective. Hence all the people who believe in collectivity are anti-poetic.

Plato, the first collectivist in the world, writes in his utopian book, *The Republic* -- which is his idea of society as future societies should be -- that in his republic poets won't be allowed -- poets in particular. Nobody else is prevented, but poets are prevented; they should not be allowed in the Platonic republic. Why? Why is he so afraid of the poets? For the simple reason that the poet brings the individual, private vision, and that can create disruption. Plato wants to impose a certain pattern, one type of lifestyle, on everybody. He wants a kind of unity, forcibly imposed, and poets are not reliable in that way.

It is not an accident that in Soviet Russia, after the revolution, poetry died. Before the revolution Russia had given the greatest poets and novelists that the world has ever known, in fact incomparable. No other country can compete. Who can compete with Leo Tolstoy, Maxim Gorky, Fyodor Dostoevsky, Anton Chekhov, Turgenev? Who can compete with these giants? No other country has produced such great artists. If one has to decide on ten great novelists of the world, then five will be Russians -- but pre-revolution.

After the revolution, suddenly poetic activity fell down. The country of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy and Maxim Gorky and Turgenev simply disappeared from the earth. It stopped producing that kind of man, that quality; it stopped soaring high. Communism was imposed, a collective vision was imposed. Now every poet had to serve communism, every painter had to serve communism, every singer had to sing songs in praise of communism. Now the government was the deciding factor about what was true literature and what was true art and who was a true poet. Stupid government officials were going to decide -- those who have no idea of poetry. If they had had any idea of poetry in the first place they would not have been government officials at all.

Just think of a collector, a commissioner, a governor -- do you think these people can have poetic ideas? They seem to be worlds apart. And the people who were reading Marx and Engels and Lenin, can they have any idea of poetry? Marx is so unpoetic in his writings, it is so tedious to read him. I have gone through the torture, so I tell you from my experience. Who has read *Das Kapital*? It is so ugly, it really needs guts to go through it; otherwise two or three pages are enough and one feels finished. Even communists don't read it! I know -- many of my friends are communists and they have not read it. Just a tedium, a boredom -- nothing of poetry in it, nothing of beauty in it.

Jesus has poetry, he speaks poetry. Buddha has poetry, he lives poetry. Marx has no poetry at all, just dry, dull logic. Even the logic is not very sharp. People who have been living on such rubbish -- are *they* going to decide about Dostoevsky, about Tolstoy, about Turgenev? They will not be able to understand these people, they are bound to misunderstand.

In Russia, poetry died; that has been one of the greatest losses to humanity. In China it is dead, because poets are in the service of the state now. They are rewarded, they are respected, they have been given big posts in the universities, but on condition that they are not to be poets of freedom. They have to be poets of slavery, they have to serve the state.

And a real poet cannot serve anybody, he serves only poetry. He writes, he sings, not for any other motive than art for art's sake; there is no motive and no goal in it. His singing is just like the birds singing in the early morning sun, flowers blooming, bees humming. Yes, exactly like that: utterly free, natural, spontaneous.

I am absolutely in support of the poetic way of life, because it brings you closer to religion. But don't stop there... because the poet has only glimpses of the truth, only glimpses, faraway glimpses, as if a window suddenly opens in a strong wind and closes again, as if on a dark dark night you are lost in a forest and there are clouds in the sky, dark clouds, and then

there is thunder and lightning. When the lightning is there, for a moment all is light, you can see everything: the trees, the path, the rocks, the mountains. But it is only for a moment, and then the lightning is gone and the darkness deepens and becomes darker than ever before. You are dazed, even more in darkness. You may stumble upon a rock, because before the lightning you were taking every care, you were moving cautiously, but now that after a glimpse you know you are on the right path you may become less careful, less aware. You may stumble upon a rock, you may fall in a ditch, you may go astray. And the lightning naturally makes you see less; it is so sudden, it blinds you.

The poet only has lightning experiences. Once in a while he rises to the heights of consciousness, but then he falls -- and falls badly, falls deeper than he was before. The poet only has enlightening experiences. The mystic is enlightened: he has become light itself; now there will never be any darkness again. But the lightning can give you an idea what it will be like to be full of light.

The poet has glimpses, the mystic abides on those heights. They are not faraway glimpses, he has reached to the Everest, he has made his hermitage there, he stays there. Even if he sometimes comes to visit you in your dark valley he brings his heights with him, his peaks with him. His Everest follows him; it has become his very climate.

The scientist is the farthest, the poet is in the middle, and the mystic is at the very center of existence. Move from being a scientist towards being a poet. But don't stop there either, go on moving.

Buddha said: CHARAIVETI, CHARAIVETI. Walk on, walk on, till you arrive at a point where there is nowhere to go, till you come to that point, to that ultimate point where there is no way to go anywhere. Then settle -- only then settle. Then you are at home. Then life is a bliss, then life is a blessing, then life is a benediction.

The second question:

BELOVED OSHO,

WHO AM I?

Sanjaya, how am I to know? How can I answer this question? Nobody else can answer it for you except you. I cannot answer it on your behalf. I know who I am, but how can I say who you are? You will have to dive deep within your own self. And the people who have been answering on your behalf are your enemies, because you will start collecting and accumulating their answers, you will become knowledgeable, and to become knowledgeable is to prevent wisdom arising.

Yes, thousands of answers are available. I can also answer you very easily: that you are a soul, eternal, deathless; that you are sons of God, sons of immortality -- AMRITASYA PUTRA. I can tell you all these beautiful things that have been said down the ages, but they are not going to help. If you cling to them, I have not helped you, I have hindered you. I have not been a master to you but an enemy, not a friend.

I cannot answer it for you. It is not a question that can be answered by anybody other than yourself. You have to go into your own self. You have to search. You have to ask and inquire, "Who am I?" It is a question which is very private, absolutely private, and only you are capable of knowing the answer -- and not through scriptures, remember, but through a deep inquiry into your own being. That very inquiry is meditation.

Ramana Maharshi used to give only one meditation to his disciples: Sit silently and go on inquiring within yourself "Who am I?" First verbally, and then slowly slowly let the words disappear and let the question become a feeling: "Who am I?" -- just a feeling, just a question mark deep down in your heart. And go on asking. One day even that feeling disappears. There is no question; suddenly you are questionless.

The question "Who am I?" will help you to destroy all other questions, and then finally it commits suicide: you are left with no question. And that is the moment of the answer arising in you. Then, even if you know the answer, you will not be able to communicate it to anybody else. It is incommunicable.

You ask me: "Who am I?"

You are Sanjaya; this is your name. You are a man; you have the body of a man. You are an educated person; you have a medical degree. These things can be answered by anybody, but these are not you. You are a Hindu; you have lived the life of a so-called Hindu religious man. You know the Gita; you have read it so many times that you can simply repeat it from memory. And in the Gita Krishna has answered so many times who you are that you must know those answers too.

Beware of people who answer such deep questions of yours. Only superficial questions can be answered by others. If somebody starts telling you about your deepest core, stop him immediately. It is none of his business and he is going to make a mess of you.

A bachelor sent in his income tax return.

One of the agents working for the Internal Revenue Department noticed that he claimed a six-hundred-dollars deduction for the upbringing of a baby. He wrote the man a letter saying, "That obviously must be a stenographical error."

The return letter read: "Sir, Are you telling me!"

Get it?

Whenever somebody else tells you who you are, stop him immediately. This is none of his business, and whatsoever he says to you is going to harm you; it is poisonous.

The real master will not tell you who you are, though of course he will shake you and shock you into awareness.

The two patients met with each other in the asylum grounds.

"Good morning, Fosdike, how are you?"

"I'm fine, Cartwright, but my name isn't Fosdike."

"Mine's not Cartwright either."

"Not to worry, we're probably not ourselves today."

But this is the situation of the whole world: the whole earth is almost like a madhouse; nobody knows who he is. People who don't know who they are go on telling others about their innermost selves. They are simply repeating scriptures, beautiful scriptures, like parrots; but in their hands all scriptures lose their truth.

When somebody who is awakened says something it has a truth in it, but when unawakened people repeat it, it becomes untrue. Truth repeated by those who have not experienced becomes untrue. Truth borrowed becomes untrue.

Sanjaya, only one thing can be said: that you are in a deep unconsciousness. The unconsciousness has to be broken, the ice has to be melted. Once your unconsciousness is

broken, once you have become a little conscious, you will be able to see who you are -- you will be the first person to know who you are. See the unfortunate situation: that we have to ask others who we are.

The captain told the prisoner that he would be released if he fulfilled three conditions: "First, you must drink this gallon of Kentucky rotgut whiskey without stopping. Should you survive this, you must go outside to the animal cage where a lion has a bad tooth. You must remove the tooth barehanded, without anesthetic. And finally, if you survive the first two conditions, you must go out the back to a tent where a woman who has never, I repeat *never*, been sexually satisfied is waiting for you to satisfy her. If you accomplish all three, I will set you free."

The prisoner shuddered, but feeling that he had no choice agreed to try. First he drank the whiskey, turning all shades of the color spectrum. He then stumbled out the front door. For an hour all that could be heard were screams and roars, shouts and more roars.

Finally the prisoner returned, his clothes in shreds, his body covered in blood.

"Okay," he mumbled. "Now where's the lady with the bad tooth?"

The third question:

BELOVED OSHO,

CAN MEDITATION BE LEARNED, OR IS IT, LIKE LOVE, A STATE OF BEING THAT COMES AS A PRESENT?

Prem Prabhati, meditation cannot be learned in a positive way, but it can be learned in a negative way. This is very important to understand: the basic method of meditation is negative.

What do I mean when I say meditation can be learned negatively, *only* negatively? I mean that the mind can be unlearned, and the moment you unlearn the mind you are learning meditation. Unlearning the mind is learning meditation; when the mind has been completely unlearned you have learned meditation. You cannot go directly into learning meditation. All that is needed is to remove the mind.

Mind is like a block. The river is there but blocked, it can't flow. It is covered with rocks; those rocks don't allow it any outlet. It is surging inside you, it is longing for the ocean, it wants to get out of this prison. That's why everybody feels so restless. This restlessness is nothing but your consciousness longing to meet with the ultimate. The river wants to reach the ocean. The seed wants to sprout, but it is covered, blocked by a big rock. That rock is of your mind. And it is a big rock because you have been accumulating it for many many lives. Your meditation is simply crushed underneath it.

You cannot reach meditation directly, but you can remove this rock chunk by chunk. You can take a chisel and a hammer -- that's what I go on providing you -- and go on hammering on the rock. Slowly slowly the rock will disappear. The day the rock disappears, suddenly a flow, a fresh flow of water, will start running towards the ocean. That is meditation.

Hence, Prabhati, in one sense meditation cannot be learned. You cannot practice it, because all practicing is of the mind. All practices strengthen the mind, make it stronger. And the mind has to be made weaker; its power over you has to be destroyed. It has to be put in its right place: it is not the master, it has only become the master. You have to stop cooperating with it, you have to stop giving more and more nourishment to it.

That's what I mean by unlearning the mind. Don't support it. Don't cling to it. Don't rely on it. Don't be possessed by it. Don't live according to its dictates. And then slowly slowly the master is free from the slave. That master is your meditative quality.

You ask me: "Can meditation be learned, or is it, like love, a state of being that comes as a present?"

It is already there. It does not come like a present -- nobody 'presents' it to you -- it is your very nature, *svabhava*, it is your very being. And so is love.

When meditation has happened, love is its aroma, its perfume. A meditative person is naturally loving; it can't be otherwise. A loving person is naturally meditative. If it is not so, then you are deceived, then you are carrying false coins. If a man thinks he is meditative and is not loving, then his meditation is nothing but a mind practice, something false, pseudo. Something which is not meditation is masquerading as meditation. He has been deceived by his mind. If a man thinks that he is very loving and is not meditative, his love is nothing but another name for lust. He knows nothing of love; he can't know in the very nature of things.

AES DHAMMO SANANTANO. This is the ultimate law: meditation brings love naturally -- it is its aroma, its fragrance. And love exists only around the flower called meditation, never otherwise. They are together.

Either search for love or for meditation. And you can only search for one, because things are already too complicated. If you start searching for both you will make them even more complicated, you may become more confused. Hence I say, only seek one. If you can find one, the other is found without any effort on your part. Either find love or find meditation and the other will follow it like a shadow.

But they are not learned in a direct way as you learn mathematics, as you learn geography, history, as you learn a new language. That is not the way to learn meditation or love; they are learned in an indirect way. If you want to learn meditation, you will have to unlearn the ways of the mind. If you want to learn love, you will have to unlearn the unloving ways that have become very ingrained in you. Anger, possessiveness, jealousy -- these will have to be unlearned.

And it never comes as a gift because it is already given; it is your innermost nature. Yes, it is a grace, a gift, but it is not going to happen in the future, it has already happened. You have never been without it, you CAN'T be without it. Love and meditation constitute your real essential core.

The fourth question:

BELOVED OSHO,

I AM AMAZED AT YOUR MEMORY. TO WHAT DO YOU ATTRIBUTE YOUR REMARKABLE MEMORY?

Gayan, what are you talking about, man? I must have the worst memory possible! The reason you cannot detect it is only because I don't care.

Just the other day I was telling you a story about Vrihaspati and his wife -- and it is not about Vrihaspati. But I don't care! Just in the middle of telling it I remembered: it is about Vachaspati not about Vrihaspati! But so what? Vrihaspati or Vachaspati -- they sound so alike. And that is not the point either; the name of the person does not matter. Whether I call him Vrihaspati or Vachaspati, the point is made all the same. I was talking about a

concentrated mind; to whom it belonged need not be worried about.

Once in Ahmedabad I was delivering a discourse. I mentioned a small story by Marcel. When I left the hall and was entering the car, a professor approached and he said, "Sir, that story was not written by Marcel, it was written by Kafka."

I said, "Perfectly okay. So you can correct it -- at least for yourself you can correct it. As far as I am concerned it doesn't matter."

He said, "But the story was written by Kafka!"

I said, "I agree. And if somebody says it was written by Jean-Paul Sartre I will agree. I can even agree if somebody comes and says, 'Sir, that story was written by you.' I will agree. It doesn't matter. The point is that the story was used to indicate something."

My memory is not good, but I go on speaking so confidently... that confidence deceives you.

Father Ferruccio and Father Messina were sitting in a grotto chatting.

"Do you think the pope will ever allow priests to marry?" asked Father Ferruccio.

"It won't happen in our time," replied Father Messina. "Maybe in our children's!"

Yes, I also have that kind of memory.

Mrs. Brown could hardly believe her eyes! A mouse! Of all things -- a mouse in her home! She was a perfect housekeeper, everybody said so; her spotless home was the pride of her life. But, yes, that was a mouse that just ran across the kitchen floor!

Mrs. Brown shuddered and called her husband. "Charlie," she said, "go down to the store and buy a mousetrap. But," she added quickly, "for goodness sake don't tell them what it's for!"

That's the kind of memory I have!

The memory expert had been given his turn in the village hall. The audience had not been enthusiastic and the questions asked at the end of the show really infuriated the man.

When one dear old lady came up and asked him to what he attributed his remarkable memory, he thought it was time to call it a day.

"Well, madam," he explained without a smile, "when I was in the air force, I once had to make a record parachute jump from a height never before attempted. Just as I jumped from the plane, the pilot leaned out from the side and yelled, 'Hey! You've forgotten your parachute!'

"Believe it or not, madam, that taught me a lesson and I've never forgotten anything since."

Gayan, I don't have a good memory. And a good memory is not necessarily a sign of intelligence either. In fact, just the reverse is the case. It has been found that the people who have very good memories are unintelligent people. You will be surprised, but this is one of the very strange findings which is becoming more and more established: that people who have very good memories are unintelligent people -- because memory is a mechanical phenomenon, it needs no intelligence. It is just like a gramophone record.

Memory is part of your mind; your mind goes on recording. A good recording system, a very good record, does not mean that it has any intelligence. Yes, your mind is a good record;

it is a biocomputer. And a few minds are very good records -- so good that it seems sometimes incredible, unbelievable.

Lord Curzon, one of the viceroys of India, has written in his autobiography.... Now don't believe me: it may be Lord Curzon, it may be somebody else! And I don't know whether Lord Curzon has ever written any autobiography or not, but still I am going to tell you the story.

Lord Curzon has written in his autobiography.... And the story is true! Lord Curzon or no Lord Curzon, but the story is true.

There was a very famous man in Rajasthan whose memory was unbelievable. Absolutely uneducated he was, and very stupid too, but his memory was simply, absolutely rare, unique -- maybe there has never been a man, before him or after him, who can prove his memory to be so one hundred percent correct.

Lord Curzon heard about him and called him to the viceroy's court to demonstrate his memory. And Curzon planned such a complicated situation that anybody, howsoever good his memory might be, would be bound to fail. It was impossible to succeed -- such was the situation created.

Thirty people were to examine the man -- thirty people each knowing a different language. Each person had to remember in his mind one sentence of his language. And this man from Rajasthan knew only Rajasthani, the local dialect of his state -- no other language; and these people of the court -- somebody knew French, somebody knew Latin, somebody Greek, somebody German -- Curzon told them to make the sentences in their own languages as difficult as possible.

This man first had to come to the first man in the row who had been told to say the first word of his sentence: "Whisper in his ear the first word of your sentence." Then a great gong -- just to disturb his mind so that he forgets. Then he reaches the other person and he says his first word. Another gong. He goes round these thirty persons and then comes back to the first again. Now he says his second word... and the gong. And he goes in a round... he comes back again, and the man says his third word. And at the end, when they have finished their sentences, he has to repeat each single sentence -- thirty sentences in thirty languages, and he knows nothing of those languages!

Even the people who were saying them had to write their sentences, because by the time he came back they might forget whether they had said the third word or the fourth.

And you know I always go on forgetting which question it is! After the second comes the fourth, after the fourth comes the fifth. Only one thing is not happening, which is bound to happen someday: after the fifth comes the first. That has not happened yet, but you can be certain and sure it is going to happen one day.

So they had to write their sentences to remember them, because a sentence might consist of twenty words and the person would come twenty times -- and the gong was hammering on their heads too. So they had to write their sentences and mark which word they had said.

And the man repeated separately thirty sentences in thirty languages without any fault. Not even a single word was missed. But the man was utterly stupid; he was an idiot.

Now this is becoming a psychological fact: that people with very good memories are unintelligent and people with great intelligence are not so good at remembering.

Just the other day I was telling you about Edison. I have heard about Immanuel Kant, one of the most intelligent persons that Germany has ever produced.... He was very bad as far as memory was concerned.

One evening he came back from his routine walk. It was getting dark when he knocked

on the door. In the darkness the servant could not recognize that it was the professor who had come back, so he said, "The professor has gone for a walk, so if you want to see him, come a little later on."

And Immanuel Kant said, "Okay," and went away. After half an hour of walking he remembered: "This is too much! This servant is a fool! I am the professor!" He was very angry at the servant.

One night it happened, he came from his walk, tired -- he always used to carry his walking stick with him -- and he forgot what is what. So he put the walking stick on the bed, thinking that this was Immanuel Kant, and he himself stood in the corner of the room.

In the middle of the night he suddenly looked, "What is the matter?" Then he remembered: "Things have got mixed up. I am Immanuel Kant and *that* is the walking stick!"

This is possible, this is not difficult, because intelligence is a totally different phenomenon to memory.

Ordinarily people have a little bit of intelligence and a little bit of memory; they are called the mediocre. It is enough for carrying out the routine of life and work.

One of my friends, Doctor Ram Manohar Lohia, went to see Albert Einstein. Albert Einstein had given him an exact time to come, but he went fifteen minutes early.

The wife said, "You have come, that's very good. Have some tea, rest, but we can't be sure when he will come out because he has gone into the bathroom. Even I cannot predict it although I have lived with him for thirty years now. It is unpredictable."

Doctor Lohia said, "But he has given me a tentative time."

The wife said, "He goes on giving times to people, and it is a constant trouble to me, because I have to look after those people, sometimes three hours, four hours, five hours."

Doctor Lohia asked, "But what does he go on doing for five hours in the bathroom?"

The wife said, "Don't ask -- all kinds of things. But he particularly likes to sit in his bath and play with soap bubbles. In fact, it is there that he has discovered all his great theories. Playing with soap bubbles he is relaxed and he completely forgets the world."

It was a kind of meditation for him. He stumbled upon the theory of relativity in his bathtub. The whole credit goes to the bathtub! Playing with soap bubbles he was like a child: innocent.

And the wife said, "We can't disturb him, because one never knows where he is and to disturb him may destroy something beautiful that is arising in him."

It is said, once he went to see a friend. The friend was very happy; he had been inviting him again and again, then one day he turned up. They drank, they ate, they talked about the old days. And then the night started becoming darker and darker and darker, and it was becoming very late. The friend was feeling sleepy and he was hoping: "Now he will leave, now he will leave, now he will leave." But Albert Einstein had completely forgotten. Finally the man gave him a hint. He looked at his watch and said, "It is very late."

Albert Einstein said, "That's what I have been thinking -- it is very late. Why don't you go home? I am also feeling tired."

The man said, "This is too much! This is *my* home!"

Albert Einstein said, "Then why didn't you say so before? -- because I was hoping and hoping that you would leave now! I also want to go to sleep. And how long can I keep on talking about these nonsense things that we have been discussing, wasting time? But I am sorry, I thought it was *my* home."

It has been happening again and again, because intelligence is a totally different energy in

you: it comes from your consciousness, and memory is only part of the biocomputer. Memory is only utilitarian. Intelligence has no utilitarian purposive quality, but it brings freedom, it brings insight, it brings you to the truth.

Gayan, I don't have a good memory at all. Hence, many times you will find many faults and many errors in what I say. Don't take much notice of them. Just remember the point that I want to make.

Everything that I am saying is like fingers pointing to the moon. Don't cling to the fingers, they are irrelevant. Look at the moon and forget the fingers completely.

The sixth question... or is it the fifth?

BELOVED OSHO,

WHAT IS IT THAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE BECOMES AWAKENED?

Nothing special, no big deal; nothing really happens. All happening stops, the world stops. The smoke from the eyes disappears; you start looking at things as they are.

Don't make much fuss about it. Sooner or later many of you are going to become enlightened. Don't make much fuss about it. When you become enlightened, just keep quiet. Don't say anything to anybody -- it is nothing to brag about.

When the nearsighted Nancy first met Kazantzakis, she thought he looked like a Greek god. But now that she has been fitted with contact lenses she thinks he looks like a goddamned Greek.

That's what happens: you start seeing things as they are. Greek gods become goddamned Greeks.

The last question:

BELOVED OSHO,

WHEN I STAND BACK AND WATCH IT ALL, IT SEEMS SO INCREDIBLY AND ABSURDLY HUMOROUS. IS LIFE REALLY SO UNSERIOUS? IS THAT ALL THERE IS TO IT?

Prem Indivar, what else do you want? What else do you expect out of life? Is this not more than one can ask for? Life is tremendously absurd, that is its beauty. It is ridiculous, that is its joy. It is playful, it is not serious at all. Except for stupid people, nobody is ever serious.

Stupid people are bound to be serious because that is the only way to cover their stupidity. Intelligent people have a sense of humor. Stupid people cannot afford it, because a sense of humor needs great intelligence.

To be miserable is very easy; anybody can do it. It needs nothing -- no intelligence, no courage. That's why there are so many miserable people all over the world: it is cheap, it costs nothing, it is available free of charge. But to be blissful one needs to risk much.

To have a sense of humor one needs a kind of transcendence. Seriousness is a disease.

Now you are asking: "When I stand back and watch it all, it seems so incredibly and absurdly humorous."

It is so. Just go on watching more and more, and stand as far back as possible. Become a witness.

But you don't go too far, it seems -- just one step and then you jump back into it. You become afraid because it looks so incredibly absurd. You become afraid: are you going mad or something? Don't be worried -- you are mad already! Now nothing more can happen to you; that is your security.

You ask: "Is life really so unserious?"

Life knows nothing of seriousness, hence you cannot call it unserious either. If there is something serious, then something can be called unserious; but life knows nothing of seriousness, hence it knows nothing of unseriousness either. It simply is -- neither serious nor unserious. It is what it is.

And when you see it from a distance in a cool way, calm way, that's what meditation is all about. You will start dancing, you will start laughing a great belly laughter.

And the Zen saying says: Whenever such belly laughter happens -- laughter like Bodhidharma's -- white lotuses start showering from the sky, from nowhere.

The white lotus is a beautiful symbol. White represents multidimensionality, because white contains all the colors of the spectrum. That is the most strange, unbelievable quality about white: it contains all the colors yet it seems to be colorless. It is not red, it is, not blue, it is not green, although it contains all the colors. But it contains all those colors in such synthesis, in such harmony, that they all disappear. They dissolve into oneness, and that oneness is white.

White represents the ultimate synthesis and harmony. It is the greatest orchestra, where all the musical instruments dissolve into each other -- and not only the instruments but the musicians, too. The whole orchestra functions as a single, organic, orgasmic unity. White represents that.

And the lotus also is a great symbol, particularly in the East -- naturally, because the East knows what great lotuses are. In the West you only have small lotuses -- they need hot sun. The East knows great fragrant lotuses, and the lotus became one of the central symbols of the East. You may have seen buddha statues of Buddha sitting on a lotus, of Vishnu, the Hindu god, standing on a lotus.

The lotus represents the essential meaning of sannyas. The lotus lives in the lake and yet the water cannot touch it. It lives in the water and yet remains untouched by the water. The lotus represents the witnessing quality of your being: you *live* in the world, but you remain a witness. You remain in the world and yet you are not part of it. You participate and yet you are not part of it. You are in the world, but the world is not in you.

When you become a calm and cool observer of life you are going to laugh -- not ordinary laughter but a belly laughter like a lion's roar. And white lotuses will start showering on you.

Life is neither serious nor nonserious. It is a tremendous play, playfulness. Yes, many times it is ridiculous, incredibly absurd, but in our minds those words have a very wrong connotation, something negative. When we say something is absurd we mean that it is something wrong. No, it is not so.

Absurd simply means beyond our logic. Absurd simply means beyond our expectations. Absurd simply means that there is always a surprise. Absurd simply means that life is unpredictable and cannot be reduced to cause-and-effect, that life is more than logic, more than language can contain, more than can be expressed.

And it is tremendously humorous... because here you see gods pretending to be beggars. Yes, it is a pretense. Here you will see buddhas being miserable.

Have you ever gone to see a drama, not from the audience, but backstage where actors and actresses dress themselves up and prepare themselves? Then you will be surprised.

That was one of my hobbies in my childhood, to somehow get backstage. In my village every year they used to play *ramleela*, the great story of Rama. And it is far more beautiful if you see what happens at the back. I have seen Sita, the wife of Rama.... In India she is worshipped as the greatest woman ever born, absolutely virtuous, pure. It is impossible to conceive of a purer woman or a purer love. It is absolutely impossible to conceive of a more religious, more pious, more holy woman. But at the back of the stage I have seen Sita before she goes on the stage -- smoking beedies!

Now Krishna Prem need not be worried about beedies! Just to prepare herself, just to give herself a shot of nicotine, Sita was smoking beedies. It was so absurd. I enjoyed it so much!

And Ravana, the man who is the criminal in the drama of Rama's life, who steals Sita and who represents evil in India, was telling Rama, "You be aware! Last night you were continuously looking at my wife in the audience, and if I see you doing that again I will teach you a lesson!"

Now, Rama is the incarnation of God, but in the drama he was just a schoolboy -- and schoolboys are schoolboys. And Ravana teaching him, evil incarnate teaching God..."Don't look at my wife -- that is not right!"

I enjoyed being backstage so much that what happened on the stage looked very ordinary.

When you become a witness you enter the backstage of life -- and there things are *really* absurd -- you start seeing things as they are. Everything is illogical, nothing makes sense. But that is the beauty of life: that nothing makes sense. If everything made sense, life would be a boredom. Because nothing makes sense, life is always a constant joy, a constant surprise.

The man looked at the psychiatrist and said, "I work at the pickle factory and I have an incredible desire to put my prick in the pickle cutter."

The doctor thought for a moment and then replied, "I see. Perhaps it is a result of some suppressed childhood behavior -- could be an Oedipus complex. I suggest you take a two week vacation, then you go back to work for a week and then return to me to start therapy."

Three weeks later the man returned and told the doctor that he had done it.

"You stuck your prick in the pickle cutter?"

"Yes," the man replied.

"Well, what happened?" the psychiatrist asked.

"I was fired," he said.

"Yes, of course, but didn't something else happen?"

"Oh yes," the man replied, "the pickle cutter, she was fired too."

Enough for today.

The White Lotus

Chapter #5

Chapter title: The Eye of Zen

4 November 1979 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 7911040

ShortTitle: WLOTUS05

Audio: Yes

Video: No

QUESTION: I HAVE HEARD THAT ALL BUDDHAS IN THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE PREACHED THE SAME DHARMA AND COUNTLESS BEINGS WERE SAVED FROM SUFFERING. IS THIS NOT TRUE?

ANSWER: YOU HAVE HEARD SOMEONE SPEAK OF DREAMS, AND YOU YOURSELF ARE ACTUALLY DREAMING. WHATEVER YOU FIGURE WITH YOUR DUALISTIC MIND NEVER MAKES A TRUE ACCOUNT OF MIND ESSENCE, THEREFORE, I CALL YOU A DREAMER. DREAM IS ONE THING AND REALIZATION ANOTHER. DO NOT MIX THEM TOGETHER. WISDOM IN THE DREAM IS NOT THE REAL WISDOM. ONE WHO HAS TRUE WISDOM DOES NOT HOLD SELF-RECOGNITION. BUDDHAS IN THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE ARE IN THE REALM BEYOND COGNITION. IF YOU SHUT OFF YOUR THINKING FACULTY, BLOCKING OFF THE ROAD OF YOUR MIND, YOU WILL ENTER A DIFFERENT SPHERE. UNTIL THAT TIME, WHATEVER YOU THINK, WHATEVER YOU SAY, WHATEVER YOU DO IS NOTHING BUT FOOLISHNESS IN DREAMLAND.

QUESTION: WHAT KIND OF WISDOM SHOULD ONE USE TO CUT OFF DELUSIONS?

ANSWER: WHEN YOU OBSERVE YOUR DELUSIONS, YOU WILL KNOW THAT THEY ARE BASELESS AND NOT DEPENDABLE. IN THIS WAY YOU CAN CUT CONFUSION AND DOUBT. THIS IS WHAT I CALL WISDOM.

QUESTION: WHAT SORT OF DELUSIONS WILL BE CLEARED BY ZEN?

ANSWER: ANY DELUSIONS OF MEDIOCRITY, OF A PHILOSOPHER, OF A SHRAVAKA, OF A PRATYEKA-BUDDHA, OR OF A BODHISATTVA.

QUESTION: WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SAGE'S MOST EXCELLENT LIFE AND THE COMMON PEOPLE'S EVERYDAY LIFE?

ANSWER: IT IS LIKE GOSSAMER. SOME MISTAKE IT FOR VAPOR, BUT IT IS IN FACT A SPIDER'S SILK THAT FLOATS IN THE AIR. A MEDIOCRE PERSON SEES THE SAGE'S LIFE, AND BELIEVES IT TO BE THE SAME AS HIS OWN EVERYDAY LIFE; WHEREAS THE ENLIGHTENED MAN SEES THE HOLY PATH IN A LIFE OF MEDIOCRITY. IF YOU WILL OBSERVE IN THE SUTRAS THAT ALL BUDDHAS PREACH FOR TWO GROUPS, THE MEDIOCRE AND THE WISE, BUT IN THE EYES OF ZEN, A SAGE'S LIFE IS ONE OF MEDIOCRITY AND THE MEDIOCRE PERSON'S AS THE SAGE'S. THIS ONE LIFE HAS NO FORM AND IS EMPTY BY NATURE. IF YOU BECOME ATTACHED TO ANY FORM, YOU SHOULD REJECT IT. IF YOU SEE AN EGO, A SOUL, A BIRTH OR A DEATH, REJECT THEM ALL.

QUESTION: WHY AND HOW DO WE REJECT THEM?

ANSWER: IF YOU HAVE ZEN, YOU SHOULD NOT SEE A THING. "THE MOST FIRMLY ESTABLISHED IN THE PATH APPEARS THE MOST REMISS."

The path to reality is full of paradoxes, hence the logical mind cannot comprehend it. Logic is incapable of understanding a paradox. Logic tries to dissolve all paradoxes, to make things straight, clear. But paradox is intrinsic to nature. Nature exists through contradictions. Contradictions are not really contradictions but complementaries.

The person who thinks about truth is bound to think wrongly. All thinking is wrong about truth, because the moment you start thinking you follow the path of logic -- and reality is paradoxical; they never crisscross. They run parallel, but they never meet.

Another name for this paradoxicality of existence is mystery. Mystery is not a riddle, mystery is not a problem, because it cannot be solved. There is simply no way to solve it. It is to be lived, experienced. Yet you will not be able to answer what it is, because the moment you try to answer it you have to bring language in -- and language is logical. Language is created by the logical mind, hence language is inadequate, absolutely inadequate to express truth. Truth can be expressed only through silence, but then silence again is a mystery.

The first paradox that you will come across on the path is: the mind cannot ask a right question. It is not within its powers to ask the right question, because to ask the right question is to find the answer immediately. In fact, the right question *is* the answer. In the world of the mind there is a duality: the question and the answer; they are separate. In the world of reality, the right question is the answer. If you can ask the right question, there is no need even to ask; the very understanding of the right question is enough to understand the answer. But the right question cannot be asked by the mind; it can be asked only by the no-mind. But the no-mind never asks anything.

This is the first paradox one comes across: the mind asks questions, but all questions raised by the mind are bound to be wrong, because mind itself is wrong. Anything that arises out of that state is going to be wrong, and a wrong question cannot lead you to the right answer. The mind can ask millions of questions, but there is no answer anywhere for those questions. The no-mind knows the answer, but the no-mind never asks the question. It is so at ease, so at home with reality, that the question does not arise. The nonarising of the question is the answer.

So the whole effort of Bodhidharma is to change the gestalt of your being, your focus. You are focused on the dualistic mind. The dualistic mind always thinks in terms of either/or: "Either God is light or God is darkness. How can God be both?" It becomes impossible for the mind to conceive that God is both simultaneously: light *and* darkness, life *and* death; that God is and is not, and he is both together simultaneously. The mind starts feeling crazy if you force it to think upon such matters. The mind simply recoils, it says, "This is nonsense!"

One of the very keenest minds of the modern West is Arthur Koestler. He came to study Zen. Now, Zen cannot be studied in the first place; it is not a question of studying. You cannot approach it through the mind, through the intellect -- but that is the only approach available to the contemporary man. Contemporary man is far poorer than man has ever been before -- rich in things but poor in understanding.

Arthur Koestler came to India, to Japan, traveling in search of what Zen is -- studying scriptures, questioning masters, collecting notes of their answers. And then he wrote a book against Zen. I can understand why he wrote against it -- because he felt the whole thing was nonsense: the whole thing appeared to him so illogical. I cannot condemn him. He represents the modern mind, he represents intellect.

If you approach through the intellect then Zen is illogical, but so is life, so is this whole existence. Here, day and night are one; here, summer and winter are one; here, life and death are one.

Koestler should think a little bit more about life, too. Life is more like Zen than like anything else; Zen may be illogical because *life* is illogical. Logic is a manmade phenomenon. Logic is a frame imposed by us on existence. We try to sort things out, and existence is a beautiful chaos. We want to figure things out, what is what, and in existence everything is turning and changing into everything else.

The mud becomes the lotus, and one day the lotus falls back into the mud again. The mud becomes the body of a human being, a beautiful body, and one day it goes back to the earth. The earth rises into a tree, becomes green, red roses flower, great fragrance is released, and one day all disappears like a dream. Again the earth is back.

Existence has no trouble with contradictions. It is the Aristotelian logic that is creating trouble for us.

The first paradox is that the mind that can ask the question is not capable of understanding the answer, and the mind, or no-mind, or buddha-mind, that is capable of asking the right question need not ask it. Before you ask, the answer is there. Let us say it in other words: the head only has questions and the heart only has answers.

Unless you reach to the depth of the heart you will not have any real answers. Yes, answers you will have, because mind is very clever at supplying false answers. It raises false questions, it supplies false answers. That's what philosophy is all about, that's what doing philosophy means. Each false question is followed by many false answers; you can choose any, but they are all false. They are false because they are just guesswork.

Reality has to be encountered, embraced, tasted. One has *not* to be separate from it to know it, one has to dissolve oneself into it to know it.

The first question: I HAVE HEARD THAT ALL BUDDHAS IN THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE PREACHED THE SAME DHARMA AND COUNTLESS BEINGS WERE SAVED FROM SUFFERING. IS IT NOT TRUE?

The question starts with I HAVE HEARD, and from the very beginning it is wrong, because it is not even your question. The question is also borrowed; it is based on other people's experience. It is just an opinion that you have gathered from somewhere and now you are making a question out of it. It has no roots in you. It is like a plastic flower you have purchased from the market: it will not have any fragrance, it is not alive.

The real question cannot arise out of others' opinions. You have to be in a meditative mood to find the real question. You have to learn how to commune with existence.

The question starts: I HAVE HEARD -- it goes wrong from the very beginning -- THAT ALL BUDDHAS IN THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.... Now, for a buddha there is no past, no present, no future. The buddha exists only in the eternal. That's why he is called the buddha: because he has transcended time.

To be in time is to be asleep. Time is our sleep, time is our mind, time is our dreaming. To go beyond dreaming, thinking, mind, means to go beyond time. Time does not consist of the present, remember; it consists only of the past and the future. Have you ever encountered the present? The moment you say, "Yes, this is the present," it is no more the present, it is already the past. The moment you recognize through the mind that this is the present, it has already slipped by. Mind cannot grasp it, it is so fast. The moment mind becomes aware of it,

the bird has already flown out of the cage.

The mind can think of the past because it is a dead phenomenon. The mind can accumulate dead things very easily -- it is an antique collector. Or, the mind can think of the future. The past is no more, the future not yet; in one sense both are the same, because both are nonexistent. And mind is clever with the nonexistent. It can go on into the future because it can dream, project, imagine, and there is no hindrance. But when the question of the present arises, mind is absolutely impotent, because the present is so alive and mind is clever only with the dead. The present is *present*, and mind is clever only at dreaming, desiring, projecting, imagining. You cannot dream in the present, you cannot desire in the present. If you desire, it is in the future. Desire brings the tomorrow in.

Jesus says to his disciples: Look at the lilies in the field. How beautiful they are! And what is the secret of their beauty? Why are they so beautiful? -- more beautiful, Jesus says, than Solomon had ever been in all his grandeur. The poor lilies are far more beautiful than the great Solomon. Why? -- for the simple reason that they think not of the morrow, for the simple reason that they are in the present.

That is the beauty of the trees, of the roses, of the lotuses, of the stars, of the earth, of the sky, of the animals. Look into the eyes of a cat or a dog, look into the eyes of a small child. What depth and what innocence and what clarity! What is the secret of it all? A simple phenomenon: they live in the present, they are not yet corrupted by the past and the future. The mind has not yet appeared. Time has not yet appeared.

You have been told and taught that time has three tenses: past, present, future. That is utterly wrong. Time has only two tenses, past and future; the present is part of eternity, not part of time. So when you are in the present, you are in the eternal.

The question is wrong at every step. It is going to be so, because the question is from the mind. First the questioner says: I HAVE HEARD.... That must have been enough for Bodhidharma to start laughing, or he must have taken his staff in his hand to hit and beat this man.

It happens many times that you enter the room of the Zen master and before you have even uttered a single word he says, "Wrong, wrong!" You have not uttered a single word, but the way you enter, the body language, is enough. You are entering hesitant, doubtful, suspicious, or you are trying to prove yourself, trying to be very courageous, formulating a certain question or some experience -- how to say it -- and the master has seen it all and has heard it before you have even uttered a single word.

One disciple of Rinzai told him one day, "When I come with an answer -- because you have given me a koan...."

A koan is a mystery; it represents existence. A koan is a riddle which is not soluble. A koan is something absurd. "The sound of one hand clapping," that is a koan. "What is the sound of one hand clapping?"

Now, the disciple has been meditating on it. Every day he comes, he has to come to answer the master's question: "What have you found? What is the outcome of your meditations?" He brings all kinds of answers -- and whatsoever answer he brings is wrong -- and he is beaten and thrown out.

One day the disciple could not bear it anymore. It was too much, because he had not said anything and the master started beating him. He said, "But wait! I have not even said anything!"

The master said, "There is no need to say it, I have heard it. I have seen it in your eyes, I have seen it in your walk. I recognize it immediately. When you have found the answer you

will not need to say it, I will know it."

And, yes, it happened exactly like that. When the disciple found the answer.... There is no answer; that's what he found. One day he found that "I am just being foolish. There is no answer."

You can say it from the very beginning, that "this is foolish!" but that won't do. You have to pass through all that fire of tackling an absurd question, knowing deep down that there is no answer to it and yet still searching for the answer. That's how you dig deep within yourself.

One day, when he had reached his core, there was no question, no answer. He started laughing. That day he didn't come to report -- there was nothing to report -- but that day the master appeared in his room and he said, "*Now* you have found. No need even to come to me; when you have found, I will come to you. Now the whole commune is affected by your finding," the master said. "Your vibe is pulsating so loudly all around that those who understand the language of vibes know that somebody has attained, that somebody has arrived home, that a traveler has reached."

Bodhidharma must have started laughing from the very beginning. It is not reported, because this is the notebook of a disciple. Many things are not reported in it, because the disciple cannot report them -- he can't understand the inner reflections that happen on the mirror of the master; all that he can report are the words that the master utters. Hence nothing is said about Bodhidharma. The disciple goes on asking questions and he goes on noting down the answers. The report seems to be a little dull, it has no touch of aliveness, because it consists of the disciple's notes. Hence many things are missing, many things that the master must have done are not reported because the disciple cannot understand them.

For example, if Bodhidharma starts laughing, listening to the question, the disciple will not report it; it will look too humiliating. He simply reports the words -- words that he feels can fit with his answer, although what Bodhidharma says is totally different from what he is asking.

I HAVE HEARD, he asked, THAT ALL BUDDHAS IN THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE PREACHED THE SAME DHARMA....

Remember, for buddhas there is no past, no present, no future. A buddha is one who has become awakened. Time is a dream phenomenon.

Have you ever observed how time changes as you change? If you are miserable, time becomes long, lengthy. If you are joyous, time becomes small. But the clock will show the same time. If it is one hour then the clock will show that one hour has passed -- whether you are miserable or blissful, the clock is not affected. The clock goes on moving; it is a mechanical device. It simply reports chronological time, it does not report your inner experiences of time.

If you are sitting with a friend after many years, time passes so fast. If you are lonely, miserable, anxious, restless, time seems to pass with such slowness. This is your experience, that time becomes longer or shorter according to you, according to your mind.

You must have known some moments when time had totally stopped. Ordinarily, biological man, the sleepy man, only knows such moments through lovemaking -- because it is only in lovemaking that he loses his mind, it is only in lovemaking that he gets lost. But that peak, the orgasmic peak, in which he loses all mind, and becomes just a vibration, becomes just an energy, a liquid energy -- no thought, no past, no future, no desire -- happens

only for moments. It is only through love and the orgasmic experience that you become aware that there is a possibility of time stopping totally.

Hence I say: sexual orgasm is the lowest but the fundamental experience of meditation -- lowest *and* fundamental. It is through sexual orgasm that man became aware of the infinite possibility of stopping time completely, of getting out of time. If you can get out of time for one moment, that means one *can* get out of time forever, too. Then ways and means have to be found. That's how Tantra, Yoga, Zen, Tao, Sufism, all kinds of ways and means, have been found. Once man became aware that the possibility exists that there is a window through which he can escape, even though it happens only once in a while....

Many times people ask me why women have not become great masters like Buddha, Zarathustra, Lao Tzu, Bodhidharma, Jesus -- why? One of the fundamental reasons is that man has denied women the experience of orgasm. You will be surprised by my answer. You will not have imagined that that would be the root cause why women could not rise as high as a Buddha, as a Bodhidharma.

What went wrong? One thing: man has not allowed women to have the experience of orgasm. And it became possible because there is a little difference between a man's orgasm and a woman's orgasm. Man comes to his orgasmic peak very quickly, so he can have his orgasm easily, quickly. The woman comes to the orgasmic plane slowly; her pace is different. Unless a man loves the woman tremendously and helps her to come to the orgasmic state and moves slowly with her.... If he cares about her, is not just using the woman as a means to attain his own orgasm but is also careful and attentive and loving enough that she should also have her orgasm, then he moves slowly.

That's what Tantra discovered centuries ago: that man has to move very slowly. Man's orgasm is local, genital, and the woman's orgasm is more total. Her whole body is involved in it, hence it takes time. Man's orgasm is so local that it does not take much time. Unless a man loves the woman, caresses her body, helps her whole body to rise to the peak.... It is a subtle art to come to the orgasmic state together.

When man and woman both come to the orgasmic state together, simultaneously, it is a great experience of ecstasy -- very rich. Man coming alone to orgasm is one thing: it misses much, it is not so rich, it is not multidimensional. It is more or less masturbatory -- the woman has been used only as a means for masturbation -- it is not true orgasm, and the woman remains behind. And man has been doing that for centuries, so many women have completely forgotten that there is any possibility of orgasm for them.

It is only now with the women's liberation movement that women are becoming aware that in the past they have been missing something very valuable in their lives. In the East they are not yet aware of it. It is very rare in the East to find an orgasmic woman, one who knows what orgasm is. Even in the West only a very small percentage of women is becoming capable of orgasm.

This has been the greatest oppression, the greatest exploitation of women, because if women are deprived of orgasm they are deprived of one of the most fundamental experiences of meditation. The only window towards God remains closed. They never become aware that there is a moment when time disappears, that there is a moment when "I am no more a body, no more a mind, but a pure consciousness -- absolutely thoughtless, desireless, dreamless and utterly blissful."

This is the lowest experience, remember; one has not to stop there. This is the first step of a long journey, only then do you arrive at the temple. But it is a necessary step, it is very fundamental.

So once in a while you may have become aware that time stops, but time stops only when you are blissful. Time stops only when you are absolutely without mind -- conscious, yet mind is not there -- because you are not 'minding', you are not thinking... a simple existence.

It can happen in music, it can happen while watching a sunset, it can happen while you are painting. But these experiences are far more rare, whereas sex is available to each and everybody: it is a biological gift of nature. To be a musician of such caliber that you can lose yourself as you lose yourself in a woman or a man is a rare phenomenon; it happens only once in a while. To be a painter, a sculptor, a dancer, a poet -- this needs great talents, and one may not have them -- but the same thing happens.

That's why it is possible for a great painter to go beyond sex very easily: because he has another window to experience the orgasm, to experience the timeless moment, to experience God. It is easier for a poet or a dancer to go beyond sex than it is for others, because they have an alternative through which they can experience the same thing -- and maybe with a greater depth.

But whatsoever the cause, if you have ever experienced a moment when time stops, *that* is the moment which has to be understood because that is the nature of meditation. That is what brings you home finally, ultimately. Before that, all kinds of questions will arise; they are all meaningless. Masters answer them because of compassion, otherwise they are all foolish.

Mind is stupid -- mind as such is stupid. It asks very stupid questions.
The questioner is asking:

I HAVE HEARD THAT ALL BUDDHAS IN THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE PREACHED THE SAME DHARMA....

Now, a buddha does not preach. Yes, much happens through him, but he is not a preacher. He is not a sermonizer, he is not a priest; he is not even a prophet. Somebody asked Krishnamurti, "Why do you talk?"

Krishnamurti said, "Why does the rose bloom? Ask the rose -- and my answer is the same."

For a buddha it is not a question of preaching, it is simply his overflowing compassion. These words don't apply to the buddhas. No ordinary word is applicable to the buddha -- you have to change its meaning so totally that it is no longer the same word.

The questioner says:

They have PREACHED THE SAME DHARMA AND COUNTLESS BEINGS WERE SAVED FROM SUFFERING.

Now, suffering is a dream: you suffer because you are asleep. It is a nightmare, it is not a reality. So there is no question of saving you; you are already saved.

Remember, a buddha is not a savior, a buddha is only an awakener. Nobody needs to be saved; you are already saved. You may be having a nightmare and you may be suffering in your nightmare, but it is all dream. It is not true, it is not real, and whenever you awake you will laugh at the whole absurdity of it.

But we understand things according to ourselves, hence these questions. Our minds are so much conditioned that we go on asking questions which are not relevant at all. And there are people who will answer our questions, and we may be consoled, and we may start clinging to

ideas and philosophies.

The real master is not going to give you an answer as a consolation, because that will be strengthening your old mind. The real master will hammer, shatter your head completely. He will cut your head. He will make you aware that this mind can accumulate many answers, but they are all useless, meaningless, because this mind itself is wrong.

The American diplomatic courier had just arrived in the tiny Latin American capital, and, as he strode briskly out of the airport terminal, he was obviously charged with a sense of his own self-importance, snapping instructions at the porters carrying his luggage and looking about impatiently for the car that was supposed to be there to meet him. He certainly had no time for the dirty little street urchins who trailed after him, trying to sell everything from a shoeshine to their sisters.

"Hey, Americano!" called out one lad, especially worldly-wise for his years. "I get what you like if you pay -- feelthy pictures, marijuana, girls, boys."

"I can't be bothered with this vermin," the undiplomatic messenger disdainfully proclaimed, brushing his ragged pursuer aside. "My business here is with the American ambassador."

"Can do, senior," responded the boy, "but for an ambassador you weel have to pay extra."

People have their own conditioning, their own thinking, their own ways of looking at things. They hear from a preoccupied mind, they question from a preoccupied mind, and any answer given to them never reaches undistorted.

The questioner asks:

IS IT NOT TRUE?

Bodhidharma says:

YOU HAVE HEARD SOMEONE SPEAK OF DREAMS, AND YOU YOURSELF ARE ACTUALLY DREAMING. WHATEVER YOU FIGURE WITH YOUR DUALISTIC MIND NEVER MAKES A TRUE ACCOUNT OF MIND ESSENCE, THEREFORE I CALL YOU A DREAMER. DREAM IS ONE THING AND REALIZATION ANOTHER. DO NOT MIX THEM TOGETHER. WISDOM IN THE DREAM IS NOT THE REAL WISDOM. ONE WHO HAS TRUE WISDOM DOES NOT HOLD SELF-RECOGNITION. BUDDHAS IN THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE ARE IN THE REALM BEYOND COGNITION. IF YOU SHUT OFF YOUR THINKING FACULTY, BLOCKING OFF THE ROAD OF YOUR MIND, YOU WILL ENTER A DIFFERENT SPHERE. UNTIL THAT TIME, WHATEVER YOU THINK, WHATEVER YOU SAY, WHATEVER YOU DO IS NOTHING BUT FOOLISHNESS IN DREAMLAND.

To cut down on expenses, two secretaries decided to vacation together and to share a hotel room. On the first night, one turned to her friend and rested her hand on her shoulder.

"There's something about myself I've never told you," she admitted. "I'll be frank...."
"No," said the other girl, "I'll be Frank."

"I'd like to buy some body makeup for my girlfriend," the young musician told the clerk at the cosmetics counter.

"Certainly, sir," said the clerk. "What color would you like?"

"Never mind the color," said the musician. "What flavors do you have?"

This is the state of everybody: we are living in our own dreams. What Bodhidharma calls dreamland you can call Disneyland or Californialand! Now the whole world is slowly slowly turning into a Disneyland -- in fact, it has always been so. People live in their dreams. The so-called ordinary people live in their dreams and the so-called V.V.I.P.'s live in the same kind of dream world.

The pope was reading in his Vatican sanctuary when suddenly he was called to the telephone.

"This is Father Novelli in New York," said the voice. "Your Holiness, I think that Jesus Christ is walking down the middle of Fifth Avenue. What should I do?"

"Look-a busy!" replied the pontiff.

Look-a busy -- what else can you do? These people, whether the small or the so-called big ones, are in the same world.

I have heard:

Michelangelo was painting the ceiling of a church. He was alone on top of a big stool. One woman came in and started praying loudly, talking to God. Michelangelo heard her saying things to God. He enjoyed the way she was talking to God as if God was really there, so he played a trick on her. He said, "Listen! I am Jesus Christ!"

The woman said, "You shut up! I am talking to your father!"

Just look around. Just watch people. You need not go to the movies, you need not read detective novels. Just sit by the side of the road and watch people's faces: how they are moving, how they are walking, their gestures. A few are talking to themselves, their lips are moving. Everybody seems to be in a dream, in his own world.

That's why there is such a clash: because each one has his own world view and his own world, so whenever two persons come close, sooner or later the clash happens. The clash is bound to happen because their dreams cannot coincide -- and everybody wants to impose his dreams on the other.

Now, nobody can dream your dreams; that is impossible. Dreams cannot be imposed on others. You cannot share your dreams with others. You cannot invite your wife or your husband into your dream; that is impossible. Dreaming is such a private phenomenon. Hence, people who live in dreams live in a private world; they never become aware of the *real* world that surrounds us. They see, but through a thick mist. They see, and yet they see not.

YOU HAVE HEARD SOMEONE SPEAK OF DREAMS, Bodhidharma says, AND YOU YOURSELF ARE ACTUALLY DREAMING. WHATEVER YOU FIGURE WITH YOUR DUALISTIC MIND NEVER MAKES A TRUE ACCOUNT OF MIND ESSENCE, THEREFORE, I CALL YOU A DREAMER.

Unless thinking disappears totally you will remain a dreamer. Thinking is dualistic, thinking is logical, thinking is Aristotelian. Unless thinking is dropped totally your mind will go on playing tricks upon you; it will go on deceiving you, and you will never be able to know the real essence of your being -- which is freedom, which is bliss, which is God.

DREAM IS ONE THING AND REALIZATION ANOTHER.

Realization is possible only when dreaming evaporates.

DO NOT MIX THEM TOGETHER.

What you have heard is meaningless; only what you have known on your own has meaning.

WISDOM IN THE DREAM IS NOT THE REAL WISDOM.

You can be a very wise dreamer, you can be very knowledgeable in your dreams, but a dreamer is a dreamer. You can dream of beautiful things -- sweet dreams of golden palaces, of paradise -- but they are all dreams. Whether you dream of heaven or hell, it is the same. Hell is a dream, heaven is a dream.

In Western languages these are the only two possibilities after death: heaven or hell. Hence, Western religions have never been able to free themselves of dreaming. They don't talk of being free of dreaming, they don't talk of absolute desirelessness. They have not risen to the ultimate purity of religiousness.

The Eastern religions talk of a third state: *moksha*, nirvana, freedom -- freedom from both heaven and hell -- because buddhas in the East have been saying that your fetters may be made of gold or of iron, but fetters are fetters: you are chained, you are a prisoner. You can be free only when you are free of all fetters; made of iron, made of gold -- all fetters, all chains, have to be dropped. Then a third phenomenon becomes possible: *moksha*, nirvana. There is no word to translate it; it simply means getting free of both hell and heaven, because both are dreams.

ONE WHO HAS TRUE WISDOM DOES NOT HOLD SELF-RECOGNITION.

This is one of the fundamentals of Buddha's teaching:

ONE WHO HAS TRUE WISDOM DOES NOT HOLD SELF-RECOGNITION.

One who knows, one who has come to terms with his true essence, knows no ego, no 'I'; no self is recognized. He is part of the universal flow; he is no more separate. His private world disappears. He is no more an idiot.

The word idiot means one who lives in his own private world. It comes from the root *idios*; from the same root comes idiosyncrasy. An idiot is one who never takes note of the real world and goes on living in his private world, thinking that is the real world. In that sense, unless you become a buddha, you *are* an idiot.

BUDDHAS IN THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE ARE IN THE REALM BEYOND COGNITION.

You cannot see them -- buddhas cannot be seen. Ordinary eyes are not capable of seeing them, nor are ordinary minds capable of understanding them. If you really want to understand a buddha you will have to become a buddha; there is no other way. You will have to taste awakening. By becoming a buddha you will understand all the buddhas of the past, present

and future.

IF YOU SHUT OFF YOUR THINKING FACULTY, BLOCKING OFF THE ROAD OF YOUR MIND,
YOU WILL ENTER A DIFFERENT SPHERE.

The only thing to be done is to shut off the constant, feverish activity of the mind. Shut it off, put it aside, and then you enter into a different space, a different sphere.

UNTIL THAT TIME, WHATEVER YOU THINK, WHATEVER YOU SAY, WHATEVER YOU DO IS
NOTHING BUT FOOLISHNESS IN DREAMLAND.

Thurmon, Pickens and Diggs were discussing the world's greatest inventions.

"I believe," said Thurmon, "that electricity is the best invention. It turns on the lights, makes the TV work -- it do everything."

"Yeah," agreed Pickens, "but ah believe that atomic power is the most important invention. It can do everything electricity can and you can push a button, blow up the world."

"Well, gennamen," said Diggs, "to me the greatest invention is the thermos. It keeps da hot food hot and da cold food cold."

"What so great about that?" asked Thurmon.

"How do it know?" replied Diggs.

Your mind, whatsoever it thinks -- small things about the thermos or great things, great metaphysical things about God... because it is the same mind, it makes no difference. The object of thinking can be the thermos or God, coca-cola or paradise, but the *mind* that thinks about it is the same.

Bodhidharma is saying: Don't go on changing the subject of your thinking, don't go on changing the subject matter of your thinking, change your inner space. Let us have a totally different mind, which thinks not, desires not, dreams not. Then you enter into the world of the buddhas.

The second question: WHAT KIND OF WISDOM SHOULD ONE USE TO CUT OFF DELUSIONS?

Each question again and again shows one thing very clearly: that the answer has not been heard. As if the questioner were more interested in his questions than in the answers! Just out of politeness he listens to the answer, but he is already preparing his question. Otherwise a single answer is enough -- all the questions are solved.

Again he asks the same thing from a different angle:

WHAT KIND OF WISDOM SHOULD ONE USE TO CUT OFF DELUSIONS?

As if you can 'use' wisdom; as if wisdom is a tool to be used, a means. As if after you have become wise you will have to cut your delusions.

It is like a man who says, "When I have become awakened, how will I get rid of my dreams? What kind of awakening has to be used to cut all the dreams?"

It is like a man who in the night sees a rope on the road, projects a snake on the rope and escapes, runs away, freaks out. And somebody says, "Don't be worried. I know it is a rope."

Come with me. I will show you that it is a rope. Let us take a lamp with us." And he says, "Okay. Even if with a lamp I come to know that it is a rope, then tell me how to get rid of the snake."

Exactly like that is this question:

WHAT KIND OF WISDOM SHOULD ONE USE TO CUT OFF DELUSIONS?

When you are wise, delusions are not there. In fact, delusions have to go first, only then do you become wise. But our so-called wise people are living in deep illusions, that's why the question seems to be relevant.

Stephanie woke up with a sore shoulder one morning and went to see her doctor about it. After examining it, the doctor said he couldn't find anything wrong with it. She insisted it hurt her, so the doctor said, "Well, tell me what you did last night."

She told him that she'd gone riding in the country with her boyfriend and that they took a walk in a cemetery and read some of the tombstone inscriptions.

The doctor said, "Possibly you caught a cold in your muscle from the chilly air. Will you get undressed so I can give you a more thorough examination?"

She did so and the doctor examined her entire back.

After a minute or so he said, "Stephanie, I can't find a thing wrong with your shoulder, but your buttocks state that you've been dead since 1892."

Our so-called wise people are in the same boat; they are not a bit different from you. The people you go to for advice -- the pundits, the priests, the scholars -- are themselves in the dark. Of course they are more informed than you, but it is not a question of information. Wisdom comes through transformation not through information.

Bodhidharma says:

WHEN YOU OBSERVE YOUR DELUSIONS, YOU WILL KNOW THAT THEY ARE BASELESS AND NOT DEPENDABLE. IN THIS WAY YOU CAN CUT CONFUSION AND DOUBT. THIS IS WHAT I CALL WISDOM.

When you observe your delusions as delusions you are finished with them. The moment you know that something *is* a dream you are free of it; nothing else is needed to be done.

That's why with my sannyasins I insist: there is no need to go anywhere else. Live in the world, but become aware. Just becoming aware is being a sannyasin. No need to renounce, no need to escape anywhere. Become aware and you will see what is illusion, what is dream. And whatsoever is *known* as illusion disappears; nothing else is needed to be done.

A frank female rebel named Glutz
Disdained any ifs, ands, or buts;
When they asked what she'd need
To be totally freed
Of her hangup, her answer was, "Nuts!"

Everybody is in need of nuts, because everybody *is* nuts. Mad people are in need of other mad people, because only mad people can support your illusions. You support their illusions,

they support your illusions. That is what is called friendship, love, companionship in the ordinary world: A friend in need is a friend indeed. And when is the need? -- when your illusions start disappearing he helps you to hold, to cling hard to them. He does not allow you to let go of your illusions. Whatsoever happens, he helps you to remain the same as you have always been. He does not allow you to change.

Life is trying to change you every moment, but you have so many friends, protectors, parents, teachers, and your family. The whole management of the government, the church, is such that it helps you to remain as you are. It is a great conspiracy to keep people dreaming, because nobody wants you to be awake. It is dangerous, because any people who have ever become awakened have always proved dangerous to the status quo, to the established church, state, society -- to the establishment as such. The awakened people have always proved a kind of nuisance, because they start helping other people to become awake.

WHEN YOU OBSERVE YOUR DELUSIONS, YOU WILL KNOW THAT THEY ARE BASELESS AND NOT DEPENDABLE. IN THIS WAY YOU CAN CUT CONFUSION AND DOUBT.

Nothing else is needed; just becoming aware of them, that they are illusions, you are finished. The moment you know that two plus two is not five, that two plus two is four, you are finished with two plus two equals five. You need not do anything else; it is enough to understand.

The way of the buddha is that of understanding.

The third question: WHAT SORT OF DELUSIONS WILL BE CLEARED BY ZEN?

Again and again.... There are only two things which are infinite in the world: the stupidity of the disciples and the compassion of the masters. Now he asks: WHAT SORT OF DELUSIONS...? As if there were many kinds of illusions! Illusion is illusion; it has only one quality: that it is not true, that it is not so, that it is not part of reality, that it is your projection. Now, what you project does not matter. You can project a bullock cart, that is an illusion; you can project a golden chariot, that is an illusion. You can project anything, but the basic nature of illusion is the same; there are not many kinds of illusion.

But the logical mind is always after "How many kinds, what categories...?"
AND WHAT SORT OF DELUSIONS WILL BE CLEARED BY ZEN?

As if a few will be cleared by Zen and a few will still remain! "What kind of dreams will disappear when you become awake?" As if a few kinds of dreams will still continue, will still persist!

But the compassion of a master is such that Bodhidharma says:

ANY DELUSIONS OF MEDIOCRITY, OF A PHILOSOPHER, OF A SHRAVAKA, OF A PRATYEKA-BUDDHA, OR OF A BODHISATTVA.

He says: Any idea that "I am this or that" will disappear. The basic illusion is the illusion of I, the ego -- and the ego will disappear.

Some people think they are inferior, but the ego persists: "I am inferior." And somebody thinks he is superior -- the same ego persists: "I am superior." Somebody thinks, "I am mediocre," somebody thinks, "I am very very wise," somebody thinks, "I am just a follower

of Buddha, a SHRAVAKA," and somebody thinks, "I am the buddha himself."

All kinds of illusions that are rooted in the idea of the ego will disappear. When you wake up, ego disappears, and with it all its paraphernalia. The whole lot that is created by the ego goes with it; those are all shadows of the ego.

The fourth question: WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SAGE'S MOST EXCELLENT LIFE AND THE COMMON PEOPLE'S EVERYDAY LIFE?

Bodhidharma answers:

IT IS LIKE GOSSAMER. SOME MISTAKE IT FOR VAPOR, BUT IT IS IN FACT A SPIDER'S SILK THAT FLOATS IN THE AIR. A MEDIOCRE PERSON SEES THE SAGE'S LIFE, AND BELIEVES IT TO BE THE SAME AS HIS OWN EVERYDAY LIFE; WHEREAS THE ENLIGHTENED MAN SEES THE HOLY PATH IN A LIFE OF MEDIOCRITY. YOU WILL OBSERVE IN THE SUTRAS THAT ALL BUDDHAS PREACH FOR TWO GROUPS, THE MEDIOCRE AND THE WISE, BUT IN THE EYE OF ZEN, A SAGE'S LIFE IS ONE OF MEDIOCRITY AND THE MEDIOCRE PERSON'S AS THE SAGE'S. THIS ONE LIFE HAS NO FORM AND IS EMPTY BY NATURE. IF YOU BECOME ATTACHED TO ANY FORM, YOU SHOULD REJECT IT. IF YOU SEE AN EGO, A SOUL, A BIRTH OR A DEATH, REJECT THEM ALL.

It is a very significant answer. Meditate over it.

IT IS LIKE GOSSAMER.

Our life is just our own ego playing all kinds of games with us. The ego is not a reality but only a belief. It is just like your name. When you were born, you were born without a name -- everybody is born without a name -- then a name was given. A name is a necessity, it has certain usefulness in the world; it would be very difficult if all people were without names. So it is utilitarian, a necessity, but it is not reality, remember.

You are not your name, but slowly slowly you become your name. If somebody says something against your name you are infuriated, you are ready to fight, you are enraged -- as if you were your name!

Swami Rama one day came laughing. He was in New York. The host could not find out the reason why he was laughing so much. "What has happened?" He had gone for a walk and now he was coming with such laughter; the laughter looked almost mad, eccentric.

The host asked, "What is the matter? What has happened?"

And Rama said, "A few people started abusing Rama, insulting Rama, and I enjoyed the whole thing so much! I watched it, I saw Rama being insulted. But I am not Rama! Those people were unnecessarily wasting their breath. I am not my name, that's why I am laughing. And it is good that I don't have any name -- nobody can insult me, nobody can abuse me. I am nameless, I am formless."

But we are in an unconscious state and we become identified with anything.

It was at the office Christmas party. As they lay on the office reception couch in the darkened room, their breath came hot and fast.

"Ah, Herbie," she said passionately, "you have never made love to me like this before. Is it because of the holiday spirit?"

"No," he panted, "it is probably because I am not Herbie."

Unconscious people! Who knows who is Herbie and who is not Herbie? Even Herbie himself is not Herbie. But we go on living our life with all this unconsciousness.

Cantor, Klein, Levy and Strulowitz met for lunch.

After ordering, Cantor said, "Oy, oy, oy!"

"Ay, ay, ay!" answered Klein.

"Yai, yai, yai!" added Levy.

"Look," said Strulowitz, "if you fellas are gonna talk business, I ain't gonna stay!"

We have certain ideas in the mind; we project those ideas on others, we interpret them according to our ideas, and we live in an engaged world of our own creation.

This is what Bodhidharma calls the mind, the ego. Drop it! See that which is. Don't interfere with it, don't interpret it in any way. See the roseflower. Don't even say that it is beautiful, because that is interference. Don't say anything at all. The rose is silent: you also be silent. Let there be a meeting, a deep meeting between you and the rose, no mind between you and the rose, and you will be surprised: the observer becomes the observed. There comes a moment when you are the rose and the rose is you.

And that is the moment when you know, never before it. That is the moment when wisdom arises in you. And once you have the knack of finding wisdom you can find it each moment of your life. Slowly slowly it becomes your natural climate.

IT IS LIKE GOSSAMER. SOME MISTAKE IT FOR VAPOUR, BUT IT IS IN FACT A SPIDER'S SILK THAT FLOATS IN THE AIR. A MEDIOCRE PERSON SEES THE SAGE'S LIFE, AND BELIEVES IT TO BE THE SAME AS HIS OWN EVERYDAY LIFE....

If the mediocre person, the ordinary person, goes to see a buddha, he will not see any difference. Many have asked Buddha, "You sleep just as we sleep, you eat just as we eat, you become tired just as we become tired, so what is the difference?"

The ordinary person projects his ordinariness even on the buddha. That's why later on, when the followers see that ordinary people will not be able to understand the buddha if they really write down his actual life, they start creating fictions around their master. Hence, whatsoever you now have about Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, Krishna, Mahavira, is all fiction; it is not true.

Jesus walking on water is a fiction invented by the followers so that ordinary people can see that the master is extraordinary, he is no ordinary man. Jesus reviving the dead or curing the blind -- these are fictions. If they are metaphors, then they are beautiful. That is the function of every buddha: to give eyes to the blind -- in a metaphorical sense -- to revive the dead. ... Because you are all dead. The way you are, you are in your graves. And each buddha calls Lazarus out of the grave.

If it is a metaphor, if it is a poetic, symbolic way of saying a thing -- beautiful. But if you try to prove that it is something historical, factual, then you are simply trying to befool the ordinary people. But this is not going to help; the ordinary people cannot be helped in this way. This only creates a problem for the ordinary people, because whenever they come across a real buddha they will expect him to walk on water. And if he cannot walk on water -- and no buddha is foolish enough to walk on water -- then they will think he is not a buddha.

Your expectations are created by the followers; they were created in order to help you to

understand their master. In fact, they have done just the opposite: you will never be able to understand any living master. And dead masters are of no use. Only a living master, the touch of a living master, can change you from base metal into gold.

But great difficulties have been created: around Buddha there are so many stories, around Zarathustra there are so many stories. And all those stories are fictions created by the followers. And as time passes by so many more fictions are being added every day that it is difficult to sort out what is true and what is untrue.

But the reason is what Bodhidharma is saying: the ordinary person believes that the buddha is also ordinary -- "just like us."

... WHEREAS THE ENLIGHTENED MAN SEES THE HOLY PATH IN A LIFE OF MEDIOCRITY.

And just the opposite is the case with the buddha.

Buddha is reported to have said, "The moment I became enlightened, the whole existence became enlightened for me." And I can vouch for it: the moment I became enlightened, the whole existence became enlightened for me too.

When I see you, I don't see you as mediocre, ordinary. I see you as buddhas -- asleep of course, snoring too, but that does not make any difference to your buddhahood. Buddhahood has every freedom to snore and sleep! But I can see that deep down your snoring is only superficial, your sleep is only superficial. Deep down there is a light burning eternally. I see you as buddhas; you have not yet seen it.

The function of the master is to help you to see what he is already seeing in you. He helps you also to see it: that's the whole function of a master.

YOU WILL OBSERVE IN THE SUTRAS THAT ALL BUDDHAS PREACH FOR TWO GROUPS, THE MEDIOCRE AND THE WISE, BUT IN THE EYE OF ZEN, A SAGE'S LIFE IS ONE OF MEDIOCRITY AND THE MEDIOCRE PERSON'S AS THE SAGE'S.

Buddhas have to teach two kinds of people, because superficially there are two kinds of people, the mediocre and the wise, hence there are two kinds of statements in all the statements of all the buddhas. A few statements are made to foolish people. Don't judge the buddha by those statements. Remember the context, remember to whom they were given, who was being answered. Don't forget the person. And a few answers are for the wise ones. It is very difficult to sort them out because they are all compiled together.

In the Vedas there is only one percent of statements which are worth keeping; ninety-nine percent is only worth throwing away. So is the case with the Old Testament, so is the case with the Koran, because Mohammed comes across all kinds of people. And these are the basic categories: the stupid, the mediocre, the dreamers, the sleepy, and the wise ones. To the wise ones he will say one thing. For example, Jesus says, "Knock, and the doors shall be opened unto you." This must have been told to somebody very very asleep.

Rabiya was passing one day and she saw Hasan sitting before a mosque, tears rolling down his cheeks, and crying with raised hands in deep prayer. He was saying to God, "I am knocking and knocking on your doors -- for years I have been knocking. Why don't you open the doors? When will you receive me?"

Rabiya was passing. She came close to Hasan, shook him from his prayer and said, "You, stupid! The doors are open. They have never been closed. Simply get up and enter!"

Now, Hasan is just on the border; one step and he will become wise.

There is no contradiction in Jesus saying, "Knock, and the doors shall be opened," and Rabiya saying, "What nonsense you are talking -- 'I am knocking!' The doors are already open!" There is no contradiction, remember; there can't be. It is impossible to find a contradiction between two of Buddha's statements. But here the context is different. Jesus must have been talking to ordinary, mediocre people, and Rabiya is talking to one who is just on the verge of becoming enlightened.

That very moment Hasan opened his eyes and said, "Right, you are right! The doors have never been closed. I have been a fool. It is so compassionate of you that you disturbed my sleep. I am immensely grateful to you. Yes, the doors were never closed -- and I would have prayed my whole life, believing that the doors are closed, and that I have to knock and I have to pray."

Since that day nobody ever saw Hasan praying. He stopped coming to the mosque. What is the point? The doors are everywhere.

Wherever you are, God is there confronting you, challenging you.

Buddhas have to speak in two ways. But Bodhidharma says: I am not interested in the mediocre. He says:

... BUT IN THE EYE OF ZEN, A SAGE'S LIFE IS ONE OF MEDIOCRITY AND THE MEDIOCRE PERSON'S AS THE SAGE'S.

"We don't see any difference: to us the sage lives just like an ordinary person and in the ordinary person we see a buddha. We see the profound in the ordinary and the ordinary in the profound."

Hence Zen monks have lived a very ordinary life, with no holier-than-thou nonsense.

THIS ONE LIFE HAS NO FORM AND IS EMPTY BY NATURE. IF YOU BECOME ATTACHED TO ANY FORM, YOU SHOULD REJECT IT. IF YOU SEE AN EGO, A SOUL, A BIRTH OR A DEATH, REJECT THEM ALL.

Bodhidharma says: Reject the very idea that "I am a buddha." Reject the very idea that "I am special, extraordinary, spiritual, holy," because these are all tricks of the ego. The ego is coming again from the back door. Reject all identifications. Simply be a total emptiness. And then whatsoever you will say and whatsoever you will do and whatsoever you will be is going to be right, is going to be beautiful, is going to be graceful.

And the last question: WHY AND HOW DO WE REJECT THEM?

The stupidity continues:

WHY AND HOW DO WE REJECT THEM?

Bodhidharma says:

IF YOU HAVE ZEN, YOU SHOULD NOT SEE A THING.

There will be no question of rejection. It is only a way of saying "Reject the ego." If you

meditate, if you become silent, there is no ego to reject. You won't see a thing -- neither life nor death, neither matter nor mind. All things will disappear. You will be an empty space, a mirror reflecting nothing. So don't be worried!

First enter into meditation, have the meditative quality in you. Become silent and thoughtless, contentless, still. And then there will be no need to worry how and why to reject -- there will be nothing to reject. You will not see a thing.

"THE MOST FIRMLY ESTABLISHED IN THE PATH APPEARS THE MOST REMISS."

One of the greatest statements ever made.
Bodhidharma says:

"THE MOST FIRMLY ESTABLISHED IN THE PATH APPEARS THE MOST REMISS."

That's why one who is really a buddha will always be condemned by the ordinary people: because he appears to be the most remiss, because he fits in no category, because he fits in with no morality. You cannot predict anything about him, he is unpredictable. Why? -- because he is so established in his being that he cares nothing about anything. He lives spontaneously, whatsoever the consequence. He will look careless to you, but he is so conscious he need not care. He will look negligent to you; he is not. He is so conscious, there is no question of negligence. He will look lazy to you, but he is not -- there is no question of it. He is so conscious, laziness cannot exist in his consciousness.

But to the outside world he will not fit into any category. The Christian church will not call him a saint. The Hindus will not call him a mahatma. The Jainas will not call him a MUNI. Even if Buddha comes back today, Buddhists will not recognize him as a buddha -- he will look very remiss, very astray.

It is said that when one Zen master became enlightened, he came from the caves in the mountains to the marketplace with a bottle of wine. People looked at him; they could not believe their eyes. They had always thought that he was a very holy man. Now, coming back to the marketplace with a bottle of wine! Has he gone mad?

But he is simply saying, "I have gone beyond all rules, regulations. I have gone beyond all morals, all rituals. Now you will not be able to predict about me anymore. I am no longer 'ordinary' and no longer 'holy'; I am simply whatsoever I am."

He came to the marketplace to destroy your idea of his holiness.

Sufis, Taoists and Zen masters are very well known for destroying your idea of their holiness, their 'special-ness'. They manage to devise many methods to simply destroy your expectations, to undermine you. They never fulfill your expectations.

That is the true sign of a master: that he never fulfills your expectations. If somebody fulfills your expectations, be sure and certain that he is a phony. Remember this beautiful statement:

"THE MOST FIRMLY ESTABLISHED IN THE PATH APPEARS THE MOST REMISS."

Enough for today.

The White Lotus

Chapter #6

Chapter title: No-Mind Innocence

5 November 1979 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 7911050

ShortTitle: WLOTUS06

Audio: Yes

Video: No

The first question:

BELOVED OSHO,

WHAT IS INNOCENCE? DOES BEING INNOCENT REQUIRE ONE TO LIVE A SIMPLE LIFE?

Anand Manohara, innocence is a state of thoughtless awareness. It is another name for no-mind. It is the very essence of buddhahood. You become attuned to the ultimate law of things. You stop fighting, you start flowing with it.

The cunning mind fights, because it is through fight that the ego arises, and the cunning mind can exist only around the ego. They can only be together, they are inseparable. If the ego disappears, the cunning mind disappears and what is left is innocence. If you are fighting with life, if you are going against the current, if you are not natural, spontaneous, if you are living out of the past and not in the present, you are not innocent.

To live according to the past is to live an irresponsible life; it is the life of reaction. You don't see what the situation is, you simply go on repeating your old solutions -- and problems are new every day, every moment. Life goes on changing and mind remains static. That is the whole problem: that the mind remains a static mechanism and life is a constant flux. Hence there can be no communion between life and mind.

If you remain identified with the mind you will remain almost dead. You will not have any share in the joy that overwhelms existence. You will not be a participant in the celebration that is continuously going on: the birds singing, the trees dancing, the rivers flowing. You also have to be a part of this whole.

You want to be separate, you want to prove yourself higher than others, superior to others, then you become cunning. It is only through cunningness that you can prove your superiority. It is a dream, it is phony, because in existence there is nobody who is superior and nobody who is inferior. The blade of grass and the great star are absolutely equal. Existence is fundamentally communist; there is no hierarchy. But man wants to be higher than others, he wants to conquer nature, hence he has to fight continuously. All complexity arises out of this fight.

The innocent person is one who has renounced fighting; who is no more interested in being higher, who is no more interested in performing, in proving that he is something special; who has become like a roseflower or like a dewdrop on the lotus leaf; who has become part of this infinity; who has melted, merged and become one with the ocean and is just a wave; who has no idea of the I. The disappearance of the I is innocence.

Hence innocence cannot require you to live a simple life, innocence cannot require anything of you. All requirements are cunning. All requirements are basically to fight, to be somebody.

The so-called simple saint is not simple because he is fighting -- fighting with his instincts, fighting with his body. He is continuously at war, never at peace. How can he be simple? He is more complex than the ordinary people are. His complexity is, of course, very subtle and invisible -- he cannot even sleep peacefully.

Mahatma Gandhi was very much afraid of sleep for the simple reason that it was only while he was awake that he was able to repress his sexual desire. He believed in celibacy. He believed that celibacy was a basic requirement for a simple life, an innocent life. While awake he was able to repress, to control, to be the master of his instincts; but in sleep all control disappears -- the mind goes to sleep. The controlling, fighting mind is no more in power and the repressed starts surfacing. Hence sexual dreams. He was suffering from sexual dreams even when he was seventy, and he was afraid of sleep.

And saints have always been afraid of sleep. What kind of saints are these people? Sleep should be one of the most innocent things in life, and they are afraid of it. The fear is coming because of a certain requirement that they have imposed upon themselves which they cannot fulfill in sleep. In sleep sex will surface. You may start dreaming things that you don't like, but now you cannot have control over things.

It is because of this fact that psychoanalysis is more interested in your dreams than in your waking life. It is strange, it is ironical, but it is very indicative -- indicative of the man and his repressions. You cannot trust a man while he is in the so-called awake state. You cannot trust him -- he is bound to falsify things, he is bound to be phony. And it may not be that he is being deliberately phony; he may have become so accustomed to his phoniness that that's all that he knows about himself. He may have repressed his natural instincts so deeply, buried them so deeply underground, that he himself has become absolutely unaware of their presence. You cannot trust what he says about himself when he is awake; you can only trust his dreams.

Hence psychoanalysis has to go into your dreams, because your dreams show your reality more clearly than what you say when you are awake. What kind of awakening is this that your dreams are far more natural, far more authentic, than your waking life?

Mahatma Gandhi suffered to the very end from sexual dreams. He was very much afraid of sleep -- as all the saints have always been. They always go on cutting down on their hours of sleep. And people think that if a saint sleeps only two hours he is such a great saint -- he only sleeps for two hours! And the reason why he only sleeps for two hours is fear -- fear of his own unconscious. It is not a simple life, it is very complex.

He goes on starving himself in the name of fasting, as if starving your body is going to help you in any way to come closer to God -- as if God is a sadist and he wants you to be tortured. Do you think God is an Adolf Hitler, a Mussolini, a Genghis Khan, a Tamburlaine or a Nadir Shah? What do you think God is? No father would like his children to starve! But all religions, the so-called religions -- Christianity, Hinduism, Jainism, Mohammedanism -- all preach fasting, because fasting gives you great ego.

These two are the basic instincts: food and sex. Food is needed for your survival and sex is needed for the survival of the race. Both are basically needed for survival. If everybody fasts and everybody becomes a celibate, there will be no need for atom bombs! There will be no third world war -- people will die of their own accord. Sex and food are deeply joined: food keeps the individual alive and sex keeps the race alive. That is their similarity: sex is food for the race and food is sex for the individual.

Hence, there is one more point to be remembered: if you repress sex you will start eating more food, because you will have to compensate. If you stop eating enough food which is necessary for the body you will become more and more sexual -- you will have to compensate. And your saints are against both.

Your saints are suicidal. Of course, their suicide is a very very slow suicide; they are not even courageous enough to commit suicide in a single blow. They go on cutting themselves limb by limb, they go on destroying themselves slowly. They enjoy the whole process -- they are masochists. They torture themselves and they feel that by torturing themselves they are purifying themselves and becoming holier. They are simply becoming pious egoists! And the pious egoist is far more dangerous than the ordinary egoist, because the ordinary egoist has a very gross ego. He knows he has it, everybody else knows he has it.

The politician lives with the gross ego, but the saint, the mahatma, lives with a very subtle ego -- and with such a facade of holiness that others will not be able to see it. He is so humble, he is so surrendered to God.... And he lives such a simple life -- so little food, his clothes are... there are saints who don't use clothes at all.

Jaina saints live naked; their requirements are almost nil. Living a naked life in a cave, in a primitive way, they seem to be very nonpossessive. But that is only the appearance. Deep down they are hankering for heaven, deep down they are greedy. Deep down they are thinking that nobody is more humble, more pious than they are. Deep down they think of you as sinners and themselves as saints.

This is a very complex situation. This is a fight with themselves. They have divided themselves into two: the higher and the lower. Even in the body they have a division: the higher part and the lower part. Above the sexual organs the body is higher, below the sexual organs it is lower -- as if the body were divided anywhere!

These stupid people should know that the body is one. The blood circulates continuously from the feet to the head, from the head to the feet: it knows no division. Life pulsates all over the body: the body is an orgasm, an organic unity, a deep ecstasy. But if you divide it you disturb its orgasmic quality. If you divide it you become schizophrenic.

As they divide the body, they divide the mind: the good mind, the bad mind, the sinner's mind, the saint's mind. And in this way they go on becoming more and more schizophrenic. This is not simplicity, this is pathology. And they live in misery; they will never know anything of joy, they will not know anything of laughter -- they have condemned laughter as a sin.

That's why Christians say Jesus never laughed. They can't believe that Jesus laughed; that looks so profane, almost sacrilegious. Ask the Jainas. They don't say anything in their scriptures, but they will also agree with the Christians that Mahavira also never laughed. How can these ideas create simple human beings? Those who cannot laugh, those who cannot dance, those who cannot sing, those who cannot enjoy the very ordinariness of life....

I don't think that either the Christians or the Jainas are right. I know Jesus, he laughed; I know him not through the scriptures. I know Mahavira; if he cannot laugh, then who will laugh? I know them from my innermost being. But the people who have imposed on them the

idea of no laughter, of no joy, are the people who have been driving the whole of humanity crazy, mad, insane. They have converted the whole earth into a mad asylum.

Manohara, you ask me: "What is innocence? Does being innocent require one to live a simple life?"

Innocence requires nothing; once it requires, it becomes complex. Innocence simply lives without any idea of how to live. Bring in the how and you become complex. Innocence is a simple response to the present. Ideas are the accumulated past: how Buddha lived -- live like that and you will be a Buddhist; how Jesus lived -- live like that and you will be a Christian. But then you will be imposing something upon yourself.

God never creates two persons alike; each individual is unique. So if you impose Jesus upon yourself you will be phony. All Christians are bound to be phony -- and all Hindus, all Jains, all Buddhists -- because they are trying to be somebody that they cannot be.

You can't be Gautama the Buddha. You can be a buddha, but not Gautama the Buddha. 'Buddha' means awakened -- that is your birthright -- but Gautama is an individual. You can be a Christ, but not Jesus Christ; Jesus is an individual. Christ is another name for buddhahood; it is the ultimate state of consciousness. Yes, that is possible, that is your potential, you can bloom and flower into christ-consciousness, but you can never be Jesus, that is not possible -- and it is good that it is not possible. But that's how so-called religious people have lived: trying to follow somebody else, imitating. Now, an imitator cannot be simple; he constantly has to adjust life to *his* ideas.

A really innocent person goes with life, he simply flows with life; he has no goal as such. If you have a goal you can't be innocent. You will have to be clever, cunning, manipulating; you will have to plan, and you will have to follow certain maps. How can you be innocent? You will be carrying so much rubbish from others. You will be just a carbon copy of Jesus or Buddha or Mahavira; you will not be the original.

Bodhidharma says again and again: Find your original face. And the only way to find your original face is to drop all imitation. Who is going to decide what the requirement is? Nobody can decide, and any decision is bound to disturb, because life may not turn out the way you expect it to. It never really turns out the way it is expected to. Life is a constant surprise; you cannot prepare beforehand. Life needs no rehearsal.

You have to be spontaneous: that is innocence. Now, if you are spontaneous you cannot be Christian and you cannot be Hindu and you cannot be Buddhist, you have to be a simple human being.

Simplicity is not a requirement but a by-product of innocence; it comes just like your shadow. You don't try to be simple; if you try to be simple, the very effort destroys simplicity. You cannot cultivate simplicity -- a cultivated simplicity is superficial -- simplicity has to follow you like a shadow. You need not bother about it, you need not look back again and again to see whether the shadow is following you or not; the shadow is bound to follow you.

Attain to innocence and simplicity comes as a gift from God.

And innocence means becoming a no-mind, a no-ego: dropping all ideas of goals, achievements, ambitions, and living just as it happens in the moment.

So I don't tell you to be celibate. Yes one day celibacy can happen, but it will not be something to be practiced, it will be something that you will see happening. Yes, certainly, before one becomes a buddha one becomes celibate, but that is not a requirement, remember. Remember again and again: it is not a requirement that you have to fulfill so that then you will become a buddha. No, if you simply go on becoming more aware of your mind, as the

mind starts disappearing and becomes more and more distant from you, as you become unidentified with the mind and you start seeing that you are separate, that you are not the mind, you will find many things happening with this disappearance of the mind.

You will start living moment-to-moment -- because it is mind that collects the past; you cannot depend on it. Your eyes will be clear, not covered with the dust of the past. You will be free from the dead past. And one who is free from the dead past is free to live -- to live authentically, sincerely, passionately, intensely. One can become aflame with life and its celebration. But the mind is continuously distorting, continuously interfering, continuously telling you, "Do this. Do that." It is like a schoolmaster.

A meditator becomes free of the mind. And once the past is no longer dominating you, the future simply disappears, because the future is nothing but a projection of the past. In the past you have experienced certain pleasures and you would like to repeat them again and again; that is your projection for the future. In the past you have been through many miseries; now you project onto the future that you don't want those miseries again. Your future is nothing but a modified form of the past. Once past is gone, future is gone. Then what is left? This moment... now.

To live in the now and in the here is innocence. You cannot follow religious commandments if you really want to be innocent. A man who constantly has to think about what to do and what not to do, a man who is constantly worried about what is right and what is wrong, cannot live innocently. Even if he goes on doing the right according to his conditioning, it is not right. He is simply following others, how can it be right? It may have been right for them, but what was right for one person two thousand years ago can't be right for you today. So much water has gone down the Ganges! Life is never the same for even two consecutive seconds.

Heraclitus is right: You cannot step twice in the same river. And I say to you: You cannot step even *once* in the same river -- the river is so fast-flowing.

An innocent person lives not according to certain requirements imposed by the society, church, state, parents, education, the innocent person lives out of his own being, responsibly. He responds to the situation that is confronting him. He takes the challenge, he accepts the challenge, and does whatsoever in this moment his being wants to do -- not according to certain principles. The innocent man has no principles, no ideology; the innocent man is absolutely unprincipled. The innocent man has no character, he is absolutely characterless -- because to have character means to have a past; to have character means to be dominated by others; to have character means that mind is still the dictator and you are just a slave.

To be characterless, to be unprincipled, and to live in the moment... just as the mirror reflects whatsoever is in front of the mirror, your consciousness reflects and you act out of that reflection. That is awareness, that is meditateness, that is samadhi, that is innocence, that is godliness, that is buddhahood.

Manohara, there is no requirement for innocence, not even the requirement to live a simple life. You can live a simple life, you can force a simple life upon yourself -- it will not be simple. And you can live in a palace with all the luxuries, but if you live in the moment you will be living a simple life. You can live like a beggar and you will not be simple if your effort to be a beggar is something that you have imposed upon yourself. If it has become your character then you are not simple. Yes, once in a while it has happened that even a king has lived a simple life -- simple not in the sense that he did not have the palace and the possessions -- they were there -- but *he* was not possessive.

This has to be understood: you may not have any possessions yet you may be possessive.

Possessiveness can exist without possessions. If that is so, then the opposite is also true: nonpossessiveness can exist with all kinds of possessions. One can live in the palace and yet be totally free of it.

There is a Zen story:

A king was very much impressed by the simple and innocent life of a Buddhist monk. Slowly slowly he accepted him as his master. He watched -- he was a very calculating man -- he inquired about his character: "Is there any loophole in his life?" When he was totally convinced logically -- his detectives informed him that "this man has no dark spots in his life, he is absolutely pure, simple. He really is a great saint, he is a buddha" -- then he went to the man, touched his feet and said, "Sir, I invite you to come to my palace and live there. Why live here?"

Deep down, although he was inviting the saint, he was expecting that the saint would refuse, that he would say, "No, I am a simple man. How can I live in the palace?" -- even though he was inviting him! See the complexity of human mind: he was inviting him, he was expecting that if the invitation were accepted he would be greatly joyous, and still there was an undercurrent: that the saint, if he were truly a saint, would refuse, that he would say, "No, I am a simple man, I will live under the tree -- this is my simple life. I have left all the world, I have renounced the world, I cannot come back to it."

But the saint was really a saint -- he must have been a buddha. He said, "Okay. So where is the vehicle? Bring your chariot and I will come to the palace." He said, "Of course, when one comes to the palace one has to come in style. Bring the chariot!"

The king was very much shocked: "This man seems to be a cheat, a fraud. It seems that he was pretending all this simplicity just to catch hold of me." But now it was too late; he had invited him and he could not go back on his own word. Being a man of his word -- a samurai, a warrior, a great king -- he said, "Okay, now I am caught. This man is not worth anything -- he did not even refuse once. He should have refused!"

He had to bring the chariot, but he was no longer happy, he was not joyous. But the saint was very happy! He sat in the chariot like a king, and the king sat in the chariot very sad, looking a little silly. And people were watching in the streets: "What is happening? The naked fakir...!" And he was really sitting like an emperor, and the king was looking very poor compared to this man. And he was so joyous, so bouncing with ecstasy! And the more ecstatic he was, the more sad the king became: "Now, how to get rid of this man? I have become caught in his net on my own. All those detectives and spies are fools -- they could not see that this man has a plan." As if he was sitting under that tree for years so that the king would become impressed! All these ideas came into the head of the king.

The king had arranged the best room for the saint, if he would come. But he did not *believe* that he would ever come. You see the split of the human mind: you go on doing one thing, you go on expecting something else. If the man had been cunning he would have simply refused. He would have said, "No!"

If you take money to Vinoba Bhave he closes his eyes, and deep down you say, "Now, this is a saint!" But if you bring the money to me I will take the money and I will not even thank you! Then you will be very much shocked: "What kind of man is this?"

I was moving in the Impala and people started writing to me: "You should not move in the Impala."

I said, "That is true. So," I told Laxmi, "find something else, something better, because in

America the Impala is just a plumber's car." So Laxmi has brought a Buick.

Now people are saying, "Are you going to move in the Buick?"

I told Laxmi, "This won't do. Find something better, because the Buick is a pimp's car in America!" So now Laxmi is bringing a Cadillac.

The king had arranged the best room. The saint reached the room -- he had been sitting under the tree for years -- and he said, "Bring this, bring that. If you have to live in the palace you have to live like a king!"

The king was getting more and more puzzled. Of course, he had invited him so whatsoever he asked for was brought. But it was heavy on the heart of the king, it was becoming heavier every day, because the saint started living like a king -- in fact, better than the king, because the king had his own worries and the saint had none. He would sleep in the day, in the night. He would enjoy the garden and the swimming pool and he would rest and rest. And the king thought, "This man is a parasite!"

One day it was unbearable. He said to the saint.... The saint had gone into the garden for a morning walk, and the king also came and he said, "I want to say something to you."

The saint said, "Yes, I know. You wanted to say it even before I left my tree. You wanted to say it when I accepted your invitation. Why did you wait so long? You are unnecessarily suffering. I can see you have become sad. You don't come to me anymore. You don't ask the great metaphysical, religious questions that you used to ask me when I used to live under the tree. I know -- but why did you waste six months? That I can't see. You should have asked immediately, and things would have been settled then and there. I know what you want to ask, but ask!"

The king said, "I want to ask only one thing. Now what is the difference between me and you? You are living more luxuriously than I am! And I have to work and I have to worry and I have to carry all kinds of responsibilities, and you have no work, no worry, no responsibility. I am feeling jealous of you! And I have certainly stopped coming to you, because I don't think there is any difference between me and you. I live in possessions, but you live in more possessions than I. Every day you demand, 'Bring the golden chariot! I want to go for a walk in the country. Bring this and bring that!' And you are eating delicious food. And now you have stopped being naked, you are using the best clothes possible. Then what is the difference between me and you?"

The saint laughed and he said, "The question is such that I can answer it only if you come with me. Let us go outside the capital."

The king followed. They crossed the river and they continued. The king asked again and again, "Now what is the point of going on any further? Why not answer now?"

The saint said, "Wait a little. I am in search of the right spot where to answer."

Then they came to the very boundary of his kingdom, and the king said, "Now it is time, this is the very boundary."

The saint said, "That's what I have been searching for. Now I am not going back. Are you coming with me or are you going back?"

The king said, "How can I come with you? I have my kingdom, my possessions, my wives, my children -- how can I come with you?"

And the saint said, "Now you see the difference? But I am going and I will not look back even once. I was in the palace, I lived with all kinds of possessions, but I was not possessive. You are possessive. That is the difference. I am going."

He undressed, became naked, gave the dress to the king, and said, "Keep your clothes and

be happy again."

Now the king realized that he had been foolish: this man was rare, a rare gem. He fell at his feet and he said, "Don't go. Come back. I have not understood you yet. Today I have seen the difference. Yes, that is true sainthood."

The saint said, "I can come back, but remember, you will become sad again. For me there is no difference whether to go this side or that side, but you will become sad again. Now, let me make you happy. I am not coming, I am going."

The more the saint insisted on going, the more the king insisted on him coming back. But the saint said, "Once is enough. I have seen you are a stupid person. I can come, but the moment I say 'I can come,' I can see in your eyes the old ideas coming back: 'Maybe he is cheating me again. Maybe this is just an empty gesture, giving me the clothes and saying that he is going, so that I become impressed again.' If I come you will be miserable again, and I don't want to make you miserable."

Remember the difference: the difference is not in possessions, the difference is in possessiveness. A simple person is not one who possesses nothing, a simple person is one who has no possessiveness, who never looks back.

This simplicity cannot be practiced, this simplicity can come only as a consequence of innocence. Otherwise, on the one hand you will practice, and from some other corner of your being.... And you are a vast continent; you are not like an island, you are a really vast continent! And in the deepest core of your being there is still uncharted territory, unmapped territory. You still carry a great, dark continent like Africa inside you, which you have never traveled, of which you are not even aware -- of its presence you are unaware.

If you repress -- and that's what cultivation is -- then it will start coming in another form from somewhere else. You will become more and more complex in this way, more and more cunning and calculating in this way; more disciplined, more with a character which people respect and honor. If you want to enjoy your ego, the best way is to be a holy man. But if you really want to celebrate existence, the best way is to be absolutely ordinary, utterly ordinary, and live the ordinary life with no pretensions.

Live moment-to-moment: that is innocence, and innocence is enough. Don't try to become simple. Millions of people have tried, and they have not become simple at all. On the contrary, they have become very very complex, entangled in their own jungle, in their own ideas.

Get out of the mind: that is innocence. Be a no-mind: that is innocence. And everything else follows. And when everything else follows, it has a beauty of its own. Cultivated, it is plastic, synthetic, not natural. When it comes uncultivated, it is a grace, it is a benediction.

The second question:

BELOVED OSHO,

SOMETIMES IT FEELS AS IF PHYSICAL DEATH WOULD BE THE ONLY SHOCK POWERFUL ENOUGH TO WAKE ME UP, AND I FIND MYSELF WISHING FOR IT -- AS PERHAPS AN ESCAPE FROM OR AN END TO THIS GREY SLUMBER THAT SURROUNDS ME. WHAT CAN BREAK THIS DREAM WHEN THE DREAMER IS SO SLEEPY?

Pratima, if you really want to commit suicide, follow the wise Irishman I have heard

about.

An Irishman wanted to commit suicide. He bought a bottle of aspirin, took two, and felt better!

Death cannot wake you up, Pratima, because you have died many times before and it has not awakened you yet. You are not new here -- nobody is new. You are all ancient pilgrims, very ancient. You have seen Buddhas, Christs, Zarathustras, Lao Tzus. You have seen the whole evolution of human consciousness, you have been part of it. You have been here many times and death has happened again and again. It has not helped in any way. It can't help, because death has a natural mechanism: before you die you become unconscious. It is as if death used anesthesia; so does birth. Birth also happens in unconsciousness.

Just think. One thing is certain: that you were born. You may not be so certain about your past lives -- maybe it is just a theory -- but one thing is absolutely certain: that you were born one day. At least this life is there. Do you remember anything of your birth? And birth and death are not separate, they are two aspects of the same coin. On one side it is birth, on another side it is death; on one side it is death, on another side it is birth. It is the same coin. Heads or tails, it makes no difference; it is the same coin.

You see one person dying: here he is dying, somewhere else he has started being born. The moment he is dead here he will have entered another womb somewhere. It takes seconds, only seconds, to enter another womb. Millions of foolish people are always making love, twenty-four hours. You will not have to search long, you will not have to search and wait, you will not even have to stand in a queue, remember.

That's why it happens again and again that if a person dies in India he is born again in India. It happens more or less that way, because who cares to go far away? Just in the neighborhood some foolish couple is ready to receive you.

There was birth, but you were unconscious. Birth also happens in unconsciousness, because that too is a very painful process -- it is a kind of death. You lived in the womb for nine months, it was your life for nine months, and the nine months in the womb are not nine months for the child; for the child it is almost an eternity, because he has no sense of time. And then suddenly one day the womb is ready to expel you. To the child it looks like death, he is dying. His world is disappearing, his way of life, to which he has become accustomed, is being taken away from him. All that he knows about life is going to be destroyed. Without the womb he cannot conceive what life there can be. The womb is all that that he knows; beyond the womb all is unknown.

Death is painful, so is birth. Hence there is a natural mechanism: the child is born in an unconscious state and the old man dies in an unconscious state. Doctors, surgeons, have been using anesthetic processes only recently -- chloroform, etcetera -- but death and birth have been using them since eternity began. When you die, before the exact moment of death you become unconscious, because it is going to be very painful.

Just think. Your consciousness, which has become so attached to the body for seventy, eighty or ninety years.... You have become so identified with the body, you will cling, you will do everything that you can to remain in the body. Now again you are being thrown out of the body -- and so many desires are unfulfilled, and so many ambitions are still hovering around you. So many desires and dreams, and everything is shattering! And your body is being taken away from you -- not only the body but your brain too. And that's what you have become identified with. You need great anesthesia.

The body has its own ways to release anesthesia in you; sooner or later medical science is going to discover it. They have not yet discovered it but sooner or later they will find it: that the body has chemical processes which are released at the time of death and the person becomes unconscious. Just as in anger certain chemicals are released in your blood and you become mad -- a momentary kind of madness, your own glands do it... when you become sexually possessed it is your glands releasing certain secretions -- and you are not conscious, you become almost unconscious.

Death is one of the most painful processes. So, Pratima, you can die, but you will die unconsciously. Death will not wake you up, it will make you more unconscious.

The only way to be awakened is to be in communion with someone who is already awakened. The *only* way -- there is no other -- is to be in the company of the awakened one, is to be in the commune of the awakened one.

And, Pratima, you are fortunate: you *are* in the company of the awakened one and in the communion of those who are seeking awakening. You are in a buddhahfield; if this cannot wake you up, nothing else can do it.

But don't be so worried about it; that worry is unnecessary. Leave it to me. Leave all your grey slumber, all your dreams, to me. I don't ask for anything from you -- at least give me your dreams, give me your worries, give me your sleep. Rather than worrying about how to wake up, start watching your dreams and a little bit of alertness will start arising in you. Instead of being worried, start watching your worries, and watching the worries will help you to come out of the worries.

There are only two things to worry about: either you are sick or you are well.

If you are well, there is nothing to worry about, but if you are are sick, there are only two things to worry about: either you get better or you die.

If you get better, there is nothing to worry about, but if you die, there are only two things to worry about: either you go to heaven or you go to hell.

If you go to heaven, there is nothing to worry about, but if you go to hell, you'll be so dam busy shaking hands with your friends you won't have time to worry!

So why worry?

Rather start enjoying. Enjoy your sleep; that will help you to wake up faster. Enjoy your dreams, because if you can enjoy your dreams, enjoy your sleep, you have already become a little distant. When you are worried, you become more involved; when you are enjoying, you can be a watcher.

And don't be in a hurry, either. Nothing happens before its right time. There is a season for everything to happen, so just wait for the spring. Meanwhile, enjoy whatsoever is there. Clouds are there, dark clouds, enjoy them -- they have their own beauty. Once in a while the sun breaks through, enjoy it. Sometimes it is raining, enjoy it. Enjoy all the moods of life; that's how one becomes mature, ripe. This life is an opportunity to become seasoned. Don't avoid anything. Grey slumber also has something to contribute to your growth, and your dreams also have to become steps, stepping stones, towards awakening.

But everybody seems to be in such a hurry that nobody wants to wait for the spring. But spring comes when it comes. Your hurrying will simply create chaos in you, your impatience will create a mess of you. Be patient, and whatsoever the situation, accept it and enjoy it.

Yes, there is a silver lining to every dark cloud, but people are so impatient, so pessimistic, that I have heard they have changed the old proverb. The old proverb is: Every

dark cloud has a silver lining. They have changed it; now they say: Every silver lining has a dark cloud. It all depends on how you look at things.

Be a little more optimistic. Be a little more rejoicing. Yes, even if you sing in your dream, even if you dance in your dream, it is helpful, because your singing and your dancing may wake you up. But if you worry and you think of suicide and you think of getting rid of this life because you are not waking up as soon as you would like, it is a very pessimistic attitude. It is not life-enhancing, it is destructive. Beware of such destructive tendencies! Death is not going to help.

I am here, Pratima, to hammer, to shatter you. Just give me a little chance. Things are moving beautifully. Many are coming closer and closer to maturity, but unless you come to the hundred-degree point you can't evaporate. Even at ninety-nine degrees you are still water, hot water -- and the heat becomes more and more painful before it reaches to a hundred degrees and you simply evaporate. And then the last change, then you enter into a different field: water flows downwards and vapor floats upwards. Water is visible, vapor is invisible. Water seeks the lowest place on the earth and vapor seeks the highest -- the vapor goes towards the peaks.

But I cannot give you more heat than you can absorb at the moment. I have to be very very careful, because too much heat may prove destructive. Too much heat may destroy something fragile in you. Too much heat and you may escape. Too much heat will make you so hot that you may start thinking life is unbearable. I have to give you heat in homeopathic doses so that slowly slowly you become accustomed to it -- because I have to take you up to a hundred degrees.

But many are moving towards it, and whenever it starts happening many are going to become awakened almost simultaneously.

That's how it happened in Buddha's time. Just one person, Manjushri, became enlightened -- his first disciple to become enlightened -- and immediately a chain -- Sariputta, Moggalayan, Purnakashyap and others -- immediately followed, as if Manjushri had triggered off the process. Maybe he was the first flower of spring, and then the whole of spring burst forth.

That's how it is going to be here. Slowly slowly you are getting ready; the spring is coming closer. Wait. Wait and watch.

The third question:

BELOVED OSHO,

WHEN A MASTER DIES, SUDDENLY A MYTH SPRINGS UP AROUND HIM, MAN MAKES STONE OR WOODEN IDOLS OF HIM, THE MASTER BECOMES A DISTANT GOD TO BE WORSHIPPED AND BECOMES UNATTAINABLE TO ORDINARY MAN. THE THOUGHT OF THE MASTER BEING AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT WE SHOULD AND CAN BE DISAPPEARS. WHY DOES THIS PHENOMENON HAPPEN TIME AND TIME AGAIN?

Arthur Sambrooks, it is something very natural to the unconscious state of humanity. The living master is a danger, but the dead master is no more a danger. The living master can wake you up; you cannot dodge him, he simply goes like an arrow into the heart. But a dead master is a dead master. He is just a memory, he is no longer there.

And now the disciples start worshipping him. Why? It is out of a feeling of guilt that they never heard him while he was alive. They feel guilty, they repent. Now they have to do something to get rid of the guilt. Worshipping is out of guilt, you will be surprised to know. You may not have thought that worship is guilt standing upside down.

The people crucified Jesus, and the same people started worshipping him. It is repentance. They started feeling a great pain, a great heaviness, a great anxiety. They had done something wrong; they had to compensate, they had to worship this man. They condemned him as a criminal and they worshipped him as God.

The same has been happening again and again. Worship comes out of guilt -- one thing. Second: worship is a way to avoid the master. By worshipping him you start feeling that you are doing whatsoever you can do. What more is there? You need not change, worship is enough. If the master is alive and you only worship him and you don't change, he is going to hit you on the head.

The living master, even if he allows you to worship him, allows you to worship him only so that you can come closer to him, that's all. He allows you to worship him so that you can come close and he can really destroy your ego. He wants you to become intimate with him. If this is the only way you know... and this *is* the only way you know, because you have always been worshipping Buddha, Krishna, Jesus, Mohammed. You have been worshipping, so when you come to a living master, the first thing that you can do is worship him. He allows you to worship him so that you can come closer, so that you can be caught into his net.

But a dead master is no longer there to do anything to you. Now you can start doing things to the master -- you can take revenge! You can make a stone or wooden statue of the master and you can bow down to the statue that you have made. You are bowing down to yourself, to your own creation! It is like -- and it will be far better.... When you make a temple in your house it is better to fix up a big mirror and sit before the mirror and bow down to your own image -- because the master that you create is the master that you create in your own image.

The Bible says: God created man in his own image. Maybe in the beginning he did, but man has paid him out well, and in the same coin. Man has made God in his own image.

When you worship a master you start creating a master to your own idea -- hence the myth springs up. The myth comes from your unconscious. The master is physically dead, now you want him to be spiritually dead too. The myth will do it: he will become spiritually dead too. Your myth is a lie! And the more the master becomes surrounded by myth and fictions, the more and more unreal he becomes.

That's why it is very difficult to believe that Jesus is a historical person -- very difficult to believe. It is because of the mythology that has been created around him: he walks on water, he turns water into wine, out of a few loaves he makes enough bread for thousands of people to eat.

The people who created these myths are really getting rid of the reality of the master. Although he is dead, a certain impact of the master still continues that has to be effaced. The myth will do the work. Death has destroyed his body, myth will destroy his spirituality. He will become just a mythological figure, utterly impotent, useless.

The myth is a process in which you change the master's historical reality into a fiction. Jesus as a historical person may be embarrassing. Jesus as a myth is beautiful -- because a myth is created by you, according to your expectations.

No living master ever fulfills anybody's expectations; he lives his own life. Whether you accept him or you reject him makes no difference. You can kill him, you can worship him, it

makes no difference. He goes on living in his own way, he goes on doing his own thing. He cannot be forced to fulfill your requirements of him.

People try in every possible way. They come to me... letters reach me, saying: "Osho, if you do only one thing, millions of people will be benefited because then they will start coming to you. Please stop talking about sex. India will worship you. People are ready to accept you, but you disturb them." Now, these people who are fast asleep are advising me what I should say, what I should not say....

In these last twenty years, thousands of people have come to me. Very few have remained, because they all came with expectations -- and I have not been fulfilling anybody's expectations. In fact if I see somebody expecting something, I immediately destroy it.

I want only people here without expectations of me. Otherwise followers try to become masters of the masters. They start dictating to them: "Do this. Eat this. Live like this, because then more and more people will come." It is not a question of more and more being needed; only those are needed who have no expectations, because only those are capable of being awakened.

But once the master is gone he cannot prevent you from creating your myth, so whatsoever was hurting you, you will change, whatsoever was offensive to you, you will drop, and you will replace it with something beautiful. That's what the root cause has been of myths springing up.

Jesus lived a very human life, utterly human -- with great godliness, but he lived a human life. He is a rare master in that way. He moved with gamblers, drunkards; there is every possibility that once in a while he may have played poker. And I don't see that there is anything wrong in it. He used to drink wine, he enjoyed it. And I don't think that there is anything wrong in it once in a while; it is sheer playfulness. Don't become addicted to it. He was not addicted to it, but he participated in the ordinary life.

There is every possibility that Mary Magdalene fell in a very human kind of love with him, and it cannot be just one-sided -- he may have responded. But Christians will feel offended -- a prostitute falling in love with Jesus! And Jesus may have responded in a human way. In fact, he was such a courageous man, such a rebel, that he must have responded in a human way.

Rock Hudson dies and goes to heaven, knocks at the gate and requests permission to enter.

Saint Peter says, "Sure. All you need is two passport photographs and to fill in this form B-31. Now, what's your name?"

"Rock Hudson."

"Occupation?"

"Film actor."

"Sorry," says Saint Peter. "No film actors allowed."

"Why?" asks Rock, amazed.

Saint Peter says, "Because you people are known to be great sinners -- all this nudity in films, scandals, all kinds of vices. Sorry, you can't come in."

"But I'm a personal friend of Jesus," says Rock. "Go and ask him."

Saint Peter goes to Jesus and says, "There is a big guy at the gate. He says he is a friend of yours. His name is Rock Hudson."

"Rock Hudson!" says Jesus. "Oh, my God! And I haven't got a thing to wear!"

Jesus must have been a very human master. It is because of his great humanity that he had to suffer, that he had to be crucified -- it is because of his great humanity. If he had lived just like a god, just like a holy saint, chanting mantras, fasting, living in a cave, the same rabbis would have worshipped him. Before Jesus they had not killed anybody else. Why Jesus? This is strange. The Jewish history has no precedent for it. What was his sin? What was his crime? His crime was that he was trying to live a very ordinary life. He wanted to show you that you can live an ordinary life and yet you can be enlightened. You can move with prostitutes and gamblers and drunkards and yet you can be absolutely holy. He wanted to show you this paradox, he wanted to become an example of it; that's why he was crucified.

In India, Buddha was not crucified, Mahavira was not crucified. Why? They never lived in any human way. They lived aloof, very aloof, cool, faraway, distant. There was no need to crucify them. Hence my love for Jesus is immense. Buddha you can respect, but you cannot love. Jesus you can love, too -- and if you respect him you respect him out of love.

And the same has to be the situation here. I don't want your respect. If your respect comes as part of your love it is welcome; otherwise I don't want your respect. I don't want to be respectable. It is better to be crucified by people than to be respectable. To be respectable means you have bowed down to the sleepers, that you have surrendered your freedom. This is possible only if you fulfill their expectations; then they will respect you, they will call you holy.

But if you live an ordinary life just as people live it and you enjoy the ordinary things of life -- with a difference, of course, with a great difference, a difference that *really* makes a difference -- if you bring God closer to the earth, if you bring heaven closer to the earth, then they are going to kill you while you are alive. And when you are gone, the same people will start changing your life, painting your life again and again. They will go on painting you as the demands change according to the changes in time and fashion.

There are many christs really. If you go through these two thousand years you will find many christs not one, because each age demands a different kind of holy man, so each age has to paint Jesus according to its expectations. That's how myths are created. Then another age has to impose *its* myths, and this goes on and on, and the whole life becomes fictitious. Now the whole thing is so fictitious....

The virgin birth is an impossibility, but they have to impose that myth of the virgin birth because ordinary people are born out of sexual intercourse. How can Jesus be born out of sexual intercourse? He is born without any sexuality. This is unbiological, unscientific. But the followers will do such things just to make him look separate, different, supernatural.

The Buddhists say that when Buddha was born his mother was standing. Buddhists say that when buddhas are born the mothers are always standing. Strange! Why can't a buddha be born while the mother is lying on her back? -- that is how everybody is born; buddhas have to be born in a special way. And then what does Buddha do? He comes out of the womb standing, he falls to the ground standing, and then he takes seven steps and he declares, "I am the greatest of the greatest!" That is the first thing he does -- after seven steps. Now, such foolish things!

Jainas say that their *tirthankaras* are always born into the warrior caste, the *kshatriyas*. Mahavira entered the womb of a brahmin woman, but that is not according to the law. You see the expectations of people -- not only in life will they expect of you, but even before life they will force their expectations! So they have created a story that the gods were very much disturbed -- this had never happened before. A tirthankara -- a Jaina master, an enlightened master -- has to be born of a kshatriya woman, a warrior caste woman. It was an antagonism

against the brahmins. And Mahavira entered into the womb of a brahmin woman, so the gods could not tolerate it.

When he was three months old in the woman's womb, they removed him, they took him out. That seems to be the first surgery! They removed Mahavira from the brahmin woman's womb, and they removed another child from the queen's womb. The queen's child, a girl, was put into the brahmin woman's womb and Mahavira was substituted. Two things were wrong. First: the tirthankara has to be a man; second: he has to be born of a kshatriya woman. What expectations! What foolish kinds of expectations! But these myths go on growing later on.

These myths are for a certain reason. The disciples and the followers want their master to be special -- special compared to ordinary people and special compared to other masters, too.

You ask me, Sambrooks: "When a master dies, suddenly a myth springs up around him, man makes stone or wooden idols of him, the master becomes a distant god to be worshipped and becomes unattainable to ordinary man."

That is precisely the purpose of worship: to make the man so distant and so far away that you can only worship. You need not practice whatsoever has been his teaching, you need not wake up from your sleep. Worshipping can continue in your sleep beautifully; it does not disturb your sleep, in fact, it functions as a sedative, a tranquilizer.

You ask me: "The thought of the master being an example of what we should and can be disappears."

That is precisely the purpose: that it *should* disappear so that there is no need for us to try, to endeavor to reach the peaks. Then we can live in our sleep peacefully; there is nobody to disturb us. If Buddha is a human being, if Jesus is a human being, and they can become so enlightened, so full of light, so full of love, so full of bliss, then the idea of them will haunt you, it will not leave you alone. Continuously it will be there inside you that you have to attain this state too, otherwise you are not fulfilling yourself, otherwise you are not doing what is needed to be done. You are missing an opportunity.

You ask me: "Why does this phenomenon happen time and time again?"
Because man's stupidity is the same.

The last question:

BELOVED OSHO,

I AM A SCIENTIST. SCIENCE TEACHES TO OBSERVE DETACHEDLY. IS IT NOT THE SAME WITH RELIGION?

Science teaches detached observation, art teaches nondetached observation, religion simply teaches observation, neither detached nor nondetached. The scientist has to be there just as a spectator, indifferent, cold; that's how he can come to know the secrets of matter. The artist has to participate in nature; without participation he will not know the beauty of the flower, of the moon, of the sunset, of the clouds. He will have to become a participant, he will have to dissolve himself into their reality. The observer has to become the observed in the world of art; only then is he able to paint, to sculpt, to create music or poetry.

A man came to a great painter and asked him, "I want to paint bamboos. What should I do?"

The master said, "First you go into the jungle and live with the bamboos for three years. When you start feeling that you have become a bamboo, come back."

The man never returned. Three years passed. The master waited and waited and then he had to go in search of the man to see what had happened -- because when you have become a bamboo, how can you come back to the master?

When the master arrived he saw the man standing in a bamboo grove. The wind was blowing, the bamboos were swaying and dancing, and the man was swaying and dancing.

The master shook him. He said, "What are you doing? When are you going to paint?"

He said, "Forget all about it. Get lost! Don't disturb me."

The master had to drag him back home. He said, "Now you are ready to paint the bamboo, because now you know from the *inside* what a bamboo is."

Science observes from the outside; art enters into the *inside* of things. But religion is a transcendence; it is beyond science and beyond art. Science is objective, art is subjective. Religion is neither. It is pure awareness, neither cold nor hot. That's why I call it cool. Science is cold, art is hot, religion is cool.

But observation is needed all the same on all three planes; it only changes its quality. The lowest observation is detached observation; a little higher is art, participant-observation; and the highest is just observation. But observation is the essential phenomenon; that is the thread that joins science, art and religion.

This happened in the auditorium of a faculty of medicine.

The well-known professor begins his first course with this declaration: "To be a good practitioner, two qualities are required. The first is: you should not be disgusted with anything. The second is: you should be able to observe accurately. As an illustration of this, watch. You see this age-old corpse lying on the table? I dip one finger in the anus of the corpse, and then you see, I take it out, put it in my mouth and suck it."

The whole class is horrified.

The professor goes on, "Now, which of you will be able to do this?"

A very zealous student comes up and, without hesitation, dips his finger into the corpse's anus and sucks it.

A great silence follows this performance. The professor congratulates the student, "Very good, young man, you certainly have the first quality required to be a good doctor, that is: not to be disgusted with anything. However, the second quality is missing. You have no sense of observation at all. You see, it was this finger, the index, that I dipped. And it was this finger, the medius, that I put into my mouth!"

Enough for today.

The White Lotus

Chapter #7

Chapter title: Lion Buddha

6 November 1979 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 7911060

ShortTitle: WLOTUS07

Audio: Yes

Video: No

QUESTION: WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND OF GREEDINESS?

ANSWER: IT IS THE MIND OF IGNORANCE.

QUESTION: WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND OF EGOLESSNESS?

ANSWER: IT IS THE MIND OF SHRAVAKA, BUDDHA'S ACTUAL DISCIPLE.

QUESTION: WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND OF NO-ENTITY?

ANSWER: IT IS THE MIND OF THE SAGES WHO HAVE NO CONNECTION WITH THE TEACHING OF BUDDHA, BUT DISCOVER THE TRUTH OF NO-ENTITY BY THEMSELVES.

QUESTION: WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND WHICH HAS NO PARTICULAR UNDERSTANDING, AND ALSO NO PAINFUL DELUSIONS?

ANSWER: IT IS THE MIND OF BODHISATTVAS.

QUESTION: WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND WHICH HAS NOTHING TO KNOW AND ALSO NOTHING TO REALIZE?

ANSWER: NO ANSWER FROM BODHIDHARMA.

BODHIDHARMA SAID, "DHARMAKAYA HAS NO FORM, THEREFORE ONE SEES IT WITHOUT SEEING. DHARMA HAS NO VOICE, THEREFORE ONE HEARS IT WITHOUT HEARING. PRAJNA HAS NOTHING TO BE KNOWN, THEREFORE ONE KNOWS IT WITHOUT KNOWING. IF HE THINKS THAT HE IS SEEING, HE SEES IT INCOMPLETELY. IF HE THINKS THAT HE KNOWS IT, HE DOES NOT KNOW IT THOROUGHLY. WHEN HE KNOWS IT WITHOUT KNOWING, HE KNOWS IT COMPLETELY. IF ONE DOES NOT KNOW THIS, HE IS NOT A TRUE KNOWER. IF ONE THINKS THAT HE IS GAINING, HE IS NOT GAINING ENTIRELY. WHEN HE GAINS NONGAINING, HE OWNS EVERYTHING. IF ONE THINKS THAT HE IS RIGHT, HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS IS NOT PERFECT. WHEN HE TRANSCENDS RIGHT AND WRONG, HIS VIRTUES ARE ACCOMPLISHED. SUCH WISDOM IS THE GATE-OPENER TO A HUNDRED THOUSAND GATES OF THE HIGHER WISDOM."

SAID BODHIDHARMA, "ALL BUDDHAS PREACH EMPTINESS. WHY? BECAUSE THEY WISH TO CRUSH THE CONCRETE IDEAS OF THE STUDENTS. IF A STUDENT EVEN CLINGS TO AN IDEA OF EMPTINESS, HE BETRAYS ALL BUDDHAS. ONE CLINGS TO LIFE ALTHOUGH THERE IS NOTHING TO BE CALLED LIFE; ANOTHER CLINGS TO DEATH ALTHOUGH THERE IS NOTHING TO BE CALLED DEATH. IN REALITY THERE IS NOTHING TO BE BORN, CONSEQUENTLY

THERE IS NOTHING TO PERISH.

"BY CLINGING ONE RECOGNIZES A THING OR AN IDEA. REALITY HAS NEITHER INSIDE, OUTSIDE, NOR MIDDLE PART. AN IGNORANT PERSON CREATES DELUSIONS AND SUFFERS FROM DISCRIMINATION. RIGHT AND WRONG DO NOT EXIST IN REALITY. AN IGNORANT PERSON CREATES THEM, RECOGNIZES THEM, NEAR OR FAR, INWARD OR OUTWARD. HE THEN SUFFERS FROM DISCRIMINATION. THIS IS THE GENERAL WAY OF THE PHENOMENAL WORLD."

All questions are childish. Mind you, they are not childlike, they are childish, they are stupid. They may appear very knowledgeable, they may consist of great words, but they have no significance, no meaning, because those great words are empty, borrowed. They have no roots in your own existential experience.

Philosophy as such is a very childish affair. Religion has maturity, but not philosophy. Philosophy is curiosity -- curiosity without any worthiness to know -- questions raised in the hope of getting answers. But even if answers are given you will not be able to receive them, because there is no readiness on your part to receive them. The answers will only create new questions in the childish mind.

That has been the whole history of philosophical endeavor. For ten thousand years philosophy has raised great questions and has been greatly involved in finding answers, but not a single answer has been found. No effort has been as futile as philosophy. Each answer that philosophers think they have arrived at, that they think is going to change the whole vision of man, simply creates more questions. Philosophy has not solved anything at all. It cannot: it is basically a movement in the wrong direction.

Mind can only raise questions, but cannot find the answers. Just as leaves grow on trees, questions grow in the mind. You can prune the leaves but by pruning more leaves will come, the foliage will become thicker. You can prune the questions -- that's what philosophy goes on doing -- but more questions will arise because the source of the questions, the mind, remains intact, protected, secure.

To find the answer one has to go beyond the mind, and to go beyond the mind is the only maturity. You are really a grownup person when you have gone beyond the mind. The buddhas are nothing but grownup people, mature, ripe, integrated, who have gone beyond the mind, gone to the other shore, the further shore. At that height questions simply disappear. Not that they are solved, remember it, questions are not solved when you go beyond mind; going beyond mind you are going beyond questions too. They become irrelevant, they look stupid, they lose all meaning: they are simply nonsense. Not that you find answers but when questions dissolve and you are in a state of questionless consciousness, this is THE answer. Without any particular answer this is the answer, this is the solution.

Hence we in the East call it samadhi; samadhi simply means the solution. All is solved, questions are dissolved. You are absolutely silent, with no curiosity, with nothing to ask. When you have nothing to ask, you know; and when you have something to ask, you do not know. Yes, out of compassion buddhas go on answering your questions in the hope that sooner or later you will see the utter absurdity, ridiculousness of questions.

Existence simply is. It is not a question/answer thing, it is not a puzzle; it is a mystery to be experienced, lived, loved. You can sing it, you can dance it; but it is not a question, it is a quest, an adventure, an ecstatic adventure, an exploration. And when you enter into the mysterious without any curiosity, all the secrets of existence are available to you.

If you enter with a curious mind, nothing is available to you, because the curious mind itself prevents you from seeing. You are preoccupied with your question. You are

preoccupied with your knowledge. You ask because you think you know. Somebody comes and says, "Who created the world?" In fact he already carries the idea that God created the world, he has come to ask only to be confirmed. If you confirm it, he is very happy; if you negate it, he becomes angry at you. He was not a real seeker, he was seeking support for his belief.

One day early in the morning when Buddha was out for his morning walk, a man asked him, "Is there a God?"

Buddha looked for a moment into the eyes of the man and said, "No. There is no God at all -- never has been, never will be. You get rid of all this nonsense."

The man was shocked.

Ananda was following Buddha. He always followed him like a shadow, just to be at his service if at any moment, any need arose. He listened -- he had listened to many answers from Buddha -- and it was like a hammer, so crude, so cruel it looked. But he saw the face of Buddha -- tremendous compassion.

In the afternoon of the same day another man came and he asked, "Is there a God?"

Buddha said, "Yes, there is -- always has been, always will be. Seek and find."

Ananda was very much puzzled; he had not forgotten the answer that Buddha gave just that morning, but he could not ask because there were so many other people there.

And before he could ask, another man came by that evening just as the sun was setting. And Buddha was sitting outside underneath a tree, just watching the sunset and the beautiful clouds, and the man asked, "Is there a God?"

Buddha simply motioned his hand, made a gesture to the man to sit down, and himself closed his eyes. The man followed. They sat in silence for a few moments, then the man rose up. It was getting dark, the sun had set. He touched the feet of Buddha, said, "I am grateful for the answer. Thank you very much," and went away.

Now Ananda was all boiling up. When there was nobody there, Ananda asked, "I will not be able to sleep tonight unless you answer me. In a single day, the same question -- and you answer in three ways. To the first person you said 'No, there is no God.' To the second you said, 'Yes, there is.' And to the third you simply motioned with such love for him to sit down and close his eyes. You didn't say anything to him, but something must have transpired, because the man fell into deep silence, he touched your feet, he thanked you also for your answer, although I was there and you had not answered at all. What is going on? You have puzzled me very much."

Buddha said, "No answer was given to you. Why should you be puzzled? It was their question, it was my answer, you were not a party to it."

But Ananda said, "I am not deaf, I was there and I simply listened. And now those three answers are keeping me very much confused."

Buddha said, "The first man was a believer, he believed in God. He had not really come to inquire, he had come to be confirmed. He wanted his belief to be supported by me, so that he could go and tell people, 'Not only I believe in God, Buddha also believes.' He wanted to use me for his own purposes, hence I had to say no. And I had to be very hard with him, otherwise he was so full of his own ideas he would not have listened. He was a scholar, well acquainted with the scriptures -- I could hear the noise in his head, I could see the turmoil in his being. I had to be very cruel and hard like a hammer, because only then there was a possibility that he might hear. He needed a shock. I shocked him, because I don't want to support anybody's beliefs. All beliefs are wrong. Knowing is a totally different matter."

"And the second man was an atheist, he did not believe in God. He was also a scholar, he was also full of all kinds of ideas, but he was just the opposite to the first man. He had also come for the same purpose. They were opposites, enemies, but the purpose was the same. He wanted me to support his non-belief, his disbelief. That's why I had to say to him with such authority: 'Yes, there is a God -- only God is, and nothing else.' That way I shattered his belief.

"And the third man was really a seeker. He did not want an answer, he wanted an experience. He had not come to question -- he had no idea, no prejudice -- he had come open, available. He was vulnerable to me, he was a man of great trust. He wanted me to reveal something to him, hence I did not answer him, I simply told him to sit by my side. And, yes, you are right, something transpired...."

... Because something always transpires when two persons can manage to sit in deep silence. And if you can manage to sit in deep silence with a buddha, something of tremendous value is going to happen. His silence is contagious. If you are available and open his silence will pour into your being. It will be like a bath; you will be bathed in his consciousness. You will be cleansed, you will be purified. Your dust will disappear from your mirror. Suddenly you will be able to see; your eyes will be clear.

"... So without giving him any answer, he received the answer. He received the answer of all answers which is silence. That's why he was so grateful, that's why he bowed down 'and touched my feet, that's why he thanked me."

When you come to a Buddha or a Bodhidharma you have to be very alert how you come. Don't come with prejudices, otherwise you will ask childish questions.

A little boy went to school for the first time and the teacher explained that if he wanted to go to the washroom he should raise two fingers.

The boy, looking puzzled, asked, "How's that going to stop it?"

He has a certain childish idea, but he is puzzled.

"Why don't you smile?" the teacher asked young Johnny.

"I didn't have no breakfast," Johnny replied.

"You poor dear," said the teacher. "But to return to our geography lesson, Johnny. Where is the Polish border?"

"In bed with Momma -- that's why I didn't have no breakfast."

It is not only children who are full of childish ideas, the so-called grownups are not different at all. Yes, they are aged, but not grown up. They have been growing in age but not growing in consciousness. The more you grow in age the more ideas you accumulate -- obviously: more experiences, more words, more theories, more ideologies.

The more you grow in consciousness, the less ideas, the less philosophy, the less theologies. Silence grows in you instead. Beware of being knowledgeable; that is the greatest hindrance between you and the truth. Knowledgeability deceives you, it makes you feel that you already know. That's how thousands of pundits, scholars, professors, pedagogues go on living. Believing that they know, they know nothing. They have not entered the temple of wisdom -- they have not even MOVED towards the temple. In fact, they are moving in just the opposite direction. To know is one thing, and to be knowledgeable is just the opposite of it. Beware of knowledgeability so that one day you can know.

It is not a question of accumulating information; on the contrary, it is a question of emptying your mind totally of all its content. When the mind is empty, has nothing to say, has nothing to believe, has no ideas about anything, then suddenly the reality is revealed to you. In that emptiness, you become a mirror. To be empty is to be a mirror. And then, simply, all that is, is reflected in you.

The first question.... All these questions are stupid, but Bodhidharma is very patient. Knowing that they are stupid, he answers -- not in the hope that they will be answered in this way but in the hope that you will one day understand that life is not a matter of questioning and answering. His answers are such that they don't answer your question, they DESTROY your question.

That's the way of the real master: he does not answer your question, he simply destroys it. So if you are waiting for a particular answer, you will be at a loss. Many have come from the buddhas empty-handed just because they were expecting ready-made, particular answers. Buddhas don't do that. On the contrary, they take away your question.

These answers are just to take the questions away from you, so that you can be left more clean, more spacious. These questions are like clouds in the sky. Once these clouds disappear, the infinity of the sky becomes available to you with all its beauty and glory and grandeur.

The first question: WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND OF GREEDINESS?

On the surface the question looks perfectly okay, but if you watch carefully, the questioner himself is greedy. He is asking questions: Bodhidharma answers one; he has not even answered it and another question pops up. And the other question that pops up is nothing but a new formulation of the old question.

It is not that there is a 'mind of greediness'; mind IS greed. Greed and mind are not two things, greed is the nature of mind. Mind is greedy because it wants to accumulate more and more. It may be money, it may be power, it may be knowledge, it may be good deeds, virtue, but whatsoever it is, mind is greed. It wants to accumulate more and more, it is afraid of being empty, because in emptiness mind disappears, evaporates. Only when you are cluttered with unnecessary furniture....

Just the other day I was looking at a photographic record of Sigmund Freud's house. It really is something worth going into. The whole house seems to be so cluttered with things that one wonders how Sigmund Freud managed to live in it. There is no space at all. Even in his study there are at least a hundred statues, small and big; it looks like a museum. Things and things all over the place. One should be very very careful and cautious about moving in his room, otherwise something will fall; you will stumble upon something. To live in such a room is indicative of his mind -- the mind of greed. No space in the room indicates his inner state, there is no space there either. Sigmund Freud is a very knowledgeable person.

Going through that book, I became more and more sorry for the poor man. What kind of life must he have lived? It must have been a long long nightmare. Whatsoever must have been presented to him -- necessary, unnecessary -- he accumulated. At least one's study should be spacious -- his looks like a shop. He is sitting in his chair and on his table there are fifty statues, and he is reading there. So many things to distract him! And on the walls, pictures and calendars -- all the walls are covered. And so many tables and chairs! He was living as if afraid of emptiness. He was very afraid of death.

It is said that even to mention the word death was enough for him to be shocked. Twice or

thrice he fainted because somebody started talking about death; actually fainted, fell from the chair to the ground. So afraid of death? That simply means he must have been afraid of emptiness too, because death and emptiness are the same.

Why do you accumulate so many things, why do you accumulate so many ideas? Just to go on feeling that you are full. People eat too much just to feel full, people are constantly moving from one crowd to another crowd. People are members of religions -- that is, members of crowds -- members of clubs, members of political parties.... A person is a Rotarian, and he is Christian or a Hindu, and he also belongs to this political party or that: he goes on moving from one crowd to another crowd, he keeps himself occupied, so that he never becomes aware of the inner emptiness.

Inner emptiness seems to be like falling into the abyss, bottomless abyss. So people go filling themselves with anything; that is greed. Greed has nothing to do with money as such, anything that you go on filling yourself with is greed. And there is no 'mind of greediness'; mind IS greediness.

Berkowitz met a beautiful brunette in Bermuda and tried to get her to fly home with him to New York.

"Come with me tonight and I'll buy you a mink coat," propositioned Berkowitz.

"I've got two minks hanging in my closet."

"A Buick convertible?"

"And what would I do with my Cadillac?"

"All right, I'll give you a stunning diamond bracelet."

She displayed the gems on her wrist: "Already have one. However, I'd be willing to consider a sizeable chunk of cash."

"Sorry," said Berkowitz, "that's the one thing I can't get wholesale!"

All minds are Jewish, remember; to be a Jew has nothing to do with a race. There are only two types of people in the world: Jews and buddhas. Whosoever is greedy is a Jew. It is a quality -- nothing to do with blood.

A young woman was married to an old man. The husband caught a cold which developed into pneumonia. He was immediately rushed to a hospital and placed in an oxygen tent. Knowing that the odds were against his pulling through, he summoned his wife to his side and said, "The will is in order. The stocks and bonds and securities are in the safety vault. But here is something no one else knows. There is a safe hidden in the corner of the attic, with two hundred thousand dollars in cash. The key is taped at the bottom of my dresser drawer. Gloria dear! Why are you squeezing the oxygen tube?"

People are ready to kill, people are ready to be killed for greed. What are these people: Genghis Khan, Tamburlaine, Alexander, Napoleon, Adolf Hitler, Josef Stalin, Mao Zedong? What are these people? Greed multiplied, greed gone mad. The whole effort is: how to forget the inner emptiness.

And you cannot destroy inner emptiness; it is your very being. You can cover it with things, but sooner or later you will have to encounter it. And it is better if you encounter it sooner. Death will reveal it to you, but then it will be too late -- you may not be able to do anything. Death is bound to reveal it to you. All your accumulations will be of no help. Death will make you clearly aware that your hands are empty -- not only your hands, your BEING

is also empty. Death is a shock because it reveals your emptiness and destroys your illusions of being full.

The meditator comes upon this experience before death. That is the beginning of a transformation. You start knowing your emptiness, and the more you know it the more you are surprised: it is emptiness only in the sense that there is nothing of the outside world with which you are acquainted. Yes, in that sense it is empty, but as you go deeper into it, you start feeling that it is also a fullness, a plenitude. It is empty of the world but full of God. The first experience of it is going to be that it is empty, and the second experience that it is full of God. The questioner asks Bodhidharma:

WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND OF GREEDINESS?

Bodhidharma simply says:

IT IS THE MIND OF IGNORANCE.

Because you don't know yourself, that's why you are greedy. If you know yourself, you will know the beauty of emptiness, the cleanliness of emptiness, the utter purity of emptiness. When the emptiness flowers in you, you will know its plenitude too, its fullness too. You will be full of emptiness, and that is the only fullness which death cannot destroy. But for that one thing is needed: that you should not be ignorant.

What does he mean by ignorance? These people who are asking him questions are not ignorant, they are knowledgeable people. Their questions show it. What is the mind of greediness? They must have read it in the scriptures, they must have heard about it, they must have discussed it. What is egolessness? What is the mind of no-entity? Look at their questions -- great metaphysical questions. They are not ignorant people in the sense that they know nothing, they are ignorant people in the sense that they know too much without knowing anything at all. They are full of knowledge but without any knowing. The world is full of such ignorant people.

Christian mystics have divided people into two categories, beautiful categories: the first they call knowledgeable ignorance, and the second they call ignorant knowing. There is a certain type of mind which is very knowledgeable and ignorant. And there is also a certain no-mind, utterly ignorant and yet knowing: that is the mind of the buddha. You can call it no-mind or mind, it doesn't matter what you call it, but remember the quality: it is not stuffed from the outside. Something has welled up within. It has come home.

The knowledgeable people go on playing with words. They use beautiful words: God, paradise, life, beauty, truth, bliss. And all words are empty for them. They know nothing of beauty, nothing of bliss. Whatsoever they think they know is bound to be wrong, because they have only heard it from others. These are opinions they are carrying, not experiences.

Sometimes even ignorant people, the so-called ignorant people, the villagers, the primitive people, have far more meaning in their words because they don't know many words. They are not skillful with words, their vocabularies are very limited, but their vocabularies have significance because they are down-to-earth people. Whatsoever they have learnt is from experience. They have a certain quality of wisdom. You can see it in farmers, gardeners, in villagers. And when you go deeper into the jungles, you will find primitive people who have not heard of The Bible, fortunately, who have not heard of the Gita, fortunately, who know nothing of the Vedas and the Koran, who don't know how to write and

how to read, but in their eyes you will see a clarity.

I have lived with the most sophisticated people, the most cultured -- the academicians, the professors, the D.Litt.s -- and I have lived with primitive people too, very primitive. A few of them have not seen a car or a railway train. They don't know anything about the movies, radio, TV. They are still living as if the world had not changed for ten thousand years. But if you look into their eyes, they are crystal-clear. They don't talk much, but whatsoever they do say seems to have more weight than what your D.Litt.s and your Ph.D.s say, because whatsoever primitive people say has come from their own experience. It is not very much, but even a small iota of your own experience is far more valuable than a whole load of borrowed knowledge.

The judge looked down at the farmer who was suing his wife for divorce on the grounds that she was hobosexual.

"Just a minute, Luther," interrupted the judge, "that term usually applies to a man, and it's homosexual."

Luther shook his head stubbornly. "No, sir, Your Honor, I mean hobosexual. My wife's a bum lay!"

Now, he has created a new word: hobosexual; it has more meaning, it is rooted in his experience. You will not find it in the Encyclopedia Britannica, but what he is saying is not based on knowledge but on his knowing, his experience.

The questioner seems to be knowledgeable:

WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND OF GREEDINESS?

Bodhidharma simply answers in one sentence:

IT IS THE MIND OF IGNORANCE.

It seems that even Bodhidharma is getting a little tired of all these foolish questions.

The second question: WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND OF EGOLESSNESS?

Now, it is the same game. Ego is greed: greed is ego. That's how the knowledgeable person becomes very cunning and clever with words. He is not interested at all in what Bodhidharma has said. He again brings the same question in another form.

WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND OF EGOLESSNESS?

These people need to be really hit hard. And Bodhidharma must have been in a very very polite mood that day, must not have been his ordinary, usual self -- maybe the morning was very beautiful and the birds were singing and the sunrays were coming through the trees -- otherwise he would have hit this man. He was not that kind of man who will go on answering stupid questions. And the most stupid question is that which you go on bringing again and again in new forms. That simply means you have not heard the answer.

Two call girls seated themselves at a plush bar and the bar jockey, without being asked,

served them two bottles of their separate brands of beer. The girls were amazed and asked him how he'd known what they had wanted.

"Aw, I'm just a smart bartender, that's all," he replied.

"Baloney!" answered the girls. "You only guessed what we would order; you only guessed...."

"Oh, yeah? See that guy that just came in? He'll want a Scotch on the rocks. Now watch, I'll go and ask him."

Sure enough, the new customer ordered a Scotch on ice, to the girls' astonishment.

"Smart bartender, better believe it!" said the barman as he passed the girls again. A while later, when business slowed, the bartender leaned over the bar toward the two call girls.

"Look," he asked confidentially, "I've always wanted to ask this question. Can prostitutes ever get pregnant?"

"Why," quickly answered one of the girls, smiling at the other, knowingly, "certainly they can. Where do you think all these smart bartenders come from!"

And I think that scholars also come from the same source. Smart scholars, asking smart questions. In fact Bodhidharma's answer must have looked very poor to the questioner, because he simply says:

IT IS THE MIND OF IGNORANCE.

What kind of answer is this? As if he were simply avoiding the question. The questioner again brings the same question in a new form:

WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND OF EGOLESSNESS?

Bodhidharma says:

IT IS THE MIND OF SHRAVAKA, BUDDHA'S ACTUAL DISCIPLE.

This is a beautiful answer -- to be remembered -- because this is what you are trying to do here. Bodhidharma says: "a SHRAVAKA." Just as I call my disciples sannyasins, Buddha's disciples are called shravakas. It is a beautiful word, it means one who is capable of hearing, one who is capable of listening, one who can listen in silence; that is a shravaka: one who can listen so attentively, so totally that even before the words are uttered he has heard them.

Yes, that starts happening. It is happening here. Many letters come to me saying, "Osho, what are you doing? Before you utter the word, I have already heard it." "Before I ask a question," many people write to me, "you have answered it." This is nothing but a simple process of communion.

Whether you write a question or not does not matter much, it is bound to be answered. Sometimes when you write it I may not answer it. But when you don't write it, I am bound to answer it, because you have trusted me. You are waiting for the answer without asking it -- how can I forget you? And, slowly slowly, as you become more intimate and close to me, before I have said anything it will be heard. That is being a shravaka.

Bodhidharma says:

IT IS THE MIND OF SHRAVAKA...

Egolessness is the nature of the shravaka, of the disciple.

... BUDDHA'S ACTUAL DISCIPLE.

He has to add the word actual, because there are many who pretend to be disciples but who are not disciples. It happens almost every day. In evening darshans every day there are a few people who are only pretending to be disciples, and are not. When I touch their third eye there is nothing, no vibration. When a true disciple comes to me and I touch his third eye, there is an energy connection. I become plugged into him, he becomes plugged into me: immediately an exchange of energy happens. It is an actual life-energy exchange. But a few people come, I touch their third eye... but they are just pretenders, they are not disciples.

When a disciple bows down and touches my feet, immediately there is an energy exchange. My feet can immediately feel his touch. It is not just a touch of his hands, his whole life is pouring there. But then there are others who simply touch as a formality. Their touch is ugly, their heart is not in it.

In close-up sessions the same thing happens. There are many who are moved to their very depths. Yogi and Rakesh have to carry them. They are so moved, so thrilled, they become so liquid, that they cannot move on their own. It is impossible for them to walk back to their places. They have to be carried.

But then there are a few people to whom nothing has happened. They come empty, they go empty. Santosh was here one day for a close-up and nothing happened to him -- because nothing CAN happen unless you are in a surrendered mood. If you are not in an egoless mood, nothing is possible. I cannot impose anything on you. I can pour, but you have to be open to receive it. Nothing happened. And when Yogi came to help him, he gestured with his hand that "there is no need to help me," he walked on his own. He must have thought that he is doing something great -- he does not need any help. But I felt sorry for him. The day he needs to be carried by Yogi will be a great day in his life.

A shravaka is one who has really surrendered to the master. Whether he is with Jesus or Gautama or Mahavira or with me does not matter. Whosoever has come into your life as a buddha, as the awakened one, with him your surrender has to be total.

Bodhidharma says: That is the mind of egolessness, surrender. You are no more there, you allow the master to have total possession of your being. You give him the whole space, holding back nothing. You simply expose yourself. You say, "Whatsoever you want to do, do. If you want to kill me, kill. I am ready." You have simply bowed down your head; if the sword of the master descends on your head, you will be grateful, you will not shrink back.

But the questioner is not listening to all these things. He goes on asking absentmindedly; otherwise, such profound truths... how can you go on asking anything more?

Immediately, the third question:

WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND OF NO-ENTITY?

Now, it is the same question: egolessness or no-entity. But the compassion of the master is always immense. Bodhidharma says:

IT IS THE MIND OF SAGES WHO HAVE NO CONNECTION WITH THE TEACHING OF BUDDHA, BUT DISCOVER THE TRUTH OF NO-ENTITY BY THEMSELVES.

If you happen to meet a buddha, you can be related to him in two ways: one is his teaching, another is his being. If you become related to his teaching, you will become knowledgeable and you will become more egoistic. You will start thinking, that "I am very special, a disciple of Buddha," that "I am privileged," that "I am not ordinary." You will become more egoistic. If you become related only to the teaching then this is going to happen.

But if you become related to the teacher himself... The teacher is a nonentity. There is nobody inside a buddha as a person, he is only a presence. You can feel him, but you cannot touch him. You can imbibe his spirit, you can drink from his cup, but it is all an invisible phenomenon. If you listen to the buddhas, then their most fundamental message is: Be a light unto yourself. Don't depend on others, don't follow others, because the ultimate core of your being has to be discovered only by you. Buddhas can only point the way, but you have to travel it. Nobody can travel it for you, it is not possible. It can't be done on your behalf.

Bodhidharma says:

IT IS THE MIND OF SAGES WHO HAVE NO CONNECTION WITH THE TEACHING OF BUDDHA,
BUT DISCOVER THE TRUTH OF NO-ENTITY BY THEMSELVES.

You can start believing in the idea of no-entity if you become convinced of the teaching of the buddha, but that will be only knowledge -- poor, meaningless, a burden, a bondage; it is not going to liberate you. But if you understand the message, if you are a shravaka, if you listen to the message, to the very heart of it, the heartbeat of it, if you pulsate with the buddha's being and you see the point that a buddha is only a catalytic agent... He is NOT going to do anything to you, but his presence can ignite, can trigger something in you and then you move on your own.

You will have to go to your innermost core alone, absolutely alone. That's why it is said by Zen people: If you meet the buddha on the way, kill him immediately -- because you have to go so alone that not even a buddha, not even your master will be there in the ULTIMATE experience.

Yes, before that, just one step before that, you will have to depart from the master too; you will have to say goodbye. Just one step before the ultimate leap, with great gratitude, the disciple says goodbye and takes the jump. But that jump has to be alone, it is a "flight of the alone to the alone," as Plotinus calls it.

But the questioner is not at all interested in these answers. He is too preoccupied with his own words. While Bodhidharma is answering, he must be making up another question.

The fourth question: WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND WHICH HAS NO PARTICULAR UNDERSTANDING, AND ALSO NO PAINFUL DELUSIONS?

These are the SAME questions asked again and again -- although they are certainly formulated in different ways -- but the questioner thinks that he is asking different questions.

WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND WHICH HAS NO PARTICULAR UNDERSTANDING AND ALSO NO PAINFUL DELUSIONS?

Before one becomes a buddha there is a period, a gap, an interval. Between the ordinary,

unconscious human being and the conscious buddha, there is a small gap when you are no longer unconscious, no longer in your old patterns and structures, when the old gestalt has disappeared but the new has not appeared yet.

It is just the moment before the sunrise: the night has gone, the last star has disappeared, but the sun has not risen yet. It is all light, the darkness is no more there, but is a very diffused light because the sun has not risen yet. Those few moments are the moments when a person is called a BODHISATTVA, one who is ready to become a buddha at any moment. Any moment the horizon will become red and the sun will rise. It is not far away, it is just close by; the last star has disappeared, there is no trace of the night anywhere. In the East this particular interval of time is called SANDHYA -- and you will be surprised to know, in the East prayer is also called sandhya. Sandhya means the in-between time.

There are two special times for prayer. In the morning, early morning, when the sun has not risen and the night is no more, just that beautiful interval when a great change is happening -- night is turning into day -- that is the moment of prayer. Or in the night, when the sun is setting, it has just gone below the horizon and the first star has not yet appeared, that too is called sandhya. These two moments are thought to be very auspicious, very sacred for a certain reason: they symbolize your inner process; they are the moments of the bodhisattvas.

Before somebody becomes a buddha, he becomes a bodhisattva. The word bodhisattva literally means essentially a buddha. When the sun has not risen it is essentially morning, it is going to happen within seconds, it is inevitable now. When one is a bodhisattva, buddhahood is inevitable. In that interval, this happens.

The questioner asks:

WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND WHICH HAS NO PARTICULAR UNDERSTANDING...

In this interval there is no particular understanding, because the buddha has not yet appeared.

... AND ALSO NO PAINFUL DELUSIONS?

But all painful delusions have disappeared because the night is over. The last star has gone. This is a beautiful moment, but very scary too. You are almost in a state of limbo, hanging between two worlds, two totally different worlds. If you are not with a master, you may become so scared that you may fall back to the old pattern, because at least there was something to cling to, to hold to. At least you knew something. It may be only knowledgeable, but something was there that you knew. Now you know nothing, nothing in particular.

The gap can be very very scary. It is. The master is never needed more than in this gap, because he can hold your hand, he can persuade you to wait a little more, he can tell you his own story, that "this has happened to me and this has always happened to those who have become buddhas. This is a necessary process. Don't be worried. Just a few minutes more and the sun will be on the horizon, and you will be full of light. Don't be afraid. Go on, move on."

Such beautiful answers, such pregnant answers, but the questioner goes on. He does not even meditate, he does not even give a little time so that the question that he has raised and the answer that Bodhidharma has given can have a meeting. He does not give any opportunity for Bodhidharma's answer to sink deep into his heart. Bodhidharma ends one

answer, he immediately brings another question.

The fifth question: WHAT DO YOU CALL THE MIND WHICH HAS NOTHING TO KNOW AND ALSO NOTHING TO REALIZE?

Now it seems Bodhidharma also is tired:

NO ANSWER FROM BODHIDHARMA

-- to this question, or maybe this IS his answer, seeing that this man cannot understand words, that this man will go on and on forever, ad infinitum, ad nauseam. This man is not going to stop; he will go on creating the same question again and again. Maybe if words cannot help, then silence may be of some help. Bodhidharma remains silent. Maybe silence will disturb him, maybe in silence he will be able to hear. At least he will have to take note of it, that Bodhidharma has not answered the question. Maybe sudden silence.... Up to now he has been answering; maybe sudden silence will shake him up. But it doesn't seem to happen.

Bodhidharma must have seen that words can't help him and silence can't help him either, because when Bodhidharma remained silent this man must have been going more and more into his mind. No occupation outside, so he must have become more occupied inside. Hence after a time Bodhidharma speaks on his own, without waiting for his question. Maybe that may help him, maybe that will answer the question that is arising in his mind. So Bodhidharma does not wait for his question to be raised, he starts answering. What is the point of waiting for his question? He has misunderstood words.

People who are very clever with words will always misunderstand words. Words can have many meanings, many connotations, you can always find a new interpretation of your own.

A woman who was riding on a bus was startled when a famous professor who had only just caught the bus sat down opposite her with his prick still exposed.

"Ahem!" she said sharply, pointing disgustedly towards the offending member. "Ahem!" she repeated more loudly, as the man failed to respond.

After a third attempt she leaned forward and said, "Professor, excuse me, but your 'thing' is sticking out!"

"Oh!" said the professor, adjusting himself, "you flatter yourself. It was hanging out."

Professors are professors -- they are clever with words. He is not disturbed at all, rather he finds fault with the woman.

Bodhidharma does not wait. First he remains silent....

There is a famous Zen saying:

WHEN THE SOFT RAIN MOISTENS MY CLOTHES,
I SEE THE BUDDHA WITHOUT SEEING.
WHEN A PETAL OF A FLOWER FALLS QUIETLY,
I HEAR THE VOICE OF THE BUDDHA WITHOUT HEARING.

If you are a shravaka, there is no need for the buddha to speak. You listen to his words if he speaks, you listen to his silence if he is silent. His message is the same; whether he uses words or not is irrelevant. Sitting, walking, eating, sleeping, he is constantly radiating the

same message.

And when you have really become a shravaka this is how you will also feel: When the soft rain moistens my clothes, I see the Buddha without seeing. Then everywhere you will find him. The rain falling on you softly, and you will feel his touch. The wind blowing your clothes, and you will feel his invisible presence. The warm rays of the sun, and you will feel his compassion. When a petal of a flower falls quietly, I hear the voice of the buddha without hearing. Just a petal falling from the rose, or a leaf from the tree coming slowly, falling towards the earth, and you will hear the whisper of the buddha.

Once you have become accustomed, once you have become attuned to the master, the whole existence has the same color. You see the master everywhere. The whole existence becomes his voice, his body. Then everything reminds you of him. And remember, I say it categorically: EVERYTHING reminds you of him. A child giggling, and you will remember buddha. A dead body being carried, and you will remember buddha. Whatsoever happens around you, you have become so attuned to the master that everywhere you will find his signature.

Bodhidharma remains silent, just as Buddha had remained silent with the third visitor who came in the evening. In those few moments something jumped from Buddha's flame to the inquirer; he bowed down, was grateful, thanked him and went away.

But this is not that type of questioner it seems. He is much too heady, too much in the head; he has no heart. Seeing that, Bodhidharma speaks on his own. What is the point? He will go on asking. It is better to say things as they are. If he understands -- good, if he does not understand, then be finished with it. He says:

"DHARMAKAYA HAS NO FORM, THEREFORE ONE SEES IT WITHOUT SEEING."

These are very deep, profound, pregnant words. Reality has no form. Truth has no form, no body. Truth is unmanifest, unembodied. Dharmakaya is the Buddhist word for truth, the reality, the ultimate, or you can use the word God. But that is not Buddha's word: he uses dharmakaya.

"DHARMAKAYA HAS NO FORM, THEREFORE, ONE SEES IT WITHOUT SEEING."

So if you want to see God, you will have to learn the art of seeing without seeing, you will have to learn the art of closing your eyes to the outside reality, to the manifest reality. You will have to close your eyes so that you can move into the unmanifest dimension.

A great mystic, Palatu, has said: Those who are blind, only they can understand me. A rare statement, a very rare statement, I have never come across anything like it anywhere. Thousands of mystics have happened on the earth, but what Palatu says.... He is a villager: his speech is direct. He says: Unless you are blind, you will not understand what I am saying. What does he mean by blind? He means: if you know how to see WITHOUT seeing.

"DHARMA HAS NO VOICE..."

The ultimate has no voice, no language.

"... THEREFORE, ONE HEARS IT WITHOUT HEARING."

You will have to become so silent that nothing stirs in you, and then without hearing it will be heard. These are paradoxes. But the closer you come to the truth, the more paradoxical is the experience. Be prepared to encounter paradoxes. And the first paradox the disciple has to encounter is: victory through surrender. That is the first encounter, because that is how discipleship begins. You surrender to the master -- and the rare beauty is that in that very surrender you are for the first time victorious. You become a slave to the master and in becoming a slave you are for the first time your own master. You have never been a master. And then the path is full of paradoxes.

"PRAJNA HAS NOTHING TO BE KNOWN..."

PRAJNA means the ultimate understanding.

"... HAS NOTHING TO BE KNOWN, THEREFORE, ONE KNOWS IT WITHOUT KNOWING. IF HE THINKS THAT HE IS SEEING, HE SEES IT INCOMPLETELY."

Because if you think "I am seeing," that I is there, and your presence is going to be a disturbance. You are a disturbance, you are a barrier. Howsoever subtle your ego is, howsoever transparent your ego has become, still it is a barrier and you will see incompletely. The ego has to go totally, then your vision is free. Then there is no barrier, no hindrance, no obstruction.

"IF HE THINKS THAT HE KNOWS IT, HE DOES NOT KNOW IT THOROUGHLY."

So if a person thinks he knows it -- 'it' means the truth, dharmakaya, God, the unmanifest reality -- if somebody thinks he knows it, then he does not know it thoroughly.

Before Buddha, the Upanishads said: The person who thinks he knows, knows not; and the person who thinks he does not know, knows it. After Buddha, Socrates said the same thing in Greece: I know only one thing: that I know nothing.

This is the way to approach the reality: you go on melting -- you melt so much that there is nobody to claim knowledge, nobody to claim realization.

"WHEN HE KNOWS IT WITHOUT KNOWING, HE KNOWS IT COMPLETELY."

The mirror does not say, "I am reflecting you." The mirror simply reflects you, that's all. The mirror claims nothing and the absolutely pure consciousness claims nothing. All claims are of the ego.

"IF ONE DOES NOT KNOW THIS, HE IS NOT A TRUE KNOWER. IF ONE THINKS THAT HE IS GAINING, HE IS NOT GAINING ENTIRELY. WHEN HE GAINS NON-GAINING, HE OWNS EVERYTHING."

This is what I say is victory through surrender. Lose all if you want to possess all. This is true renunciation, and true rejoicing too. And the ultimate paradox is that of rejoicing and renunciation. Die totally if you want to be resurrected.

"IF ONE THINKS THAT HE IS RIGHT, HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS IS NOT PERFECT."

Because to feel that "I am right" simply means you are still trying to be somebody particular who is right and you are trying to prove others wrong. The whole game of superiority, of holier-than-thou continues.

The real man of virtue is absolutely unaware of his virtues. His virtues are natural. Just as you breathe and your blood circulates and your heart beats, he is virtuous. The really virtuous person knows nothing of virtue, knows nothing of right and wrong.

"WHEN HE TRANSCENDS RIGHT AND WRONG, HIS VIRTUES ARE ACCOMPLISHED. SUCH WISDOM IS THE GATE-OPENER TO A HUNDRED THOUSAND GATES OF THE HIGHER WISDOM."

Bodhidharma was answering the questions of this man in single simple statements, but then, seeing that he cannot see, cannot understand, he tried silence. Seeing that that too fails, now he tries to answer all that can be asked. Why give the man the trouble of asking again and again?

He says:

"ALL BUDDHAS PREACH EMPTINESS. WHY? BECAUSE THEY WISH TO CRUSH THE CONCRETE IDEAS OF THE STUDENTS. IF A STUDENT EVEN CLINGS TO AN IDEA OF EMPTINESS, HE BETRAYS ALL BUDDHAS. ONE CLINGS TO LIFE ALTHOUGH THERE IS NOTHING TO BE CALLED LIFE; ANOTHER CLINGS TO DEATH ALTHOUGH THERE IS NOTHING TO BE CALLED DEATH. IN REALITY THERE IS NOTHING TO BE BORN, CONSEQUENTLY, THERE IS NOTHING TO PERISH."

These are all our ideas, our make-believes: life, death, love, hate, good, bad, right, wrong, moral, immoral, virtue, sin. These are all our ideas. We are trying to impose our ideas on the reality, on others, on our own selves.

The really awakened person has no ideas. Nothing is 'good' for him, and nothing is 'bad'; things are as they are. He simply lives in the suchness of existence, in TATHATA. He does not follow a certain morality, because there is nothing 'immoral', nothing 'moral' for him. He lives moment-to-moment, spontaneously, without being bothered about what is right, what is wrong, about what to choose and what not to choose. He lives in choiceless awareness and he acts out of choiceless awareness. Then whatsoever happens is good.

Try to understand this point: you are always choosing what to do -- what is right, what is wrong? A buddha never chooses, he simply lives. But whatsoever you choose thinking that it is right CANNOT be right, because it is your choice. The chooser is always the mind, and mind contaminates, poisons everything, pollutes everything. The chooser is the ego, and the shadow of the ego makes everything wrong. Even if you do right, it will turn into wrong. If the ego touches nectar, it turns into poison. Buddha chooses not, he simply lives without any choice. He lives in total awareness and lets that total awareness do and respond to reality. Then if you touch poison in that awareness, it becomes nectar.

Whatsoever a buddha does is right -- it is not a question of choice.

"BY CLINGING ONE RECOGNIZES A THING OR AN IDEA. REALITY HAS NEITHER INSIDE, OUTSIDE, NOR MIDDLE PART. AN IGNORANT PERSON CREATES DELUSIONS AND SUFFERS FROM DISCRIMINATION. RIGHT AND WRONG DO NOT EXIST IN REALITY. AN IGNORANT PERSON CREATES THEM, RECOGNIZES THEM, NEAR OR FAR, INWARD OR OUTWARD. HE THEN SUFFERS FROM DISCRIMINATION. THIS IS THE GENERAL WAY OF THE PHENOMENAL

WORLD."

You are suffering from your own ideas. You think, "This is life," then immediately you create the idea of death: "The opposite must be death." But there is no life, no death. All is eternal. You were never born and you will never die. What you think is birth is just an episode in the eternal life, and so is death. In birth, nothing is born, only something unmanifest becomes manifest, something hidden becomes unhidden. In death, the manifest again moves into the unmanifest, to rest, to rejuvenate itself, and it will come again when its season comes. It lies down as a seed and waits, and will be back again.

Nothing is ever born, nothing ever dies. But if you discriminate between life and death, you will be crushed between your own ideas. Then you will cling to life -- and you cannot cling, because life is continuously flowing. Then clinging will become your misery, and you will be afraid of death -- and you cannot avoid that either, because rest is a great need. After seventy, eighty, ninety years of continuous functioning the body needs rest, the brain cells need rest, the soul needs rest. But first you cling to life and become miserable because you cannot hold onto it -- it goes on slipping out of your hands -- then you become afraid of death and you want to keep death away, you push it away in every possible way. You cannot push it away, you cannot stop it; it is part of nature. It is just like a wave rising in the ocean and falling back: nothing comes, nothing goes; it is the same ocean. And what is the difference whether the wave has risen or fallen back? The water remains the same.

Don't cling to ideas.

This long statement from Bodhidharma is very strange. After silence, the master tried every possible way. First he was giving short answers, he must have hoped that this man was intelligent.... Buddhas believe that all are intelligent; that is their perception. They can't see anybody as unintelligent, because they see your ultimate possibility. They think from there, they believe in your hidden buddhahood.

He started by answering the man, but that device failed. Then the opposite was tried: Bodhidharma became silent; that too failed. The man cannot understand words, cannot understand silence. Then Bodhidharma gives a long answer -- an answer for which the person has not raised the question at all, but an answer that contains the essence which can answer all his questions if he listens. He has missed the short answers, Bodhidharma must have been hoping that now this long answer might help.

My feeling is that his answer must have been even longer than this, because these are the notes of the same person who was asking. So he must have condensed it. But one thing must be said: that he seems to be a good stenographer; he has not added anything. He may have deleted a few things -- we cannot be certain about that -- but one thing is certain, that whatsoever he is saying are true words of Bodhidharma. That I can vouch for. On my own authority I can say to you: these words can come only from a buddha. So one thing is good about the man, howsoever stupid he is: he is a good stenographer, he has a good memory. and he must have been taking notes, it seems. While Bodhidharma was talking, he must have been taking notes. There are a few foolish people who go on doing that.

When you are encountering a Bodhidharma, a man like Bodhidharma, listen to him wholeheartedly. Don't distract yourself by taking notes. If you cannot understand while he is present before you, you will not be able to understand through your notes. I don't think that these notes would have had any impact on the person who took them. But he has done a great service to you, to humanity.

For nearabout fourteen hundred years the notes were lying deep down in the earth. Just at the

beginning of the century they were excavated. But if they had disappeared in the earth then too nothing would have been lost. Without them Bodhidharma's teaching has flowed, has blossomed in many people's lives. Through direct transmission from one master to another disciple, Bodhidharma's chain is still alive. The flame that he lit is still alive. There are still people who are gaining much from Bodhidharma's message. But still these words can be useful to you, not as words but as triggers for meditation.

Speaking on Bodhidharma is just like speaking on myself. I don't see any difference, not at all. It is the same message. Bodhidharma is very close to my heart. This unique man, unique not only amongst men but unique amongst buddhas, is very close to my heart BECAUSE OF his uniqueness. He is a rare flower -- wild, but very rare.

Meditate over these words. Each word is pregnant. Each word is a seed. Each single word, if allowed to fall into the heart, can transform you totally.

Enough for today.

The White Lotus

Chapter #8

Chapter title: Utterly Luminous

7 November 1979 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 7911070

ShortTitle: WLOTUS08

Audio: Yes

Video: No

The first question:

BELOVED OSHO,

I GIVE UP. I'M REACHING NOWHERE. I CAME HERE FULL OF HOPE AND JOY, BUT I NOW REALIZE THAT IT'S ALL MEANINGLESS. BEFORE, YOU TOUCHED ME TO TEARS, BUT THEY WERE TEARS OF ECSTASY, RELIEF, THE ONES THAT FLOW WHEN ONE LISTENS TO BEAUTIFUL MUSIC. NOW, EVEN MY LOVE FOR YOU HURTS. MY TEARS GIVE NO RELIEF. I CANNOT GET IN TOUCH WITH MY INNER CORE. I CANNOT SEPARATE MY EGO FROM MY REAL SELF AND, EVEN WHILE I WRITE TO YOU, DOUBTS COME UP AS TO WHETHER THIS IS SELF PITY OR I AM ON A MIND TRIP. DO I WANT YOUR ATTENTION?

Dhyano Marion, there is nowhere to go, nowhere to reach.

Because you have come with an expectation, you are creating your misery. Your *expectation* is the cause of your frustration. It is always so: expect, and you create a hell around yourself. Sooner or later the seeds of expectation bring a whole jungle of misery around you.

You say: "I give up."

If you really mean it then the work is done. If you are not just saying it then you have arrived home. It is in giving up that one comes home, but it has to be an existential giving up. You are writing it, you are saying it, but you don't mean it, because if you really meant it then there would be no need to be in such grief and pain. If you have given up then from where can misery come to you? The very root is cut.

To give up is to be a sannyasin. To give up is the most fundamental thing that can ever happen to you. It simply means that now there is no more desiring, no more dreaming: "I am finished with it, I have seen through and through, and it is all meaningless." Because you are not ready yet to accept the meaninglessness of your desires and dreams, you are in a self-torture manufactured by your own mind.

You say: "I came here full of hope...."

Whosoever comes here with hope is bound to feel hopeless sooner or later. Hope cannot

lead you anywhere else -- hope is already moving towards hopelessness. Hope is like a small river moving to the ocean of hopelessness -- it will reach the ocean sooner or later.

Yes, when you are far away from me you can hope: you can go on dreaming, you can fantasize -- beautiful dreams, occult fantasies, esoteric nonsense -- because you are totally free. But when you come close to me it becomes more and more impossible to dream, because the whole work is against dreaming.

I want you to wake up -- and waking up is a painful process because it will destroy all your hopes, it will destroy all that you have cherished and thought very beautiful. Waking up is destructive in the sense that it will destroy your unconsciousness.

And you all live in unconsciousness: unconsciousness has been your way of life for many lives; it has become your second nature. In fact, it has covered your nature so deeply that you don't know that there is another nature to you, that this is not your nature, that the way you are is not the natural way -- not the way of Dharma, Tao, religion. Unconsciousness is deep, and the whole work here consists of bringing you to consciousness. It will destroy all kinds of desires, hopes, fantasies, 'future'.

It is a difficult task for me to destroy your dreams, because sometimes they are so sweet, so cute.... It is difficult to take away your unconscious habits from you. It is not like taking your clothes away, it is like peeling your skin -- it hurts.

The first thing to recognize is that coming out of unconsciousness into consciousness after many many lives *is* a painful process. Growth is painful.

The health service doctor told the shapely co-ed, "Miss Wellbuilt, if I have to find out just what's wrong with you I'll have to examine you thoroughly, so please undress completely."

To which she blushed and replied, "Okay, doctor, but you first."

Just old habit! We are in the grip of our old habits, patterns, structures, strategies.

Once a western salesman did not get home except about once in six months. On the night he went home, after supper he and his wife were sitting in the living room quietly reading. Suddenly there was a knock at the door.

"My husband!" exclaimed the woman, dropping her newspaper.

"Goodbye!" cried her man, leaping out of a back window.

I understand where exactly your trouble is. You have a gestalt: it has penetrated in the body, it has gone deep in the mind -- it has even reached your very essence, your very core. Now, uprooting it all, shaking you, shocking you into awareness, is a hard task. It is not only painful for you, it is painful for me too.

It is like snatching away toys from a child. He will cry and he will weep and he will implore you to give his toys back. But one day or other those toys have to be taken away, otherwise when will he be able to live in the real world? How long can he be allowed to fantasize? Small children don't know the difference between reality and dreaming. That's why when they wake up in the morning sometimes they start crying "Where are my toys?" They were dreaming about toys; they want them back. They don't know that now they are awake those dreams have disappeared. That's what has happened to you.

Moses Cohen came back home in the middle of the night and slipped silently into the bedroom and began to undress.

Sarah Cohen woke up and asked, "Moses, where did you leave your underpants?"
"They must have been stolen," replied Moses.

Now you cannot steal anybody's underpants... but the unconscious mind goes on saying, doing... being unconscious.

Bill: "I think I'm starting to walk in my sleep."

Will: "What makes you think that?"

Bill: "I woke up in my own bed this morning."

Marion, it is really something tremendously significant that is happening to you, but you will only be able to understand it later on. When you will reach a little farther away from your dreams and have a better perspective, you will be able to feel grateful. But right now there may be anger and rage.

That happens to almost every sannyasin who comes here with expectations and hopes -- and who does not come with expectations and hopes?

You say: "I give up."

Please, give up! That's exactly what is to be done. But you are not doing it, you are simply saying it -- maybe in unconscious utterance, maybe in desperation, but not in understanding. Yes, one can give up in desperation, but then wounds are left, scars are left. When you give up with understanding, seeing the futility of it all, there is tremendous peace.

You say: "I am reaching nowhere."

My effort is to bring you *now, here*, and you are trying to reach somewhere else. I am not trying to help you to reach somewhere -- you are already all over the place *except* now and here. My function is to pull you back to your present moment, to the real -- howsoever difficult it is to come back home, howsoever much you have become accustomed to wandering. But you have to be brought back home, because only then there can be blissfulness, benediction, freedom -- what Bodhidharma would call nirvana: cessation of the ego and the birth of the soul.

You say: "I am reaching nowhere. I came here full of hope and joy..."

That hope was false -- all hopes are false. To hope simply means to postpone. To hope means your present is ugly and you want to avoid it for some beautiful future. To hope means you don't want to see the present, you want to remain occupied with the future. The tomorrow is more important to you than the today and the next moment more important than this moment. Either you escape into the past or you escape into the future -- and the *reality* consists only of the present.

Yes, I can understand: you must have come full of hope. But that is your problem -- what can I do about it? You have come to a wrong person. I cannot give you more hope, because hope is poison. I would like to take all possibilities of hope away from you. And remember: when all possibilities of hope are taken away from you, when the whole poison is taken out of your system, you don't feel hopeless. You simply feel freed from both hope and hopelessness -- because hopelessness can exist only as a shadow of hope; it can't exist without hope. Your shadow can't exist without you; you are needed there. Hopelessness is just the shadow of hope.

Drop the hope, and see a miracle happening -- hopelessness also disappears. And when there is neither hope nor hopelessness, great freedom arises in you. You are out of the prison of desire.

You say: "I came here full of hope and joy."

That joy was just an idea -- an idea that something is going to happen, that your hope is going to be fulfilled, that now you have found the right master. This is what you always wanted to do: to find the man who can fulfill all your hopes. Now you have found him, hence the joy; the joy was a by-product of hope. If hope itself is false, how can the joy which is a by-product of it be real? It was not real joy, it was a false phenomenon, because now that the hope is disappearing, the joy is disappearing.

And you say: "... but I now realize that it's all meaningless."

Yes, it *is* all meaningless. The hope and the joy that hope creates, the fantasies and the joy that the idea of their fulfillment creates -- it is all meaningless. Not that there is no meaning in life, but meaning is revealed to you only when you have stopped all these meaningless activities. When all these activities disappear, meaning appears. These activities are preventing your meaningfulness. And when that meaning appears in your being it is inexpressible, it is absolutely incommunicable, but it transforms your whole being: it makes you luminous.

It is said of Moses that when he saw God on the mountain his face became so luminous, so full of light, so shining, that he had to cover it, he had to veil it. He came to his people with a veil over his face. They were surprised. They said, "Why are you covering your face?"

He said, "Because it has become so luminous, so full of light, and I don't want to look holier than others." This is real sainthood! "I don't want to prove myself superior to others, and my face is so full of light that if I move among you without a veil everybody is bound to feel that I have become the chosen one, that God has descended into me, that my heart has been touched and transformed."

It is a beautiful story, of tremendous significance. That's how the really holy people have always lived: in a veiled way. They live as ordinary human beings, that is the meaning of the story. Not that they really cover their faces -- there is no need; that is not the way to hide yourself. If you move with a covered face you will attract more attention. People may not look at your shining face, because who cares about other faces and others' faces? Everybody is preoccupied with his own face -- people stand before mirrors for hours. Who cares about others? Who has the time? And if they see the light they may find a thousand and one ways to explain why it is so. They may even think: This man is ill, diseased, something has gone wrong with his chemistry. Maybe his body electricity is leaking out or something -- short-circuited or something. But if you move with a veiled face, everybody is bound to be attracted towards you. Mohammedan women attract more attention than anybody else. The veil becomes a provocation, an invitation: one wants to uncover the face and see what is there. A great curiosity arises.

So the story does not relate anything factual -- I don't think Moses would have done such a stupid thing -- but it has a significant meaning. It is a metaphor. It simply says that the really holy person lives in such an ordinary way that nobody will become aware of his holiness unless they come very close to him, unless they become almost part of his being. He eats like you -- that's why Jesus eats like you, drinks wine, mixes with ordinary people. He just remains ordinary, in no way does he pretend. The really holy man is unselfconscious about his holiness, that is the meaning.

But I have read one philosopher who thinks otherwise. Philosophers are strange people; they can find loopholes where none exist. They are only concerned with finding loopholes. I have come across one analysis of this metaphor. The philosopher says that Moses was hiding his face not because he did not want to prove his holiness to people but because he was afraid

that sooner or later the light would fade away and then where would his holiness be? So it was better for him to keep his face hidden so that nobody would ever come to know that the light had faded away.

Now you see the tricky mind, the cunning mind! The cunning mind always destroys; it is always destructive. Now a beautiful metaphor is turned into an ugly thing. Now Moses looks cunning, afraid, scared of the people -- because the light will fade away and when people see that the light has faded they will think, "Now Moses is no longer our prophet, our leader." Afraid of the future, he keeps his face covered so that he can go on deceiving people.

There are people who will find thorns in the roses and there are people who will find roses in the thorns. Belong to the second category if you ever want to know God, if you ever want to know the real meaningfulness of your life, the grandeur, the glory, the beauty of your being.

Don't be so concerned with your hopes. Existence does not oblige anybody, it never fulfills anybody's hopes; it goes on in its own way. You have to become attuned to it. Don't have any private goals, and you will have tremendous contentment. Don't struggle for private ambitions and egoistic ideas -- there is no need to prove anything, there is no need to be anything -- you are already that. God has made you in his own image. Nothing is lacking and nothing is missing.

You say: "Before, you touched me to tears, but they were tears of ecstasy, relief, the ones that flow when one listens to beautiful music."

I am still speaking the same words, it is the same music, but your interpretation has changed. Then, you were interpreting my words through your hopes; there was a curtain between me and you. Now, I am trying to pull away that curtain so that you can see me as I am and I can see you as you are.

The disciple and the master have to be utterly nude to each other, naked beings.
You say: "Now, even my love for you hurts."

Real love always hurts because it transforms. The love that you felt before was your imagination. Now something real is happening. It was *your* love, you had not known my love. It was your projection. Now I am here, present; I will destroy all your projections. I have to bring you down to earth. I am a very down-to-earth man, I am very pragmatic. I can't help your great ideals and dreams, they are all stupid -- the greater they are, the more stupid they are. I will destroy all your old-fashioned ecstasies and tears and emotionality and sentimentality.

Remember, to be sensitive does not mean to be sentimental. To be sensitive does not mean to be touchy. You must have been very touchy, moved by anything -- but you were moved by your own ideas, I was not part of it. Please don't blame me for your joy, for your ecstasy, for your hope, for those great tears that were coming to you listening to my music. Don't blame me for them. I am not responsible for them at all, but I am certainly responsible for the love that is hurting you now.

If you are courageous enough and you can absorb the hurt, the pain, the agony of transformation, you will feel grateful later on. Only later on you can feel grateful; right now it will be rough going.

You say: "My tears give no relief."

They won't give you any -- not anymore. I am here, I won't allow it!
"I cannot get in touch with my inner core."

Don't be worried about the inner core. Let me destroy your outer core and you will be in touch with your inner core; there is no problem about it. The first thing is to destroy the hard

crust that has grown around you, and it is hurting.

You would like to remain as you are *and* be in touch with your inner core; that is not possible. I am helpless, I cannot help you that way. I have to dismantle the whole house -- I don't believe in renovation. First the whole house, the whole rotten ruin has to be destroyed and removed.

But people love old, rotten things so much. They give them beautiful names -- antiques. I am not a lover of antiques, not at all. I love the new, the fresh, the young. I have heard:

There was an old church, so old that people stopped coming -- they were afraid it might fall down any moment. The priest was against making a new church.

Priests are always against the new, they are always for the old -- the older the better, because with the old they are safe, with the dead they are safe. They are priests of death not of life.

And the board of trustees was against it, too. They were all elderly people, the elder brothers of the community. But when everybody stopped coming and even the priest was afraid to enter.... Just a little bit of strong wind and the whole building would shake. It was so rotten that it was a miracle that it was standing at all.

Finally they had to call a meeting of the trustees. They met -- not inside the church but far away from the church -- and they decided a few things. The first resolution was: The old church has to be demolished. Unfortunately, we are helpless -- and it has to be done, God forgive us. The second proposal was: The new church will be built exactly on the old spot and exactly like the old church. And the third proposal was: The material of the old church -- the bricks, the doors, the windows, everything -- has to be used in the new church. Nothing new has to be used in the new church; it will be new in name only. Everything from the old church has to be used and the new church has to be made out of the old; nothing new has to be added. And the fourth proposal was: Unless the new is ready we will not demolish the old.

This is how the stupid human mind goes on working. This is how *your* mind works. This is how mind as such works.

Marion, don't be worried about the inner core. It is there; whether you know it or not it is there. You can't be without an inner core, and you can't know it unless the outer core is demolished. The bird cannot come out of the egg unless the egg is demolished, broken. Once the egg is broken the bird can be free. The bird can have the whole sky. It can be on its wings. Be a little patient.

Marion came just a few days ago. Just a few days ago she became a sannyasin. Don't be in such a hurry. Don't be so American!

A Frenchwoman was talking to an American woman. The Frenchwoman said, "The Frenchmen know how to love. First they kiss your forehead, then they kiss your cheeks, then they kiss your earlobes, then they kiss your neck, then they kiss your back...."

The American woman said, "Wait! By that time the American is back from his honeymoon!"

Don't be so American. Wait. Go slowly. Kiss the forehead and the eyes and the cheek.... Be a little French about it! What is the hurry? There are a few things which cannot be done in a hurry. Neither love can be done in a hurry nor prayer. Neither meditation can be done in a

hurry nor self-transformation. These are very very silent, slow processes. And the more patient you are, the faster they happen. The less patient you are, the longer they take.

The second question:

BELOVED OSHO,

THE OTHER DAY IN DISCOURSE YOU REFERRED TO THE JEWS AS BEING VERY INTELLIGENT PEOPLE. AT OTHER TIMES YOU HAVE DESCRIBED THE JEW NEGATIVELY AS THE CUNNING BUSINESSMAN. INTELLIGENCE SEEMS TO HAVE A POSITIVE AND A NEGATIVE ASPECT. PLEASE COMMENT.

Anand Akam, you got the point! But remember, you belong to the negative aspect.

Yes, intelligence, like everything else, has both possibilities: it can be positive, it can be negative. If intelligence is negative it is sheer cunningness; if intelligence is positive it is pure meditation. And the negative is easy because the negative is a fall, and the positive is difficult because the positive is an uphill task. The negative is easy because it asks no sacrifice from you, and the positive is arduous because it asks the ultimate sacrifice -- the sacrifice of the ego. The negative *supports* the ego and the positive is possible only when the ego is surrendered.

We have both kinds of Jews here. Akam, you belong to the negative. I am sorry to say it -- please forgive me. It is very difficult for negative people to forgive, too; they feel very offended.

But there are positive Jews also. You should move with some positive Jews, for example, Pradeepa -- she is a positive Jew. I have been joking about the Jews and so many letters come to me asking, "Are you against Jews?" Except for Pradeepa, all the Jews have raised the question at some time or other: "Are you against the Jews?" How can I be against the Jews? I myself am an old Jew... very ancient! You may be very new.

I am not against anybody nor am I for anybody; I am just exposing to you things which needed to be exposed, because only then you can get rid of them.

Yes, intelligence is cunningness if it starts falling downwards. And the fall is so easy and so ego-supporting and ego-nourishing that everybody, almost everybody, chooses the fall. To be cunning seems to be the only way to exist and survive in this world, because everybody else is cunning. If you are more cunning you can survive, if you are less cunning you will be exploited.

Cohen visited his doctor for a check-up. He carried with him a large amount of liquid specimen which the M.D. examined in his laboratory.

"Everything's fine," announced the physician. "Couldn't find a thing wrong with your specimen."

"No sugar? No albumen?" asked Cohen.

"None at all. You're okay."

"May I use your phone to call my wife?"

"Of course."

"Good news, dear," announced the Jew over the phone. "Neither you nor I nor the kids nor even Grandma have a thing the matter with us."

He had brought *everybody's* specimen!

During the reign of the gestapo in Germany, Schloss and Hirsch were walking along a Munich street, when an SS officer approached them. Schloss had proper credentials but Hirsch did not.

"Quick," said Hirsch, "you run that way. The nazi will follow you and I'll be able to get away."

Schloss tore off in the direction indicated, pursued by the SS man, while Hirsch escaped. When the nazi finally caught up with him, he demanded to see Schloss' papers. He saw that they were in order.

"So why did you run?" he asked.

"I just took a physic," said Schloss, "and my doctor told me to run after taking the medicine."

"But didn't you see me running after you?"

"Yeah, I thought maybe we both had the same doctor, and you took a physic too."

In this cunning world it seems that the only way to exist is to be more cunning. When everybody is exploiting everybody else, to be cunning seems to be an armor, so everybody becomes cunning.

Every child is born innocent, Akam, and every child becomes cunning, hypocritical, pseudo, deceptive. Every child is born a saint and every child turns into a scoundrel. Every child is born religious and every child becomes a politician. And that is the worst that can happen to a man.

Beware that to survive in the world should not be your goal, because even if you survive, death is going to come. Even if you have all the money possible, death is going to come. Even if you have all the power and all the prestige, it will all be bogus, because inside you are poor, empty.

The really intelligent person is one who discovers the inner treasures, who discovers the inner eternity, who discovers God. That's my definition of the intelligent person: one who discovers God. Unless you have discovered God don't think of yourself as an intelligent person. You may be intellectual but you will not be intelligent.

And to be intellectual is easy. You can go to the university and you can get a degree, a diploma. You can study the books, you can visit the libraries, and you can become acquainted with great words, great systems of thought. You can become a good talker, a good conversationalist, a good writer, author, philosopher, but still you will not be an intelligent person, remember.

Intelligence is possible only through meditation. When mind dissolves in meditation, when thoughts are no longer your constant obsession -- when you can put the thoughts aside whenever you want and you can move into inner emptiness at your own will, when you are not a victim of your mind but a master -- then you are intelligent.

And those are the moments when you discover who you are. You discover what this life is. You discover what the meaning of the word God is. You cannot find the meaning in the dictionaries, in the encyclopedias; it has to be found within your own being.

Akam, become positively intelligent. I have been watching you: from the very beginning, while you have been here you have been trying to be clever. And trying to be clever with me is utter stupidity! You can succeed with me only if you are totally innocent, otherwise there is no bridge between you and me. You are a sannyasin, but I have never really felt you as a sannyasin. To be true I have to say it. Maybe that shock will bring you alertness and you will

start looking at the whole thing that is happening between me and you. You are trying to be clever. And you are not alone in that, there are many, so don't feel lonely. Don't be clever with me, otherwise your being here with me is of no use.

This place only belongs to those who can trust, who can be innocent, who can be utterly childlike. Then great intelligence is released, and that intelligence will be a light into the darkness of your soul. That intelligence will become a lamp, and it will be able to guide you to the ultimate goal.

The third question:

BELOVED OSHO,

WHY WAS THE BUDDHA SO RELUCTANT TO ALLOW WOMEN INTO HIS SANGHA? WHY DID HE FEEL, WHAT DID HE FEEL ABOUT WOMEN?

Nandan, it must have been his experience with women. When I became enlightened I was only twenty-one and absolutely inexperienced about women, so I had no problem accepting women into my SANGHA. But when Buddha became enlightened he was forty years old.... Now you can understand. He had so much experience, poor man, that he wanted to save his disciples from the same experience.

Mulla Nasruddin becomes very much afraid whenever he is walking down the road, and if he sees any truck or bus coming towards him he starts trembling and perspiring.

One day I was walking with him along the road and I asked him, "What's the matter? Whenever a bus or a truck passes by you suddenly start perspiring and shaking and trembling."

He replied, "My wife ran away with a truck driver and every time I hear a horn I'm afraid he's bringing her back."

Buddha had much experience with women, much more than anybody else, much more than any other enlightened man in the world. Mahavira was Buddha's contemporary, but he did not object to women, he immediately accepted them. When they asked to be initiated he initiated them without any hesitation. Why did he not object? -- because he seems to be more of an ascetic type than Buddha. Buddha follows the middle way; Mahavira is an extremist, an utter extremist -- he is absolutely ascetic. According to him one has to go to the very extreme, one has to deny everything, renounce everything. Only then can the ultimate jump, the ultimate leap into the divine happen. Buddha is more relaxed about it. He says, "Follow the middle course. There is no need to go to the extreme. There is no need to be too worldly and there is no need to be too otherworldly. Just be in the middle."

One would have expected Buddha to allow women into his *sangha* more easily than Mahavira; but Mahavira allowed them with no hesitation -- not even a single time did he say no. The day the first woman asked, he immediately initiated her the same way that he initiated men. But Buddha continued to refuse women for at least ten years. He was almost forced, compelled, by his own disciples. They started crying and weeping and they said, "This is not right!" Still he would say, "I will think over it."

But finally, when his stepmother asked to be initiated, it was difficult for him to say no. His mother had died immediately after he was born, so in fact he knew nothing of his mother; he was brought up by his stepmother. The stepmother was his mother; he knew her as his

mother. And when the mother asks to be initiated, how can he say no? So reluctantly, not very happily.... And this conspiracy involving the mother was the strategy of other women and other disciples -- they persuaded the mother. "If you come to ask he will not be able to say no, and then the door will open. Then he will not be able to say no to any other woman." A conspiracy because of great compassion.

Why was Buddha so hesitant? For the simple reason.... You will have to go into the life story of Buddha to understand his psychology, to understand his mind, because even when you become enlightened you have to function through the mind, and the mind remains the old. The enlightenment is the same -- Mahavira, Buddha, Zarathustra, Jesus -- it makes no difference -- but the minds are different. And when they communicate with you the mind has to be used, and the mind is made up of the past. Buddha has a certain mind, Mahavira has a different mind.

What happened to Buddha was really very rare, unique. When he was born, all the great astrologers were called by his father to inquire what he was going to become. All the astrologers except the one who was the youngest raised two fingers.

The father asked, "What do you mean by two fingers?"

They said, "Either he is going to become a *chakravartin*, a world conqueror, a world emperor, who will rule all the six continents, or he is going to become a renunciate, a sannyasin, who will renounce the world and live like a beggar. These are the two possibilities. Both are open, and we cannot say decisively which is going to happen."

Then the father was very much afraid. He had been hoping for so long, and now, in his old age, the son was born -- it would have been better if he had not been born. In old age now, all his hopes were on him -- he was going to carry out all his incomplete ambitions -- and if he were to renounce the world that would be a great shock to him, he might die of the shock. He could not conceive or accept the possibility.

Very afraid, he asked Kondanna, the youngest astrologer who had raised one finger. He asked Kondanna, because although he was the youngest he was the most famous astrologer; his perception was the most clear. He was afraid because he was raising only one finger -- he might be raising it for sannyas, he might be raising it because he would become a great emperor, a *chakravartin*.

The king asked him, "What do you mean by raising one finger?"

Kondanna said, "It will hurt you, but I can't help it. Your son is going to become a sannyasin; it is absolutely certain. He will renounce the world, he will renounce the family, he will renounce the palaces and the kingdom, and he will move to the jungles to meditate, because he is destined to become the greatest Buddha."

The father started crying. He said, "Save him! I am ready to do anything."

Kondanna said, "I cannot help. This is absolutely destined. For many lives he has been searching and searching and searching; now the search has come to its ultimate peak. This is his last life. And I am not going to be part of distracting him."

Kondanna left, but the other old astrologers remained and they said, "There is a possibility. Don't be worried about this Kondanna; he is inexperienced. Although he is very famous, he is young. But we are more experienced, we know life more. We know that life is always a choice, nothing is so absolutely determined. Astrology can only indicate the alternatives vaguely. Astrology is not such an exact science that you can say, 'Two plus two is bound to be four.' Sometimes it is three, sometimes it is five. Don't be worried."

They consoled the king and they said to him, "Do one thing: from the very beginning keep him in such luxury, keep him in such comfort, that he never thinks about renouncing.

Let him become so accustomed to luxury and comfort that the very idea of going into the forest will scare him. Make him three palaces in different places for the three seasons, so that each season is beautiful for him."

Those three palaces were built in three different places. In summer he would be in a place almost like a hill station where there was no summer, where it was cool. In winter he would go to hotter places where it was warm. In the rains he would move to places where it was not too rainy -- just little showers once in a while -- and he would enjoy those little showers. Beautiful palaces with lakes, with gardens spreading for miles.

And the old people suggested, "Find the most beautiful women in the country. Let those beautiful women take care of him."

So all the beautiful women of the country were called, and they went into the service of Siddhartha, who was going to become the Buddha finally. He lived with women.

The astrologers said that he should never be allowed to see an old man, because that could raise the question in his mind: Am I also going to become old? "Never allow him to see anybody dead, not even a dead leaf"... because Lao Tzu had become enlightened by seeing a dead leaf falling from the tree. That was a very shaking incident, a tremendously important incident for Lao Tzu. Seeing the dead leaf he immediately thought, "I am also going to die one day like this leaf -- dust unto dust. Before that something has to be done. Before that I have to know if there is more to life, or only this mundane, superficial, so-called life. Is there something more than time?"

So they said, "Not even in his garden should he be allowed to see a dead leaf or a withering flower." And the king managed it that way -- I don't think anybody has lived in such luxury as Gautama the Buddha up to his twenty-ninth year. All the beautiful women were available to him. His whole day from morning to night was just a picnic, a holiday: dancing, singing, music -- beautiful women available, all the luxuries -- no problems, no anxieties. And it is basically because of this that he one day escaped -- he became fed up.

Too much luxury is a dangerous thing. It is easy to be poor and be in the world, because one goes on hoping. It is very difficult to be really rich and not to renounce the world, because richness is far more frustrating than anything else. When you have all the riches and you see that you are as miserable as before, the riches lose all meaning.

Arnold has written one of the most beautiful books on Buddha, *The Light of Asia*, in which he depicts the scene when Buddha leaves the house, the palace. Up to twelve o'clock in the late night there were dance and music and beautiful women dancing around him. Then it was too late, he fell asleep and the women also fell asleep in the same room.

In the middle of the night -- it was a fullmoon night: the moon was peeking through the window, the moonlight was coming into the room -- Buddha looked around at the beautiful faces. Some mouths were open and the saliva was flowing out -- and it was disgusting. Some women were snoring -- beautiful musicians and yet snoring so loudly and with such ugliness that he felt very disgusted. He went around the room -- it was a chaos. All those beautiful women he saw for the first time in their reality. Their makeup was gone, their false eyelashes had fallen; he could see how they really looked. He left the palace that very night.

And just think of a man who had lived for twenty-nine years with women -- and only women.... That must have been the cause.

You ask me: "Why was the Buddha so reluctant to allow women into his sangha?"

Out of compassion for the poor *bhikkhus*, the sannyasins, because he knew they could become victims. They had not lived in such luxury. Many of them had not known the reality of women.

Sick of American bigotry and of his nagging wife, Ashford went to New Guinea and became a cannibal. Six months later his wife tracked him down with a non-support summons. There was only one thing to do: he ate her. Guess what? She still disagreed with him!

Too much experience of the other sex is boring. And it is not so just with women, it is the same with men. If Buddha had been a woman he would have been reluctant to initiate men. So what I am saying has nothing to do with women as such; it is just an accident that he was a man. If he had not been a man, if he had been a woman who had lived with men for twenty-nine years, the same would have happened. He would not have easily allowed men into his sangha.

An elderly Englishman was sitting quietly in his London club when an old friend came up and said, "Sorry, old boy, to hear that you buried your wife yesterday." "Had to," replied the other man. "Dead, you know."

The fourth question:

BELOVED OSHO,

DOES HELL REALLY EXIST?

Yes! In the beginning God wanted to create hell, but after creating India he changed his mind. Once he created India it was useless to create hell, it was a sheer waste of time and space. And you are here in India, and still you ask: "Does hell really exist...?"

It is all over the place. India is very representative: it represents hell. Starvation, misery, poverty. And not only that -- tremendous stupidity. People cling to their poverty, to their starvation. Not only do they cling, but they rationalize it, they make much out of it, they brag about it. They think that to be poor is something spiritual, to be ill and starved seems to be something holy.

Count Keyserling came to India. His son's son is one of my sannyasins now. In his diary he writes: In India I realized that to be poor is to be spiritual, to be ill is to be spiritual, to be starved is to be spiritual.

More than the poverty, more than the starvation, more than the misery, it is the stupidity that creates hell. India clings to its misery, it brags about it. It thinks: The whole world is worldly except us. We are religious people, we are otherworldly.

You have to be otherworldly, because that is your only hope. This world you have made so ugly, this life you are living in such misery, that it will be impossible for you to live at all if this is the only life. You have to project your ideas to the life after death.

So Indians are always thinking about life after death. Indians come to me and they ask, "What happens after death?"

I tell them, "Don't talk nonsense -- ask what happens *before* death. The real question is before death, not after death. And whatsoever happens before death will continue to happen after death. Don't be worried about it."

But I can understand why they don't ask about life. They have all settled for the ugliness of it, they are not ready to change it. This is hell, and created by the people themselves. No devil is responsible for it.

You can change it. Even if there is a hell, if the right people go there they will change it. I have heard a story:

An atheist asked a priest... because the priest had said in his discourse that day that people who believe in God and who do virtuous deeds go to heaven, and people who don't believe in God and who are sinners go to hell.

An atheist raised his hand and asked, "Sir, one question has to be solved then. What about those people who don't believe in God and yet do virtuous deeds, where will they go? And what about those people who believe in God and yet are sinners, where will they go?"

The priest was at a loss, naturally. If he says that the virtuous people will go to hell because they don't believe in God, it doesn't look right. Then what is the point of being virtuous? Then just believe in God and enjoy all the sins you can enjoy. Why bother about being virtuous? If he says that those people will go to heaven who believe in God and who are still sinners, then just belief is enough. So God is not interested in what you do, he is not interested in your acts. You can kill, you can be a Genghis Khan or an Adolf Hitler, if you still believe in God.

And Adolf Hitler believed in God, remember. Genghis Khan believed in God, remember: before massacring thousands of people, every day in the early morning he would recite the Koran. The first thing was *namaz*, prayer, and then he would go into all kinds of ugly things, unimaginable butchery.

The priest must have been a very sensitive person, alert. He said, "Please give me time. The question is difficult, it is not so easy. Next Sunday I will answer."

Those seven days were really hell for the priest; he tried this way and that, but nothing was going to work. Sunday arrived, and he knew the atheist would be there, but not to turn up would be humiliating. So he came a little early to pray to Jesus Christ, "Help me! I am your servant, I have been speaking on your behalf. Now help me -- what is the clue? This man has created such trouble!"

Praying to Christ -- and for seven days he had not slept, thinking the whole night, thinking the whole day -- he fell asleep before the statue of Christ and he had a dream. In the dream he saw a train ready to leave for heaven. He jumped in. He said, "This is perfectly right. Why shouldn't I go there and see with my own eyes? If I see Adolf Hitler, Genghis Khan, Tamburlaine, in heaven, then the question is solved. Or if I see Socrates, who did not believe in God but was one of the most virtuous of men, if I see Gautama the Buddha, who did not believe in God but was one of the most godly persons who ever walked on the earth, then the question is solved."

He rushed into the train and the train left. He reached heaven. He was a little surprised, puzzled, because heaven did not look very heavenly; it was very sad, dull and damp -- no joy, nothing sunny, no song. He had heard so much about the angels who go on playing on their harps and singing and dancing. No harps, no singing, no dancing. Just a few stupid-looking saints sitting underneath their trees covered with dust.

He inquired -- he went to the stationmaster and asked, "Is there some mistake? Is this really heaven?"

The stationmaster said, "Yes, and there is no mistake."

But the priest said, "It looks more like hell! Is there any train leaving for hell? -- because I would like to see hell, too, then I can compare."

He got a reservation, went to hell -- and he was really more surprised than he was seeing heaven. There was joy, there was song and music -- all was sunny and bright. People were

working, people had lights in their eyes. No devil, no hellfire, nobody torturing -- nothing. So he inquired: "This looks more like heaven!"

And the stationmaster said, "Yes, now it does, but before it used to be just the way it is described in your scriptures. Since Buddha, Mahavira and Socrates came here, they have transformed it."

A very rich man who was about to die asked his wife to promise to bury him without any clothes on. He was such a miserly man, that he thought: Why not save the clothes?

The wife was shocked, but he said, "Listen, I know which way I'm going. I won't need clothes down there, it's too hot."

When he eventually passed over, his wife kept her promise. A few days later, just as the widow was preparing to go to bed one evening, the man's ghost appeared through the window and said, "Get out my winter underwear and my tweed overcoat, darling. There are so many rich people in hell now that they've installed air-conditioning!"

It all depends on you. Hell is not part of geography, it is part of your psychology, and so is heaven. You create your hell, you create your heaven. And it is not in the future. Herenow somebody is living in heaven and somebody is living in hell -- and they may be sitting together, they may be friends.

Right now, I say to you, I am in heaven, and I am inviting you to come into my space and share it. That's what sannyas is all about: an invitation given, an invitation received: an invitation from my side and a gesture from your side that "yes, I am willing to come into your space."

Don't be worried about hell and heaven; they are just your states. If you live in the mind, you live in hell. If you live in the no-mind, you live in heaven.

The fifth question:

BELOVED OSHO,

SOMEONE HAS TOLD YOU THAT THE BUICK IS THE PIMP'S CAR, AND NOW THE NEWS I BREAK IS THAT THE CADILLAC IS THE PIMP'S CAR, AT LEAST IN NEW YORK CITY AND OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA! SO, HOW ABOUT A LINCOLN CONTINENTAL MARK IV, LIKE THE CARS THE US PRESIDENTS RIDE IN?

Kavita, that is far worse! Then I would like to go back to my Impala and be a plumber. That's what I am: a plumber of the mind, a plumber of the soul!

But it seems no car is going to work out. In fact, I need an orange elephant!

The last question:

BELOVED OSHO,

WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY?

Sudarshan, philosophy is an obsession with words. The word God becomes more significant than the experience of God; that is philosophy. Philosophers ask: What do you mean when you use the word God? What do you mean when you use the word truth? What

do you mean when you use the word good? What do you mean when you use the word love?

Philosophy is more or less a linguistic phenomenon, a question of language and grammar, of hair-splitting and shadow-boxing. It is not concerned with reality at all. It talks *about* reality. But remember, to talk about reality is one thing and to move into reality is quite another. Philosophy is talk, religion is experience.

My interest is in religion, not in philosophy at all.

Noah Webster's neighbor came into the pantry and found him kissing the pretty chambermaid.

"My, Mr. Webster!" she exclaimed. "I am surprised!"

"No, my dear," said Mr. Webster with a reproofing smile. "You are astounded, I am surprised."

It is only a question of words -- the reality is put aside. Webster is a linguist, a great grammarian. He changes the words, he says, "No, my dear, you are astounded. You are using the wrong word when you say 'I am surprised.' *You* are astounded, I am surprised."

The emphasis -- you see the emphasis -- is no longer upon the act of kissing the pretty maid, the emphasis is on the wrong word or the right word.

Philosophers go on and on with words, and words have their own way. One word brings another word, and so on and so forth. You can go on and on ad infinitum; there is no end to words. You can fabricate, manufacture, new words, and you can create such a fuss about words that you can mystify people. Philosophy is a mind trick, a very sophisticated trick but a mind trick.

Religion has nothing to do with philosophy, religion is just a totally different dimension. It is going beyond words, it is reaching into experience. Religion is existential, philosophy is intellectual. And you can't understand even a small thing like a roseflower intellectually.

If you try to understand the roseflower and its beauty intellectually, either you have to say that the beauty is indefinable -- that is another way of saying that it is unthinkable -- or you have to say there is no beauty at all; it is all projection, it is all illusion. These are the only two alternatives for philosophy.

The philosopher says, "God is an illusion, truth is an illusion, love is an illusion" -- he tries to prove everything is illusion -- and then suddenly he is at a loss what to do; he is in a deep misery, in great frustration. Life seems to be just a chaos with no meaning to it. Then suicide seems to be the only outlet from this whole mess.

Many philosophers think of committing suicide and many commit suicide, too. And those who cannot commit suicide -- they go mad. Just in between the two, neither alive nor dead, just hanging in limbo, that is madness.

G. E. Moore has written a great book, as far as books are concerned, *Principia Ethica*. For two hundred pages he discusses what 'good' is. If somebody asks me, "What is good?" I will say, "It is indefinable" -- right now, immediately. But he comes to the conclusion that it is indefinable after two hundred pages -- and two hundred pages of great logic. He was one of the greatest logicians of this age.

These three names are very important: G. E. Moore, Bertrand Russell, Ludwig Wittgenstein.

Two hundred pages of great hard work -- so much perspiration and nothing of inspiration! -- and then the conclusion is that good is indefinable, because good is a simple quality like yellow. How can you define yellow? Yellow is yellow. What more you can say about

yellow? But do you *have* to go through this hell of two hundred pages just to come to the simple conclusion that life is indefinable, it is mysterious -- what the mystic has always been saying?

You cannot demystify life. Yes, you can enjoy it, you can go deep into the mystery and become part of it, you can dance it, you can sing it, you can celebrate it, but you cannot *understand* it.

Philosophy tries to understand and comes to no understanding. Religion *never* tries to understand and comes to deep understanding.

Beware of words! Words are very enchanting, hypnotizing. Sometimes you can get caught into a whole net of words.

Two ladies conducting a school survey ring a doorbell which is answered by a man who has been taking a shower and who is covering himself with only a newspaper. He tells them that he is Peter Pepperpod, wife Pauline, sons Paul and Peter Jr., both in your school. "I'm a peanut packer for Planter's Peanuts and poke around in part-time party planning on the side."

Later one of the ladies goes to the toilet at the first filling station they pass and does not return for fifteen minutes. She explains to the other, "I just sat there and got to thinking about that personable Mr. Peter Pepperpod, the peanut packer for Planter's Peanuts and part-time party planner, standing there with his pert, petrified pivot poking through the paper, and it just made my pussy pucker with such peccability that I couldn't hardly precipitate!"

This is what philosophy is!
Enough for today.

The White Lotus

Chapter #9

Chapter title: Only In Silence

8 November 1979 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 7911080

ShortTitle: WLOTUS09

Audio: Yes

Video: No

QUESTION: ARE THERE FAST AND SLOW WAYS OF ATTAINMENT?

ANSWER: IF ONE SEES THAT ENDLESS TIME IS THE MIND, HE WILL ATTAIN QUICKLY, BUT IF HE MAKES A POINT IN HIS MIND AND AIMS AT HIS DESTINATION, HE WILL ATTAIN SLOWLY. THE WISE ONE KNOWS HIS MIND IS THE PATH; THE STUPID ONE MAKES A PATH BEYOND HIS MIND. HE DOES NOT KNOW WHERE THE PATH IS NOR DOES HE KNOW THAT MIND ITSELF IS THE PATH.

QUESTION: WHY DOES ONE ATTAIN QUICKLY?

ANSWER: BECAUSE MIND IS THE BODY OF THE PATH, THEREFORE IS QUICKLY REACHED. STUPID ONES MARK THEIR OWN TIME STARTING ACCORDING TO THAT STANDARD, THEREFORE THEY MUST MAKE THEIR OWN DESTINATION ACCORDING TO THEIR OWN DELUSIONS.

QUESTION: WHAT PART OF THE MIND IS THE BODY OF THE PATH?

ANSWER: MIND IS LIKE THE WOOD OR STONE FROM WHICH A PERSON CARVES AN IMAGE. IF HE CARVES A DRAGON OR A TIGER, AND SEEING IT FEARS IT, HE IS LIKE A STUPID PERSON CREATING A PICTURE OF HELL AND THEN AFRAID TO FACE IT. IF HE DOES NOT FEAR IT, THEN HIS UNNECESSARY THOUGHTS WILL VANISH. PART OF THE MIND PRODUCES SIGHT, SOUND, TASTE, ODOR AND SENSIBILITY, AND FROM THEM RAISES GREED, ANGER AND IGNORANCE WITH ALL THEIR ACCOMPANYING LIKES AND DISLIKES. THUS IS PLANTED THE SEED, WHICH GROWS TO GREAT SUFFERING. IF ONE REALIZES THAT FROM THE BEGINNING MIND ESSENCE IS EMPTY AND QUIET, HE SHOULD KNOW NO SPECIFIC TIME OR PLACE. INSTEAD HE MAKES AN IMAGE OF A TIGER, LION, DRAGON, DEMON, WARRIOR OR OTHER MONSTER, RECOGNIZES THEM BY COMPARISON AND PRODUCES LIKES AND DISLIKES. IF HE KNOWS THAT FROM THE BEGINNING THERE IS NO SUCH THING, THEN HE SHOULD KNOW THAT MIND ESSENCE IS NOT FORMED, THEREFORE THESE IMAGES ARE NOTHING BUT ILLUSIONS. WHEN HE REALIZES THIS FACT, HE WILL BE EMANCIPATED AT THAT INSTANT.

QUESTION: WHAT IS THE NATURAL, SIMPLE MIND, AND WHAT IS THE ARTIFICIAL, COMPLICATED MIND?

ANSWER: LETTERS AND SPEECHES COME FROM THE ARTIFICIAL, COMPLICATED MIND. BOTH IN THE MATERIAL AND IMMATERIAL WORLD A PERSON STAYS OR GOES, SITS OR LIES DOWN, AND MOVES INNOCENTLY, OR, IT CAN BE SAID, IN THE NATURAL, SIMPLE MIND. WHEN ONE REMAINS UNMOVED BY PLEASURE OR SUFFERING, HIS MIND MAY BE CALLED THE NATURAL, SIMPLE MIND.

Mind is the problem and mind is also the solution.

Mind as an ego is the problem; mind without any ego is the solution. Mind with a lower case m is the problem; mind with a capital M is the solution. Mind with a lower case m is part of personality; mind with a capital M is universal. It is not yours, it is not mine; it is nobody's or it is everybody's. The universal mind contains all consciousness.

The other way to say it, which is the Zen way, is: the mind is the problem and the no-mind is the solution. No-mind is simply another way of saying the cosmic mind, the universal mind. The 'no' denies the ego not the mind, remember it. The 'no' denies the personal not the universal. The 'no' simply denies all limitations and helps you to become as infinite as you really are.

This is the most fundamental truth about the buddhas. Their work consists of helping you to dissolve the personal mind, which is like a dewdrop, in the universal, which is the oceanic.

A few people have called that mind 'God' -- that oceanic mind. The name is beautiful, but it has created its own problems. The moment you call it God, the idea of worship, churches, temples, rituals, arises, and the lower mind comes in from the back door. You become a Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan, and you are again caught in the same chains -- maybe colored differently -- and you are again imprisoned. Again you become defined and limited, again you lose contact with the whole.

The personal is the illusory; it is the personal that makes you an idiot. The universal is the truth. Unless one is ready to die into the universal one cannot attain to truth.

Truth is a death -- the death of the egoistic mind -- although it is also a resurrection -- the resurrection into the universal. You die as a person and you are reborn as God, as a buddha, as a christ. Hence the path consists of understanding the mind and its functioning. The egoistic mind wants to keep itself constantly occupied. That is one of its ways to deceive you: it keeps you so occupied that you don't have any time to look in. All occupation is extrovert. To look in means to be unoccupied; there is no 'inner occupation' as such. And if you are occupied in an inward way too, then you are deceiving yourself.

You may be chanting a mantra inside, but chanting a mantra inside simply deceives you because you are not the mantra and the mantra is still outside you. It may not be outside your body but it is outside your consciousness. You can witness your chanting, you can see your chanting, you can observe it. That means you are outside it and it is outside you. All occupation is nonmeditative.

Hence Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's transcendental meditation is a false phenomenon; it is neither transcendental nor meditation. It is simply changing one occupation for another occupation. Somebody is singing a film song and somebody is chanting the name of God; there is no difference in essence -- both are occupied.

This is the first thing to be understood if you really want to go beyond the mind, the so-called ordinary mind, and reach the universal. And to reach the universal is enlightenment; to remain confined to the lower is ignorance.

The first lesson is to learn how to be unoccupied, even for a few moments; just no occupation, inner or outer -- because all are outer occupations, even the so-called inner ones. No occupation, and immediately you are beyond the ordinary mind. You go beyond limitations, you go beyond boundaries. Suddenly you become the ocean; the dewdrop disappears. In that oceanic experience one is freed, liberated.

The ordinary mind always wants business; any kind of business is okay. Give it business. Have some target, some goal -- money, power, prestige; and if you are tired of all that, then

meditation, God, paradise, truth. But again you are substituting old goals with new goals, old ambitions with new ambitions; nothing has radically changed. You remain the same, your gestalt remains the same; just the object is changed. And because of the change of object you can feel very spiritual, very holy.

The mind is cunning. Be aware that it can exist only when you are in business, when you are busy. When you are not busy it evaporates, it cannot exist without business. Hence people are busy even without business.

The co-ed was lying with her boyfriend and was trying to make an impression on her eager young date: "So you're named Tom. I know George means lover of horses, and Philip means beloved, and Don means chief. Do you know what Tom means?"

"Business, baby, business!"

But that's exactly what the mind means: constant business, day in, day out. If you are awake there is business, if you are asleep there is business. You may be dreaming, but it is business.

Mind does not leave you even a few moments of open sky, unclouded, so that you can see the reality as it is. It keeps your eyes clouded, full of dust: the dust of desire, the dust of thought, the dust of memory, imagination. And these layers and layers of dust have completely covered your mirrorlike consciousness which is capable of reflecting all. It always keeps you somewhere else. It never allows you to be herenow, because to be herenow means to be unoccupied. That is the second lesson to be learned.

Hence the insistence of all the buddhas on living in the present, on being present to the present. Mind can only remain occupied either in the past or in the future. How can it become occupied in the present? It is impossible. The present simply destroys the ego; the present takes away all the rubbish from your mind, all the junk. It simply leaves you open, available, vulnerable, receptive; thrilled, ecstatic, of course, but not occupied.

Whenever you are here and now, you are not. Let me repeat it: whenever you are here and now, you are not; God is, buddhahood is. ... Because here and now your small mind cannot exist; it melts, it disappears.

The mind can exist only with the nonexistential. A rare phenomenon, a contradiction on the surface: the mind can exist only with the nonexistential -- because the mind itself is nonexistential, it feeds on the nonexistential.

There are two things which are the most nonexistential in the world: one is the past, which is no more; the other is the future, which is not yet. The mind exists on these two props: the 'no more' and the 'not yet'. And between the two is the small interval, the atomic interval. It is so small that unless you are absolutely alert and aware you are bound to miss it.

To be in the present means not to be. And not to be is the door to God, the door to truth, the door to reality.

These are simple statements if understood. But we go on pretending to understand without understanding, because understanding seems to be risky, dangerous, deathlike. And, in a way, it is. To understand rightly how the mind exists is to prepare for your death.

Sannyas is death; it has always been so. Hence only the few courageous people who can enter on the path -- people who are so deeply in love with truth that they are ready to sacrifice themselves. Whatsoever the cost they are ready to pay for it, because they are fed up with the lies of life.

Ginzburg comes home early from work one day, sure that his wife has a lover. He searches the house in a mad frenzy. Sure enough he discovers a little man huddled among the clothes in the closet.

"What the hell are you doing here?" screams Ginzburg.

"Well, we all have to be somewhere," replies the culprit.

The mind has to be somewhere -- either in the past or in the future. If you take those two props away from it, it can't exist. It simply falls flat on the ground. It dies immediately. It cannot breathe -- not even for a single moment.

This is the way of meditation: encountering the present in all its tremendous beauty, just being in the present. Inside, the mind stops. Outside, the world changes totally. It is no more the ordinary world you have known before. In fact, you have not known it at all. Your mind was distorting everything, your mind was creating fantasies. Your eyes were full of fantasies and you were looking through those fantasies. They never allowed you to see that which is. If the mind is gone, even for a moment, suddenly the whole existence explodes upon you.

Norman lay naked on the grass in a secluded part of the park, a dazed but oddly happy expression on his face.

"What happened?" asked the cop.

"I was -- uh -- minding my own business," mumbled the man, "when a gang of sorority girls from Vassar came along and jumped me and -- uh -- tore off my clothes. And then...."

"And then what?"

"And then all heaven broke loose!"

That may have happened to Norman or may not have happened, but it happens when the mind is absolutely unoccupied, when the mind is utterly in the moment, when it is nowhere else but here and now. And to be here and now, let me remind you, means it is no more. Yes, then all heaven breaks loose. Suddenly white lotuses start showering on you. Your whole life has a totally different quality to it. Then whatsoever you touch becomes gold and whatsoever you see is simply incredible, unbelievable. Mind goes on giving you ideas about the reality, but those are the MIND'S ideas and mind is utterly idiotic. To believe in your own mind is the most foolish thing in the world which one can do, but because you want to believe in your own importance you go on believing in your own mind. And the mind is very clever at arguing its case. Even if it doesn't argue, because you want to believe that you are someone special, extraordinary, superior, holier, and the mind knows your weaknesses....

Just the other day I was reading a statement of Idi Amin's. He says he is the most beautiful man in the world. Just think of Idi Amin's face! But he says, "Because the journalists are against me, they print my pictures to make me look as if I am a monkey."

The person who was interviewing him asked, "On what grounds do you say that you are the most beautiful man in the world?"

He said, "My mother says so, my wife says so, and my other wives also" -- because he has many wives -- "my girlfriends say so. They say that I am the most beautiful man in the world, and why should they be lying?"

You see the argument! Every mother says to her child, "You are the most beautiful person" -- and every wife and every husband and every friend. But if you want to believe it... and we want to believe it! Now, if even Idi Amin can believe that he is the most beautiful man in the world, then you can believe anything.

And I agree with him that he does not look like a monkey. He looks like a gorilla, or even worse... because in the same statement he says that he has tasted human flesh. And he can say with authority that it is the most delicious thing he has ever tasted. The deliciousness of human flesh is such, he says, that to express it is impossible; it is an inexpressible experience. Now this man thinks of himself as the most beautiful man in the world! But everybody thinks so. Don't laugh at Idi Amin -- that is everybody's mind. He is foolish enough to make such statements. People don't make such statements, but deep down they know....

A certain rich American lady was visiting an Indian guru who accounted himself as the greatest of all. He had been told in advance that she was thinking of making a very large donation to his work.

When the time came for the guru to appear at his darshan -- reception time -- he saw this visitor in the crowd which had come to pay its respects.

"Yes?" he said to her at once.

"Who is the greatest man in the world?" she asked.

"Coca cola," answered the guru without a moment's hesitation.

Afterwards his chief assistant asked him why he had given such a strange answer. "What secret wisdom is this, O Great Master?"

"Well," said the mahatma, "I, of course, knew that the greatest man in the world is me. But when I saw from the inscription on her T-shirt that she respected someone else, I said to myself, 'Business is business! After all, he's probably dead, so there's no harm in honoring him!'"

Everybody knows deep down in himself that he is the greatest. It is not only Idi Amin or Muhammad Ali who think they are the greatest; every idiot thinks that way. That is the very essence of the idiotic mind.

Buddhas think of themselves as being just ordinary -- the really great think of themselves as being just ordinary. There is no inferiority complex in them and no superiority complex either. The really great man is without an inferiority or superiority complex -- because those two complexes are not two but two sides of the same coin. It is the inferior man who pretends to be superior. It is the inferior man who in pretending to be superior comes across so many problems where he cannot prove his superiority -- he fails so many times -- that inferiority arises in him. They are not different: inferiority projects superiority. When you cannot prove your superiority you fall into a deep depression and you start feeling inferior. But a really alert man is neither. He simply *is*, and that is more than enough.

Don't listen to the mind and what it says to you. It is going to give you wrong information; it is bound to give you notions which are not real. It creates hallucinations around you. Not only in the night does it create dreams, but even in the day it keeps you dreaming. Close your eyes at any moment and you will see subtle dreams passing as undercurrents beneath you. On the surface you remain occupied with things, doing your business, but deep down the mind goes on creating its own dreams. It is constantly keeping you unconscious, sleepy. Beware of these simple facts, and then Bodhidharma's words will be very clear to you.

The first question: ARE THERE FAST AND SLOW WAYS OF ATTAINMENT?

Bodhidharma has said to the inquirer that there is no attainment. All that is attained is

already contained by you. It is only discovered, not attained -- or, not even discovered but only remembered, recognized, because you are carrying everything that you can ever be. And if you are not that, that simply means that you are trying to be somebody else.

And that's what you have been taught. You have been taught to be like Christ, to be like Buddha, to be like Krishna, to be like Mohammed. And you have been trying -- very religiously, very sincerely -- and all that has happened through that effort is that you have become pseudo, false, phony. You can't be Christ, you can't be Buddha, you can't be Krishna. You cannot imitate anybody else, you can only be yourself. And that is more than enough -- you are God! You have only to accept your reality as it is, without distorting it, without painting your face like a buddha; that won't help. Real life is not a drama. You need not rehearse it, you need not practice it.

Bodhidharma has said there is no attainment as such. Nothing has to be attained, because you have not lost anything at all. You are already that which you want to be, which you long to be. So it is not a question of attainment, it is just an inquiry into your own being: "Who am I?" That's enough.

But the questioner brings the question from another angle. Now he asks:

ARE THERE FAST AND SLOW WAYS OF ATTAINMENT?

If there is no attainment, how can there be slow or fast ways? But he has missed that ultimate truth. Seeing that he has missed it, Bodhidharma gives him something less than the ultimate.

The masters have to look at you; they can't give you that which you cannot absorb. Their first effort is always to give you the purest truth, the absolute truth -- truth and nothing else -- but when they see that it is impossible for you to receive, then they have to come down a little bit to become more available to you. Their compassion is such that if it is needed they will come down to the very level where you stand so that they can talk to you as friends, so that you can understand.

You can understand only that which is given to you on the same plane that you exist on.

A Zen master was again and again caught stealing small things, so small -- a button, somebody's needle, one shoe, somebody's cap.... And he was such a respected master that his disciples said, "Why do you go on doing such ridiculous things? What is the purpose of it all? We are ready to give you whatsoever you need -- you need not steal!"

But the master used to laugh and not say a thing. Again and again he would be imprisoned for a few days, come out, steal again and be imprisoned again.

When he was dying, the disciples asked, "Sir, now please tell us the secret."

He said, "The secret is very simple. I wanted to help the prisoners in the jail, and they could understand me only if I was also a prisoner. There was no other way to help them. I had to fall to their level so that I could help them to rise to my plane."

He must have been a tremendously compassionate buddha, falling to the level of the prisoners to help them... because they will not understand a saint, they will not understand a Zen master; they can only understand a thief. They know the language, and with a thief they can communicate. And the Zen master really transformed many. He continued to come to the jail again and again, but the people with whom he communicated in the jail never came back again. He liberated many people.

And, dying, he said, "The same is the case with the world too. A buddha is born, just like

everybody else, from the same womb; he grows in the same way, eats, sleeps, lives in the same way. Because this world is a big prison, he comes into this prison to help other prisoners to escape. You can't help the prisoners to escape unless you become friendly with them. And they will be friendly only if you exist on *their* plane, otherwise they will always be suspicious of you. You will remain an outsider and they will not take you inside their heart."

Bodhidharma has said the ultimate truth: There is nothing to be attained, no goal to be reached, no target. Life is a playful creativity with no goal as such. It is not going anywhere, it is not moving in any direction. It is a playful energy. It is just energy dancing for no purpose, for the simple joy of dancing. Existence is a dance.

But that has not been understood; the question has come again. Now he has to answer it on a lower plane.

Bodhidharma says:

IF ONE SEES THAT ENDLESS TIME IS THE MIND, HE WILL ATTAIN QUICKLY, BUT IF HE MAKES A POINT IN HIS MIND AND AIMS AT HIS DESTINATION, HE WILL ATTAIN SLOWLY. THE WISE ONE KNOWS HIS MIND IS THE PATH; THE STUPID ONE MAKES A PATH BEYOND HIS MIND. HE DOES NOT KNOW WHERE THE PATH IS NOR DOES HE KNOW THAT MIND ITSELF IS THE PATH.

Although he speaks in the language of the inquirer, he still goes on giving hints of the beyond. It is not pure, uncontaminated truth. The sun is there, but the clouds are also there. If you are intelligent enough you can look at the sun and you need not be occupied with the clouds, but if you are not so intelligent then this is the only way. You are interested in clouds, then clouds have to be given to you. Maybe through the clouds, one day accidentally you will become aware of the reality of the sun.

IF ONE SEES THAT ENDLESS TIME IS THE MIND....

This is something to be understood. Buddha says so, Bodhidharma says so, I say so: that mind and time are not two things. *Your* mind, the finite mind, the mind that we know as the ego, is nothing but time. Hence, when the mind disappears, eternity opens up, timelessness opens up.

IF ONE SEES THAT ENDLESS TIME IS THE MIND...

... that it is mind that creates endless time, that it is the mind's creation, innovation.... Why does mind create time? -- because it cannot exist otherwise; it needs time to exist. Past is time, future is time; the present is not time, the present is not created by the mind. The present is the nature of universal mind, of cosmic mind. It has nothing to do with your mind. Your mind fabricates the future, fabricates the past.

You will be surprised to know that whatsoever you remember about the past is not factual, it is very fictitious. Every person in his old age starts thinking that his childhood was very beautiful: "My childhood... those were the days, *real* days, golden days." But ask any child, and no child is going to say to you, "These are the golden days." Every child wants to grow up quickly, soon, because he can see grownups enjoy life, he can see that grownups are powerful. He can see that he is being dominated, pulled, pushed -- forced to do things that he does not want to do. He wants to be grown up as soon as possible. All his prayers are that this

childhood should finish. He wants to be powerful, dominating.

And small children try in every possible way to pretend, at least to themselves, that they are grownups. If the father is not at home they will sit in his chair with the same gesture. They may smoke his cigar the same way the father does. They may not be able to read the newspaper -- they may be holding it upside down -- but they will hold the newspaper the same way the father does, because these are signs of grownup people.

One day, twenty years ago, I went for a morning walk and I saw a child, not more than six or seven years old, with a false mustache -- and he was walking with such grandeur! Seeing me he became ashamed and ran away inside his house. I followed him. He closed the door. I knocked on the door. His father opened the door; then everything was plain: his father also had the same type of mustache -- real, of course.

I asked, "Where is your son? I want to see him."

He brought the son out; he had taken off the mustache. I asked him, "Where is the mustache, and why were you wearing it?"

He said, "I was pretending to be my daddy, and I enjoy it. I have to go out very early in the morning so nobody watches."

Small children are always trying to become bigger. But later on these same people will say that their childhood was the real golden age. It is a fiction: they are creating it, it is not real memory.

Hence, I don't believe in autobiographies, not at all, because people write autobiographies in their late seventies, eighties, and they are reporting about what happened seventy years ago. Seventy years have passed and now they are reporting. That whole report is false, fictitious. They are creating their childhood as they would have wanted it to be, although they do it very unconsciously -- it is not that they are consciously trying to deceive anybody. They brag about their childhood and their achievements and their schooldays and university days, and they go on bragging. Sometimes the bragging can take the form of condemnation too; that too is a way of bragging.

Saint Augustine writes about his childhood and his youth in such a condemnatory way that you will be puzzled. You will think, "At least he must be right, because he proves himself to be the greatest sinner possible." But that is just a strategy of the mind. First he proves that he was such a great sinner, and then he is transformed. Naturally, when a great sinner is transformed he becomes a greater saint. If you are an ordinary sinner and you become transformed, your saintliness also is going to be ordinary; it will be in the same proportion.

Mahatma Gandhi writes about his childhood and youth in a very derogatory way. He follows Saint Augustine -- because everything depends on that. He paints it so dark and dismal and black that with that background just a little white paint will show and shine like silver. The only way to prove that you are a great mahatma is first to prove that you have been a great sinner -- the greatest. But the ego is such that even when you are talking about sin you cannot be moderate, you have to be the greatest sinner. The greatest saint or the greatest sinner -- nobody wants to be mediocre. If you are a sinner, just an ordinary sinner, it hurts.

People create their past. I don't think there is a single autobiography which is really true. There can't be, because our later experiences go on interpreting, reinterpreting, our past. We go on touching up the pictures so much that the original pictures are lost completely; something else appears. We have painted those pictures with new insights, new experiences,

so often, that they are no more true.

We create the past, and we live in the past; that is one dimension of time. The other dimension is the future: we create the future and we live in the future. Of course, we have more freedom with the future because there is nothing there, it is all empty. We can make anything of the future. Hence, you just sit silently any day and think of your future, and you become the president or the prime minister. Just allow the mind a free flow and you will be surprised: soon you are Alexander the Great, you are the greatest emperor in the world. You will laugh later on, but the mind was doing it and the mind is constantly doing it. Everybody imagines his future, everybody creates his past.

Time has two dimensions, not three: past and future. The present is not part of time, it is the penetration of eternity.

Bodhidharma says:

IF ONE SEES THAT ENDLESS TIME IS THE MIND, HE WILL ATTAIN QUICKLY...

If you can understand that time is mind, then attainment can be very quick, can be immediate, because then you stop creating the past and you stop creating the future. Both are false, imaginary. Suddenly you are thrown into the present, and that's where you become aware of the truth.

... BUT IF HE MAKES A POINT IN HIS MIND AND AIMS AT HIS DESTINATION, HE WILL ATTAIN SLOWLY.

But if you make a goal, a destination to attain, out of buddhahood, christhood, godhood, if these are the aims, the targets in your mind, then these are again new tricks, new ways of the mind to create another future -- a spiritual future, a sacred future. It is far more dangerous, because when the poison is thought to be holy, sacred, there is every possibility you will drink it wholeheartedly, without any hesitation.

To think that "I am going to become a buddha tomorrow" is more dangerous than to think that "tomorrow I am going to become a great emperor." That is not so dangerous, because the very idea of becoming a buddha tomorrow is so alluring, so enchanting, so hypnotizing.... But it is the same poison -- 'tomorrow' is the poison. So what you want to become tomorrow does not matter.

If you make it a point in your mind, says Bodhidharma, and your mind starts working towards the future for a certain destination to be achieved, then the growth is going to be very slow; maybe it is going to take lives and lives. And mind is so clever and so cunning that whenever you become fed up with one object it immediately gives you another toy, more complicated than the one before, more difficult than the one before, so it takes a longer time for you to see that this again is a toy. And the best toys are spiritual goals.

Since by definition you cannot pass on the incommunicable, a certain dervish cast about him for a way to convey, by demonstration, something of the wonders which he had experienced.

"Analogy is the answer," he said to himself, and put his mind to it. He learned, after a great deal of trial and error, how to walk on water.

Then he called all the local villagers together, headed by the mayor, and paced slowly across a lake.

"What do you think of that?" he asked them as he arrived at the other side.

"One thing puzzles me," said the mayor: "why didn't you learn to swim, like everybody else?"

But your so-called spiritual, holy people have all been doing the same thing down the ages. They create some kind of stupid goal: walking on water, reading somebody's thoughts, producing things out of nowhere, out of nothing, and they think these are spiritual things. They are not. It is again the same ego trying to prove something, pretending that "I am superior."

The so-called spiritual people have been fasting and destroying their bodies, or doing yoga and distorting their bodies in every possible way, just to prove to other people that they are special. Somebody stands on his head for hours and thinks that he is special, and people also think that he is special.

I have seen a man who has been standing on his feet for ten years, who has not sat down. Now he cannot even if he wants to. His legs have become so thick, his whole body has become thin: all of the blood -- everything -- has gathered into his legs. He is a very ill person; those legs are also dead. He cannot move; he has to be moved by people. And he does not sleep, does not sit; he remains standing. People have to support him in the night so that he does not fall. And the whole night there is singing, *kirtan*, *bhajan*, going on around him to keep him awake. He is in such a mess that when I saw him I really felt sorry for him. But he is worshipped by thousands of people for the simple reason that for ten years he has been standing. Now what kind of achievement is this?

But this type of phony attracts the attention of people easily, because people are also too much identified with their bodies. These things seem to be very superior powers; they are nothing.

Thus it happened one day that when two pseudo-masters of the mystical path met, one said to the other, after the customary exchange of compliments, "I have a disciple who constantly asks for tasks and illuminations. Have you any idea what I might do with him?"

The other illuminate replied, "It is interesting that you should say that: I have had a similar case myself. I had him drink a cup of kerosene."

They parted and, after some months, met again.

The first mystic said, "I tried your idea on my disciple. He lit a match to have a cigarette, burst into flames and was completely consumed!"

"That's right," said the other, "the same thing happened to mine!"

There are people who go on advising others, not knowing anything about the true spirituality. But because they can stand on their heads for hours and they can distort their bodies in many ways, they seem to be yogis, mahatmas. Because they can fast for months... it is a simple practice. If a man is healthy he can fast for at least ninety days without dying. You accumulate so much extra food in your body that you can live on it for three months. You will go on becoming thinner and thinner, but you will not die. So it is not much of an achievement; you have simply become a cannibal, you are eating yourself, that's all. You are digesting your own blood, your own flesh.

In fact, fasting should be thought of as a very violent practice, ugly. Maybe once in a while, for medical reasons, a person should be told to fast, but for no other reason.

And standing on the head is dangerous, destructive. Have you ever seen any yogi who

stands for hours on his head showing any kind of intelligence? I have known so many yogis, but never with a ray of intelligence in their eyes -- dull, stupid, very mediocre. It is bound to be so, because standing on the head is destructive to intelligence; it destroys the very subtle nervous system in your brain. Too much blood going into the brain is destructive. And it keeps your brain too tense, it does not allow it to be relaxed.

That's why you need a pillow at night, because with the pillow the blood is not going towards the head. If you try to sleep without a pillow then you can't sleep, because the blood is coming to the head and the blood keeps your head restless, functioning. The pillow helps; the head becomes a little higher, less blood reaches to it.

In fact, man became man only because he dropped walking on all fours and stood up. Standing means that a minimum of blood will be reaching your brain, because it will have to move against gravitation. No animal is intelligent for the simple reason that there is so much blood going into the head that intelligence is not possible.

Yoga is a falling back; it does not help you to grow in intelligence, in genius, in awareness. Yes, it may give you a very strong body -- that is possible, animals have strong bodies -- it may have the quality of imparting a longer life to you, but whether you live long or not does not matter in the end. All that matters is the intensity of your life, not the length; your intensity, your passionate attunement to life, not how long you go on dragging and vegetating.

Bodhidharma says:

THE WISE ONE KNOWS HIS MIND IS THE PATH....

Don't be too much concerned with the body; there is no need to go into so many yoga postures. Yes, a little bit of exercise is good. And the best exercise is something natural: walking, swimming, running, jogging. Yoga exercises are complicated and dangerous: they may suit one person, but they may not suit another at all. What was right for Patanjali may not be right for you. But running, swimming, jogging, are simple exercises; they suit everyone. They are not complicated, and you need not go to anybody to learn them; they are so simple, you know them already.

You will be surprised to know that swimming is a natural exercise. One psychologist in Japan has tried it with such small children, six-month-old children, and they learn it immediately. Six-month-old children start swimming! In fact, the child swims in his mother's womb; he lives in liquid for nine months, because a child starts his life in the mother's womb as a fish.

That's how humanity started: we all started in the beginning as fish in the ocean. Every child repeats the whole history, in a very fast way of course; in nine months he repeats millions of years of history. But every time a child is in the mother's womb he starts from the very beginning, as a fish.

If man has started as a fish, if every child starts as a fish, then swimming is a natural phenomenon. You just need to be helped a little bit. In fact, you need not be taught how to swim; all that is needed is some courage, somebody to stand on the bank of the river so you need not be too worried and afraid. If six-month-old children can learn to swim... and now the psychologist is trying to teach three-month-old children and he says he will succeed. If six-month-old children can swim, then why not three-month-old children?

Running is natural, jogging is natural. A little exercise is good, but don't make much fuss about it, because the real way is the mind; the real way is not the body.

... THE STUPID ONE MAKES A PATH BEYOND HIS MIND.

The stupid one directs his mind to something far away, beyond his mind. The wise one has no destination, he watches his mind, observes his mind, its ways of functioning, its ways of deceiving, its ways of creating hallucinations, and in watching them slowly slowly becomes so alert, so full of light, that the mind disappears like darkness.

Madame: "Mona, just how accomplished are you?"

Mona: "I don't like to brag, but I can make love standing on my head!"

Madame: "Then you're the one I want. There's a yogi waiting downstairs!"

You can make love standing on your head and it may look like an accomplishment, but it is simply keeping yourself occupied with something utterly nonsensical. Beware! Your mind can lead you astray very easily.

And as you become more and more concentrated on a certain goal, a few energies are released inside you by your mind which are not ordinary energies. You become capable of doing things which ordinary people are not capable of doing; that gives you great ego. Yes, there is a possibility you can read people's thoughts. There is a possibility you can create some illusions for people. There is a possibility you can hypnotize people very easily and make them see and feel and realize a few things which are not there.

Thirty-three percent of people are so suggestible, so gullible that you can manage anything with these thirty-three percent and they are ready to believe it. These are the thirty-three percent who gather around people like Sai Baba. These are the people who help the so-called miracle-doers, because they are ready to believe in anything. They are hankering to believe, they are starving, they want to believe, so anything will do. They want to cling to some belief, to somebody extraordinary.

The man who is a little intelligent, wise, alert, will not fall into such traps. His only effort will be how to be absolutely aware of all the ways, gross and subtle, of the mind, because that is the only way to be free from it. And when you are free from your mind you become available to God's mind and God's mind becomes available to you.

The second question: WHY DOES ONE ATTAIN QUICKLY?

Seeing these questions, I again and again feel that Bodhidharma must have been in a really deep compassionate mood. This man needs a good beating! What is the matter with Bodhidharma? That's what I am puzzled about. This man is not known that way. Has he forgotten his staff and he does not have it with him? It is very rare for Bodhidharma to go on answering such questions. With Emperor Wu he was so hard... with everybody he has been hard.

Maybe the inquirer is so stupid that he feels really sorry for him. The inquirer may be so stupid that it is pointless to hit him; he won't understand it. Hence he goes on answering him.

WHY DOES ONE ATTAIN QUICKLY? the questioner asks.

Bodhidharma says:

BECAUSE MIND IS THE BODY OF THE PATH, THEREFORE IS QUICKLY REACHED. STUPID ONES MARK THEIR OWN TIME STARTING ACCORDING TO THAT STANDARD, THEREFORE THEY MUST MAKE THEIR OWN DESTINATION ACCORDING TO THEIR OWN DELUSIONS.

You cannot make a goal, because if you make a goal you will be making it out of your own delusions. It will be part of a dream and hence will be very difficult to arrive at. In fact it is impossible to arrive at -- it is a dream. You can go on and on, but the dream will go on receding like the horizon; you will never reach it. Hence, it will take infinite time and yet you will be as far away as ever.

Don't make a goal, because right now all that you can do will be illusory. With your mind functioning, whatsoever you do is going to be wrong. First wake up. Then things start happening quickly.

The third question: WHAT PART OF THE MIND IS THE BODY OF THE PATH?

Bodhidharma says: MIND IS LIKE THE WOOD OR STONE FROM WHICH A PERSON CARVES AN IMAGE. IF HE CARVES A DRAGON OR A TIGER, AND SEEING IT FEARS IT, HE IS LIKE A STUPID PERSON CREATING A PICTURE OF HELL AND THEN AFRAID TO FACE IT.

But that's what we have all done. We are all doing it: we impose our projections and then we start reacting to our own projections.

A Zen story says: A man's wife was dying. The wife had controlled the man like anything; he was the most perfectly henpecked husband. And he was feeling a little happy that the wife was dying; his day of freedom was not far away.

But the wife was not going to leave him so easily. While she was breathing her last she said, "Look! Don't feel so happy, because I am going to become a ghost and I will haunt you and I will see that you don't do anything wrong. Never fool around, because I will catch you every night!"

The wife died. The husband was very much afraid, but after a few days he thought, "Now she is dead. Who knows whether she has become a ghost or not? Why not be really free now? I have always wanted this woman, that woman. I have wanted to go to the pub. Now is the time! And so many days have passed and she has not come."

That night somebody knocked on the door. He opened the door and the wife was there! And she said, "So, you have started dreaming, you have started thinking about and planning such things! Beware! I am not far away, I am always here! You may see me, you may not see me. Don't think of your freedom, etcetera, stop all that nonsense!"

And she said everything that he had thought, every single thing that he had thought -- going to the pub, thinking of the neighbor's wife -- she said everything. Now it was absolutely clear that she did know, and it was very difficult. His life became that of great misery; he was free and yet not free.

And from that day the wife started coming to him almost every night and she would tell him what he had been thinking in the office, what he had been thinking about the typist girl -- each single thought!

He was so tired, he went to a Zen master and asked him, "Help me! She tortured me my whole life, now she is dead and she is killing me! I have no peace of mind. I cannot even dream freely! At least while she was alive I used to dream freely -- now she even reads my

dreams. In the morning she shakes me up and says, 'So you were having a sexual dream!'"

The Zen master laughed. He gave him a small bag and told him not to open it. "It contains a few pebbles. You take it home and when your wife comes, ask her how many pebbles are in the bag. If she can give you the right number -- count them immediately -- if she can give you the right number then come to me. If she cannot give you the right number then she is just a fantasy of your own mind, your projection. Then too come just to tell me."

The man went home. The wife was waiting already. When he entered the room the wife was sitting in his chair. She said, "So you went to that phony, that Zen master? I know him well! And he has given you a bag -- it contains pebbles -- and he has told you to ask me how many pebbles it contains."

The man became so frightened that she knew everything already! But still, the master had said she would. So he remembered, he said, "Okay, you know everything. Now just tell me the number of pebbles."

And the wife disappeared! Because he himself did not know the number, he could not project it. The chair was empty. He looked around; the wife was not there. Since that day the wife stopped coming.

He went to the Zen master. He said, "What trick did you do? What magic is in this bag?"

The master said, "There is no magic." He opened the bag; there were only a few pebbles in it. He said, "There is no magic, nothing. It is a simple process. You were projecting her: because you were the projector, your projection was reflecting your dreams, your ideas, your thoughts. Now, because you did not know how many pebbles there are in this bag, how could she know? She was your projection! If *you* had known.... She knew that you had been to the Zen master because you knew. She knew what I told you because you knew, but she could not tell you the number of pebbles, and now she will never come back. Be finished with her!"

We can create a thousand and one hallucinations about ourselves, we can pour our reality into them -- and they can look so real. There are many people who are afraid of hell -- and *we* have created hell; there is no hell. And there are many people who are so greedy for paradise -- and *we* have created paradise; there is no paradise. Our projections, and we become burdened by them -- afraid, greedy, frightened. We have created our gods in the temples, in the churches, and we are the worshippers. We go on worshipping our own creations! This is the way of the stupid mind.

The intelligent person stops creating, stops projecting and watches the mind so clearly that the mind cannot project anything. As the projections disappear, the world disappears. One day, when the mind is no more there to project anything, all is transparent.

MIND IS LIKE THE WOOD OR STONE FROM WHICH A PERSON CARVES AN IMAGE. IF HE CARVES A DRAGON OR A TIGER, AND SEEING IT FEARS IT, HE IS LIKE A STUPID PERSON CREATING A PICTURE OF HELL AND THEN AFRAID TO FACE IT. IF HE DOES NOT FEAR IT, THEN HIS UNNECESSARY THOUGHTS WILL VANISH. PART OF THE MIND PRODUCES SIGHT, SOUND, TASTE, ODOR AND SENSIBILITY, AND FROM THEM RAISES GREED, ANGER AND IGNORANCE WITH ALL THEIR ACCOMPANYING LIKES AND DISLIKES. THUS IS PLANTED THE SEED, WHICH GROWS TO GREAT SUFFERING. IF ONE REALIZES THAT FROM THE BEGINNING MIND ESSENCE IS EMPTY AND QUIET, HE SHOULD KNOW NO SPECIFIC TIME OR PLACE. INSTEAD HE MAKES AN IMAGE OF A TIGER, LION, DRAGON, DEMON, WARRIOR OR OTHER MONSTER, RECOGNIZES THEM BY COMPARISON AND PRODUCES LIKES AND DISLIKES. IF HE KNOWS THAT FROM THE BEGINNING THERE IS NO SUCH THING, THEN HE SHOULD KNOW THAT MIND ESSENCE IS NOT FORMED, THEREFORE THESE IMAGES ARE NOTHING BUT ILLUSIONS. WHEN HE REALIZES THIS FACT, HE WILL BE EMANCIPATED AT THAT INSTANT.

Emancipation is emancipation from your tiny mind and its games. You are not really chained, you only believe you are. You are not imprisoned, it is only your idea. You think you are a Christian; that is only your idea -- you can slip out of the idea any moment. So many people here have slipped out of their Christianity, Hinduism, Judaism, Jainism, Buddhism. That's why all the religious priests are against me. Their fear is that if people go on coming to me they will go on slipping out of their power, their domination, their folds.

This may be the only place on the whole face of the earth where nobody bothers about whether you are a Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan. You are simply human beings. You have slipped out of your cages so easily, because the cages are not real. You have to *support* them. You are the prison, you are the prisoner and you are the imprisoned. You are the all in all; nobody else is there. So the moment you decide to come out of your prison nobody can prevent you; there is nobody to prevent you. You believe, then you are caught. Your belief is your problem, there is no other problem. A man without beliefs, a man without prejudices, is a free man. And to be free is to be intelligent.

Bodhidharma says: Our mind creates both things, fear and greed. These are the basic instincts, hence hell and heaven. You are afraid to lose something which you don't have in the first place, and you want to gain something which you already have from the very beginning. Now you are creating such unnecessary trouble for yourself. How can you get that which you already have? It is impossible. And why should you be afraid that you may lose that which you don't have? People are afraid of losing things which they don't have at all and people are greedy for things which have been given already at their very birth. They are intrinsic to your being. Seeing this, one has a good laugh at oneself.

The fools laugh at others. The wise man laughs at himself and his own past ridiculousness, absurdity.

The fourth, and the last question: WHAT IS THE NATURAL, SIMPLE MIND, AND WHAT IS THE ARTIFICIAL, COMPLICATED MIND?

Bodhidharma says:

LETTERS AND SPEECHES COME FROM THE ARTIFICIAL, COMPLICATED MIND.

Language is the world of the complicated mind: silence is the world of the simple mind. Real meditation is not verbal, real meditation is utterly silent. Real prayer is not verbal, real prayer is an absolute silence in the heart. Nothing stirs, but deep gratitude is felt. It is a feeling, not thinking.

LETTERS AND SPEECHES COME FROM THE ARTIFICIAL, COMPLICATED MIND.

A tired Joe entered a busy restaurant in the latin quarter of Paris one afternoon.

"TOC?" said the hurried waitress. Finding Joe completely blank she explained that she was extremely busy. Is it tea or coffee for him, the abbreviation being T-O-C -- TOC? Joe asked for coffee.

When the waitress passed by again he caught hold of her hand and said, "PISS." Seeing a blank look on her face he explained, "Put in some sugar."

When the bill was produced he took it to the counter with the waitress following him. He

looked at her and whispered, "CUNT." Finding her puzzled he explained, "Cash up, no tip."

The waitress stood gaping at the exit. Said Joe, "COCK."

"And what does that stand for?" asked the waitress.

Joe smiled. "It stands for anything wearing skirts, but not for you."

Mind is very cunning with words. It can fabricate, it can go on fabricating. All your philosophies are produced that way: endless fabrications of words, complicated words, difficult words. And the more meaningless a philosophy is, the more it depends on complicated, big words.

If you want an example you should look in Hegel's books. The sentences go on and on. You will find half-page sentences, full-page sentences, with so many clauses coming in that by the time you reach the end of the sentence you have forgotten the beginning.

Hegel was thought to be one of the most profound thinkers of Europe. He was not. His profundity was based on his linguistic jugglery. He was a juggler; he was playing with words and making such complicated sentences that nobody was able to make any sense out of them. And people are such that if they can't make any sense out of something they think it must be profound.

In fact, truth is very simple. It is so simple that it can even be communicated by silence. In fact, it can be communicated only by silence.

LETTERS AND SPEECHES COME FROM THE ARTIFICIAL, COMPLICATED MIND. BOTH IN THE MATERIAL AND IMMATERIAL WORLD A PERSON STAYS OR GOES, SITS OR LIES DOWN, AND MOVES INNOCENTLY, OR, IT CAN BE SAID, IN THE NATURAL, SIMPLE MIND.

To be simple means to be nonverbal, nonlinguistic. Your approach towards reality should not be through language. But we have become so mechanically accustomed to language that the moment you see a rose, *immediately* your mind says, "What a beautiful flower!" Is it needed? Does it in any way help you to appreciate the rose? Why repeat this in the mind? Can't you simply see the beauty of the rose and absorb it and drink out of it? Is language needed?

It happened: A man used to go for a morning walk with Lao Tzu. Lao Tzu said to the man, "Remember one thing -- no talking -- then you can come with me."

The man used to know Lao Tzu, and when he said something he meant it, so he kept quiet. Many times he would have liked to say something about the weather and the sunrise and the beautiful flowers and the birds, but he repressed it.

One day a guest was staying with the man and the guest was also interested in coming along just to accompany Lao Tzu -- he had heard much about the man. So they both accompanied Lao Tzu. The guest was unaware what the condition was, and his host had not told him; he had completely forgotten to tell him. For hours they went into the hills silently. Then the sunrise, and the guest said, "What a beautiful sunrise!"

And Lao Tzu stopped then and there and said to his neighbor, "Finished! No more coming with me. Take your guest away immediately -- he talks too much!"

After three hours of walking, just one sentence: "What a beautiful morning! What a beautiful sunrise!" And Lao Tzu says that he talks too much and that it is absolutely unnecessary: "I have eyes, I can see the beauty, I can feel the sunrise. Why should he say it? Does he think I am blind? This is very insulting!"

And Lao Tzu is right. What is the need? Can't you simply feel the warmth of the sun rising? Have you to say something?

Even if you are alone you go on talking to yourself. You can't stop this constantly chattering mind. And it has to be stopped, otherwise it won't allow you to see things as they are.

To be simple means to be nonlinguistic, to be full of sensitivity but without words. Words are inadequate to express the truth; only silence can contain it. To be silent is to be simple and to be silent is to be innocent. To be silent is the bridge from the ordinary mind to the cosmic mind, from mind to no-mind. Learn silence and the ways of silence.

But we are so hypnotized by language and words that if you love a woman you have to repeat it again and again: "I love you." Are you suspicious? Are you afraid that if you don't say it, it won't be understood? If your love is not capable of communicating without words it is not much of a love at all. When you really love a person you cannot utter the words "I love you." They will look so inadequate, so useless, so superfluous! When you don't love a person, only then can you say, "I love you," and go on repeating it again and again. You will convince the other person that you love them through language, and the other person will also convince you through language.

True love needs no language; it overwhelms both the lovers. A true experience of beauty leaves you in such awe that you cannot say a single word; it makes you dumb.

Bodhidharma is right: to be silent is to be innocent. And to be silent is the natural way, the spontaneous way. Then you act out of your spontaneity, not out of your knowledge.

WHEN ONE REMAINS UNMOVED BY PLEASURE OR SUFFERING, HIS MIND MAY BE CALLED THE NATURAL, SIMPLE MIND.

Joe entered a monastery where the rule of silence was very strict. Only once every seven years was a monk allowed to speak -- briefly -- to the father abbot.

Joe had been a monk for seven years -- his time came to speak.

"Have you anything to say?" asked the abbot.

"Yes," replied Joe. "Bed's too hard!"

Seven more years passed, and again brother Joe was permitted to speak.

"Anything to say?" asked the abbot.

"Food's terrible!" said Joe.

After seven more years of silence, he came once more before the Father Abbot.

"Anything to say?"

"Yes, I'm leaving!"

"Well," said the abbot, "I'm bloody well glad to hear it. You have done nothing but complain since you've been here!"

Now, a person who after seven years of silence simply comes to say, "Bed's too hard," or "Food's terrible," can't be silent. For seven years he is continuously thinking, "The bed is too hard and the food is terrible. Let the time come and I will say so!" Day and night he must be obsessed with it; otherwise, after seven years of silence there will not be anything to say. One will bow down. One will not even say, "Thank you," because that is too small, not worth saying. But this is how it is. At least Joe was a man of great control -- for seven years!

I have heard: Mulla Nasruddin and three of his friends went into silence. Hearing too

much from me about silence -- that silence is the golden bridge, the rainbow bridge to God -- they retired into a cave for a seven-day experiment in silence.

But after one hour they all came back.

I said, "What happened?"

They said, "Everything failed! We four sat in silence with closed eyes. After ten, twelve, minutes, one of us said, 'I wonder whether I have left the electricity on or not.' And the second one said, 'Have you forgotten that we have taken the vow of silence for seven days?' And the third one said, 'You fool! You have also spoken!' And then Nasruddin said, 'Thank God! I am the only one who has not spoken yet!'"

Enough for today.

The White Lotus

Chapter #10

Chapter title: A Love Affair With the Universe

9 November 1979 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 7911090

ShortTitle: WLOTUS10

Audio: Yes

Video: No

The first question:

OSHO, THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF HYPOCRISY IN INDIA ABOUT SEX. PEOPLE ARE NOT EVEN WILLING TO DISCUSS IT OPENLY, YET THERE IS A GROWING PROLIFERATION OF, AND OBSESSION WITH, NUDE PICTURES. WILL THIS FLOOD OF PORNOGRAPHY HELP? CAN IT FINALLY BRING SEX OUT INTO THE OPEN IN INDIA?

D. M. Silvera, man's past has been very stupid, and the whole stupidity has arisen out of a life-negative approach, attitude. And all the religions in the past have supported the life-negative approach. Not the Buddhas, not the Christs, not the Zarathustras, but the priests. It is the professional religious man who has been exploiting the names of the Buddhas, the Christs, the Zarathustras, who has been exploiting the masses.

The priest has found it very helpful to keep people life-negative, because the moment a person is life-negative he becomes weak. And it is easy to exploit the weak, to enslave the weak. It is easy to dominate the weak, to destroy the weak.

Hence the priest has found that two things are very essential for man's strength, freedom, consciousness -- and both have to be destroyed. One is food, the other is sex -- both are basic instincts. Food is needed for the individual to survive and sex is needed for the race to survive. Without food and sex humanity will disappear. Knowing this, that these are the essential requirements of a really alive man, priests have been against both, and they have supported fasting and they have supported celibacy. Because they have supported fasting they have made people food-obsessed. Any religion that has fasting as its orientation -- for example, Jainism -- is bound to create food-obsession in its followers. Any religion that is rooted in its opposition to sex is bound to create sex-obsession.

Pornography is a by-product of your so-called religions. It is a religious phenomenon -- excuse me! It is because of your priests that pornography exists. And it is not a new thing, it is as ancient as man. Khajuraho, Konarak, Puri, what are they? Pornography in sculpture. And you can go to the ancientmost caves and you will always find pornography of some kind or other. You can look into folk literature, folk songs, folk stories, and you will always find

them pornographic.

Pornography is as old as the priest. Once the priest comes in, pornography comes as a shadow; it is bound to happen. And when you are taught to be life-negative you become afraid of talking about things frankly, authentically. You do not like to talk about sex, because what will people think about you? You want to hide it. You try to create a facade -- as if sex is nonexistent in your life. But deep down you are boiling. Deep down, you are thinking of sex twenty-four hours a day.

Modern psychological surveys say that each man thinks about sex at least once every three minutes. And this is about the irreligious, remember, so what to say about the religious? They must think about sex every three seconds! Women think about sex once every seven minutes -- that is a gap between man and woman. That's why women can pretend more that they are far higher, that they are not concerned, that this whole ugliness of sex is man's creation. They are superior beings. But the difference is only of four minutes. The man has to go on persuading them "Four minutes more," that's all.

Hence the man has to go into a kind of foreplay. Before he can persuade a woman to be normal, to be healthy, at least four minutes' foreplay is needed. And because man is the aggressive sex, because man's energies are aggressive energies and the woman is the receptive sex, that too makes a great difference. Man has to take the initiative. The woman can pretend: "I am not running after you."

Mulla Nasruddin and his wife were arguing, and Mulla said, "It must have been the most unfortunate moment in my life when I married you."

The woman said, "But I was not running after you."

Mulla said, "That is true. No mousetrap ever runs after the mouse. The mousetrap simply waits; the mouse comes itself."

That is true: mouse or Mulla Nasruddin -- it makes no difference. Because women are receptive, they are a little cold. Man is hot. And because women are the receptive sex they are not much interested in pornography -- because the most aggressive part in man's or woman's body is the eye. There is a difference between man's and woman's eye -- not a physiological difference of course but something very deep and psychological. Man's eye is aggressive, woman's eye is receptive. Hence the woman is not very interested in pornography.

Moreover, man's sex has something of extroversion in it and woman's sex has something of introversion. Whenever you are making love to a woman she will close her eyes, because when you are making love to a woman she is not so interested in you; she is much more interested in what is happening inside her. She closes her eyes. She enjoys the feeling that you trigger in her innermost being. But man is more interested in looking at what is happening to the woman. He wants to keep the lights on. Not only that: there are a few really religious people who keep automatic cameras in their bedrooms to take pictures so that later on also they can enjoy what was happening. Man is more interested in *seeing* what is happening to the woman and less interested in his own inner feelings.

Kiss a woman and she closes her eyes, because she wants to taste the kiss in her interiority, she wants to absorb it. And man wants to see what is happening to the woman; his interest is other-directed. Hence man has always remained interested in pornography.

But pornography is not a natural phenomenon -- you have to be reminded of that again and again -- it is a religious phenomenon. Because priests have been so much against sex,

man has been repressing it. And when you repress anything too much it is bound to assert itself in subtle ways, in hidden ways, in such ways that you will not even be consciously aware of what you are doing. It will start moving in your unconscious mind.

Hence the tremendous interest in the woman's body. Pictures, statues, movies -- basically, they are all either directly or indirectly pornographic. Unless there is something of sex in it you are not interested. Sex and murder are essential for a film to succeed, for a story to be read, for a fiction to be enjoyed. Strange! Sex and murder -- why are they connected? They *are* connected: if you repress too much you become murderous. In fact, murdering somebody is a perverted act of sex.

Man wants to enter the body of the woman. If he is not allowed to, he will start finding *any* possible way to enter the other's body. He will become homosexual; if he cannot find a woman then he will find a man. If he cannot find a man, he will find animals. If that too becomes difficult then he will start creating rubber women, plastic women which you can keep in your bag so that whenever you need the woman, you just pump her up a little. And if there is *no* possibility at all, he becomes enraged. Sex energy repressed becomes anger, it becomes murderous.

In fact, psychologists say that all our weapons are nothing but symbols, metaphors, for the genital male organ -- they are a thrust into the other's body. Our bayonets, our bullets, our swords -- they are nothing but another offshoot of life-negative religions. Now, politicians were also interested in repressing sex for this reason, for this very purpose: if people's sex is repressed they can easily be made to kill others and be killed by others.

And man's whole past has been a history of wars and wars. In the past three thousand years we have fought five thousand wars. It seems absolutely insane -- five thousand wars in three thousand years -- as if we are living here only to kill each other! What has gone wrong with man? No animal kills any other member of its own species. No lion kills another lion; never. No dog kills another dog; never. It is only man. Why has it happened to man? -- because no other animal has the priesthood, the pope, the shankaracharya, etcetera. No other animal has people like Ayatollah Khomeini.

Hearing the news that the shah is suffering from cancer, this so-called religious man, the head of the Iranian religious people, said, "Insh'allah, God willing, the news is true and the cancer kills him." And he has issued a statement to the American Iranians: "Kill this man! Cut him into pieces and send those pieces to Iran!"

But this has always been the attitude of the so-called religious -- murderous. It is repressed sex. Repressed sex is bound to create troubles for you.

The husband and wife were having difficulty in deciding what to give up for Lent, but finally, in a fervent spirit of atonement, they agreed on sex.

As the weeks slowly passed, they began to regret their choice but still stuck to it, sleeping in separate bedrooms and also locking the doors to control temptation.

Finally, the glorious Easter sun rose, and the wife was awakened by a series of thunderous knocks on her door.

"Oh, George," she called out, "I know what you are knocking for!"

"You're damned right!" he yelled back. "But do you know what I'm knocking WITH?"

This is natural! Man is the only perverted animal on the earth. All kinds of perversions.... And for centuries you have been conditioned to be very cold about sex. And because you are cold about sex, you are cold about everything else. Your very source of warmth disappears.

Sex is the source of life; it is how God creates existence. It should be respected, worshipped. It is sacred. Sex is the most sacred phenomenon in existence, because it is the base of all life. If life is not sacred, then sex is not sacred. If life is sacred, then sex is sacred.

But the politicians and the priests conspired against man. The politician wanted soldiers; the priests wanted stupid slaves, obedient people. Destroy the dignity of man and he easily becomes an obedient slave. And the best way to destroy his dignity is to make him fight against himself: he starts feeling guilty because he cannot conquer.

Now, how can you conquer sex or food? If you fight with your sex you are dividing yourself into two persons: you are becoming split -- you are willingly entering into the world of the schizophrenic -- you are becoming ill and diseased. Fighting with your own energy you can never be victorious; fighting with your own energy is as if you are making a great fight between your right hand and left hand. Who is going to win? Nobody can win. Just your energies will be dissipated, you will become weaker.

And a greater thing will happen, of long-range consequences: if you cannot win against your sex you will start feeling so guilty, so ugly, so condemned, so unworthy, that you will be ready to bow down to any stupid person. Anybody who can be a good pretender, a hypocrite, will become your leader politically, will become your priest religiously. All that he needs is hypocrisy, all that he needs is cunningness, all that he needs is a facade to hide behind. Your politicians live double lives, your priests live double lives -- one from the front door, the other from the back door. And the back-door life is their real life. Those front-door smiles are just false, those faces looking so innocent are just cultivated.

If you want to see the reality of the politician you will have to see him from his back door. There he is in his nudity, as he is, and so is the priest. These two kinds of cunning people have dominated humanity. And they found out very early on that if you want to dominate humanity, make it weak, make it feel guilty, make it feel unworthy. Destroy its dignity, take all glory away from it, humiliate it. And they have found such subtle ways of humiliation that they don't come in the picture at all. They leave it to you to humiliate yourself, to destroy yourself. They have taught you a kind of slow suicide.

You ask me, Silvera: "There is a great deal of hypocrisy in India about sex."

It is not only a question about sex. Sex is the most fundamental hypocrisy, but then there are many many branches of it. India is the most hypocritical country in the world because it pretends to be the most religious. Religion and hypocrisy are cousin-sisters.

To be religious and not to be a hypocrite is a very rare phenomenon. Only once in a while a Buddha, a Bodhidharma, a Kabir, a Jesus... only once in a while will you find a man who is religious and not a hypocrite. But then we never tolerate these people. We poisoned Socrates simply because he was honestly religious. He was so honest that he said, "There is no God. Truth is God." He was so honest that he could not say that there is heaven and hell. And because he could only say, "Unless I know, how can I make such great statements?" he was poisoned and killed.

What was his crime? The crime brought against him in the court was that he was corrupting the youth. Whenever there is a man like Socrates, a lover of truth, a real lover of God, he seems to be corrupting people. In fact, he is trying to make them authentic and true, he is trying to bring them out of their hypocrisies, but to the crowd that looks like corruption.

Jesus was crucified for the simple reason that he was a rebel -- a rebel against all hypocrisy. Buddha was stoned, many attempts were made on his life, for the simple reason that he was a sincere man saying things as he saw them.

Yes, there is a possibility of transcending sex, but that is not done by repression. Sex can

be transcended, and it is a great experience to transcend sex, but it cannot be done if you are against it. It can be done only if you befriend the energy, if you absorb the energy, if you find out what is the secret of sexual longing, if you find the key. And the key is not very difficult to find, but the priests have made things so messy that it is almost impossible now to find the key. The key is simple, but thousands of years of wrong conditioning have made it very difficult to know the most simple, obvious thing.

Why are people are interested in sex? It is not just a question of biology, it is more a question of spirituality. My own observation is that people are interested in sex because that is the only naturally-given window into God, a natural gift. In deep orgasmic states when lovers meet and merge and melt and disappear into each other for a single moment, time disappears, mind disappears, ego disappears, and one has a taste of meditation, of samadhi, of superconsciousness. That taste will give you the key.

If you can attain to no-mind, no-ego, no-time, without sex, sex will disappear from your life; there will be no need for it. But that is a disappearance. It is not that you have denied it, not that you have rejected a part of your being; it is absorbed, it is transformed. Then the same crude energy of sex, the same biological energy, reaches to such heights.... First it becomes love, then it becomes prayer. It is the same energy moving, soaring upwards.

Remember: I am not saying that sex cannot be transcended. Sex *can* be transcended, it *should* be transcended, but not through repression. Nobody has ever been able to transcend it through repression. If you repress sex you become cold; if you become cold you lose the orgasmic quality.

One day, while making love to his wife, Mulla Nasruddin found something new at one moment. He asked his wife, "Am I hurting you, dear?"

She said, "No, why? Why do you ask such a question?"

He said, "I must have imagined it. I thought for a moment that you moved."

Now, twenty years they have been married, he is the father of seven children, and the wife has never moved! That is not thought to be right. Good women don't enjoy lovemaking, it is only bad women who enjoy lovemaking. Good women simply lie down there dead, utterly cold. And when the woman remains cold, the man's orgasmic experience remains local, genital. It does not reach to his soul, it does not reach to his whole body. All his cells and all the fibers of his being are not thrilled, are not in a dance. It is poor, very poor. It is a release, a relief, but not an orgasmic experience. Yes, he is relieved of a burden. His sexual energy was overflowing, he has relieved the energy, but it is not really orgasmic ecstasy. He has not known any timelessness through it, any egolessness through it, any mindlessness through it. He has not penetrated the ultimate through it. It has been a sheer waste as far as spiritual experience is concerned. Biologically it is okay, he may give birth to children, but he will not be able to give birth to his own being. His soul will remain unborn.

Now, women have become so cold because they have been listening to the priests for so long. And the priests have been praising them very highly: they have been telling them that they are the most spiritual people in the world. It is through the woman that the priest has destroyed woman's orgasmic dimension and man's orgasmic heights. Man still can have a little bit of an orgasm, but it is just a flicker, nothing much, nothing which can transform you. And the woman has completely forgotten.

In the East, particularly in India, I don't think that any woman ever achieves orgasmic joy. In the West also the case was the same in the past. It is just within these last thirty, forty

years, because of the women's liberation movement, that a few women have become orgasmic -- not many, only ten percent. Ninety percent of women in the West are still living in a primitive state, and one hundred percent in India. They don't know what orgasm is, they have no idea of it -- they have never experienced it. Now, nothing can be more cruel. This is really cutting the very roots of humanity. It is destroying humanity at its very foundation. The temple cannot be built.

A switchman was accosted by a streetwalker down the railroad yard. She convinced him to visit with her in a nearby shed. The railroad man, not too terribly enthusiastic, decided to use an iron rail spike instead of his pecker.

For ten minutes neither of the participants spoke. Then finally he asked, "Like it?"

"I'm sure glad you said something," answered the woman. "Your tool is so cold I was afraid you were dead!"

Man has become too cold, and when man becomes too cold in his reality, his fantasies start becoming more and more strong. That's what pornography is. When the body is repressed sexually, sex moves into the head. Pornography is sex through the head. It is as stupid as fantasizing about food in the head and thinking that it is going to nourish you. It is not going to nourish you -- you will be starved to death. Real food is needed to nourish you.

Pornography is sex repressed in its natural space which has asserted itself through the head. And there are many dangers in it. One danger is: if you become too interested in pornography -- which has happened all over the world -- then the real woman does not look so appealing and the real man does not look so appealing. Then a great problem arises: your fantasy needs the woman that you have seen in PLAYBOY magazine. But you cannot find that woman anywhere -- whosoever you find will fall short. Now nothing will satisfy you. Slowly slowly reality becomes unreal and the unreal becomes more real.

But the whole blame goes to the so-called religious people -- and they are the people who want man to be freed from all kinds of bondage. They want people to be freed from the bondage of sex, and *they* are the people who are keeping man in sexual bondage. They are the culprits, they are the criminals. But they seem to be great moralists, great puritans -- against pornography, against kissing in films, against hugging on the streets, against all kinds of warm relationships, against any expression of passionate love. They make everybody cold. Then these cold people start moving towards the head; there is no other way. Where else can you go?

Pornography will disappear the day priests disappear, otherwise it is not going to disappear. And remember, prostitutes will also disappear the day the priests disappear. The prostitute is the counterpart of the priest; if the priest remains, the prostitute is going to remain. The prostitute is the creation of the priest.

You ask me: "There is a great deal of hypocrisy in India about sex. People are not even willing to discuss it openly, yet there is a growing proliferation of, and obsession with, nude pictures."

That is natural. If people don't talk about it, if they are not courageous enough to talk about it frankly, if they cannot live their lives naturally, they are bound to find some underground ways. Nature is persistent. It is not easy to transcend nature; to transcend nature needs great skill. Buddha says: great *upaya* -- great skill, great art, great understanding.

Yes, transcendence is beautiful, it brings you great benediction, but before that you have to be immensely artful, understanding, meditative. This is not the way to go beyond it.

In that sense, pornography is a help in two ways. It is a help for the victims of the priests. The victims need it, otherwise they will go crazy, they will go mad. The pornography keeps them sane. It serves a great humanitarian purpose. You may not have thought about it in that way, but pornography serves a great purpose: it keeps people a little bit sane and healthy, because then their sexuality can have an underground outlet. If you close all the outlets, then people will start exploding into insanity.

And if pornography is allowed, accepted -- in movies, on TV, in films, in magazines, in books -- it will help people to come out of their hiding places. It will be beneficial. It will help people to talk about sex more clearly, more truly, more sincerely. Sex will not be a taboo anymore. And whenever something comes in the open, great changes happen.

Bring your inner being out into the open, in the wind, in the sun, in the rain, and you will be surprised: you are becoming cleaner, purer, weightless. Your understanding grows, your integrity grows, your self-respect grows, your independence grows, and you become less and less dependent on others -- political leaders, religious priests.

In *my* vision of life, the world will be a beautiful world if we can get rid of politicians and priests. These are the people who are not allowing humanity to live its life totally.

Yes, Silvera, pornography *can* help: it can finally bring sex out into the open. And if people start discussing it openly, frankly, without holding anything back, without any prejudices or condemnations.... Because it is a natural phenomenon -- as natural as the flowers, as natural as the stars.

If people start talking about sex and studying it naturally, without any guilt, two things will happen. The most strange thing will be that pornography will disappear. Who is interested in a nude picture if he can attain orgasmic joy with a woman? Unless he is utterly stupid, why should he be interested? A picture is just a picture. There is nothing, nobody -- just a few colors and a few lines arranged in a certain way. You are not deceived by food in a picture; you don't carry that picture close to your heart, thinking that whenever you are hungry you will look at the picture and it is going to satisfy you. But you go on carrying nude pictures close to your heart. The man who thinks that he can nourish himself and live on this 'nourishment' by looking at pictures of delicious food is a fool. And so is the person who thinks that by carrying nude pictures he can have any insight into the ultimate height of sex, into orgasmic experience.

Once a man came to Picasso -- he was a realist -- and he said, "Your pictures are absolutely unrealistic. I am a realist philosopher and I have come to tell you that you are wasting your time. Be realistic!"

Picasso asked, "What do you mean by being realistic?"

He immediately took a picture of his wife from his bag, showed it to Picasso, and said, "This is a photograph of my wife. It depicts how my wife is exactly. This is a realistic picture. And I have seen your pictures of women -- it is so difficult to find what you really want to depict."

And that is true. Once a woman had asked Picasso to make a portrait of her, which he did. He took six months and demanded a fabulous price for it. The woman said, "Okay, I will pay you, but there is just one thing: my nose is not right in the portrait, so you make it right."

Picasso looked at the picture and said, "That is impossible."

The woman said, "Why is it impossible? I am ready to pay."

He said, "That is not the point. Now I don't know where I have painted the nose!"

So this man was right to show him a picture of his wife. Picasso looked at the picture and

said, "This is a realistic thing?"

The man said, "Yes, absolutely representative, absolutely realistic."

Picasso said, "Then you have a very small wife -- and very flat, too!"

A photograph is a photograph -- flat; you cannot find any of your wife's curves in the photograph. You can go on searching for lives together, but you will not find anything. There is nothing.

If pornography becomes an accepted thing, one thing will be.... And there is nothing wrong in it. If somebody enjoys seeing a nude picture, it is nobody else's business to interfere. Neither the law nor the government nor the police have any right to interfere. If he enjoys it, he is simply enjoying a picture; he is not interfering with anybody's life. But he seems to be doing something wrong. In fact, enjoyment has become wrong.

For thousands of years we have been told that to enjoy oneself is something sinful. To be miserable is okay, to be joyous is wrong. So we destroy people's joy in every possible way. We interfere in their private lives. Now, this is absolutely personal -- a person enjoying a nude picture; it is nobody's business to come into it. But the police are there, the magistrate is there, the law is there, the government is there, the priest is there, and the whole crowd, just because he is enjoying a picture. And he is enjoying the picture because of these same people! These are the people who have created the whole problem. First they create the problem and then they are there to advise you how to get rid of it.

Two men used to do a business -- they were partners. The first would come into a town and in the night throw coal tar on people's windows and doors. And after three, four days the second would come to clean it off. If anybody wanted him to, he was ready to clean off the coal tar, he would clean it off. By that time the other partner would be destroying some other town. This way they earned much money. A beautiful job, no investment! One goes on destroying people's windowpanes, and the other comes to clean them.

This is what your priests, your police, your politicians, have been doing down the ages: they destroy you and then they are ready to help you. They throw you in the mud and then they are there, great saviors, to save you. Who has thrown you into the mud in the first place? But then, if you are not thrown in the mud, they can't be saviors. To be saviors they have to throw you into the mud first, then they will save you -- and their names will remain in history and they will be talked about for centuries as great men.

I love the ordinary, the natural, the simple man. I have no respect for your great men, the so-called great men. I have tremendous respect for the ordinary, natural human being.

Pornography can be of great help -- it will help you to get rid of your priests -- but pornography alone won't be much of an inner growth. You will have to seek, inquire, into your sexual energy far more deeply. You will have to travel to the deepest core of your being and find out what it is that attracts you.

Have you ever watched animals making love? If you have not watched, watch, and you will be surprised. One great revelation will be there waiting for you: that animals don't enjoy making love. Now that is an established fact: no animal enjoys making love; it is almost a compulsion, a natural compulsion that he has to go into. The moment the love act is finished, the female and the male go their ways -- and you can see their faces, in their eyes: sad they are, frustrated, maybe wondering deep down why they go into this nonsense again and again. It is only man who has the capacity to attain orgasmic joy.

Sex is animal, but sex with joy is human. It is something absolutely human; with great joy, with warmth, it is a prerogative of human beings. Animals making love look almost as if they are fighting, as if there is a quarrel, as if the male is attacking the female and the female is simply accepting it. If she does not accept, the male can become even more aggressive and it may prove fatal. So she simply accepts and yields, but feels humiliated. And the male also seems to be at a loss as to why he is doing it.

But in human beings it is a totally different phenomenon. It is a very soft and delicate affair. It is poetry, it is music. It is the source of all poetry, all music, all great art.

Pornography will help a little bit of course, but not much. You will have to go into deeper explorations of sexual energies. You will have to learn something of Tantra again.

That's my whole effort here: to introduce a neo-Tantra to the world, a new vision of love and the possibilities of love, and an insight into the reality of orgasm -- because orgasm is your greatest source of finding God, harmony, truth, the universal unity of all life. If you can be one with one woman, one man, you have the secret key in your hands. You can be one with the whole universe, with the whole cosmos.

I am trying to give you a totally new religion: a religion which loves life, a religion which affirms life, a religion which is a deep love affair with the universe. The old religions are finished; their days are gone. Humanity needs a new perspective. Humanity needs a totally new mind -- a new man who loves life, who is drunk with the joy of life, who knows how to dance with trees and how to sing with birds and who is not against anything but always ready to transform things onto higher planes.

Yes, sex can be transformed into love and love can be transformed into prayer. When sex becomes prayer you have arrived home.

The second question:

BELOVED OSHO,

WHEN YOU SAID I WAS ONLY PRETENDING TO BE A DISCIPLE, YOU DEMOLISHED ME COMPLETELY. I WAS CRUSHED. THE BOTTOM OF EVERYTHING DROPPED OUT. BUT NOW, TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, I MUST CONFESS THAT I'M FEELING GREAT AND AWAKE. IT'S LIKE A NEW MORNING. WHATEVER YOU DECIDE TO DO WITH ME, I'M GRATEFUL.

Santosh, I hit you hard only to make you awake. It is out of compassion and love. There is no other reason, no other motive at all. I have nothing to gain from you, I have no desire to be fulfilled. I can die this very moment because I have nothing to do tomorrow. Each moment is complete, each moment is more than enough. So if sometimes I hit you, remember always, it must be because I feel you worthy of being hit.

I don't hit anybody and everybody. I hit only the chosen people, I hit only when I see the potential, when I see that the hit is going to wake you up. In the beginning, of course, it is a painful experience, it is a thunderbolt from the sky -- and so unexpected.

Now, Santosh was not expecting it -- and suddenly the sword descends on his throat, and before he can say anything the work is done. It is a very subtle work. It took you twenty-four hours to see the point, Santosh, but even if you can see it after twenty-four hours, that is very soon. There are people who will not see it for months or for years or for lives.

I am happy that you are feeling great and awake, that you are feeling like a new morning.

Some rock has been destroyed which was hindering you from coming close to me, some door has been opened. And I don't bother about keys; if the keys are missing I hammer the lock! I am happy that you understood the point. Don't forget it again.

Mind tends to forget. Mind is a forgetfulness. You have to continuously remember where you are, why you are here. You are not living in the mundane way, in the marketplace. You are living in a buddhafiield. You have become part of a great pilgrimage. Be aware of it, be aware of the great opportunity. Don't remain unconscious with me, because the more conscious you are, the greater the possibility that before I leave the body, many of you will have become enlightened. My effort is this: I would like to leave thousands of people enlightened. And it is not impossible; every day I feel the possibility is becoming more and more actual, more and more people are becoming attuned to me, are feeling at home with me. Don't lag behind. Remember it now.

Of course, if you forget again I will hammer again -- and next time it is going to be more painful, because then you will need more hammering so that you can remember. Be like the horse Buddha talks about for whom only the shadow of the whip is enough. Yes, an intelligent person need not be told the same thing again and again.

And Santosh is intelligent, one of the most intelligent people here, but asleep. Great potential, great possibility, but in the seed. The time has come, Santosh! Fall into the soil. Let the seed die so that you can be born.

The third question:

BELOVED OSHO,

MY LOVE-LIFE DRAMA NOW REFLECTS AN OLD SAYING OF HUMPHREY BOGART'S: WOMEN -- THEY'RE HELL TO LIVE WITH, AND HELL TO LIVE WITHOUT. WHAT TO DO?

Deva Abhiyana, one has to pass through this hell. One has to experience both the hell of living with a woman and the hell of living without a woman. And it is not only true about women, it is exactly true about men too. So don't be a male chauvinist pig! It is applicable both ways, it is a double-edged sword. Women are also tired of living with men and they are also frustrated when they have to live alone. It is one of the most fundamental of human dilemmas; it has to be understood. You cannot live without a woman because you don't know how to live with yourself. You are not meditative enough.

Meditation is the art of living with yourself. It is nothing else than that, simply that: the art of being joyously alone. A meditator can sit joyously alone for months, for years. He does not hanker for the other, because his own inner ecstasy is so much, is so overpowering, that who bothers about the other? If the other comes into his life it is not a need, it is a luxury.

And I am all for luxury, because luxury means you can enjoy it if it is there and you can enjoy it when it is not there. A need is a difficult phenomenon. For example, bread and butter are needs, but the flowers in the garden are a luxury. You can live without the flowers, you will not die, but you cannot live without bread and butter.

For the man who cannot live with himself, the other is a need, an absolute need, because whenever he is alone he is bored with himself -- so bored that he wants some occupation with somebody else. Because it is a need it becomes a dependence, you have to depend on the other. And because it becomes a dependence you hate, you rebel, you resist, because it is a

slavery. Dependence is a kind of slavery, and nobody wants to be a slave.

Abhiyana meets a woman -- Abhiyana is not able to live alone. The woman is also not able to live alone, that's why she is meeting Abhiyana; otherwise there is no need. Both are bored with themselves and both are thinking that the other will help to get rid of the boredom. Yes, in the beginning it looks like that, but only in the beginning. As they settle together, soon they see that the boredom is not destroyed -- it is not only doubled but multiplied. Now, first they were bored with themselves, now they are bored with the other too -- because the closer you come to the other, the more you know the other, the more the other becomes almost a part of you.

That's why if you see a bored couple walking by you can be certain they are married. If they are not bored you can be certain they are not married. The man must be walking with somebody else's wife, that's why there is so much joy.

Once I was traveling in a train. In my compartment there was a woman, and her companion used to come in at every station, sometimes with ice cream, sometimes with fruit, sometimes with this, sometimes with that.

I asked the woman, "Are you married? Who is this man?"

She said, "He is my husband and we have been married seven years."

I said, "Absolutely wrong! If he was your husband he would have disappeared into his compartment and he would not have turned up at all. He is coming in at every station. I can't believe you. Be true with me!"

She looked puzzled. She said, "But how did you come to know?"

I said, "There is nothing much in it; it is a simple thing. He comes so ecstatic that he can't be your husband."

She said, "You are right. He is not my husband, he is my friend's husband, and we are secretly going to the Himalayas just to have seven or ten days there to be together. He is my lover."

When you are in love -- when you have not yet persuaded the woman and the woman has not yet persuaded you to be together forever -- you both pretend great joy. And something of it is true, too, because of the hope that "Who knows, I may come out of my boredom, my anguish, my anxiety, my aloneness. This woman may help me." And the woman is also hoping. But once you are together the hopes soon disappear, despair sets in again. Now you are bored and the problem has become multiplied. Now, how to get rid of this woman?

Because you are not meditative you need others to keep you occupied. And because you are not meditative you are not able to love either, because love is an overflowing joy. You are bored with yourself. What have you got to share with the other? Hence, being with the other also becomes hell.

In that sense Jean-Paul Sartre is right that the other is hell. The other is not hell really; it only appears so. The hell exists in you, in your nonmeditativeness, in your incapacity to be alone and ecstatic. And both are unable to be alone and ecstatic. Now both are at each other's throats, continuously trying to snatch some happiness from each other. Both are doing that and both are beggars.

I have heard:

One psychoanalyst met another psychoanalyst on the street. The first said to the other, "You look fine. How am I?"

Nobody knows about himself, nobody is acquainted with himself. We only see others' faces. A woman looks beautiful, a man looks beautiful, smiling, all smiles. We don't know his anguish. Maybe all those smiles are just a facade to deceive others and to deceive himself. Maybe behind those smiles there are great tears. Maybe he is afraid if he does not smile he may start weeping and crying.

But when you see the other you simply see the surface, you fall in love with the surface. But when you come closer, you soon know that the inner depths of the other person are as dark as your own. He is a beggar just as you are. Now... two beggars begging from each other. Then it becomes hell.

Yes, Abhiyana, you are right: "Women -- they're hell to live with, and hell to live without."

It is not a question of women at all, nor a question of men; it is a question of meditation and love. Meditation is the source from which joy wells up within you and starts overflowing. If you have joy enough to share, then only will your love be a contentment. If you don't have joy enough to share, your love is going to be tiring, exhausting, boring.

So whenever you are with a woman you are bored and you want to get rid of her, and whenever you are alone you are bored with yourself and you want to get rid of your loneliness, and you seek and search for a woman. This is a vicious circle! You can go on moving like a pendulum from one extreme to the other your whole life.

See the real problem! The real problem has nothing to do with man and woman. The real problem has something to do with meditation and the flowering of meditation in love, in joy, in blissfulness.

First meditate, be blissful, then much love will happen of its own accord. Then being with others is beautiful and being alone is also beautiful. Then it is simple, too. You don't depend on others and you don't make others dependent on you. Then it is always a friendship, a friendliness. It never becomes a relationship, it is always a relatedness. You relate, but you don't create a marriage. Marriage is out of fear, relatedness is out of love.

You relate; as long as things are moving beautifully, you share. And if you see that the moment has come to depart, because your paths separate at this crossroad, you say goodbye with great gratitude for all that the other has been to you, for all the joys and all the pleasures and all the beautiful moments that you have shared with the other. With no misery, with no pain, you simply separate.

Nobody can guarantee that two persons will be happy together always, because people change. When you meet a woman she is one person, you are one person. After ten years you will be another person, she will be another person. It is like a river: the water is continuously flowing. The people who had fallen in love are no more there, both are no more there. Now you can go on clinging to a certain promise given by somebody else -- but *you* have not given it.

A real man of understanding never promises for tomorrow, he can only say, "For the moment." A really sincere man cannot promise at all. How can he promise? Who knows about tomorrow? Tomorrow may come, may not come. Tomorrow may come: "I will not be the same, you will not be the same." Tomorrow may come: "You may find somebody with whom you fit more deeply, I may find somebody whom I go with more harmoniously." The world is vast. Why exhaust it today? Keep doors open, keep alternatives open.

I am against marriage. It is marriage that creates problems. It is marriage that has become very ugly. The most ugly institution in the world is marriage, because it forces people to be

phony: they have changed, but they go on pretending that they are the same.

One old man, eighty years old, was celebrating his fiftieth wedding anniversary with his wife who was seventy-five. They went to the same hotel, to the same hill-station where they had gone on their honeymoon. The nostalgia! Now he is eighty, she is seventy-five. They booked into the same hotel and took the same room. They were trying to live those beautiful days of fifty years ago again.

And when they were going to sleep, the woman said, "Have you forgotten? Are you not going to kiss me the way you kissed me on our honeymoon night?"

The old man said, "Okay." So he got up.

The woman asked, "Where are you going?"

He said, "I am going to get my teeth from the bathroom."

Everything has changed. Now this kiss without teeth or with false teeth is not going to be the same kiss. But the man says, "Okay." The journey must have been tiring, and for an eighty-year-old.... But people go on behaving as if they were the same.

One old woman and one old man got married. It must have happened in America, where else! In America nobody seems to be getting old, everybody is pretending to be young.

So they went on their honeymoon. The old man took the wife's hand in his hand and pressed it for two, three minutes -- that was all they could do as far as lovemaking was concerned -- then they went to sleep.

Next day he again pressed the old woman's hand -- but this time only for one minute -- three minutes may have been too long. And the third day, just as he was going to press the woman's hand, she said, turning to the other side, "Today I have a headache."

Very few people really grow up; even if they become aged, they don't grow up. Growing old is not growing up. Real maturity comes through meditation.

Learn to be silent, peaceful, still. Learn to be a no-mind. That has to be the beginning for all sannyasins. Nothing can be done before that and everything becomes easier after that. When you find yourself utterly happy and blissful, then even if the third world war happens and the whole world disappears leaving you alone, it won't affect you. You will be still sitting under your tree doing vipassana.

The day *that* moment comes in your life you can share your joy -- now you are able to give love. Before that it is going to be misery, hopes and frustrations, desires and failures, dreams... and then dust in your hand and in your mouth.

Beware, don't waste time. The earlier you become attuned to no-mind, the better it is. Then many things can flower in you: love, creativity, spontaneity, joy, prayer, gratitude, God.

The last question:

BELOVED OSHO,

I NEVER REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAY TO ME. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Savito, there is no need to remember what I say. Words are not important at all. You are not students here; there is going to be no examination. You are not required to remember my words. Just imbibe me, the spirit of the place, the taste of my being. Let my silence reach

you. If you forget the words it is perfectly okay; they have to be forgotten, otherwise they will clutter your mind.

I am not here to give you more information; I am here to give you TRANSformation. For transformation, memory is not needed, so don't be worried. Many people become worried "We go on forgetting what you say." You are still thinking you are in a university or in a school or a college, and you will be examined later on and you will have to reproduce. Nothing has to be reproduced, nobody is going to ask anything. At least I am never going to ask you any questions.

I use words to convey silence. I use words to keep your mind occupied so that there can be a heart-to-heart communion. The mind becomes occupied with the words, and like a thief I can enter your heart. I have my own devices. I tell you a joke, you start laughing, you open your mouth... and I am in!

Savito, a joke for you:

Sol and Abe, two eighty-five-year-old widowers, were sitting on a park bench in St. Petersburg, Florida. Sol was telling Abe about a local gal that he had dated the night before.

"What did you do?" asked Abe.

"We checked into a motel, got in bed, and I sang 'Those were the Days'."

"That sounds like a great evening," said Abe. "Do you mind if I take her out tonight?"

"Sure, go ahead."

The next day, Sol said, "How did it go last night?"

"Fine."

"What did you do?"

"Well, we got a motel room and got into bed. I couldn't remember the song, so I screwed her."

Enough for today.

The White Lotus

Chapter #11

Chapter title: Truly Right

10 November 1979 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 7911100

ShortTitle: WLOTUS11

Audio: Yes

Video: No

QUESTION: WHAT IS RIGHT AND WHAT IS WRONG?

ANSWER: DISCRIMINATION WITH NO-MIND IS RIGHT. DISCRIMINATION WITH MIND IS WRONG. WHEN ONE TRANSCENDS RIGHT AND WRONG, HE IS TRULY RIGHT. IN A SUTRA IT SAYS, 'WHEN ONE DWELLS ON THE RIGHT ROAD, HE DOES NOT DISCRIMINATE "THIS IS RIGHT, THIS IS WRONG".'

QUESTION: WHAT IS A SAGACIOUS STUDENT, AND WHAT IS A DULL STUDENT?

ANSWER: A SAGACIOUS STUDENT DOES NOT DEPEND ON HIS TEACHER'S WORDS, BUT USES HIS OWN EXPERIENCE TO FIND THE TRUTH. A DULL STUDENT DEPENDS ON COMING TO A GRADUAL UNDERSTANDING THROUGH HIS TEACHER'S WORD: A TEACHER HAS TWO KINDS OF STUDENTS; ONE HEARS THE TEACHER'S WORDS WITHOUT CLINGING TO THE MATERIAL NOR TO THE IMMATERIAL, WITHOUT ATTACHING TO FORM OR TO NONFORM, WITHOUT THINKING OF ANIMATE OBJECTS OR OF INANIMATE OBJECTS... THIS IS THE SAGACIOUS STUDENT; THE OTHER, WHO IS AVID FOR UNDERSTANDING, ACCUMULATES MEANINGS, AND MIXES GOOD AND BAD, IS THE DULL STUDENT. THE SAGACIOUS STUDENT UNDERSTANDS INSTANTLY; HE DOES NOT RAISE INFERIOR MIND WHEN HE HEARS THE TEACHING, NOR DOES HE FOLLOW THE SAGE'S MIND, HE TRANSCENDS BOTH WISDOM AND IGNORANCE. EVEN THOUGH ONE HEARS THE TEACHING AND DOES NOT CLING TO WORLDLY DESIRES, DOES NOT LOVE BUDDHA OR THE TRUE PATH, IF, WHEN HE HAS TO SELECT ONE OUT OF TWO, HE SELECTS QUIETNESS FROM CONFUSION, WISDOM FROM IGNORANCE, INACTIVITY FROM ACTIVITY AND CLINGS TO ONE OR THE OTHER OF THESE, THEN HE IS A DULL STUDENT. IF ONE TRANSCENDS BOTH WISDOM AND IGNORANCE, HAS NO GREED FOR THE TEACHING, DOES NOT LIVE IN RIGHT RECOLLECTEDNESS, DOES NOT RAISE RIGHT THINKING, AND DOES NOT HAVE ASPIRATIONS TO BE A PRATYEKA-BUDDHA OR A BODHISATTVA, THEN HE IS A SAGACIOUS STUDENT.

One of the most puzzling, confusing mysteries of life is a buddha talking to those who are not buddhas yet. It is almost like talking to a man who is fast asleep. Yes, if you shout loud enough something of your voice, something of your words may penetrate the slumber of the sleeper -- they may even reach his mind -- although they will have to pass through many many dreams. They will be distorted, disfigured, they will not be the same, and the meaning that the sleeper is going to give to those words is going to be his own. But there is no other way.

There are only three possibilities. The sleeping one talking to another who is also asleep; that is the first possibility. That's what goes on happening all over the world: sleepers talking

to other sleepers, somnambulists trying to communicate with other somnambulists. Only great conflict arises out of it, much arises out of it, much noise:

... A TALE TOLD BY AN IDIOT,
FULL OF SOUND AND FURY,
SIGNIFYING NOTHING.

Yes, that's exactly what happens.

The whole world is in chaos, because people who don't know what they are saying go on saying things to others who can't hear, who are not in the state to hear. And we go on interpreting according to our own prejudices, we go on imposing our meanings on the words of others. The others function only as screens and we project our own films on them.

I have heard an ancient story:

Once a great emperor, a *chakravartin*, who ruled the whole earth, decided that if the whole world stopped all kinds of noise even for a single minute, that silence would be some incredible experience. But how to convince people to stop totally for one minute -- the whole world stopping for one minute, no talking? Even though he was a great emperor, it was not feasible. He inquired of his wise men.

They said, "That seems to be an impossible task. How can we manage it? How will we guard? Who can prevent people from talking and making noise? Millions of people! Your army is big, but compared to the people your army is nothing."

Then a mystic rose and said to the king, "I can manage it. I know the secret."

He whispered the secret into the ears of the king and the secret worked. The secret was very strange -- as the ways of the mystics are always very strange. On the surface they look like one thing, deep down they are something else -- maybe exactly the opposite of how they appear on the surface.

The mystic told the king, "You make an announcement that on a particular day at twelve o'clock midday, the whole world has to shout together the sound 'Hoo' for one minute. The whole world has to shout it! Nobody is allowed not to shout, everybody has to participate."

The king said, "What are you talking about? I want the world to fall into absolute *peace* for one minute!"

The mystic said, "I know people! You just follow what I am saying, and what you want will happen."

And it really happened. The king made the declaration, the day was fixed, and people waited eagerly for that moment. The whole world shouting "Hoo" for one minute -- it was going to be something extraordinary! Everybody thought, "I am not going to shout, I will listen. Why miss such an opportunity? The king himself wants to listen, why should I miss the opportunity? And who is to find out? When the whole world is shouting Hoo, who is to find out that I have not been a participant?"

And that's how everybody thought. At exactly twelve o'clock, for one minute there was absolute silence -- not even a single noise. The mystic had managed it. And the king was transformed by the silence it was so deep -- its beauty, its music, its exquisite grace. It became the beginning of his own meditation.

If just the outside noise stopping for one minute gives you such stillness, such sweet silence, what will happen when your inside mind stops making noise? It was a turning point in the life of the emperor.

But ordinarily the world is continuously making noise; everybody is making noise. The people who make much more noise than others are thought to be leaders, politicians; they are thought to be great men. You will be thought great by newspapers and later on by historians only if you have a nuisance value, if you can create trouble. If you can create trouble like Adolf Hitler or Joseph Stalin or Mao Zedong, then you will be thought to be a great leader. If you can create trouble like Ayatollah Khomeini, then you will be thought to be a great saint. Your value depends on how much nuisance you can create in the world. Everybody wants to be somebody, hence everybody has to pretend, to shout loudly. Everybody has to prove that "you can't treat me as a nobody."

It is amongst this madness, amongst these insane people, that one who has become awakened has to convey the message. It is almost an impossible feat. It is a miracle that once in a while somebody is capable of listening.

The first possibility is: sleepers talking to other sleepers. They talk much, they talk nonsense; obviously they can't talk sense. Two sleeping persons -- they can only make absurd noises. There can be no possibility of any communication.

Hence in the world there is no communication: the husband shouting at the wife, the wife shouting at the husband -- and nobody understands anybody else. The world lacks understanding absolutely, totally. Understanding is nil. People somehow go on dragging themselves. Yes, they become adjusted to each other, but it is not understanding. It is just out of continuous failure, despair, disappointment, that they make a few arrangements, because everybody has to live and a few arrangements are needed to live.

The second possibility is: two buddhas talking. Then communion is possible, but two buddhas never talk. Sleepers talk too much, communication is not possible. Two buddhas can commune with each other, but they never talk. They can't talk, there is nothing to say. They are both at the same peak, they are both seeing the same sunset, they are both in the same ecstasy -- what is there to talk about? Whatsoever you say, the other knows already; whatsoever the other will say, you know already. Yes, sometimes it *has* happened in the past that buddhas have met.

Once Kabir and Farid, two buddhas, met, and for two days sat in absolute silence. Not a single word was uttered. When they parted, their disciples asked, "What happened? What went wrong? Why didn't you say a single word?"

They both said to their disciples, "It was unnecessary, it would have been a waste of breath -- what I know, the other knows. Neither I am anymore nor he is anymore. We are both part of one reality. We taste the same flavor, we experience the same joy. And we know it is inexpressible any way, hence we sat in silence. Silence was our communion."

And then the third possibility is: a buddha talking to one who is asleep or someone who is asleep talking to a buddha. Someone who is asleep can only ask questions. That is what is happening in this beautiful dialogue between a disciple and Bodhidharma. Someone who is not awake can only ask questions; he has no inkling of any answer. His whole life is full of questions. Just as leaves grow on trees, questions grow in your sleepiness, in your unconsciousness.

And the buddha can answer, he cannot question. He knows nothing of questions; he *is* the answer. He has arrived home. The first is meaningless, the second is impossible. The third is possible but very puzzling -- puzzling because the buddha speaks from his peaks and the sleeper listens in his sleep, in his dreams, desires. Lost in the darkness of the valley, he knows nothing of the sunlit peaks, he has no idea of the purity of those altitudes; he lives in the polluted world. He knows words, but he is unaware of the real, true meaning of the words.

Yes, he knows the word love, but he knows nothing of love. He knows the word prayer, but he has never experienced it -- and without experiencing it you cannot know it. He knows the word God -- empty, hollow, just a husk with nothing inside it -- but he knows nothing of God. It is only the word that he goes on repeating.

And the problem is that when the buddha says 'love' he means something totally different than what you mean when you use the word love. Those words don't meet, they don't crisscross anywhere. They go on running like parallel lines, meeting nowhere. And yet you can think you have understood, because the word is the same. You can go on believing that you have come to a great understanding, yet that understanding is only intellectual. To understand a buddha intellectually is not to understand him at all; he has to be understood existentially.

The disciple has not to be only a questioner, he has to move closer to the master. The question is a wall; he has to drop all questioning. He has to start merging, melting into the being of the master, so that he can see through his eyes, can feel through his heart and have a little experience of the beyond, of the transcendental.

This is the last dialogue between the disciple, the unknown disciple, and Bodhidharma.

The first question: WHAT IS RIGHT AND WHAT IS WRONG?

You all have been told what is right and what is wrong. Yes, Christians will say one thing, Mohammedans another and Jainas still something else. Hindus have their own ideas of right and wrong, and so do the Confucians and Zoroastrians. There are so many ideologies in the world, and they all have their own ideas of what is right and what is wrong. And you have been told -- because you were born in a certain family, into a certain conditioning... from the very beginning you have been conditioned. So you all carry some idea, clearly or unclearly, consciously or unconsciously, of what is right and what is wrong. And still you don't know what is right and what is wrong, because you have not discovered it on your own; you have been told.

And these are such deep experiences that nobody else can decide them for you. You will have to grope in the darkness of your being to find a window through which you can look at the open sky. You will have to seek and search for a door from which you can have an insight of what is right and what is wrong.

If you simply listen to people... they are asleep. What they are saying is not their own; their parents had said those things to them. And neither their parents had their own experience, nor their parents... and so on and so forth. What they are telling you is only a repetition. They are functioning like gramophone records. They repeat a certain formula because they know nothing else, and they are not courageous enough to say to you, "We don't know."

It needs guts to announce your ignorance. It needs the courage of Socrates to say, "I know only one thing: that I know nothing." But it is very difficult to find a father like Socrates. It is very difficult to find a man like Buddha or Jesus to teach you. In your schools, in your churches, it is impossible because these people cannot be confined to schools and churches. These people have *known*.

But the first step towards knowing is knowing that you are ignorant. Then you are ready, open, vulnerable. Then something can happen to you. Then truth can reveal itself to you. But you are so full of rubbish -- you all think that you know. This is the first thing to be dropped.

Your parents, your teachers, your priests, know nothing, and out of their ignorance and

out of their pretentious knowledge -- false, pseudo, borrowed -- they go on teaching you. They say one thing, you will understand another. You will say one thing to your children and they will understand another. That's how truth becomes more and more deteriorated. That's how truth becomes a lie.

When Buddha utters something it is coming from the very source of life and existence. But the moment he utters something, a process sets in -- a process which is going to destroy the truth. The hearer will hear it in his own way, then he will say it to somebody else. Now twenty-five centuries have passed, and in twenty-five centuries how many generations have passed! And each generation has been giving its so-called knowledge to the next generation. Now if Buddha comes back he will really have a belly laugh. He will not be able to believe that these are *his* words. If Bodhidharma comes back he will be surprised, he will be utterly dumb for a moment: "Are these my words?"

... Because my feeling, reading these questions and answers, has continuously been this: that the disciple, although he is trying to be very true to the master's words, is still editing. The words don't have that lion's roar in them, and that was the basic quality of Bodhidharma. They look too mild to be coming from his mouth; they look almost dull. They don't have that sharpness. He was a sword! He was one of the strangest buddhas to have ever happened on the earth. These words seem to be so mild, so soft.

There are only two possibilities: either he was very ill, dying, and was not able to shout.... But the second possibility is closer to the truth. The second possibility is that the disciple was writing in his own words what Bodhidharma has said. These are the disciple's notes; Bodhidharma has not written them, he has not written a single word. The disciple must be editing. Of course he has tried to be very sincere -- he has not added anything which goes against Bodhidharma -- but he may have deleted a few things, of which we can never be certain. Looking at his questions, he does not seem to be of great intelligence.

"Miss Jones," said the science professor, "would you care to tell the class what happens when a body is immersed in water?"

"Sure," said Miss Jones, "the telephone rings."

An experienced prostitute tells a younger beginner that the moment to ask men for money is "when their eyes go glassy."

The next day she asks the beginner how she made out.

"Rotten," she says, "when their eyes go glassy, I go stone-blind."

People function from their state of being, from their understanding. And what understanding have they got? None at all.

Scene: an army induction centre. The new recruits are lined up by the tough sergeant and told to count off into groups of four.

They count off briskly: "One -- two -- three -- four! One -- two -- three -- four! A-wahann!"

The sergeant strides up to the yodelling number one and looks him up and down in revulsion. "Are you 'one'?"

"Of courthe I'm one. Are you one too?"

The moment a word reaches you it immediately changes its color; it becomes part of your

gestalt. It immediately starts representing you -- not the speaker but you. Beware of this fact.

And the only way to get rid of this -- and one *needs* to get rid of this if one is really a seeker of truth -- the only way to get rid of this is to drop all ideas that have been given to you by others. Empty your mind of all concepts of right and wrong.

Be again a child, knowing nothing, collecting seashells on the seashore, running after a butterfly, enchanted by small things -- a colored stone. Be as innocent as a child: you don't know what is right and you don't know what is wrong. And then there is a possibility to know.

The student asked:

WHAT IS RIGHT AND WHAT IS WRONG?

Religions have their own predetermined ideas: "This is right and this is wrong." And what is right in one religion is wrong in another. There are three hundred religions on the earth and at least three thousand sects of those religions. It is not coincidental that there are also three thousand languages on the earth; maybe there is some interrelationship. These three thousand sects may be just three thousand religious languages. And each religion has its own definition of right and wrong, and that definition never suits another religion.

Now Jainas think that eating meat is wrong, but Mohammedans, Christians, Jews, won't agree with it. Their scriptures say: God created animals to be eaten by human beings. Jainas say that to fast is the best way to purify your soul. Now, there are religions which will not agree, because how can fasting purify your soul? Maybe it can purify your body of its toxins, its poisons, but how can it purify your soul? What has food to do with the soul? They seem to be absolutely unrelated.

Jainas say that to live without any possessions, to live absolutely naked, is the only way to attain *moksha*, ultimate freedom. Now, no other religion will agree with it, because what has nudity to do with *moksha*? All animals are nude! It has nothing spiritual about it. And man was for centuries nude. The primitive man lived in nudity, but they were not all attaining to liberation. How can you attain to liberation just by being nude? And so on and so forth.... The ideas of right and wrong are very sectarian. Bodhidharma's answer is a nonsectarian approach.

Bodhidharma says:

DISCRIMINATION WITH NO-MIND IS RIGHT.

A very strange statement, a paradoxical statement -- because discrimination is always of the mind. It is the mind which discriminates: "This is right and this is wrong." Bodhidharma is making a tremendously pregnant statement. He says:

DISCRIMINATION WITH NO-MIND IS RIGHT.

And he is really very close to the point, as close as language can reach. When you function without any mind, when you function out of pure awareness, whatsoever you do is right. That's what he calls "discrimination with no-mind" -- that is right. Not that you decide to do right, not that you decide not to do wrong. When there is no mind in you, no prejudice, no ideology, no thoughts; a pure silence.... Out of that silence, the spontaneous act. Out of that silence, the response to reality from moment to moment. That is right.

Look at the beautiful definition of right: it has nothing to do with the act, it has something to do with consciousness.

All the buddhas try to change the emphasis from the outer to the inner, from action to consciousness -- even from conscience to consciousness, because conscience is extrovert; it is created by the society. You have a Hindu conscience or a Mohammedan conscience or a Christian conscience. But consciousness is simply consciousness, neither Hindu nor Christian nor Mohammedan.

Consciousness, just pure consciousness: a mirrorlike phenomenon reflecting that which is; and out of that reflection the act, the total act. That is right. See the emphasis. The emphasis is not on the act: what to do and what not to do. Bodhidharma simply drops that. It is not a question of doing this or not doing that, because one thing may be right in one moment of consciousness and may not be right in another moment. In one situation, in one context, in a certain space, one act may be right; and in another space, in another context, the same act may be wrong. So acts can't be decisive.

It all depends on your consciousness and the situation that is encountered by you. The decision is going to happen between you and the situation. And the decision has not to be deliberately taken according to certain ideology, according to certain conclusions, according to certain prejudices, concepts, the decision has to arise in the purity of consciousness, in the state of no-mind, then it is right. If it is not coming out of no-mind then it is wrong. This is a very significant opening: it can open doors and doors and doors to mysteries.

See the difference. The ten commandments talk about acts: Don't do this, don't do that. Bodhidharma is not saying: Don't do this, don't do that -- because who knows, tomorrow the same act may be needed. Situations change; life is a constant flux. What is right today may not be right tomorrow, hence acts cannot be fixed -- and that's what all so-called religions have done.

People even ask that I should decide what is right and what is wrong for my disciples, for my sannyasins. I am not going to decide what is right and what is wrong. I am simply helping you to create the pure consciousness, because out of that consciousness, whatsoever happens is right. And whenever you lose that purity, that height, that flight of consciousness and start crawling in the darkness of the earth, then all that you do is wrong.

It is possible that an unconscious man may be doing something which is thought to be right by society, but he cannot be doing right according to Bodhidharma and according to me. Society may respect him for doing right, but we cannot say that he is doing right because he has no right consciousness to do it: the very foundation is missing. His action may on the surface appear to be right, but his intention cannot be right; and it is intention that is decisive. He may donate money to the poor, and of course everybody will say that this is right. Donating money to the poor -- who will say it is not right?

But Bodhidharma will say: Only if he is sharing out of joy, not out of an egoistic attitude, is it right. If he is *sharing*, not pitying the poor; if he is sharing for the joy of sharing itself, not obliging the poor, then it is right. But if there is a hidden motive of obliging the poor -- if there is a hidden intention to gain something in the other world, some virtue, to gain entry into paradise -- if he is doing something like that, the act on the surface will seem to be good, but it is not good. It is wrong because it comes out of a wrong consciousness, it is arising out of a wrong context. It can't be right.

There are millions of Christian missionaries serving poor people for wrong reasons. Their reason for serving poor people is because this is the way to attain to heaven. This is greed, this is not service! And on the surface they are good people, nice people, very helpful people,

doing good works in every possible way, but deep down their desire is nothing but a great greed, a greed projected towards the other world. They are so greedy -- more greedy than the ordinary people, because the ordinary people are satisfied with a little bit of money, a good house, a garden, a car, this and that; a little prestige, power, becoming a prime minister or a president, and they are perfectly happy, satisfied. But these people are not satisfied with such small things -- mundane, momentary; they condemn all these things. They want eternal peace, they want eternal bliss, they want the eternal company of God.

And there is going to be great competition, because God must be surrounded by a great crowd of saints. Who is going to be close to God? In fact, this is what Jesus' disciples asked him, The last night before he departed from his disciples, this was the question uppermost in their minds.

I always feel sorry for Jesus: he was not so fortunate as Buddha, as Mahavira, as Lao Tzu, as far as disciples are concerned. He had a very poor lot!

Jesus is going to be crucified tomorrow. He has told them that this is the last night and that he will be caught; he predicts it. And do you know what they are asking? They are not concerned about Jesus' crucifixion: how to protect him, how to save him, or what can be done now; they are not worried about that. They ask him, "Lord, tomorrow you are leaving us. Just one question before you go; let it be settled. Of course, we know you will be on the right hand side of God in heaven, but who will be next to you? Who amongst us will be the one blessed to be next to you?"

This is pure greed! This is spiritual politics -- more ugly than ordinary politics, because ordinary politics is gross and you can see it immediately when it is there, but this type of politics is very subtle and very difficult to see.

Serve, if service is your response out of no-mind. Don't desire anything out of it. Do it for the sheer joy of doing it.

That's what I am trying to create here. You are all involved in all kinds of work in this commune, and this is only the beginning, just the seed of the commune; soon it will grow into a big tree. But the basic foundation is being laid. You are all working, but it is not service because of some greed. You are not here to attain anything in the other world. I am teaching you how to enjoy each moment for its own sake; the joy has to be intrinsic.

Just the other day Gyan Bhakti made a silver box for me to keep Jintan in. And she came crying tears of joy that she was able to do something for me. There is nothing to be gained -- I cannot promise her that "Gyan Bhakti, you will be exactly on the right side of me in heaven."

There is no heaven, and there is no God as such, as a person. Even I am not going to be on his right side! And basically I am a leftist; I don't believe in the right side at all. The right side is the male chauvinist idea, because the right side represents the left-side mind, which is reason, mathematics, calculation. The left hand represents poetry, love, dancing, music, sculpture. But there is no God, and there is no right and left to God.

There is no other world except this.

This very body the buddha.

This very earth the lotus paradise.

And this very moment is all eternity.

Live out of no-mind, then whatsoever happens is right. And live out of the mind, then whatsoever you do is wrong.

Hence I am not in favor of people like Mother Teresa of Calcutta, not at all. She knows nothing of meditation. She is a good woman, doing hard work, but deep down there is greed.

Without meditation you cannot get rid of greed. Yes, serving orphans, widows, poor people, ill people, old people, lepers -- anybody will say this is good except Bodhidharma or except me. It is only apparently good; deep down it is greed. And sometimes I wonder: if lepers disappear through scientific advancement, and if communism comes and poor people are no longer there, and if biochemistry finds ways so that people can always remain young and never become old, then what will happen to people like Mother Teresa? They will be at a loss! They will not find anybody who will need their service. They will be in difficulty: they need these people, it is their *need*. These people are needed for them to be great servants.

Hence religious people -- the so-called religious people -- want the world to continue in poverty, because if the world continues to be in poverty they will have something to serve. They want people to remain ill, starved. Now science has enough technology to change the face of the earth, but the religions won't allow it because their whole business will evaporate. If science makes this earth almost like a paradise, then Mother Teresa will not be needed.

I will still be needed. In fact, I will be needed more, because when people have nothing to do then the world of doing nothing, of meditation begins -- because meditation is the art of simply being.

SITTING SILENTLY, DOING NOTHING,
SPRING COMES, AND THE GRASS GROWS BY ITSELF.

If the world becomes really happy, joyous, rich, affluent, then people like Bodhidharma and me will be needed more. If the world lives in luxury then millions of buddhas can bloom. But it is difficult to understand this.

It is easy to understand Mother Teresa and the Nobel prize that has been given to her. Gurdjieff was not given a Nobel prize, nor Ramana Maharshi. Krishnamurti has been doing only one thing his whole life: trying to make people more aware and conscious. Nobody has ever thought of giving a Nobel prize to him, because this work is subtle, invisible. Real work is always of the roots -- you can't see them. And just ordinary people like Mother Teresa are awarded Nobel prizes; I don't think that Buddha would get a Nobel prize if he came, or Bodhidharma -- impossible.

Our whole idea of right and wrong is so superficial that we cannot see deep into the very essence of what is good and what is not good. Bodhidharma is giving you the essential core:

DISCRIMINATION WITH NO-MIND IS RIGHT. DISCRIMINATION WITH MIND IS WRONG. WHEN ONE TRANSCENDS RIGHT AND WRONG, HE IS TRULY RIGHT.

See the point, meditate over it: WHEN ONE TRANSCENDS RIGHT AND WRONG... when one has no idea of what is right and what is wrong. ... Because those ideas are always in the mind; they are mind things. When you have no idea of what is right and what is wrong, when you are utterly innocent, then you are right, truly right. To be innocent, silent, contentless, just a consciousness: that's what Bodhidharma says is *truly right*.

IN A SUTRA IT SAYS, "WHEN ONE DWELLS ON THE RIGHT ROAD, HE DOES NOT DISCRIMINATE...."

One simply *lives* out of his consciousness, not being worried whether one is right or wrong. Who cares? One simply follows one's spontaneity; one flows with it without any worry about whether it is right or wrong. Only wrong people worry about right and wrong. Right people never worry about anything; they simply live their life. They live their life without any imposition. They live their life without any morality, immorality. They live their

life without any character. They live in a characterless freedom.

IN A SUTRA IT SAYS, "WHEN ONE DWELLS ON THE RIGHT ROAD, HE DOES NOT DISCRIMINATE 'THIS IS RIGHT, THIS IS WRONG.'"

He never thinks about what is right and what is wrong. He simply goes on living silently, joyously, ecstatically, and then whatsoever he touches is transformed into gold. Dust becomes divine in his hands. And in the hands of your so-called saints even gold turns into dust. In the hands of your so-called saints and mahatmas, nectar becomes poison.

The second question: WHAT IS A SAGACIOUS STUDENT, AND WHAT IS A DULL STUDENT?

Bodhidharma says:

A SAGACIOUS STUDENT DOES NOT DEPEND ON HIS TEACHER'S WORDS BUT USES HIS OWN EXPERIENCE TO FIND THE TRUTH.

A very fundamental criterion: the really intelligent disciple DOES NOT DEPEND ON HIS TEACHER'S WORDS. He listens to his teacher's words, but more than his words, he listens to his being. More than his words, he listens to his silence. More than his words, he observes his gestures. More than his words, he looks into his eyes. More than his words, he watches how he walks, how he sits, how he talks, how sometimes he remains silent. His approach is not intellectual, his approach is existential. And because he DOES NOT DEPEND ON HIS TEACHER'S WORDS, he USES HIS OWN EXPERIENCE TO FIND THE TRUTH.

The masters have always been saying that you have to find the truth on your own. Be a light unto yourself. Nobody can give you the truth; truth is not a transferable property. It is not some possession that you can inherit; you have to discover it. Everybody has to discover it again and again on his own.

That is the difference between scientific truth and religious truth. Scientific truth is discovered by one person and then it becomes the property of the whole world. Albert Einstein discovered the theory of relativity; it took years for him to work it out. Once discovered, it is the property of the whole of humanity. Now anybody can understand it, anybody can read about it; there is no problem about it. Scientific truth is objective, it is outside. Once discovered, everybody can see it and everybody can understand it -- just a little intelligence is needed, a little effort is needed -- but you need not REdiscover it.

That is the difference with religious truth: it is subjective, it is inner; you cannot put it in front of others. So when a man becomes a buddha only *he* knows what has happened -- or other buddhas will know what has happened -- but it never becomes an objective phenomenon which others can watch.

You who are in deep love with me, you know what has happened to me, but you cannot prove it to others; it is not an objective phenomenon. If you try to prove it you will feel very inadequate. It is easy to disprove it: it is impossible to prove it.

You cannot prove that Christ attained. Thousands of books have been written, but nothing has been proved yet. For two thousand years more books have been written on Christ than on anybody else, but what has been proved? There are still people who think that he was insane.

There are still psychologists who think that he was neurotic, psychotic, schizophrenic -- and they think so very seriously and they have many arguments to prove why it is so.

He used to hear voices, which only insane people hear. He used to talk to the sky, which only mad people do. And he was a megalomaniac, according to these great scholars, psychologists, psychiatrists, because he suffered from a very puffed-up ego. He declared that "I am the only son of God." Now, what pretentiousness! He declared that "I have come to save the whole of humanity." What ego! And this man talks about humbleness, humility, and goes on saying, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth" -- and he was not a meek man at all!

So the people who want to prove that he was schizophrenic have enough proof. One day he says, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," and another day he enters into the temple of Jerusalem, beats the moneychangers and throws them out of the temple. Can you think that this man is a meek man? He talks about humbleness, humility, poverty of the spirit, and declares that "I am the king of the Jews," that "I am the real king." That is enough proof that this man has many minds, split minds. He talks about forgiveness, he says that God is love -- and becomes so angry with small things. Not only with people, he became so angry with a fig tree, because his disciples were hungry, he was hungry, and there was no fruit on the tree. Now this man is insane, because the tree is not in any way willfully preventing the fruits from growing at this time; it is not the time for the fruits. They come up to the tree with great expectation, and there is no fruit. Jesus takes it as an insult. The son of God comes, and what kind of fig tree is this? No respect! He goes into a rage, he curses the tree. The tree burns because of his curse: a green tree turns into a dead tree immediately. Now what kind of man is this? He must be mad! Can you think of him as a buddha? That will be difficult to prove.

Two thousand years of scholarship have not been able to prove it. But anybody can disprove it -- it is very easy -- because the experience of christ-consciousness is very inner. It is so deep and so interior that only he knows what is happening inside him -- only he or those who are crowned with the same glory, who have attained to the same samadhi, to the same consciousness will be able to understand. But how many of those people are there in the world?

Mahavira looks mad because he lives naked. Not only that, he pulls his hair out; he does not go to the barber because he wants to be absolutely independent. Now, what ego! You can immediately translate it as a very egoistic attitude: he does not want to depend on anybody else, he wants to be absolutely independent. It is better to pull your own hair out even though it hurts, but he will not go to the barber. Can't he keep a razor, a pair of scissors with him? No, because he can't possess anything. He does not possess anything, he lives without possessions. To possess something is to be ordinary, so he lives without possessions. Now the only thing left is to pull your hair out.

And he does not take a bath, so sooner or later there will be lice in the hair and it will become dirty and dusty, and he has to pull it out. Why doesn't he take a bath? Seems to be really insane! He does not take a bath because he thinks there is no need to decorate the body. He does not take a bath because he thinks water has very very small living cells in it; they will be killed. And he does not want to do harm to anybody at all, not even those small cells. Water consists of many many bacteria, cells, living organisms; so, not to disturb them, not to destroy them, he will not take a bath.

And there is a certain kind of insane person whose characteristic is that he pulls his hair out. Sometimes women do it when they are really in rage -- they pull their hair. That is a

temporary madness. But this man continuously does it; he seems to be permanently mad. You can easily prove that Mahavira is mad; it is very difficult to prove that he has attained, because that is his inner experience. Yes, somebody else who has gone so deep, who has dived so deep into his being, may be able to see the point, but even he cannot prove it.

Truth, religious truth, is subjective: you know it only when you know it. Nobody can give it to you.

Bodhidharma says:

A SAGACIOUS STUDENT DOES NOT DEPEND ON HIS TEACHER'S WORDS, BUT USES HIS OWN EXPERIENCE TO FIND THE TRUTH.

The voluptuous brunette dreamed that a tall, dark, handsome man appeared at her bedside, pulled the covers off her and carried her to a big Cadillac. Then he drove to a secluded spot in the country, threw her into the back seat and leered at her.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked in a quivering voice.

"How should I know?" he answered. "It's *your* dream."

The words that you hear from the masters are not the masters' words, they are your words. It is your dream. You can interpret, you can accumulate, you can become very knowledgeable, but it is all your dream. Never for a moment forget that.

And you are asleep and you are split and you are subjectively unconscious: you are in a real mess. It is a miracle that you go on keeping yourself together, that you don't start falling to pieces here and there. You must be using imported glue, because Indian glue can't do that! It is impossible.

A taxi passenger was being buffeted to the right and to the left as his driver careened down the avenue at breakneck speed. When the gentleman was granted an instant to catch his breath, he finally complained to the driver.

"You ain't got no cause to worry," said the man. "I ain't goin' to land back in no hospital now, after eighteen months in one overseas."

Only partially reassured, the rider grumbled, "How dreadful. You must have been seriously wounded."

"Nope. Never got a scratch," grinned the cabbie. "I was a mental case."

I have heard a similar type of story:

One airplane takes off and as it starts rising higher, a great laughter is heard from the cockpit. The passengers become a little worried: "What is the matter?" So one passenger opens the door of the cockpit and asks the pilot, who is almost rolling about laughing, "What's the matter? What's so funny?"

He said, "I've just escaped from the mental asylum and now they can't find me!"

You can imagine the passengers -- what must have happened to them! But whether one is really a confirmed insane person or not does not make much difference; the difference is only of degree. All are insane. Unless you become a buddha you are insane. And whatsoever you go on understanding *through* the words will not be the words of the master. They are your own interpretations -- echoes heard in your insanity.

The real, intelligent disciple is not interested in words, he is interested in actual experience. He is interested in self-actualization. He uses the time with the master to rise higher and higher in consciousness. His effort is not that of becoming more knowledgeable; his effort is that of becoming more conscious, more authentic. He tries to attain more *being* than more knowledge. The stupid student acquires knowledge and the intelligent student acquires being. And it is being that can save you, not knowledge.

A DULL STUDENT DEPENDS ON COMING TO A GRADUAL UNDERSTANDING THROUGH HIS TEACHER'S WORD.

Real knowing is never gradual; it is a quantum leap, it is discontinuous with your past. The old simply disappears and the new appears. Gradual understanding is a trick of the mind. Gradual understanding is not understanding but only an accumulation of information.

Buddhahood, enlightenment, is sudden; it is never gradual. Yes, if you go on listening to the master, his authenticity, his sincerity, his love for you, his compassion, is going to create a great impression on you; it is going to create an impact on you. And slowly slowly those words will start gathering inside you. Gradually you will start feeling that now you understand a little more. But what is happening really is that now you *believe* a little more, not that you understand.

A master speaks with authority -- not the authority of the scriptures, not the authority of tradition, but the authority of his own experience. His words carry authority because he is a witness to his own words. What he says he knows, what he says he has seen, hence the impact.

But the impact can be in one of two ways: either you accumulate those words full of authority and then you become knowledgeable.... But to be knowledgeable is only to be a believer, not a knower. And no belief is ever going to liberate you; it binds you. And no belief is real trust; it is not faith, it is fake. Belief is fake faith.

The farmer's son entered the kitchen where the table had been set for dinner. The farmer, already seated, asked him, "Son, did you remember to close the door on the chicken house this evening? You remember what happened the last time a fox got in there, don't you?"

"Yes, father, I know. The door is closed," replied the boy.

Several minutes passed, then the old farmer got up and put his coat on. Walking out the door, he suddenly turned and remarked, "It's not that I don't believe you, son, I just want to be sure."

But what is the difference between these two? He says, "It is not that I don't believe you, son, I just want to be sure."

You can believe in the words of the masters, but how are you going to be sure? Unless you experience there is no surety, there is no certainty. Doubt will persist; it will become an undercurrent, it will sabotage all your beliefs. Then the time wasted with the master is really wasted. Otherwise, each moment with the master can be of tremendous value.

Don't gather words; that is the sign of the stupid student. Inquire into your being. Learn from the master how to be thirsty for the self. Learn from the master how to go on the great adventure of self-discovery. Accept his challenge, not just his words.

A DULL STUDENT DEPENDS ON COMING TO A GRADUAL UNDERSTANDING THROUGH HIS TEACHER'S WORDS. A TEACHER HAS TWO KINDS OF STUDENTS; ONE HEARS HIS

TEACHER'S WORDS WITHOUT CLINGING TO THE MATERIAL NOR TO THE IMMATERIAL, WITHOUT ATTACHING TO FORM OR TO NON-FORM, WITHOUT THINKING OF ANIMATE OBJECTS OR OF INANIMATE OBJECTS... THIS IS THE SAGACIOUS STUDENT....

He simply listens to the master's words as you listen to the wind passing through the pine trees or you listen to the sound of running water or you listen to the songs of the birds in the morning. You simply listen with no greed to accumulate, with no greed at all. Just a pure listening. You don't bring your mind in, you don't interfere. You don't try to make any sense out of it. What sense is there when the wind passes through the pine trees and you hear the music? What sense is there? When it is raining and you hear the sound on your roof, what sense is there? Yes, there is tremendous beauty but no sense. It is a great experience, but there is no ordinary meaning attached to it. And what meaning can you give to it? You will project your ideas.

The wind knocks on your door, and if you are waiting for your girlfriend or your boyfriend you may think that maybe they have come. You run to the door, you open the door, and you are frustrated: it was only the wind blowing, knocking on the door. You projected an idea.

A respectable old man heard that his only son had started visiting brothels. One evening the old gentleman got word that the boy was in that area of the town which was full of houses of ill repute, and, eager to get him back into the sanctity of his home before the family name was irretrievably ruined, he dashed downtown to find him. Charging along at full steam, distracted and angry, he was accosted by a lady of the evening popping out of her doorway.

"Hi, pop," she carolled pleasantly. "Are you looking for a naughty little girl?"

Unthinkingly he replied, "No, I'm looking for a naughty little boy."

The girl recoiled in horror and exclaimed, "You nasty old man!"

What meaning you are going to give to words? You don't know anything of the inner -- all meanings will be false. Listen without giving any meaning. Just listen, and it becomes a meditation.

Right now, if you are just listening with no idea of your own coming continuously in between me and you, if you have put your mind aside, if there is a direct contact and I am not being taken by you via the mind, if the connection is direct, then something far more valuable than words can ever contain will be imparted to you.

It is like a magnetic field in which suddenly your heart starts dancing. To be with the master is a magnetic field in which you start moving closer and closer, not deliberately but spontaneously.

... THE OTHER, the stupid one, WHO IS AVID FOR UNDERSTANDING, ACCUMULATES MEANINGS, AND MIXES GOOD AND BAD, IS THE DULL STUDENT.

One who is greedy to have more and more knowledge is bound to mix good and bad. What the master says is good, right, because it comes from no-mind; and what the student hears is bad, wrong, because he hears through the mind. Then both get mixed up and you become a hotchpotch. Rather than becoming more integrated you become more split, more of a chaos. Rather than attaining to a higher order of being, you start falling into a more and more disorderly state.

THE SAGACIOUS STUDENT UNDERSTANDS INSTANTLY....

Remember the difference. The stupid thinks that he will understand gradually -- a little bit today and then tomorrow, and then the day after tomorrow -- but the really intelligent disciple understands immediately. When the mind is not interfering there is no question of time coming in.

Mind is time, let me remind you again. If you bring mind in, time will come in, then postponement, then gradualness. If the mind is not there, where is time? Then I am here, you are here, and there is only the present. Then this *now* joins me with you. Then this *now* starts pulsating with my energy and your energy. Then this *now* becomes a dance. Then this *here* becomes a song. The 'now' and the 'here' are the only true time and true space -- true because now time is eternity and space is infinity.

The intelligent person understands immediately:

... HE DOES NOT RAISE INFERIOR MIND WHEN HE HEARS THE TEACHING, NOR DOES HE FOLLOW THE SAGE'S MIND....

Such a beautiful statement! Bodhidharma says: I am not telling you to drop your stupid mind. I am not telling you to drop your inferior mind. He is saying: Even if you have a very wise mind -- the sage's mind -- drop that too... because mind can never be wise. It can pretend, it can deceive. There is nothing like a sage mind -- the sage has no mind. The sinner has a bad mind, the saint has a good mind, the sage has no mind. That is the difference between these three words.

He does not allow *any* kind of mind:

... HE TRANSCENDS BOTH WISDOM AND IGNORANCE.

See the point, see it immediately: because there is no mind, you cannot be ignorant; because there is no mind, how can you be wise? You have gone beyond the duality. Ignorance gone, wisdom gone, you simply are. Just as the roseflower is, the rock is, you are.

EVEN THOUGH ONE HEARS THE TEACHING AND DOES NOT CLING TO WORLDLY DESIRES, DOES NOT LOVE BUDDHA OR THE TRUE PATH, IF, WHEN HE HAS TO SELECT ONE OUT OF TWO, HE SELECTS QUIETNESS FROM CONFUSION, WISDOM FROM IGNORANCE, INACTIVITY FROM ACTIVITY AND CLINGS TO ONE OR THE OTHER OF THESE, THEN HE IS A DULL STUDENT.

If you choose between wisdom and ignorance, if you choose between inactivity and activity, if you choose at all between right and wrong, you are a dull student. Choice makes you dull.

Krishnamurti repeats again and again that choiceless awareness is ultimate freedom. Don't choose and be free; choose and you have chosen your bondage. Choose and you are imprisoned immediately. Each choice is a prison.

Sannyas is not a choice: it is dropping of all choices. It is simply a gesture of dropping all choices, likes and dislikes. It is moving beyond duality.

IF ONE TRANSCENDS BOTH WISDOM AND IGNORANCE, HAS NO GREED FOR THE

TEACHING, DOES NOT LIVE IN RIGHT RECOLLECTEDNESS, DOES NOT RAISE RIGHT THINKING, AND DOES NOT HAVE ASPIRATIONS TO BE A PRATYEKA-BUDDHA NOR A BODHISATTVA, THEN HE IS A SAGACIOUS STUDENT.

When there is no choice, no greed, not even for the right-mindfulness that is Buddha's basic teaching: *sammasati* -- right-mindfulness.... Even for that, in the ultimate state of intelligence, there is no choice. Not even the desire to be a buddha or to be a bodhisattva. No desire for nirvana, no desire for God -- desire as such has disappeared. One lives moment to moment, without any desire. Tremendous is his richness.

There are people who have much but still desire more; their poverty is beyond belief. And there are people who don't have much and still don't desire anything more; their richness is beyond measure.

A man who has no desires has come home. He has become a chakravartin. He has conquered the world without conquering anything at all, because the whole kingdom of God is his, all inexhaustible treasures are his.

The only secret key is choiceless awareness.

These answers of Bodhidharma can be reduced to this single phrase: choiceless awareness. But don't cling to the words, experience it, because it is only experience that liberates.

Enough for today.