
The Wild Geese and the Water

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Chapter #1

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The first question:

OSHO,
DO YOU HAVE A MESSAGE FOR SANNYASINS AND FRIENDS GATHERING AT
THE CAFE ROYAL, LONDON, FOR THE "MARCH EVENT"?

ANAND POONAM,

SANNYAS IS A REBELLION against both the past and the future. Man has either lived in the past or in the future, but never in the present. And the present is the only reality there is; nothing else exists. Existence knows only one time -- that is now -- and one space -- that is here. But mind either lives in the past which is no more or in the future which is not yet. Mind exists in the non-existential, hence mind never comes across the reality; it cannot come by its very functioning.

Sannyas is a rebellion against mind itself. It is a way of life in which mind is not the master, no-mind is the master and mind functions only as a servant. Mind actually is a mechanism; it is good as a beautiful device of nature, but the moment the servant becomes the master there is danger, great danger. Then your life is bound to be a mess, a chaos. The servant is blind, unintelligent, unaware. To live according to the mind is not to live at all; it is sheer stupidity. Mind is never original, never intelligent; it is always repetitive, it is always

borrowed, it is always mechanical -- hence stupid, hence unintelligent.

Sannyas is a tremendous jump into reality, an escape to reality from the unreal.

There have been societies whose golden age was in the past, for example Indian society: its golden age has passed. It believes that the future is going to be darker and darker every day -- there is no hope. Hence the Indian society lives in a state of depression, hopelessness, with no possibility of any change for the better. It lives in misery, poverty, sickness. But because of the idea that the golden age has already passed long before, thousands of years before, and we are falling by and by, every day, it does not believe in evolution, it believes in involution, it believes in regression. It is a regressive philosophy, not progressive.

The West lives in the future; its golden age has yet to come: the classless society, the crescendo of communism, the world of equality and freedom, the stateless state. Those golden days are ahead, far away.

In a way, both are the same. If one has to choose between the two then I will suggest: choose a progressive stupidity rather than a regressive one -- if that is the only choice! At least with the progressive stupidity you have some hope, you will have some thrill, you will have some excitement; you will work for a better future. It is not going to come ever, but at least you will be occupied with beautiful dreams. It has never been there before, it is not going to be ever in the future. It is now! It is already the case!

Adam and Eve have never been expelled from the garden of Eden! That is my declaration, my message. That whole story is invented by the priests. Adam and Eve are still living in the garden of Eden -- just they have eaten the fruit of knowledge. And who has given them the fruit of knowledge? It is not the serpent; it is the priest, it is the theologian, it is the philosopher. The fruit of knowledge does *not* grow on trees! It grows in churches, in temples, in the universities. It carries degrees -- Ph.D's, D.Litt's, D.D's -- and it comes in all shapes and all sizes.

There is the Hindu world of knowledge, the Mohammedan world of knowledge, the Christian world of knowledge. You can choose your own fruit, you can shop for it. It is available to everybody's requirement, according to everybody's needs.

The misery that has happened to man is not because he has lost the original paradise; he is still there, but he has fallen asleep. And in his dreams he has become a Hindu, a Mohammedan, a Christian, a Jew, and what-not... a theist, an atheist, a communist, a socialist, a fascist. In his dreams only he has lost track of the paradise. And to dream simply means to live either in the memories -- that is the past -- or to live in the fantasies -- that is the future.

My message, Anand Poonam, for the March Event in London, where thousands of sannyasins are gathering together for the first time to celebrate a new opening: the British Buddhafield... This is my message, tell them: Get rid of the past and the future, and live herenow! It is suicidal to live anywhere else than herenow, because each moment that is passing is precious, so precious that you cannot get it back. Don't waste it!

But all the religions have been suicidal. Of course they don't call it suicide, they give it beautiful names -- asceticism, *tapascharya* -- but basically it is nothing but masochism, self-torture. They call it renunciation, but it is nothing but destroying yourself gradually, slowly. All the religions of the world up to now have lived with a philosophy of life-denial.

My fundamental approach is that of life-acceptance, total life-affirmation. There is no God other than life! The very idea of God other than life is dangerous, because if God is other than life then naturally you will start choosing God *against* life. You will be pro-God and anti-life, because life is momentary and God gives you the greed of being eternal, forever.

I say to you, there is no other God than life, hence the question of choice does not arise at all. Live! Live totally, live passionately, live intelligently, live lovingly. Become a flame so intense, so total, that each moment starts having the flavor of eternity.

Remember, eternity is not horizontal. It is not like a line going from A to B, from B to c, from c to D -- it is not horizontal. Eternity is intensity, it is vertical. It is diving from A to a deeper A, not going to B: from A to A1, from A1 to A2, from A2 to A3... In fact as far as intensity is concerned, A is the only alphabet. In fact, the word "alphabet" comes from A; it comes from Arabic ALEPH. A is enough! And when you can get A, why bother about B?

A man with a parrot on his shoulder comes to a stop at the border crossing.

"You have to pay duty on the parrot, sir," says the customs official.

"How much?" asks the man.

"Let's see," says the official, paging through his book. "Parrots: live, fifty pounds; stuffed, ten pounds."

"Bill, don't get any crazy ideas!" screams the parrot.

Even parrots are far more intelligent than your priests! But man has lived under a dark shadow of a suicidal approach: "Renounce life. Escape from life to the monasteries, to the deserts, to the mountain caves. Go as far away from life as possible." Because it has been taught, and taught for so long, that the mind has become conditioned to the idea that farther you are from life, closer you will be to God. This is just bullshit! Closer to life you are, closer you are to God; God is the very core of life.

Two castaways from a sunken ship landed on a desert island. They survived there for a few days without food or water. There was no chance of escape as the sea was full of sharks.

Finally, one of the men fell on his knees, raised his hands to the sky and implored: "God, save us! If you do, I promise that I will always go to the church and sing your praises, I will never drink again, never play cards or smoke, never make love to women and never read any novels or see any movies!"

The second castaway looked at him and croaked, "Then why do you want to survive?"

The so-called religious people have lived, but one wonders for what. If going away from life is the only way to reach to God, then why commit a gradual suicide? Why not do it quickly and be finished with it?

In fact, there are aboriginal tribes in the world still alive where nobody has ever committed suicide; the very idea does not exist. It must be because of these foolish religions that the idea has entered into man's mind. No animal in its wild state ever commits suicide, but some animals commit suicide when they are forced to live in a zoo, when they lose their freedom, when they are cramped, crowded. They need a certain space around themselves. When their territorial imperative is destroyed, when they are being disciplined by human beings according to *their* ideas they start losing interest in life.

There have been cases where zoo animals have committed suicide or gone mad or have become sexually perverted, but it never happens in the wild. No sexual perversion, no homosexuality exists in the wild, but in zoos it exists. It is very indicative. It shows that if you put people in an unnatural environment they start losing their instinctive intelligence, they start losing their natural understanding, they start becoming crazy. Either they go mad or they become pervert or they commit suicide.

Humanity has been doing all these things. It has to be recognized, it is time to recognize it -- that the religions have turned the earth in a zoo. It is because of these so-called saints and mahatmas who have made human beings perverted. And the most surprising thing is that they are the people who condemn all perversions -- and they are the original creators of perversions! Homosexuality is a religious phenomenon! All sexual perversions started in monasteries.

Monasteries are zoos where people are forced to live according to certain ideas determined by others, maybe thousands of years before. Those clothes were not tailored for them -- now they are being tailored for the clothes! They are being cut according to the clothes. The clothes may have been made by Moses or Mohammed or Jesus or Buddha and they may have been perfectly fitting the people they were prepared, but now, after three thousand years, two thousand years, or even five thousand years...

The Hindu code was written five thousand years before -- Manu wrote it -- still it is being followed. In five thousand years everything has changed. If Manu comes to the earth I don't think he will be able to recognize anything! He will not be able to recognize anything at all; everything has changed. But Hindus are trying to live according to Manu; this creates perversion.

The clothes are made by ancient people, according to their ideas, according to their understandings, according to their needs, according to their situations, and they are being forced upon people who have totally different world to live in. Now the only way is: either you cut the clothes or you cut individuals. And religions have decided to cut the individuals.

If the clothes are bigger than you then you have to be massaged and stretched and rolled, tortured in every possible way! Or if the clothes are shorter than you then you have to be cut; some plastic surgery has to be done on you. Your head has to be chopped or your legs have to be chopped... Man has to live for certain ideas -- as if ideas are more important than man! -- as if man is made to live for ideas!

I am against all this nonsense. My sannyasins have to live as individuals. I am not giving you any discipline, because every discipline creates perversion, every discipline only fits to the person who evolves it. Just look at all the disciplines that have been propounded down the ages...

Buddha loved to eat once a day; now that is being followed by every Buddhist. That is not right -- that is dangerous. It creates guilt, because if you feel hungry twice a day then you will feel guilty. And if you are an American you will feel hungry five times a day! Then how much guilt...

And in fact it is very strange that Buddha should have loved to eat only once a day. The reason is only one: he was born in a meat-eating family; he was born in the warrior race, a son of a king. Now, meat-eating animals eat only once a day -- the lion eats only once a day, in twenty-four hours -- because meat is enough, once a day is enough; it has no roughage in it. If you eat vegetables once a day you will starve, because ninety percent is roughage. The meat can be absorbed totally; it is already digested by another animal. It is digested food, it is pure food. But when you are eating vegetables you have to eat many times. You can watch it: monkeys are vegetarians -- they eat the whole day. Lions eat only once a day.

Buddha was born in a meat-eating family, purely non-vegetarian; this became his habit. Of course, when he became enlightened he dropped meat-eating, but the old habit of thirty years continued. Habits don't change so easily! But now fools are following him and they are eating once a day, and they are non-vegetarian or vegetarians -- nobody takes any note about it. If they are vegetarians they should not do it: it is dangerous to health, it is dangerous to

their energy. And the same is true about every discipline -- the ten commandments, or other religious principles.

Just the other day one sannyasin wrote to me that he cannot sleep early in the night, he can only fall asleep at three o'clock in the morning. Of course he feels very guilty! A religious person should go early to bed and should get up in *brahmamuhurt* -- before the sun rises. He is feeling very guilty. Now, there is no need to feel any guilt. This is perfectly okay; he is sleeping perfectly well. He sleeps seven hours, from three in the morning to ten; he is having enough sleep. Now this is *his* body clock; it is his body chemistry that has to be considered, not somebody else's principle about it.

All the religious scriptures were written by old people, and old people find it difficult to sleep in the morning. A child in the mother's womb sleeps twenty-four hours; then out of the womb slowly slowly the sleep is reduced -- twenty-two hours, twenty hours, eighteen hours, sixteen hours... By the time he is young, somewhere between eight hours to six hours it is fixed. As one becomes older, sleep becomes lesser. When one is seventy, eighty, then two or three hours' sleep is enough. And the scriptures were written by old people, because this was the idea: that older you are, the wiser you are.

No young man has written any religious scripture; nobody would have taken any note of a young man writing a religious scripture. You have to be very ancient and old, then you can write a scripture! Age was of tremendous importance in the past. Of course these people have written that three hours' sleep is enough; more than that is lethargy, *tamas* -- it is not good, it is evil. This idea is good for old people.

Now this young sannyasin is unnecessarily worried. He has tried every way; his whole life he has been struggling. It is useless -- the whole struggle is useless! In fact, now it is a well-known scientific fact that everybody has his own body clock and everybody has to follow his own body needs.

In a better society, which is more scientific, more rational, more intelligent, we will have a totally different kind of working hours. This is ugly -- that everybody has to go to work at eleven o'clock, that everybody has to go to the school at the same time, to the university at the same time. This is not right! This is inhuman! Universities, offices, factories, should be open round the clock, and whenever people feel good they should work and when they feel good they should sleep. This should be their birthright! And in fact it will help immensely, because every college building will function as three colleges, every office building can be used as three buildings. And you will not have this traffic jam on the roads, because it will be distributed all over twenty-four hours. And everybody will have a little more freedom to live according to his innermost like, dislike -- his instinctiveness.

My approach is of freedom. My sannyasins should live a life-affirmative philosophy, accepting, respecting whatsoever one is, not creating shoulds and should-nots. They are ugly, they are monstrous!

The Mother Superior called all the nuns of the convent together. "While walking round the convent this morning, I saw a man's footprints outside the main gate," she announced.

Ninety-nine nuns shrieked in terror, "Ah God!"

One nun secretly giggled, "Hee-hee!"

"I followed the footprints. They led directly into our dormitory."

Ninety-nine nuns screamed in horror, "Ah God!"

One nun secretly giggled, "Hee-Hee!"

"The footprints led to one bed, and under the bed I found a condom!"

Ninety-nine nuns gasped in fright, "Ah God!"
One nun secretly giggled, "Hee-hee!"
"The condom was used!" continued the Mother Superior.
Ninety-nine nuns squealed in disgust, "Ah God!"
One nun secretly giggled, "Hee-hee!"
"But it had a hole in it!"
Ninety-nine nuns secretly giggled, "Hee-hee!"
One nun screamed in shock, "Ah God!"

These stupid people have been dominating humanity. Beware of these!

A student social worker was doing research on the use of contraceptives and visited several women. He asked the first, "What kind of contraceptives do you use?"
She answered, "Rubbers."

The second question was, "How do you like them?"

"Well, sometimes they slip off, but in general we can manage it."

After he noted this data he asked the neighbor of the woman the same question. She used the pill and since her lover helped her to remember to take it, they preferred this method.

When the third woman, the wife of a Christian theologian, was asked what kind of contraceptive they used, she said, "We always use a bucket, a plastic bucket. Previously we used a zinc one but that made too much noise for the neighbors; since we use the plastic one it is okay."

The investigator noted this data and said good-bye to the lady. However, he became very puzzled. "A plastic bucket?! My professor will not believe this. I will have to go back and ask the woman how it works." So he rang and asked the woman how it was possible with a bucket.

"Well," said the lady, "I will explain. I am rather tall and my husband is very small and we do it standing up. My husband stands on the bucket and by the time he starts rolling his eyes, I kick the bucket away!"

Anand Poonam, tell my British Buddhafield sannyasins there is no need to use buckets -- zinc or plastic, it doesn't matter. Be natural, be simple, be ordinary! There is a danger... because once you become a sannyasin you can start having old, holier-than-thou outlook. My sannyasins are not to be holier-than-thou. Remember, I don't make any distinction between the sacred and the profane. To me the ordinary life is the only life. Yes, there is a way to live it with beauty or ugliness, with insight or blindness, with awareness or unawareness. One can live this same ordinary life in such an exquisite, extraordinary way that it becomes sacred, but there is no other life than this. You have to learn the art of transforming this very ordinary life into something beautiful.

So don't become theologians, don't become missionaries. I hate missionaries! My sannyasins are not to be missionaries. Be contagious, but not missionaries! Infect people, but don't be missionaries!

A Christian theologian was driving along a deserted road one night when his car broke down. He started looking for a place to spend the night. Finding a small cottage, he knocked on the door. It was opened by a lovely young woman. The man explained his problem. The young woman was reluctant, but the man reassured her, "Don't be worried, madam, you can

trust me. I am a Christian theologian."

So she agreed. They shared a delicious dinner and had a pleasant evening. Before saying goodnight, the young woman put on a transparent nightdress and said the visitor, "You can sleep here in the living room, but if you need something, just call. I will leave the door of my room open."

She went to bed and spent an anxious night listening to the man snoring. Next morning, exhausted, she went out to feed her chickens.

The man came out, looking refreshed, and remarked, "You have a lot of beautiful chickens."

"Yes, but only fifteen."

"Only fifteen?" said the man. "Then why do you have two cocks for such a small number?"

"That's not a problem," replied the young woman. "One of the cocks is a Christian theologian!"

Be simple, be natural, be spontaneous. I teach ecstasy -- and ecstasy in the ordinary life. The life has not to be in any way renounced but transformed. Renunciation is escapism, it is cowardliness. And you have worshipped cowards as saints up to now. You have worshipped people who were not courageous enough to accept all the challenges of life. And there are millions of challenges -- every moment there is a challenge. The coward escapes. The coward has to be condemned, not respected.

My sannyasins have to live in the world, totally in the world, responding to every challenge, because the more you respond to the challenges of life the more intelligent you become. Intelligence is like a sword: the more you use it the more it remains sharp. If you don't use it, it starts getting rusty, it loses its sharpness -- it becomes absolutely useless.

Hence your saints look dull, dead. But we have been conditioned to respect these dead corpses. We have been told for thousands of years that these are the real people. They are not real at all! They are very plastic, very phony. A coward can never be a real person. Reality needs all the challenges of life, all the dangers of life, all the insecurities of life. Only then integrity arises, authenticity arises, responsibility arises.

Be in the world but don't be of it. Live in the world, but don't allow the world to live in you. That's my message.

There is a Zen saying:

The wild geese do not intend
to cast their reflections.
The water has no mind
to receive their image.

The wild geese has no desire to cast its reflections in the water, and the water has no desire or no mind to receive its image -- although it happens! When the wild geese flies, the water reflects it. The reflection is there, the image is there, but the water has no mind to reflect and the wild geese do not hanker to be reflected either.

This should be the way of my sannyasins. Be in the world, live in the world, live totally, without ambitions, without desires -- because all desires distract you from living, all ambitions sacrifice your present. Don't be greedy, because greed takes you into the future; don't be possessive, because possessiveness keeps you clinging to the past. A man who wants

to live in the present has to be free of greed, of possessiveness, of ambitions, of desires.

And that's what I call the whole art of meditation. Be aware, be alert, so all these thieves have no possibility to enter and contaminate you. Be meditative, but be in the world. And this is my experience: that the world helps *immensely* -- it helps immensely to make you meditative. It gives you all the opportunities to be distracted, but if you don't get distracted then each success becomes a tremendous joy. You remain centered, you become the center of the cyclone. The cyclone goes on roaring around you, but your center remains unaffected.

Be a lotus flower. In the East the lotus flower symbolizes the essence of sannyas. The lotus flower grows in the mud, dirty mud. It does not escape, it remains there. It floats in the lake in water, but there is a beauty, a tremendous phenomenon: it is in the water, but the water never touches it. It is so velvety that in the morning if you go... and you will find dewdrops gathered on the petals of the lotus, on the leaves of the lotus, and they shine like pearls in the early morning sun. But they are not touching. The lotus leaf or the lotus petal remains dry, it does not become wet. The dewdrops rest there, but they remain separate.

That's the way of a true sannyasin: being in the world but remaining untouched, unaffected by it.

Anand Poonam, when meditation -- and this is what I call meditation: being in the world and remaining untouched -- happens, love comes as a by-product.

These are the pillars of my sannyasins: first, life-affirmation, unconditional life-affirmation -- these are the four pillars of my temple -- second, meditation; third, love; and fourth... cannot be expressed in words. It can only be called the fourth, turiya. If you live life totally, meditatively, lovingly, you come to experience something which is inexpressible. Lao Tzu calls it Tao, Buddha calls it Dhamma, Jesus calls it Logos: different names indicating towards the nameless experience. If you prefer you can call it Cod. My own liking is to call it "godliness", not "God", because God gives you the idea of a person and godliness simply gives you the idea of a presence.

These are the four pillars of my temple, and each sannyasin has to grow these four pillars because each sannyasin has to become a temple of godliness.

The second question:

OSHO,

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF AMSTERDAM IN HOLLAND IS A UNIVERSITY WITH A DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER, WHICH LIES IN ITS CHOICE OF A RELIGIOUS POSITION. THIS IS FORMULATED IN THE CONSTITUTION AND THE PURPOSE OF THE UNIVERSITY.

ALL MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY COMMUNITY ARE EXPECTED TO ACT AS MUCH AS THEY CAN IN THE SPIRIT OF THIS PURPOSE, IN OBEDIENCE TO THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST. IN THE DAILY PRACTICE, HOWEVER, IT SEEMS TO BE VERY DIFFICULT FOR MOST MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY COMMUNITY TO COMMUNICATE WITH LOVE AND TO ENJOY THEIR WORK. IT SEEMS EASIER JUST TO FUNCTION IN A DEADLY SERIOUS WAY AND TO KEEP EACH OTHER AT A DISTANCE.

DO YOU HAVE A MESSAGE FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY OF THIS FREE UNIVERSITY, WHO TRY TO WORK IN THE SPIRIT OF JESUS CHRIST?

PREMRAJ,

The first thing to be remembered is that you can function in the spirit of Jesus Christ only if you are a Jesus Christ, otherwise not. And remember also that existence never repeats itself. Two thousand years have passed; there has not been another Jesus Christ and there is not going to be any either in the future. It is so clear! Twenty-five centuries have passed since Gautam the Buddha and no other Buddha has happened; five thousand years have passed since Krishna and no other Krishna has happened either. Zarathustra, Lao Tzu, Moses, all the awakened ones have remained unrepeated. What to say about the awakened ones? -- even the unawakened ones are unique.

There is not anybody like you anywhere in the world -- there has never been before and there will never be again. You are the only one! But religions have not accepted this simple fact. Existence is not repetitive, and it is good that it is not repetitive.

Just thinking of a world where millions of Gautam Buddhas are sitting under the *bodhi* trees -- it will be so boring! -- or millions of Jesus Christs carrying their crosses and roaming all around the world. They will not even find somebody to crucify them, because others will carry the crosses themselves! Who has time to crucify anybody? It will be ugly; it will be boring.

One Jesus has a beauty; many Jesuses will look like produced in a factory on an assembly line, like Ford motor cars: every minute a car comes out, every minute a Jesus comes out, well equipped with the cross, et cetera, with those twelve apostles following him, and they go on coming from the factory, round the clock...! What you are going to do with so many Jesus Christs? What you are going to do with so many Mahaviras, so many Buddhas? No, it is not needed.

Each individual is unique; uniqueness is a gift from existence. But why these religions have been teaching: Live in the spirit of Jesus Christ, or in the spirit of Gautam Buddha -- why? Don't you have your own spirit? Then drink alcohol -- get some spirit! Make some spirit of your own! Why Jesus Christ? What wrong this poor fellow has done to you? Can't you stop crucifying him? Will not you ever be able to forgive him?

The whole idea is of imitation. Imitate! You have no right to be yourself, you have to imitate. You can be accepted only if you are somebody else -- Buddha, Moses, Mohammed, Mahavira, Jesus, Kabir, Nanak, but not yourself. And can't you see a simple fact? -- that Jesus was not Moses. He should have repeated, then he would have saved his life, he would not have been crucified by the Jews if he had lived the spirit of Moses. But he tried to create his own spirit, he tried to be an individual, and that was his crime. If he had simply repeated he would have been respected, glorified as a great rabbi. But he became a rebel. Everybody has to become a rebel, not an imitator!

That's why, Premraj, you see people are living there deadly serious; they don't love their work, they don't enjoy their work. How can they enjoy? They are not doing *their* work. You can never enjoy somebody else's life, howsoever beautiful it is -- it is not *your* life. You can only enjoy to be yourself. A rose flower can be blissful only as a rose. If you force the rose flower to become a marigold it will be deadly serious; it will lose all joy, all fragrance.

That's what is happening. It is not only happening there in the so-called Free University of Amsterdam, it is happening everywhere. Hindus are trying to be like Krishnas or Ramas, Jainas are trying to be like Mahaviras, Mohammedans are trying to be like Mohammeds, Christians are trying to be like Christs... everybody is imitative. The whole world has become full of imitation and whole world is looking sad. It is inevitable, this sadness, and it is not

only .sadness. Hidden behind this sadness is a state of schizophrenia, because basically nobody can be anybody else than himself. So deep down he is himself, but on top of it he is pretending to be somebody else, hence everybody is a hypocrite.

All the religions have done this to humanity: they have created a hypocrite world, a schizophrenic humanity, a split personality. This is their gift! It is a curse, but this is what they call a gift to humanity. Everybody is living a split life, a double life: from the front door one life, from the back door totally another. And of course, between the two he is caught in a tension, in anxiety; he cannot be totally either this or that. He is torn apart! Hence the misery in people's eyes, the sadness, the deadness.

Nobody needs to be anybody else. Just be yourself! Show some respect to your life. Respect yourself, love yourself, because unless you respect yourself you will not respect anybody else in the world. If you cannot even respect *your* life, how can you respect anybody else? You can pretend, but pretension is not truth and it is pretension creates a bondage around you. It becomes an imprisonment -- and one hates imprisonment.

It is not accidental that Friedrich Nietzsche had to declare -- I say had to declare -- that God is dead and man is now free. It is not only his individual opinion, it is really the voice of the millions who have no courage to speak. If God is destroying your freedom then it is better to kill God and save freedom, rather than killing freedom and saving God.

Why one should be like Jesus Christ? Why one should live in the spirit of Jesus Christ? There is no need! He never imitated anybody. If you really understand Jesus you should not repeat him.

Buddha never repeated anybody. He could have become easily a Krishna -- he had that much intelligence. He could have pretended to be a Krishna, but he never did anything like that. Hindus have not been able to forgive him because he was not following the trodden path, he was not following the crowd, he was not part of the mob psychology. He went on his own; he created his own small footpath towards truth.

Everybody has to create his own footpath. There are no superhighways towards truth, only footpaths, and they too are not ready-made, available; you have to walk and create them. You have to search for truth and in your very search you create the path. The path is not already there that you can simply go to the truth. The search for truth is an immense adventure. Each moment one is in for a great surprise.

So the whole idea, Premraj, is wrong, and that idea is creating the trouble. And still these people call it "The Free University"! And what kind of free university is this -- which has a religious position, which has a constitution and the purpose to propagate Christianity?

ALL MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY COMMUNITY ARE EXPECTED TO ACT AS MUCH AS THEY CAN IN THE SPIRIT OF THIS PURPOSE, IN OBEDIENCE TO THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST.

Then what kind of free university is this? There is only one free university in the world and it is herenow! There has never been a free university before and there is none anywhere else yet, except this one.

A free university simply means that there is no expectation from you. You are helped to be free, you are nourished to be free, you are supported to be free. You are given individuality. If there are expectations, freedom is destroyed. Expectations are a subtle way, cunning way to dominate. And if the expectation is to live in obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ then the whole thing is just a facade -- in the name of freedom they are propagating an

old slavery. Jesus is a free man, but Christians are not free.

Friedrich Nietzsche is again right when he says that the first and the last Christian died on the cross two thousand years before -- the first and the last. In fact, there cannot be anybody else who is a Christ. These are rare flowers!

And you are also a rare flower. Maybe you have not blossomed yet, hence you are unaware of your rareness; and you will not blossom if you go on fulfilling these expectations. Don't fulfill any expectations of anybody. You have only one responsibility and that is towards your own being. If you try to fulfill others' expectations you will be in trouble because they will impose, they will dominate, they will cripple and paralyze you. They are your enemies! Anybody who expects anything from you is your enemy -- beware!

A real friend simply gives you freedom. Love gives freedom; there is no expectation, there is no desire to manipulate you, not even indirectly. Freedom is the highest value in life -- and if the freedom was there you would have seen a totally different phenomenon.

You can see it here. People are working here -- in fact I don't think anywhere else people are working so hard, so totally, so devotedly -- but there is great joy. They are rejoicing in it! People who come from the outside cannot understand it. Because they cannot understand it they go on spreading rumors.

Just now hundreds of newspaper clippings are coming from Germany -- so many rumors, so many false statements about Vimalkirti's death. Nobody seems to try to understand. They are all saying that he was forced, regimented, almost as if he was in the army. He was forced to do the lowest menial jobs. That is *their* idea, that any job is lower, but they go on imposing their categories.

Yes, Vimalkirti was doing all kinds of jobs. He was cleaning the toilets, and to them this is inconceivable... the great-grandson of the last German Emperor, nephew of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip of England, connected with almost all the royal families of the Europe. One of his aunts has just died two days before -- Queen Frederica; she was the Queen of Greece. Another aunt is the Queen of Spain Princess Sophia. His own mother has three titles. Princess of Greece, because she was born in the Greek royal family; Princess of Denmark, because she was married to the Danish king, and then the Danish king died and she got married to the Prince of Hanover. Prince Charles is his cousin... And this Vimalkirti, Prince Welf of Hanover, was cleaning toilets -- naturally he must have been forced, violently forced, to do such a thing.

And they are all saying that slowly slowly, in four years, he got promoted, he had come to a certain position: he became the guard. This is sheer stupidity, inability to understand anything. Nobody had told him to clean the toilets -- he had chosen it. He was tired of being a prince, was fed up with being a prince, and wanted to know life from all dimensions. So he was a cleaner, he was a gardener, he was a group leader, he was a guard. He was doing all kinds of things and he loved all his jobs. He was immensely happy-but they will not see his happiness.

They think that there is some hierarchy in the ashram, that the cleaners are the lowest. The fact is that they are at the top! They are not only cleaners, they are the cleanest people too. When I choose my mediums most of them come from the cleaners because they are *really* clean!

Now Vinod Khanna is here; he is a famous Indian actor. He has lived luxuriously, and he is immensely happy to get a small room. It must be exactly of the same size as he is -- six by four! But he is *immensely* happy. It is the same room where Vimalkirti had lived, and one should be aware: Francis House has given two enlightened persons -- watch out for Vinod!

And from today he is going to start work in Lao Tzu garden -- a man who has been earning *lakhs* of rupees per month, living the most luxurious life possible in India. Now he will be under Mukta's charge -- and Mukta is a hard master! Vimalkirti was also under her charge once.

You say that there people are not working with love and are not enjoying their work. How they can? They are trying to fulfill certain expectations, they are trying to live up to certain standards. That creates seriousness, that creates sadness.

If everybody is allowed to be just as he is, accepted, respected, loved unconditionally, then whatsoever he wants to do... And all kinds of works are needed: the gardeners are needed, the cleaners are needed, the managers are needed, the trustees are needed, the guards are needed -- all kinds of people are needed.

In a commune there is no hierarchy. Everybody is fulfilling his work with joy; it is because of joy that he has chosen to be in that particular work. Nobody is forcing, nobody is expecting. If he does not feel good he can change his work; there is no problem about it, he will not be condemned for it. But this is possible only when individuality is given the highest value.

In this so-called Free University of Amsterdam in Holland it cannot be possible; the very foundation is wrong -- a religious position. In fact, any position to start with is going to be wrong.

Here we are not starting with any position -- there is no religious position here. It is just a caravan of drunkards, gamblers -- far more closer to a pub than to a temple! Just when I was answering Poonam's question I had remembered that "This is not right, what I am saying. Four pillars of my temple? This is not right! Four pillars of my pub!" But that would have been too much for the Buddhafield in Britain, so I thought, "Let it be four pillars of the temple!" Because British Buddhas are going to be British Buddhas! I don't have any expectations from them -- they are going to be British Buddhas. It is going to be a totally different kind of Buddhahood!

Only one British Buddha we have got here:

Proper Sagar. The day he becomes enlightened, whole Britain is enlightened! But he is coming closer, he is rising higher and higher. Now he is working in the same position as Vimalkirti -- he is my guard. His duty is now to open the door of my Rolls Royce. Now he is constantly thinking of one thing, but has not been able to decide whether it is proper or not -- that's why he is called Proper Sagar. There are many Sagar here, but he is the only Proper Sagar!

I had given him one hat long before, a beautiful hat. You must have seen it on the head of the Emperor Haile Selassie -- Haile Selassie hat. So now he is wondering and enquiring: can he wear it while he opens the door of my car? I have told Vivek that "Keep the camera ready. Whenever he wears that hat, that photograph has to be taken, because sooner or later he will become enlightened -- then we will need these photographs!"

Premraj, when you go the Free University of Amsterdam, tell them the first thing: it is not a free university. It cannot be free if it goes on insisting, expecting that people should live in the spirit of Christ. Is it so easy to live in the spirit of Christ?

Christ is not a name of a person, it is a name of the ultimate state of consciousness. It is exactly what we call in the East Buddhahood, awakenedness. Jesus is one thing, Christ-consciousness is a totally different phenomenon. It happened to Jesus. You can never be a Jesus, but you can be a Christ. But if you are a Christian then it is impossible to be a

Christ. To Christians it is impossible, because once you accept that you are a Christian you start living with the idea that you cannot be the Christ -- he is the *only* begotten son of God. Only begotten son of God...! What happened to God after that? Sterilization? -- and what he was doing before that? Just sitting and sitting and thinking whether to produce a child or not -- for infinity? Mighty slow thinker! And then finally he gave birth to this Jesus Christ, and the name of the woman is not known, because the Christian trinity has no woman in it. Perhaps holy ghost functions both the ways -- maybe holy ghost is bisexual! Ghosts are known to do strange things! Otherwise, "Father, Son and the Holy Ghost..." and where is the mother? The whole story seems to be very concocted. The trinity has no woman, and then Jesus is born to a woman and the woman has no father. Strange type of game!

Once you accept yourself as a Christian you have debarred yourself from being a Christ. You have become a follower, and the follower is only an imitator. He is bound to remain plastic. Yes, you can be a Christ, but for that the first thing to drop is being a Christian -- or a Hindu or a Mohammedan. You have to be a seeker of truth, and you cannot seek truth if you have already got certain prejudices; if you have already accumulated belief you cannot seek and search truth.

Truth is available only to the agnostic, one who says, "I don't know anything, but I am ready to know. I am ready to go through all the processes of knowing, but I will not believe unless I see." Seeing should be the only cause of believing; no other way belief should enter in you. Then you can be a Christ, but then you are also a Buddha and you are also a Lao Tzu and you are also a jina -- because these are different names, different languages, indicating towards the same ultimate consciousness.

Premraj, tell those people that it is not a free university. You have to get rid of Christianity if you want it to be really free; you have to drop all positions. A true seeker cannot start from any position; he has to start from the scratch, not from a position. He has to start utterly empty, just like a zero, a *tabula rasa*.

And that's what I call meditation. Meditation makes you utterly empty of all thoughts, prejudices, concepts, beliefs, and then there is a possibility to know the truth. Knowing the truth makes you a Christ, a Buddha, and then naturally whatsoever you do will be done in that spirit, never before it.

The Wild Geese and the Water

Chapter #2

Chapter title: Religion is Rebellion

12 February 1981 am in Buddha Hall

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The first question:

OSHO,

I HAVE HEARD THAT THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR, HELMUT SCHMIDT, DECLARED ON TELEVISION THAT SANNYASINS WERE VERY DANGEROUS PEOPLE FOR THE STATE AND SOCIETY, AND SHOULD NOT BE ENGAGED FOR PUBLIC SERVICE OR BY RESPECTABLE COMPANIES ANY MORE. LOTS OF GERMANS ARE TELEVISION-WATCHERS AND BEHAVE ACCORDING TO WHAT THE POLITICIANS SAY.

IN FACT, I DON'T WANT TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH SOCIETY, BUT, BY BEING REGARDED AS AN ENEMY OF SOCIETY, I DON'T ENJOY THE IDEA OF NOT GETTING A JOB BECAUSE OF MY ORANGE CLOTHES OR BEING MOLESTED BY PEOPLE ON THE STREET, AS THEY VERY OFTEN BECOME AGGRESSIVE TOWARDS OUTSIDERS.

YOU SAID THAT SANNYASINS ARE MEANT TO BE A PROVOCATION FOR THE WORLD, BUT DO YOU WANT US TO FIGHT OR TO GO UNDERGROUND? AND DO YOU THINK IT IS COWARDLY THAT I AM CONSIDERING STAYING IN INDIA NOT ONLY TO BE CLOSE TO YOU BUT ALSO TO AVOID THESE TROUBLES?

VEET ASMI,

IT IS A GOOD NEWS! The politicians become afraid only when something really significant is happening -- and they *are* becoming afraid all around the world. It is a good sign. It is immensely beautiful that my sannyasins are not being ignored. That's the ugliest thing that can happen to anybody.

What the German Chancellor has said is right: sannyasins are very dangerous people! Religion is always dangerous; the moment it is not dangerous it is no more religion at all. Jesus is dangerous, Christianity is not dangerous -- hence Christianity has nothing to do with Jesus. Buddha is dangerous, Buddhists are not dangerous. They have turned against their Master; they have compromised with the society -- with all that is rotten, dead, traditional.

It is bound to be so if you are trying to live life authentically, lovingly. Then the politicians are bound to be against. They have created a society which is based on hatred, violence, division, distrust, cunningness, hypocrisy. And to be religious simply means to be against all these things.

To be religious means to live a life full of love, joy, innocence, freedom, individuality, to the extent that even if life has to be sacrificed for the higher values of freedom, love, truth, then one sacrifices it joyously. It is worth! Freedom cannot be sacrificed, bliss cannot be sacrificed, love cannot be sacrificed, and life is significant only if these things are flowering, blossoming. The moment these things are sacrificed there is no point in living. Then life is simply vegetating.

Socrates was given the option that if he stops talking to people about *his* philosophy of truth, then he can be released from the court and he can save his life. He laughed and he simply rejected the very idea. What he said is something worth remembering. He said: "To say the truth, to live the truth, is my life! If I cannot say the truth, if I cannot live the truth, then for what I am supposed to live?"

A life is life only when there is something higher in it -- higher than life itself. Remember, only that which is higher than life brings significance to life, brings meaning to life. If life has nothing higher than itself then it is empty, utterly futile; then it is absurd.

I am giving you something to live and something to die for! And the greatest joy in life is to have something to die for. Only when you have something to die for you have something to live for.

This kind of threat is going to happen all over the world, but it should be accepted -- not only accepted, welcomed. It is a good news! It is immensely satisfying that my sannyasins are making themselves felt.

It is true that I would like the society to disappear that has existed up to now. It is a very primitive society. It is almost animal -- it is not human yet. Humanity has to happen -- it has not happened yet; it is something yet in the future. It is only a potential, it has not become an actuality. And what more joy can there be than making this potential actual? What more adventure you can hope in life? What can be more ecstatic than making a tremendous effort to introduce humanity on this condemned earth?

Unless societies disappear -- German, Italian, Indian, Japanese -- there cannot be a humanity. Unless these small divisions, which are absolutely pointless, are destroyed totally, erased totally, the one civilization, the one culture, the one religiousness cannot be born. I am against the societies, against the nations, against the states, because they have done enough harm to us. You can look at the whole history. It is monstrous, murderous! It is full of blood. In the history of three thousand years there have been five thousand wars. What kind of civilization, what kind of culture has there been? As if we are here only to kill each other!

But the politician thrives on these divisions. The moment a global civilization comes into existence, these politicians are bound to disappear. How can there be a German Chancellor then, or an American President, or an Iranian Prime Minister?

The politicians and the priests have been in a very subtle conspiracy against humanity. They know one thing for certain: that they can exist only in a divided world. The religions -- I mean the organized religions, the dogmatic religions, the creeds, the cults, Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Mohammedanism -- they keep humanity divided. That's how the pope, the *ayatollah*, the *shankaracharya*, the *imam*, and all these hocus-pocus people can exist. If humanity is one then these people will disappear. They will become things of the past -- of an ugly past, of a nightmarish past.

And in the same way, if nations are no more there... and nations are only on the maps -- the earth is not divided. But the maps have become so important -- more than the earth itself, more than the humanity itself. In the so-called religions, the scriptures, the words have become so important that man can be easily killed for words. For Bible, for Koran, for Gita, man can be killed and destroyed, as if man exists only for the Bible and the Koran and the Gita. The truth is just the opposite: all these scriptures exist for man, man does not exist for any scripture. And the same is true on the outside, in the world of politics.

The inner being of man is dominated by the priest and the outer side is dominated by the politician -- and they are in a conspiracy, and it is an ancient conspiracy. They both have understood the fact very clearly: keep man divided -- in states, in churches, in nations, in religions -- and then you will remain in power.

These power-hungry people, these egoists, are bound to be afraid of my sannyasins, because this is something absolutely new that has never existed before. Jesus was followed only by a few Jews, Buddha was followed only by few Hindus. My sannyasins belong to all kinds, all religions, all nations. The whole world has gathered together! It is the meeting of the East and the West.

My sannyasins are proving with absolute certainty that what Rudyard Kipling has said was wrong. He had said: "West is West and East is East, and the twain shall never meet." They are meeting! They have met! They have met in the being of my sannyasins.

Here no divisions exist... and we are not making any effort to destroy those divisions, because I am never for fighting with darkness, I am always for kindling the light. The moment the light is there, darkness disappears. That's where I differ from many nice people who have tried to create a certain synthesis!

Mahatma Gandhi was one. He was trying in India to create a synthesis between Christianity, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Jainism. But to try to make an effort for a synthesis presupposes that you have accepted the division already. I don't accept the division at all, hence there is no effort to make any synthesis.

And Gandhi immensely failed. He could not convince anybody -- he could not convince even himself! His whole life he was singing a devotional song that he and his followers had made according to his philosophy: "*allah, ishwar terenam* -- Allah, Ishwar, God, are all thy names." But when he was killed and shot he forgot all other names, he simply remembered one name: "Hey, Ram!" then he didn't say, "Hey, Allah!" At that moment he remembered only Ram, the Hindu God, the Hindu name for God. Suddenly from his deepest unconscious it must have arisen. He had remained a Hindu his whole life. Yes, he was trying to create a synthesis; he was finding in Koran and Bible the same message as is in the Gita, but the effort was basically cunning and political.

Gita is right -- that is indubitable for him, there is no question about it. Koran can also be right if it coincides, corresponds, supports the ideology of Gita. So he can choose only those pieces from Koran and Bible and Dhammapada which were in support of Krishna's message in Gita, and he cannot talk about other passages which are absolutely against Gita. And he was thinking that he is creating a synthesis. He was simply reading Gita in other scriptures, but Gita remained the criterion.

With my people the only criterion is your own experience, your own meditateness -- neither Gita nor Koran nor Bible. I am not teaching you any scripture, I am trying to help you to read the scripture of your own heart. And the moment you know your own heart, the moment you become attuned with your own being, you will know the whole humanity is one. Languages differ, but there are not many religions -- there cannot be. If there is only one

science about the objective reality, how can there be many religions about the inner reality, the subjective reality? If the objective truth is one -- there is nothing like Hindu physics or Christian chemistry or Buddhist biology or Mohammedan mathematics! -- if the objective reality is one, whether you are experimenting in India or in Soviet Russia or in America, it makes no difference, you will come to the same conclusion -- then how it can be that the subjective reality is divided in three hundred religions?

There are three hundred religions in the world and there must be three thousand sects of these three hundred religions and thirty thousand sub-sects, and so on, so forth... It is just ridiculous! Religiousness is one, love is one, truth is one, the taste of freedom is one!

But I am not trying to create a synthesis; I am simply creating a situation in which you can experience your own interiority. And the moment you have experienced it, you have experienced the very interiority of existence itself. Then there are no nations, no churches, no states.

The German Chancellor is right. I am against the state and the society because the state and the society have been destructive. They are the canceric growths in the very heart of humanity. They have to be destroyed mercilessly! Man has to become free from politics and religious politics -- both are politics. Man has to transcend all divisions. Naturally the people who are nourished by divisions, who exploit the divisions, will be against me and my sannyasins.

But this is a beautiful challenge -- you have to face it! And if it brings suffering, enjoy that suffering too, because to suffer for anything beautiful is a benediction. One can live a very comfortable life, convenient, if one compromises with all kinds of lies, but then your life will be flat; it will not have any ecstatic peaks.

Veet Asmi, we have to fight! Of course our fight is going to be totally different. We are not going to kill people, but we are going to give a tough fight to their minds. We are not *actually* to behead them, but metaphorically of course we have to behead them! Only then they will become aware of their heart -- when they lose their heads.

You will have to suffer many things -- you will lose your respectability. But do you think Jesus was respectable? The Polack Pope is respectable! See the strange ways of the world: the Polack Pope is respectable and Jesus was not respectable. Jesus was condemned like a criminal.

Al-Hillaj Mansoor was not respectable. He was murdered, butchered, and in a very cruel way. Jesus' crucifixion is far more human, because Al-Hillaj Mansoor was cut piece by piece. First his legs were cut, then his hands were cut, then his tongue was cut, then his eyes were taken out. It is the most cruel kind of murder that has ever happened. Still, he was laughing to the very end. Even the murderers became a little puzzled: "Is he mad or something?"

One of the murderers asked him, "Why are you laughing?"

He said, "I am laughing because you can kill my body, but you cannot kill me. And I am also laughing at God. You will not understand that," he said, "because you cannot see God, but I am laughing at God too. I am telling him that 'You can do whatsoever you want to do with me, you can come like murderers as you have come today, but I will still recognize you. I can see you in these people who are murdering me! You cannot deceive me any more. I will recognize you in any disguise you come. I have recognized you even in these murderers.' "

My sannyasins will have to suffer, but suffering in itself is not bad, suffering in itself is not misery. If you are suffering because you cannot compromise, if you are suffering because you want to live your truth, it is a joy, it is a bliss. You have to become the very salt of the earth!

And I know people believe the politicians. They will create all kinds of troubles for you, but I know only through those troubles you will grow. So whenever I hear that people are going to create trouble for you, secretly I giggle! I say, "Hee-hee!"

Veet Asmi, you have also asked: AND DO YOU THINK IT IS COWARDLY THAT I AM CONSIDERING STAYING IN INDIA NOT ONLY TO BE CLOSE TO YOU BUT ALSO TO AVOID THESE TROUBLES?

It depends. It is up to you to be clear. If you want to be here just to be close to me then there is no question of cowardliness, because here also you will have to face troubles -- in fact many more... because the main troublemaker is here! I have always enjoyed mischief and I still enjoy -- I don't want to hide it from you! From my very childhood I have enjoyed all kinds of mischief, and my enlightenment has not made any difference. At the most it has made my mischiefs a little bit enlightened, that's all, but the basic foundation remains the same. Of course I make mischiefs now on vaster, greater planes, my canvas is bigger, but I enjoy.

So if you want to be here just to be close to me it is beautiful. but you will not be avoiding any trouble. In Germany you will be far better, because I have not heard yet that any sannyasin has been molested in Germany, raped in Germany, murdered in Germany, but in India all these things have happened. And many cases happened, because India is far more uncultured, far more uncivilized, far more irreligious than anybody else in the world, for the simple reason because Indians believe that they are religious. Their belief of being religious hides their irreligiousness. They are the greatest hypocrites in the whole world.

But if you want just to avoid trouble, don't be here. Germany is far better. Secondly: if you are here only to avoid troubles there you will not be close to me; it will be a negative kind of closeness, and unless it is positive it is meaningless. If you are here to *be* with me, then it is perfectly beautiful. Otherwise, go to Germany and earn a positive relationship -- accept the challenges there.

And I am not for going underground -- there is no need. Only in China and Russia I have allowed my sannyasins to remain underground. Now, two of my sannyasins from Russia are here. They have been underground there; somehow they have escaped. Only in China and Russia it can be understood that it will impossible to declare openly, but few Russian sannyasins are still doing it openly; they have found a beautiful way. If you are really ready, then you can always find a way.

They are moving in red clothes and they say, "This is the color of communism!" And they are moving with a picture of mine in their malas and they say, "This is nobody but Karl Marx!" If one wants to find a way one can find a way! And they are enjoying, and I love the idea -- nothing is wrong in it -- because nobody knows about me so they think, "Maybe this is Karl Marx." And red is certainly a communist color so there is no problem about it. And you can always read my books hiding them inside DAS KAPITAL, Communist Manifesto!

But except China and Russia I will not allow underground work anywhere else. Remain above ground and give a good fight! And I am giving you so many weapons to fight. In fact, the people you have to fight with are already dead. Just a little push and they will fall flat on the ground. Much wrestling is not needed at all! They have been dead long... just they are standing there because nobody pushes them!

The second question:

OSHO,
MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE PUTTING THEIR FAITH IN ALL SORTS OF
SAINTS, SWAMIS AND GODMEN.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS PHENOMENON? WHAT IS YOUR OPINION ON
SAINTS LIKE MAHESH YOGI, MOTHER TERESA, PRABHUPAD, MUKTANANDA,
SATYA SAI BABA, J. KRISHNAMURTI, ANAND MAI, ET CETERA, ET CETERA?
WHAT CRITERIA SHOULD A PERSON USE TO JUDGE THE WORTH OF A
GODMAN AND TO ENSURE HE IS NOT TAKEN FOR A RIDE?

D. M. SILVERA,

The first thing to be remembered is that it is not something new that is happening today.

You ask me: MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE PUTTING THEIR FAITH IN ALL
SORTS OF SAINTS...

They have always done that -- this is not new. In fact, less and less people are doing it
now, not more and more. Otherwise how you will explain millions of Hindus, millions of
Buddhists, millions of Christians, millions of Mohammedans? In fact, everybody on the earth
belongs to some kind of religion. How you will explain this?

Even communism is a godless religion; it is a church. It has its own Bible -- DAS
KAPITAL; it has its own unholy trinity -- Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, V. I. Lenin. It has its
own conflicting sects -- so many communist parties in the world, the Chinese camp, the
Russian camp, just like Catholics, Protestants, Shiahs, Sunnis, different interpretations of
their scriptures, believing in different interpreters. Somebody believes in Fidel Castro,
somebody believes in Mao Tse-tung, and somebody believes in Tito, and somebody believes
in Joseph Stalin, and somebody believes in Leon Trotsky. Communism is also the same kind
of phenomenon.

Few people go to Kaaba, few people go to Kremlin. It is the same phenomenon, the same
pilgrimage. You are doomed if at least once in your life you don't go to Kaaba if you are a
Mohammedan, and if you don't go to Kremlin at least once in life if you are a communist.
Karl Marx's books are worshipped, are thought to be infallible, in the same way as other
religions have done it.

So if you look then you will not be able to say: MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE
PUTTING THEIR FAITH IN ALL SORTS OF SAINTS, SWAMIS AND GODMEN.
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS PHENOMENON?

This has always been so. Yes, one thing new is happening, and that is: many more people
are changing from one religion to another, are going astray from their forefathers. That is
something new -- and that is something good, that is something beautiful. It was for centuries
an accepted fact that religion has something to do with your birth. It has nothing to do with
your birth!

Just the other day I came across a statement of Mother Teresa. Somebody has asked her
about me and what I have told about her, and she said, "Rajneesh has no reason to interfere
with my work. He should *not* interfere!" Why I should not interfere? I have every reason! If

some crime is happening I have to interfere, I have to say that this is criminal.

She says she is fighting abortion by adoption. But who is responsible for abortion? Mother Teresa, the Polack Pope, and the whole company! They are responsible for abortion because they are against contraceptives, they are against birth control. And if you are against contraceptives, against birth control, then abortion is bound to happen. First they manage that abortion should continue and then they fight abortion by adoption!

And the questioner asks that I have been criticizing her because she refused a child to a Protestant family to be adopted because he was Protestant, and she wanted a Catholic family to adopt the child. She said, responding to this, that each child has a birthright to choose his religion. But who is *she* to choose? The child has the birthright -- that I can understand, and I accept it. And if that is true then no child should be baptized unless the child is grown up and decides on his own, without any manipulation conditioning, teaching. He should be left alone to enquire, and when he decides to become a Christian or a Buddhist or a Mohammedan, of course he has the right. But a small child... how do you decide what religion he wants to choose?

This was asked, so she said, "First we decide to what religion he has been born." Now, religion has nothing to do with birth. You may be born in a Hindu family; that does not mean that you have become a Hindu. You may be born in a communist family; that does not mean that you have become a communist. You may be born to a family... the father is a doctor, the mother is a doctor, that does not mean you have become a doctor. It should be so -- two doctors giving birth to a child -- he should be immediately given a certificate that he is an M.D.! This is nonsense! Religion has to be chosen.

The questioner also asked that, "If you don't know the family of the child -- because many children you bring in your orphanage are thrown-away children; you don't know their family, you don't know their background -- then how do you decide?"

Then she said, "Because I am a Catholic and I have been bringing them up, then they to go Catholicism, they are Catholics. I decide!"

Where is the birthright of the child then? Somebody else decides!

This old stupidity is disappearing a little bit. People have started enquiring on their own. Now the people who have surrounded around me... Today there are five thousand sannyasins here; all over the earth there are now more than two hundred thousand sannyasins. These are the people who have decided on their own; this is *their* decision. And when religion is your own decision then it becomes a commitment then it is involvement. Then you are fulfilling your own heart's desire. Then there is joy and then there is love. Then it is a love affair!

In the past people were born to a certain family and that was their religion. Today only one thing new is happening, Silvera, and that is more and more people becoming mature, more and more people are understanding their birthright, are understanding that they have to choose their own religion. Only then they can put their heart into it; only then they can be ready, if the need arises, to sacrifice their life.

The people who had chosen Jesus -- they were Jews -- according to Mother Teresa they were doing something wrong. Jesus himself was a Jew, he was not a Christian -- that much is absolutely certain. He had not even heard the word "Christian"! He lived as a Jew and he died as a Jew. And the people who had gathered around him -- a small group -- they were all Jews. According to Mother Teresa they must have remained Jews. Then there would have been no Mother Teresa and no Christianity! But they had chosen a path of their own, they had decided to go beyond the mob psychology. They had chosen to go against the crowd.

A religious person is always a rebel. Religion is rebellion; that's its basic flavor, its

fragrance. And now more and more people are becoming capable of doing it. This is a good sign: this shows that humanity is coming of age.

You ask me: MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE PUTTING THEIR FAITH IN ALL SORTS OF SAINTS, SWAMIS AND GODMEN. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS PHENOMENON? WHAT IS YOUR OPINION ON SAINTS LIKE MAHESH YOGI, MOTHER TERESA, PRABHUPAD, MUKTANANDA, SATYA SAI BABA, J. KRISHNAMURTI, ANAND MAI, ET CETERA?

One gets a Master one deserves -- and that's natural, inevitable. So I divide these saints in three categories. First, the idiots -- there are millions of idiots in the world; they need their own saints, and they have every right. And what else they can do? They are idiots -- whatsoever they do will be idiotic! And whenever there is demand there is supply. So Prabhupad, Muktananda, Satya Sai Baba fulfill their needs. They are absolutely needed, otherwise the needs of the idiots will be neglected! Who will take care of them? They have every right to have their own saints, swamis and godmen.

The second category belongs to the average IQs. Anand Mai, Mother Teresa, Mahesh Yogi, these belong to the average -- neither idiots nor intellectuals, just middlers -- the followers of the golden mean. Cautiously they move, calculatingly they move. These are the people who will follow Anand Mai, Mother Teresa, Mahesh Yogi.

And the third category is of the intellectuals; they will follow people like J. Krishnamurti. His whole approach is purely intellectual.

I don't belong to any of these categories. I belong to a fourth category: the crazies, the mad! And they are the most beautiful people on the earth -- they are the real people! In fact, these mad people were around Jesus, around Socrates, around Buddha, around Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu. These are the people who have created the greatest flowers of mysticism, because mysticism is a kind of madness -- a madness with a method -- it is going beyond mind.

When somebody goes out of mind you call him mad; going beyond mind is also going out of mind. The madman falls below the mind and the mystic falls above the mind, but both go outside the mind; that much is similar. Hence every mystic has some similarity with the madman, and every madman also has some similarity with the mystic. You will find some place where they overlap. But this fourth category is the *real* category.

For the first category:

There was once a man who traveled to a far distant land to seek enlightenment. Finally he arrived at the dwelling of a sage who was reputed to be a Master of Masters. At the precise moment that he was ushered into the presence of the Great One, a strange agitation seized him and he fell to the ground, feeling that the very earth might open up and swallow him.

"At last... at last!" he stammered, "You have stirred my innermost being, O Master!"

"Not at all -- that was an earthquake ' replied the Master calmly.

Now, this man has reached to a wrong Master! He needed a Muktananda, a Prabhupad, who would have nodded and he would have said, "Yes, this is the arousal of kundalini! Your kundalini has arisen! It happens when somebody comes to me -- my kundalini triggers his kundalini."

Now, the Master must have been a man like me. He simply said the truth, "Don't be a

fool! It is just an earthquake -- nothing has happened."

An Irishman was in an airplane watching a movie. When he realized he had already seen it, he got up and walked out the door of the plane. After a long time floating in the ocean he landed on a small island.

Many years later a beautiful woman in a wetsuit came out of the sea and approached the Irishman. She unzipped one of the top pockets of the suit and said, "I bet you have not had a smoke for a long time," and she handed him a cigarette.

Next she unzipped her other top pocket and said, "I bet you have not had a drink for a long time," and she produced a flask of whiskey from the pocket.

Slowly unzipping the knot of her wetsuit she said, "I will bet there is something else you have not done for a long time!"

The Irishman exclaimed, "My God! Have you got golfclubs in there too?"

Now, these people also need Masters, saints, swamis, godmen, and their need is authentic, very authentic, and they are in the majority. These are the people who live in Californialand!

A politician in California was addressing a group of concerned citizens on the problem of overpopulation. "Do you realize," he said, "that while we sit here, every minute a woman is giving birth to a child? What are we going to do about this?"

From the back of the room a voice piped up, "Well, the first thing we had better do is find that woman!"

A Polack arrived in the big city for the first time. He stood gaping at a fifty-story building which housed the country's biggest newspaper press. He asked a passerby, "What is this huge building for?"

Seeing how naive the Polack was, the passerby said, "Why, that is where Brutus the Giant lives!"

The Polack hung around in front of the building all day in the hope of catching a glimpse of the giant.

At ten o'clock in the evening the same passerby saw the Polack still standing there and took pity on him.

"Look, there is not any giant in there, I was just joking!"

"Joking, my foot!" replied the Polack. "Five minutes ago a truck arrived loaded with huge rolls of toilet paper for him!"

A Polack found a twenty-dollar bill. He thought for a few minutes about how to spend it. Finally he flipped a coin. "Heads, I will eat it away; tails, I will drink it."

The coin spun in the air, fell on his lap, and disappeared between the buttons of his fly. "Aha!" grinned the Polack. "That's another possibility!"

For these people, Prabhupad, the founder of Hare Krishna Movement... He is almost like a magnet: he attracts the uttermost idiots in the world! That much credit must be given to him. Muktananda -- he is not that much great as Prabhupad but comes very close. Now he is sitting on the Miami Beach -- that is the right place, that's where these people are needed.

And for the second category, the average intelligent person: Mother Teresa, Maharishi

Mahesh Yogi, Anand Mai, these people will do.

The police station received a call: "Philip's residence!" a hoarse voice shrieked. "Get over here quick! There is a cat in the house!"

"A cat?! And you called us up for that? Whom am I talking to anyway?"
"Philip's parrot!"

Average intelligence!

Murphy, the father of ten children, asked the pharmacist for a packet of contraceptives. He returned six weeks later to complain: "They did not do any good at all. My wife is pregnant again. I think they were too big, even though I cut off a droopy bit at the end!"

And for the third category, the people who are attracted to Krishnamurti:

A fat Jewish lady walked slowly home to her apartment after shopping. She had a tremendous problem; for the last block she had needed to fart. But she managed to hold onto it until she got into the elevator. Then, to her great relief, she let it go.

Worried, however, that the ripe smell would disturb anyone who entered the elevator before she got to her twenty-fifth-story apartment, she took out from her bag an aerosol can of pine-spray and sprayed the elevator.

At the fifth floor two professors got on. They immediately clapped their hands over their noses. After the fat Jewish lady got off at the twenty-fifth floor one professor said to the other, "Christ, what a smell! What do you reckon it is?"

The other replied, "Smells to me as if someone has just shit behind a pine tree!"

The Wild Geese and the Water

Chapter #3

Chapter title: Ecstatic All the Way

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The first question:

OSHO,

WOULD YOU PLEASE SAY SOMETHING ON THE FOLLOWING WORDS OF THE POET, KAHLIL GIBRAN: "WHEN LOVE BECKONS TO YOU, FOLLOW HIM. LOVE POSSESSES NOT NOR WOULD IT BE POSSESSED, FOR LOVE IS SUFFICIENT UNTO LOVE. LOVE HAS NO DESIRE BUT TO FULFILL ITSELF."

ANIL BHARTI,

KAHLIL GIBRAN IS A POET, but not a mystic. A poet is a dreamer, a mystic is a visionary, and the difference is vast. The difference is not only of quantity but of quality. The poet looks not at the moon but at the reflection of the moon in the troubled waters of the lake. He gets few glimpses here and there, but they are only glimpses and very vague. His perception is not clear, cannot be, because he has not passed through the alchemical process of meditation.

The mind is there between him and the reality, and the mind always interprets; it is a constant commentator. It never allows the reality to reach to you as it is. It distorts it, it polishes it, it changes it. It makes it according to its own gestalt, its own pattern. It gives it the shape of its own ideas, it colors it. Of course something of the reality still lingers on, but it is only something fragmentary, as if the poet has seen a beautiful dream.

But the mystic knows it directly, immediately; there is no interpretation. Existence and the mystic are in deep communion. The poet is only once in a while in a sort of communication, but never of communion. In communication you remain separate, bridged for the moment but still separate. In communion you are no more, not only bridged for the moment -- you are simply not there. It is not a question of creating a bridge; you are immersed, you are attuned. You are in a state of at-onement with reality.

Remember this before we start meditating on these beautiful words of Kahlil Gibran -- they *are* beautiful. He is one of the most perceptive poets of this age, but he is a poet, not a mystic; he is not a Buddha, not a Christ. He has not seen reality, he has dreamed about it. His

dreams are beautiful, psychedelic, but dreams are dreams; even if sometimes they reflect the reality, they only reflect it. They are faraway echoes, or maybe echoes of the echoes of the echoes.

Kahlil Gibran says:

WHEN LOVE BECKONS TO YOU, FOLLOW HIM.

It is implied in the statement that as if love is some thing outside you and you have to follow it. In fact, when love is there you are not there; there is nobody to follow it. Love is overwhelming! Love is a dissolution of the ego. Who is there to follow? Who is there not to follow? If there is somebody still to follow or not to follow then it is not love, then it must be something else -- maybe biology, chemistry, psychology, but not love. It must be instinctive; it must be lust parading as love, camouflaged as love. It must be something animal.

When love is there the lover is not; they can't exist together. That is impossible, that is not in the nature of things -- they cannot coexist. If the lover is there, love is not; if love is there, you will not find the lover anywhere. Then who is to follow? Who is to hear the call of love and who has to go with love? If somebody is there to follow then something is missing -- something very basic and fundamental is missing.

The statement is beautiful, but it has not come out of meditateness. It is a faraway echo; he has dreamed about it.

If you ask the Buddha he will say: When love is there, you are not. And there is no way not to follow it, there is no way to go against it. You ARE IT! But then you have to understand the multidimensionality of the phenomenon of love.

The lowest dimension is animal; ninety-nine percent people never go beyond it. So when they hear words like this, "When love beckons to you, follow him," they interpret it according to themselves.

In all the languages of the world we have this expression "falling in love"; it is significant. Why "*falling* in love"? -- because for ninety-nine percent people it is really a fall. They are going downwards to the world of instincts, biology, physiology. They are being dominated by the hormones, by the glands, by their body chemistry. It is happening in animals, it is happening in the trees -- it is nothing special, it is nothing human.

I will not say, "When your biology beckons to you, follow it." I will say, "Watch, be aware, be alert," because if you are not aware you are bound to be taken over, dominated by the lowest element in you, by the most peripheral in you. You will be dominated and guided by unconscious natural forces. That's what is happening: in the name of love people are simply behaving like animals. It is a fall! But there are higher dimensions of love too...

The first kind of love appears as if it is coming from the outside. It really comes from the outside because it comes from the circumference and the center has to follow the circumference. The circumference is the outermost thing in you; it is outside you. You are far away from the circumference at the deepest shrine of your being. When love calls you forth that means it is coming from the periphery, somewhere from the outside.

A man falls in love with a woman or a woman falls in love with a man, but it is nothing special to man, it is not part of the dignity of man. It *is* a fall and it will bring misery to you. And remember, it will be possessive. And also, if you carefully watch, you will see it will not only be possessive; deep down there will be a desire to be possessed too. You are already possessed by nature, now it will have other implications. The man will be possessed by the woman, the woman will be possessed by the man... and the whole conflict of the so-called

love.

Whenever you are possessed by somebody there is a dichotomy in you: you want to be possessed and yet you want to be free. There is a conflict within you: you want to be possessed because that makes you feel valuable, possessible. Somebody is paying respect to you, somebody is thinking of you as a treasure, so you feel good that you are possessed. But on the other hand, simultaneously you feel that you are being reduced into a commodity. It may be a treasure, but a treasure has no consciousness. You are becoming a thing, you are being reduced into the world of objects, you are becoming an object of possession. You are losing your subjectivity and the freedom of your subjectivity, hence the conflict.

And you will be in misery because whatsoever you do will only fulfill half the desire and the other half will remain frustrated. If you allow yourself to be possessed, your desire to be free remains unfulfilled, it fights; if you don't allow yourself to be possessed you are free, but something in you goes on insisting that nobody possesses you. Does it mean nobody values you? Does it mean nobody is bothered by you, nobody takes any note, that you are worthless?

At this level of love, misery is a natural consequence. Watch it, because through watchfulness you can rise above it. You can start *rising* in love rather than falling in love. Watchfulness becomes like a ladder from the lowest to the highest.

The second dimension is closer to what Kahlil Gibran says in his second statement:

LOVE POSSESSES NOT NOR WOULD IT BE POSSESSED, FOR LOVE IS SUFFICIENT UNTO LOVE.

But again he gives a wrong reasoning why love is not going to possess and is not going to be possessed. He says: because love is sufficient unto itself -- that's not so. Love is not sufficient unto itself: love needs to be shared. There is an immense, overflowing energy which needs to be shared. The flower is not sufficient unto itself; it needs the winds and the sun so that it can release its hidden splendor, its fragrance, its perfume. If it is not allowed to release its perfume it will be in deep suffering.

Love suffers most when there is nobody to share it. The greatest suffering comes when you have to give and there is nobody to receive it. LOVE POSSESSES NOT -- that is true -- NOR WOULD IT BE POSSESSED -- that is true. But the reason given for it by Kahlil Gibran is not right. It is poetic, but it has no insight into the reality of love.

Love is non-possessive because love's very essence is freedom. If you love a person you would like the person to be absolutely free. And if you love somebody you can love only if you have loved yourself before it; that is a precondition. You cannot love others if you are not in deep love with yourself. The first, the foremost love is love for oneself. When this flame starts burning in you -- love for oneself...

It has not been told to you for centuries, in fact just the opposite has been taught: "Don't love yourself, it is selfish," they say. "Love others!" Even Christians who think they are following Christ have misinterpreted his tremendously significant statement. He says: "Love your enemies like yourself." They have taken only half part of it; they say, "Love your enemies," but they have forgotten the basic condition. Jesus says, "Love your enemies like yourself ' but if you don't love yourself, in what way you are going to love your enemies? What will be the criterion? First you have to love yourself, then you can even love your enemies -- what to say about friends? what to say about lovers?"

The first love has to happen within yourself; it is something inner. It happens only when

you become silent, aware, meditative, when you get out of the mind. Mind is possessive, mind is dictatorial, mind is a despot. It wants to dominate, because the center of the mind is the ego and the ego can ride on anything -- any horse will do. Money will do, power will do, knowledge will do, asceticism will do, virtue will do, love will do -- even love! Even the love will be converted into a horse and the ego can ride on it.

Love is non-possessive only when it is not of the mind, but Kahlil Gibran knows nothing of the no-mind. Meditation means the state of no-mind. Love should arise in a state of no-mind; you have to prepare the state of no-mind for love to happen. It does not come from the outside, it does not come from somewhere else. When you are silent it springs within yourself, it blooms within yourself.

Meditation functions like spring, and the flowers that have been waiting for the spring suddenly open up. Your inner being becomes so full of perfume, it is so fragrant, you are so overflowing with fragrance, you have to share it. And it is so much that you cannot be miserly about it.

An ancient Tibetan story is:

A Master denied his whole life to accept any disciple. The more he denied, the more he became famous. More and more people were coming and asking to be initiated, but he will refuse. His conditions were such that nobody was able to fulfill them.

He had only a young man to look after him; he was also not a disciple, because he never initiated anybody. The Master was getting old so he had allowed this young man... The young man wanted to serve the Master. He said, "If you are not going to initiate me, okay, don't initiate me, but let me be here to serve you, to look after your physical needs. You are getting old." And he allowed the young man.

The day he was dying he called the young man and told him, "Run to the village and tell to people, whosoever wants to be initiated can come immediately."

The young man could not believe. He said, "But what about your conditions? Your conditions are so impossible that nobody has been able up to now to fulfill them."

The Master laughed and he said, "Now I can tell you the truth! The real thing is, all those conditions were just a strategy not to say to people that 'I have not yet reached; that I don't have it, so how I can give it to you?' I never wanted to say that I have not yet become the awakened one, the blessed one, so I had found this strategy: that 'You are not yet worthy to be initiated.' But now I have attained -- this morning it has happened! -- and I am so burdened that I want to be relieved.

"So there is no condition at all. You simply go, and whosoever wants to be initiated, gather them and tell them that this is my last day. As the sun will be setting I will also disappear from this world, so only few hours are there. Gather as many people as you can!"

The young man could not believe, but the Master was saying so he rushed. The villagers could not believe; they thought that it must be some kind of joke. The man has been so stubborn about his conditions and conditions were so impossible -- only Superman can fulfill his conditions!

Those poor villagers said, "But we are not worthy!"

The young man said, "Now he is not asking for any readiness on your part. Anybody who wants to be initiated, who wants to share the truth, he is ready to give."

Few people were curious: "What is the matter?" -- so just out of curiosity, knowing perfectly that old man for many years, without believing but just out of curiosity followed. Somebody's wife had died and he was feeling a little miserable so he said, "Okay, it will be

good just to go to the old man for some consolation, and if he wants to give some advice or some wisdom, why not take it?" A young man was unemployed, he was thrown out from his job, and he was just sitting idle so he said, "Okay, I am also coming." Even a small child seeing a crowd going towards the hermitage followed. He had not gone to the school that day and it was good excuse that he had gone to the saint, so he also went there.

The young man looked at the crowd. He could not believe his eyes, because he has seen very wise people coming, the purest, the most innocent, the virtuous, the puritans, the ascetics, and they were all refused. And this motley crowd! He laughed himself: "What is going to happen? The whole thing seems to be simply crazy! And what this small child is going to get? And the reasons they are coming are absurd: somebody's wife has died, somebody is unemployed, somebody's off day, the child has not gone to the school."

He went with this crowd. The Master did not even ask, "Why you want to be initiated?" He simply started calling single individuals, initiating them. The young man said, "I cannot believe my eyes! I had never imagined that this will ever happen!"

The Master said, "It is very simple. Now I have it and I have to give it; then I didn't, there was nothing to give. And what was the point to show one's emptiness to people? So I pretended that 'I have it, but you are not ready.' Now, whether you are ready or not, who cares? I am unburdening myself."

That has always been the way of the Masters. When the raincloud is full of rainwater it does not bother whether it is showering on the rocks or on a good soil, whether the soil is fertile or not. It simply showers! It showers without any conditions.

So is the truth about love: when you love yourself, when your love has exploded, when it has become a reality within you, you share it! It is *not* sufficient unto itself, it needs sharing. Even truth needs sharing, Buddhahood needs sharing, Christ-consciousness needs sharing. It is irresistible, it has to be shared; there is no way to avoid it.

Otherwise, why in his old age, when Buddha was eighty-two, he was still traveling and talking to people and saying to people? He was ill, he was old, he was getting every day weaker, but he was still traveling. His disciples were saying that, "Now you please stop!" And he will say, "I cannot, I have to give. To the last of my breath I have to give." And actually that's what happened.

When he was dying, the last day has come, he has declared that now he is going to leave his body: "Has anybody something to ask?"

Ten thousand sannyasins had gathered, his disciples they were crying. They said, "You have answered everything! You have been answering for forty-two years continuously, morning, afternoon, evening. You have said everything that we would have ever thought or asked or enquired -- in fact thousand times more you have said. There is nothing to ask."

It was Buddha's way to ask everything thrice. He again asked, "Have you got any questions?" They refused. He again asked. "Maybe somebody has a question and is not asking just not to bother me in this last moment of my life. Don't be worried, ask it! Till my last breath I want to share, I have to share."

But they refused. They said, "We don't have any question."

Then he said, "Goodbye. I can close my eyes, I can start disappearing." He said. "First I will disappear from the body, then from the mind, then from the heart, and then from my soul. As if a candle is extinguished... the flame disappears... you cannot find it anywhere because now it is everywhere."

Just when he had closed his eyes and was disappearing from the body and the mind and

reaching to the third stage, a man came running. For thirty years he had been waiting to ask something, but always something or other came and he could not ask. In fact, he had not seen Buddha for thirty years. He had always wanted to visit him, but sometimes the customers were there, sometimes some guests had arrived, sometimes the wife was ill, sometimes some other problem, and he always postponed. The ordinary way of humanity: postponement, tomorrow... "Next time when Buddha comes by I will ask."

Suddenly he heard in the village the rumor that "This is the last day, Buddha will not be there tomorrow." So he closed his shop. Even the customers were still there and they said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "Enough is enough! -- now I cannot wait!"

The wife said, "I am feeling very ill" -- they are always feeling ill -- "I have a headache!" And when you are going to a Buddha, the wife will always have a headache! "Where are you going?"

He said, "You get lost! I have no time even to answer!"

He rushed. The wife followed, the customers followed. "What is the matter? He has gone suddenly mad...? Such a calculating man, a businessman!"

He reached and he asked the disciples that, "I want to ask a question!"

They said, "It is too late. He had asked thrice, we had refused. And where you have been? For thirty years he has been passing from your village, almost every year he has passed. Where you have been?"

He said, "I am sorry, but I always postponed, believing that there will be a tomorrow. Now I cannot postpone. And I don't know whether in my future life I will ever come across a man like Gautam Buddha. Who knows? I cannot miss this opportunity!"

A quarrel started. He was saying that, "I will ask him!" And they were saying, "Now it is not possible!"

And Buddha opened his eyes. He said, "This is not right. I am still alive -- let him ask! To the last of my breath, if I am alive I would not like it to be told about me that 'Buddha was alive and a man has come to enquire, and he was refused.' Let him ask."

And he was ready to answer. He answered...

Love, truth, bliss -- there is an intrinsic core in them: they need to be shared; they are not sufficient unto themselves. Sharing is part, but they are not possessive. The reason is totally different. The reason is that love basically gives freedom: it gives freedom to oneself, it gives freedom to others. A love that becomes a bondage is not love; it is lust, it is animal, it is not human. Love gives freedom, then it becomes human. But still it is a kind of relatedness.

There is one more dimension to love. In the first, love is a biological need; in the second it is a psychological sharing; in the third you *are* love. In the first it is a relationship, a possessiveness; in the second it is a relatedness, a friendship, a friendliness; in the third you are love itself. Your very being is love, you radiate love! Only then love has come to its crescendo -- it has achieved the ultimate, the last -- you can call it God.

Jesus exactly says, "God is love." I would like to change the statement just a little bit, the same words but a different arrangement. I would like to say: Love is God -- because when you say God is love it simply means love is one of the attributes of God; there may be many others. I say to you: Love is God -- God itself is nothing but an attribute of love -- it is godliness.

And the third statement of Kahlil Gibran is:

LOVE HAS NO DESIRE BUT TO FULFILL ITSELF.

A beautiful statement, but only apparently. Deep down something is missing -- it is *bound* to be missing. It is not a fault of Kahlil Gibran: he is only a poet, he can be forgiven. He says:

LOVE HAS NO DESIRE BUT TO FULFILL ITSELF.

No, even that desire is not there, because love itself is a fulfillment. There is no question of any future fulfillment -- there is no future in love. Love knows only one time and that is this moment, now. Love is the means and the end. It is fulfillment, it is contentment, and out of this fulfillment is the fragrance.

So to a certain extent he is right when he says: LOVE HAS NO DESIRE... But the second part of the statement, BUT TO FULFILL ITSELF, he commits a mistake. That too is a desire: TO FULFILL ITSELF Even that desire is not there. Love has no desire, in fact love happens only when you have reached to the point of desirelessness.

That's what I call going beyond the mind. Mind has desires; when you slip out of the mind you are a no-mind. There are no desires, no memories, no imagination, no fantasies, no future, no past. You exist now and here.

This very body the Buddha. This very space the lotus paradise.

The second question:

OSHO,
ARE YOU REALLY GOD?

JOSEPH,

My God! Are you a German or something? Can't you understand a simple joke? God does not exist at all, so how I can be really a God? Don't take me seriously -- I am not a serious person at all -- this is just a joke! But you must be a German, and perhaps also a Jew.

A German has no humor -- he only laughs when told to.
A German never thinks -- that's what his boss does for him.
A German loves variety -- provided it never changes.
A German never makes a mistake -- if he does, he does it correctly.
A German loves foreign customs -- as long as they are German.
A German is orderly -- even chaos is strictly organized.

I have nothing to do with God. I don't take the responsibility of making this world... and doing this whole job in six days. it was absolutely destined to be a mess! And the man who has never done anything like it before did it in six days, and since then he has disappeared, nothing has been heard about him. He must have freaked out, seeing what he has done!

But you are much concerned about my being really a God. A Jewish concern! If I am really a God, then Joseph will think of becoming a sannyasin, but first he has to check, double-check: "Is this man really a God?"

A young man went to the legal firm of Goldberg and Weinstein. "Can I see Mr.

Goldberg?" he asked the secretary.

"I am sorry, Mr. Goldberg is out of town."

"Then can I see Mr. Weinstein?"

"I am sorry," she answered, "Mr. Weinstein is tied up."

A week later he returned. "Can I see Mr. Goldberg?" he asked the secretary again.

"I am sorry," she replied, "Mr. Goldberg is out of town."

"Then how about Mr. Weinstein?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Weinstein is tied up."

In another week he returned. "Can I see Mr. Goldberg?" he asked.

"I am sorry, Mr. Goldberg is out of town."

"Well then, let me see Mr. Weinstein."

"I am sorry, Mr. Weinstein is tied up."

"Look," he said to the secretary indignantly, "I have been here three times, and each time you tell me that Mr. Goldberg is out of town, and Mr. Weinstein is tied up. What is going on here?"

"Is not it awful?" she replied. "Each time Mr. Goldberg goes out of town he ties up Mr. Weinstein!"

Jews have their own ways of thinking: everything has to be done in a business way.

I am neither a real God nor an unreal God. And why you are worried about me? You should think about yourself!

This word "bhagwan" has been of immense use to me. I saw many godmen in India: Satya Sai Baba, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, Muktananda, and many "et ceteranandas". I tried to fight them from the outside, but it was difficult. Then I thought it is better to be an insider and then fight, so I declared myself a Bhagwan, I became an insider -- and now I am giving them a hard time! It is as simple as that.

But you must have come with your prejudices, ideas about God, and you must be a seriously religious person, hence the question. Here you have to put aside all your prejudices. That's why I am so outrageous -- this is part of my work.

A successful lawyer was married to a woman who nagged him incessantly. She nagged him about his appearance, about how much he drank, about how little he loved her, about the state of the garden, and so on. The lawyer started staying later at his office to avoid her.

One day, after weeks defending a certain William Wright who was accused of murder, he came home very depressed. He had lost the case and Wright was to be executed that night unless the State Governor granted a stay of execution.

As he entered the house, his wife began, "Where have you been? It is after ten o'clock!"

"Ah, nag, nag, nag!" he said in disgust, and went to pour himself a drink.

"The minute you come home you start to drink, not even a hello for me!"

"Ah, nag, nag, nag!" he sighed. Then he went upstairs to take a bath, saying to his wife that he was expecting a call from the Governor.

While he was in the tub the call came -- Wright was reprieved. The lawyer's wife decided to give him the good news herself. As she entered the bathroom he was standing naked, bending over the tub to wipe it clean. "They are not hanging Wright tonight," she said.

"Ah, nag, nag, nag!" the lawyer snarled.

When you have preconceptions you are bound to be in a difficulty. You will

misunderstand everything.

Here, everything is a joke, nothing is serious. Neither my being Bhagwan is serious nor your being sannyasins is serious. We are just playing a game. I have decided to be the Master and you have decided to be the disciples. Sometimes we can even change the roles: you can be the Master and I can be the disciple! Just you will have to dig a hole so you can sit there and you all sitting on the platform, that's all! And we can have a good laugh! One thing you have to remember: I will still be talking and you will still be hearing!

A bishop visiting an insane asylum was told by his guide that one of the inmates insisted he was God. The bishop expressed interest in meeting the man, who proved to be a venerable and dignified figure with a flowing white beard.

"I understand that you are God," said the bishop.

"That's correct," replied the old man with a gentle bow.

"Well, there is one thing I would like very much to know. When you speak in the Bible of creating the world in six days, do you mean this literally or metaphorically? Do you mean six days of twenty-four hours each, or do you mean aeons or ages?"

"I am sorry," replied the old fellow, "but I make it a practice never to talk shop."

The third question:

OSHO,
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF GURDJIEFF'S SAYING: "PRACTICE LOVE TO ANIMALS FIRST, BECAUSE THEY ARE MORE SENSITIVE"?

ANAND NIRUP,

Don't take it literally, because I know my people are dangerous people! He is talking metaphorically! But George Gurdjieff's statement is not complete; it has to be made complete so you don't misunderstand it.

Start loving yourself; that has to be the beginning and that is also going to be the end. Then the circle is complete: you begin by loving yourself, because you are the closest to yourself. Of course, when you begin to love yourself your love is from the circumference towards the center, because you exist on the circumference. You turn in: you stand on the door which connects your inside and the outside. You look inwards -- you are still standing on the circumference -- and you fall in love with your center. This is the beginning. And the end will be that you have reached the center and you stand at the center and look at your circumference. That will be the completion of the journey.

But between these two, the beginning and the end, there are seven steps. Gurdjieff's statement belongs only to one step, and it is absolutely right. Animals are far more sensitive because they are not logical, not rational. But to begin with animals is not good; you have to go a little further back.

The first step has to be stars, sun, moon. The farther they are the better, because if you can love the farthest it will be easier to love those who are closer to you. And stars have also a tremendous sensitivity; it is far more primitive than the animals.

Prem Volodya, the Russian sannyasin, has sent me a beautiful joke:

Brezhnev gets up in the morning and goes out onto his balcony to stretch his body. The

sun is rising. "Good morning, red sun!" he exclaims.

"Long live Leonid Illich Brezhnev!" the sun answers back.

Very happy with this, Brezhnev goes about his business. After a busy morning he goes out onto his balcony again and sees the sun at its height.

"Good afternoon, sun!" he shouts out.

"Long live Comrade Brezhnev, General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union!" comes the reply.

Very pleased, Brezhnev returns to his work. Once more in the evening after a hard day he comes out onto his favorite place. He sees the sun setting and with a knowing smile cries out, "Good evening, my little red sun!"

"Fuck you!" comes the answer. "I am in the West now!"

Stars, sun, moon -- start with them, and they will answer you, remember! And be ready, because they are not very gentlemanly either! They will say you the exact truth, whatsoever it is.

Then move to rocks, mountains. Feel the rocks, their texture, love them. Then move to rivers, wind, rain; they are more alive, livelier than anything. Dance in the rain, in the wind. Swim in the river, let go, flow with it. Don't fight against the river, don't push the river, don't go upstream. Go with the river, totally one with it.

This is how you will be able to learn many ways of love, many qualities of love. Then trees, bushes, flowers, fruits... move very slowly towards life. Now trees are more alive, flowers are more closer, far more closer than the stars and the rocks and the rivers. Then move to birds -- and only then Gurdjieff's statement is correct -- to the animals.

And when you have been able to love all these different expressions of existence you will be able to love man and woman, because man and woman are the highest expression and they imply the stars, the mountains, the rivers, the winds, the rain, the trees, the birds, the animals; they imply all these. We are made of all these! Something of us belongs to the stars, something of us belongs to the rivers, mountains, something of us belongs to the trees, flowers, something of us belongs to the birds.

It is not accidental that you dream of flying, it is not accidental that man invented airplanes, it is not accidental that man is immensely attracted towards stars -- for thousands of years. It may have been astrology, then astronomy, and now the immense attraction to reach to the moon, to the Mars, and then to the stars. There is something magnetic that is pulling us.

It is not accidental that when you go to the sea something in you feels in tune with the sea, because eighty percent of your body is made of seawater. Man was born as a fish in the beginning; from the fish he has grown up towards man. In fact, each child in the mother's womb is a fish for few days. He has to pass through all the stages in nine months that the whole humanity has passed in millions of years. Something in you always remains fishy!

It is not very strange that when you love a woman you start calling her cat, pussy; there is something in it. Every woman has a cat inside her being, every man has a dog. Hence you can see husband and wives always in a dog-cat fight!

If you want to love man and woman you will have to love many more things. Just jumping in love with a woman you will be in trouble, because you will not know many of her dimensions. You will not know the dimensions of the man you are in love. Something in him is rock; unless you know the texture of rock and you can love rock you will not be able to love a Peter. A Peter means a rock!

You have to experience love in all possible ways, then only... because man and woman

are the culmination of many things; much has passed. They have a tremendous past; this is implied in their being. It is there and very alive. If you cannot love trees, if you cannot love the wind, if you have no joy in having a dance when it is raining, you will not be able to love a woman or a man; something in your love will be missing. It will not have the perfection, it will not have that exquisite grace that it can have, that it should have.

Gurdjieff is right, but you have to move slowly. Begin with yourself and then move to the farthest away stars, and then from those stars start moving again towards yourself. Those stars make your circumference, and only then you can come to a point, again you can rediscover your center. That is the moment a person becomes enlightened, a Buddha, a Christ. That is the moment when he has come home, he has done the whole pilgrimage. It is a love pilgrimage.

A young couple met on vacation, fell in love, and decided to get married. The only minister in the area was a resident of the local nudist colony.

They enquired and found that the minister and the members of the colony would perform the marriage ceremony if the two would disrobe and join their group. They were happy to do this, and the minister performed the ceremony outside under the trees. The nudists lined up with the men on one side and the women on the other.

When the minister said to the lady, "Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?" she looked first at the groom and then down the line of handsome, naked men and said, "Well, as a matter of fact, I believe I would rather have that guy at the end of the line!"

You have to know love in all its expressions! Don't get hooked too soon. Move freely with the whole existence. Love many men, love many women. Then only, slowly slowly, you can discover the person with whom your heart feels a synchronicity. It is not an easy job. No astrologer can do it for you, no father, no mother can do it for you. There is no other way to do it; the only way is by trial and error.

Don't be repressive of anything in you, be expressive. All the old religions up to now have been repressive; they have made the whole humanity sad.

Krishna Prem has asked me: OSHO, I LOOK AROUND AND I DON'T SEE ANY ECSTATIC MEN, INCLUDING ME, BUT I SEE ECSTATIC WOMEN. WHY IS IT SO DIFFICULT FOR MEN TO LET THEMSELVES GO?

It is simple. All the religions have been created by men; there is not a single religion which has been created by women. And why men created all these religions? And all these religions have been repressive -- repressive particularly of sex. Few things have to be understood: man is afraid deep down of sex, because as far as sex is concerned he is far weaker than the woman. The woman is capable of having multiple orgasms, man is not capable of that. He is immensely afraid of the woman.

Hence all the human societies, particularly the so-called civilized societies, have destroyed the very possibility of women knowing -- even knowing -- that they are orgasmic. It is only just within these twenty, thirty years that it has been discovered that the woman has not only the orgasmic capacity, she has the capacity of multiple orgasms. But man must have known from the very beginning that no single man can satisfy a woman if she has the multiple-orgasmic capacity. Man can have only one orgasm; with one orgasm he is finished. And the woman is still on the way; may not even have started!

The second trouble is: she is slow, and she is slow for a basic reason. Her sexuality is not local, her sexuality is total. Her whole body has a sexual quality. Man's sexuality is local, it is genital. Woman's sexuality is not local, it is not focused; it is diffused, it is all over her body. So unless she can go in a sexual dance while making love she will not be able to have orgasm.

But if she goes in a sexual dance while making love, shrieks, screams, sings, shouts, says "Alleluia!" the man will become so much afraid... because whatsoever she will be saying will be gibberish, it will not make any sense. It will be sensuous but not sensible! She will be speaking a divine language; it will be just coming. Even she will be surprised what is coming up. What she is saying and why, for what? It is nothing to do with expressing any particular thing; she is just so excited, ecstatic. Her whole being is in a dance; she is in a temporary state of madness, and this can freak out the man -- the poor fellow may even forget about his one orgasm! He may become concerned about the neighbors and the police and the fire brigade and whatnot!

So from the very beginning man has been repressive -- repress the woman, make her feel guilty. Nice ladies don't even move! They have to lie down almost dead, cold, unmoving, only then they are ladies. What a strange definition of ladies -- the true definition should be "a good lay"! But what kind of good lay is this lady? She is just dead!

A man was caught making love to a dead woman on the seabeach. The magistrate asked, "Are you mad or something? What you were doing? You were making love to a dead woman?"

The man said, "I thought she is English!"

Krishna Prem, in my community, in my commune, it is going to be difficult for men. The women will be ecstatic because for the first time they have a chance to be as orgasmic as possible, and men are going to be constantly afraid. And you can see them, always walking, tail inside their legs, afraid, watching here and there. Any women can jump and catch hold of them: "Where are you going, Krishna Prem? WHEN LOVE BECKONS, FOLLOW IT!" But how long you can follow?

A yogi's lament... it is not a lament of any of my sannyasin, it cannot be. It is an old yogi's lament:

Sitting silently, doing nothing,
A woman comes, and it springs up by itself!

It is perfectly okay with an old yogi, repressive, but with my sannyasins it does not spring at all! A woman comes by and the sannyasin escapes -- that "I have to do other things too..."

Krishna Prem, you can be ecstatic only if you forget all about sex. I am the only ecstatic man around here! If you remain sexual you cannot be ecstatic; you will be continuously drained out, walking dead, dull. You can be ecstatic only if you go beyond sex. The old way was, repress the woman; that is ugly. Why repress the woman? That is not right, that is not human. Let the woman be expressive, but if you feel that sex is a drain on you, a drag on you -- and soon one feels -- then you go beyond it. But don't be repressive, just transcend. Transcendence comes by itself, slowly slowly. It takes a little time to understand, to see the point.

Women also will get tired, but they will take a little longer time. They are slow; they are

not so efficient, so quick. First men will transcend, and the women will go on helping men to transcend, because new men will be coming and they have to help. When they have helped many then they will start thinking, "How long I am going to help others? It is time I should be enlightened myself!"

In my commune this is going to be the way: men can be ecstatic only when they have transcended sex; women will have a far better time. They will be ecstatic while they are in sex and they will be ecstatic when they have transcended sex. My commune is going to be matriarchal. And you can see it; the whole show is run by women! I trust women more because they are going to be ecstatic all the way. Man will be ecstatic only at the very end of the journey; he can be trusted only after that. Women can be trusted. I trust ecstasy! I trust blissfulness!

And why man started this repressive business? First was to save his ego; second was to keep control and possession of the woman, to reduce woman into property. And then he has great intellectuality. The women are emotional, they are heart people; men are head people. They are intellectual, so they rationalize their repressiveness. They made much fuss about repression; they started making so much noise that they made even women feel guilty -- that something is wrong if they are happy in their sexual life. In fact, happiness itself became a sin. To remain sad and serious became a necessary condition to be respectable, to be known as a saint or a sage.

A man whose pet parrot had died wanted to replace him and went to the pet shop to buy a new one. The pet-shop-owner showed him his selection of parrots.

"I want one that can talk," said the man. "You see, I like to chat with my bird."

"Ah," said the pet-shop-owner, "I have just the bird for you. It can speak five languages too. Here he is. I must mention one thing though, sir. I'm afraid he lost both his legs in a fight with a cat."

"Impossible!" said the man. "If he has got no legs, how come he is standing on his perch?"

"He is not standing, sir," said the owner. "He is holding on with his prick. Luckily he has got quite a long one -- and what is more, he is a great ascetic, almost a saint, and his control over himself is immense, almost absolute."

"Unbelievable!" muttered the man, and he looked down under the perch, and sure enough the bird had his cock wrapped around the perch.

"I will take it!" he said.

The next day he went to work, and when he returned in the evening the parrot called him over: "Hi! I have been waiting to talk with you," the parrot said. "After you went to work this morning, a young man came in and sat on the sofa with your wife."

"No!" said the man.

"Yes!" said the bird. "Then he opened your wife's blouse and put his hand inside."

"What? The bastard! What next?"

"Well, he put his other hand up your wife's skirt!"

"The fucker! What then?"

"Well, I don't know," said the bird. "I lost my self-control and fell off my perch!"

The Wild Geese and the Water

Chapter #4

Chapter title: Soul-living by Loving

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The first question:

OSHO,
WHY IS HUGGING SUCH AN INCREDIBLY EFFECTIVE THERAPEUTIC TOOL?
P.S. I USED TO THINK THAT CLARITY, WIT AND ANALYSIS WAS THE WAY, BUT
THEY ARE ALL GARBAGE ALONGSIDE HUGGING.
PREM AMIDA,

MAN NEEDS TO BE NEEDED. It is one of the most fundamental needs of human beings. Unless one is cared for one starts dying. Unless one feels that he is significant to somebody, at least to somebody, his whole life becomes insignificant.

Hence love is the greatest therapy there is. The world needs therapy because the world is missing love. In a really loving world no therapy will be needed at all; love will be enough, more than enough. Hugging is only a gesture of love, of warmth, of caring. the very feel of the warmth flowing from the other person melts many illnesses in you, melts the ice-like, cold ego. It makes you again a child.

The psychologists are well aware of the fact now that unless a child is hugged, kissed, he misses some nourishment. Just as the body needs food, the soul needs love. You can give to the child all the physical needs, all the physical comforts, but if hugging is missing the child will not grow in a wholesome being. He will remain somewhere deep down sad, uncared for, neglected, ignored. He was nursed, but he was not mothered.

It has been observed that if a child is not hugged he starts shrinking -- he can even die -- although everything else was provided for. As far as the body is concerned every care was taken, but no love surrounded the child. He became isolated, he became disconnected with existence.

Love is our connection, love is our very root. Just as you breathe -- for the body it is absolutely essential: stop breathing and you are no more -- in the same way, love is the inner breath. The soul lives by loving.

Analysis won't do it. Wit and clarity, knowledge and scholarship won't do it. You can know all there is to know about therapy, you can become an expert, but if you don't know the

art of love you remain only on the surface of the miracle of therapy.

The moment you start feeling for the patient, for the one who is suffering... out of hundred cases, ninety people are suffering basically because they have not been loved. If you start feeling the need for love of the patient, and if you can fulfill the need, there will be almost a magical change in the condition of the patient.

Love is certainly the most therapeutic phenomenon. Sigmund Freud was very much afraid of it, so much so... hugging was beyond the question -- he was not even ready to *face* the patient, because listening to his misery, listening to his inner nightmares, he may start feeling sympathetic. His eyes may become wet, tears may start flowing, or maybe in an unguarded moment he may hold the hand of the patient.

He was so much afraid of any loving relationship between the therapist and the patient that he created a certain device: the patient has to lie down on the couch and behind the couch the psychoanalyst has to sit, so they are not facing each other.

And remember one thing: it is by facing each other that love grows. Animals cannot grow love because they make love to each other without facing each other, so there is no friendship, no relatedness. Once they are finished with lovemaking they go their ways -- separately, not even saying a thankyou, or goodbye, or see you soon! Animals have not been able to create friendship, family, society, for the simple reason because when they are making love they are not looking into each other's eyes, they are not looking into each other's face; as if their lovemaking is almost mechanical; there is no human element in it.

Man created the whole dimension of all kinds of relationships for the simple reason because he is the only animal who makes love facing each other. Then eyes start communicating, then facial expressions become a subtle language. Then the changes of mood and emotions -- the joy, the ecstasy, the orgasmic glow -- and intimacy grows. Intimacy needs it; it is a basic requirement.

Hence it is good to make love in light, not in darkness -- at least a dim light, a candle light. Making love in darkness is just something animal in us, avoiding to face each other... a strategy to avoid.

Sigmund Freud was very much afraid of love; he was afraid of his own repressed love. He was afraid that he may get into some entanglement, involvement. He wanted to be just outside, not to be involved with the person, not to become part of his interiority, not to enter into deep waters but just to remain a scientific observer, aloof, detached, cool, far away. He wanted to create psychoanalysis as if it is a science. It is not a science, and it is never going to be a science! It is an art, and it is far more closer to love than to logic.

And the real psychoanalyst will not avoid getting deep into the interiority of the patient -- he will take the risk. It is risky, it is going into troubled waters. You may be drowned yourself -- after all, you are also human! You may get into some trouble, complexity; you may create some problems for yourself, but that risk has to be taken.

That's why I love Wilhelm Reich very much. He is the man who transformed the face of whole psychoanalysis -- by getting involved with the patient. He discarded the couch, he discarded this detached aloofness. He is a far greater revolutionary than Sigmund Freud. Sigmund Freud remained traditional; he was really afraid of his own repressions.

If you are not afraid of your own repressions you can help tremendously. If you are not afraid of your own unconscious, if you have solved your problems a little bit, you can help greatly by getting involved into the world of the patient, by becoming a participant rather than remaining just an observer.

In fact, because psychoanalysts are having their own problems, sometimes even more

than the patient himself, one can understand Sigmund Freud's fear. As far as I am concerned, I would like to make a categorical statement about it: unless a person is really awakened, enlightened, he cannot be a real, authentic therapist. Only a Buddha can be a real therapist because he has no problems left. He can merge and melt into the patient; in fact, for him the patient is not the patient at all.

That's the difference between the relationship that exists between a patient and his therapist and the relationship that exists between a disciple and a Master. The disciple is not a patient, the disciple is a beloved, a loved one. The Master is not just an observer, he has become a participant. They have lost their separate entities, they have become one, and that oneness helps.

Hugging is only a gesture of oneness -- even the gesture helps. Prem Amida, you are right. You ask:

WHY IS HUGGING SUCH AN INCREDIBLY EFFECTIVE THERAPEUTIC TOOL?

It is, and it is only a gesture. If it is true -- not only a gesture but your heart is also in it -- it can be a magical tool, it can be a miracle. It can transform the whole situation instantly.

Few things have to be understood about it. One is: the idea that the child dies and the man becomes adolescent, then the adolescent dies and the man becomes young, then the young man dies and he becomes middle-aged, and so on, so forth, is wrong. The child never dies -- nothing ever dies. The child is there, always is there, wrapped by other experiences -- wrapped by adolescence, then by youth, then by middle age, then by old age -- but the child is always there.

You are just like an onion, layers upon layers, but if you peel the onion soon you will find fresher layers inside. Go on deeper and you find more and more, fresher layers. The same is true about man: if you go deep into him you will always find the innocent child -- and to contact that innocent child is therapeutic.

Hugging gives you an immediate contact with the child. If you hug somebody with warmth, love, if it is not just an impotent gesture, if it is meaningful, significant, true, if your heart is flowing through it, immediately you come in contact with the child, with the innocent child. And the innocent child even for a single moment surfacing makes a tremendous difference because the innocence of the child is always healthy and whole; it is uncorrupted. You have reached to the innermost core of the person where no corruption has ever entered, you have reached to the virgin core, and just making the virgin core throb again with life is enough. You have started, triggered a process of healing.

Hence all the religions have used this phenomenon in different ways. Whenever Jesus prays to God he always calls him ABBA. Christians have translated it as "God the Father"; that translation is not right, is very inaccurate -- in a way literally true, but the metaphor has changed. ABBA can only be translated as "daddy", not as "father"; "father" seems to be cold. Just repeat the word father and it looks so far away. "God the Father"... Looks like an institution! Father is really an institution, it is not a natural phenomenon. The mother is natural, the father is only a creation of a certain society. There have been societies before where father never existed.

The word uncle is far more older than the word father. In a matriarchal society people knew about the mother, but because the marriage has not come into existence yet no child knew about the father. So all the people who have been the lovers of the mother -- somebody out of them must be the father but that is not known -- so all the people who could have been

the lovers were known as uncles.

In Talmud, the Jewish God says: "Remember, I am not nice, I am not your uncle!" The uncle is always nice, the father almost never. It is very difficult to be friendly with the father, it is very easy to be friendly with the uncle. I would rather say it is better to call "God the Uncle" than to call him "God the Father". It is closer, nicer, more friendly. But to call him ABBA *is* the best. Jesus is giving him a name which creates intimacy.

When you call God ABBA -- Daddy -- you are saying, "I am just a child. Take care of me, don't ignore me. I cannot live without you -- you are my life. Your love is my very nourishment."

All the religions have used the idea that unless a man becomes a child again he cannot be truly religious. But to be a child means to be innocent, means to be full of wonder, means to be full of awe. For the child everything is a mystery -- everything. He has no answers, he has only questions. He is immensely interested in knowing, he is open. The moment you have an answer you become closed, to that extent. If you have all the answers for all the questions you are absolutely closed, then you are not open. Your enquiry is finished, and with the enquiry finished you are dead.

A real being is always enquiring, he is always on the pilgrimage. He remains always an agnostic. All children are agnostics, neither theists nor atheists, nor Hindus nor Mohammedans, nor Catholics nor Protestants. They are simply innocent! They don't believe in anything but they are ready to enquire, to investigate. And the enquiring heart is a healthy heart. When you are loaded with beliefs you are ill.

The Christian is ill, the Hindu is ill, the Jaina is ill -- ill because they are prejudiced, ill because without seeing they have believed, ill because they are behaving stupidly. How can you believe in something that you have not known! And when you know something there is no need to believe at all, so belief in any case is ridiculous. Either you know or you don't know. If you know there is no need to believe; if you don't know, how can you believe? So belief is only for the mediocres, the stupid, the idiots. And no child is an idiot. Every child is so fresh, so alive, so full of zest that his very aliveness makes him healthy.

If you can touch the child in the patient in any way... and hugging is simply one of the most important things.

Because I have allowed my sannyasins to hug and kiss I am condemned all over the country -- that I am telling my people to be indulgent. If this is indulgence, then let it be indulgence. This is not indulgence at all; there is something more in it. I am telling to you to be loving, and just sitting with somebody and telling him again and again, "I love you," is not enough. At least hold the hand! Make it a reality -- hug the person.

A very shy Englishman... and he must be *very* shy, otherwise just to be an Englishman is enough; there is no need to use the adjective "shy". They are all shy! They are the most perfect gentlemen in the world -- and, of course, in the same proportion they are dead too! Who has ever heard about a gentleman who is alive? If you are alive you are a man, why gentle? For what? Corpses are always gentle: they cannot do any harm, and they look so polite, so humble!

This shy gentleman was seeing a young woman for months. One full-moon night they were sitting together in the porch, looking in the garden, and beyond the garden the moon was rising. And the shy Englishman gathered courage; it must have been a real great mighty effort! My own feeling is it must be because of the moon; the moon drives people crazy,

hence the word "lunatic". Lunatic means "struck by the moon". Lunatic comes from "lunar", the moon -- the moonstruck. He must have gone lunatic.

He asked the lady, "Can I..can I kiss you?"

And the lady was really getting tired, so she said, "And what do you think? Am I waiting here for a bus?"

When you love a person just verbal expressions are not enough, words are not enough; something more substantial is needed; words are only abstract. You have to do something! Hold the hand, hug the person, kiss the person, embrace the person. It is going to help you both: if you can melt in the hug you both will become again younger, fresher, livelier. And that's the whole process of healing.

Prem Amida, analysis is the way of the mind, hugging is the way of the heart. The mind is the cause of all diseases and the heart is the source of all healing.

The second question:

OSHO,

I HAVE A LOT OF FANTASIES, ESPECIALLY SEXUAL ONES. EVEN THOUGH I SEE HOW THEY ARE TAKING ME AWAY FROM LIFE HERE AND NOW, I LET MYSELF BE DOMINATED BY THEM. ACCORDING TO ASTROLOGY, A SCORPIO HAS ESPECIALLY STRONG SEXUAL DESIRES. I AM A SCORPIO.

HAVE MY FANTASIES ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT? I WOULD LIKE TO DROP THEM BECAUSE THEY MAKE IT DIFFICULT FOR ME TO RELAX AND I THINK THEY ARE A LARGE PART OF MY PRISON. COULD YOU PLEASE INDICATE A WAY?

JANE MULLER,

It simply shows you are really a religious person! Such great problems arise only for religious people. These are good signs. Having sexual fantasies is an indication that you are reaching towards a higher plane of spirituality. It happens only on higher planes of spirituality! Ordinary mortals don't have such things. They may have sex, but they don't have sexual fantasies. And sex in the genitals is perfectly good, but in the head... everything becomes topsy-turvy!

But religious people have been doing that for centuries. It is a kind of *sirshasan* -- headstand. They stand on their head so the sexual energy, just because of gravitation, starts going in their head! Either physically they do the headstand or psychologically. But remember, everything belonging to its own center is healthy; whenever it starts entering into another center, into the *territory* of another center, you are going insane.

But the so-called religious people have been insane; they have created a whole insane humanity. And once you are trapped in any insanity you will start finding many things. First, because of your prejudices you will not be able to see the real cause. Your prejudices will show you some cause which is not the real cause and you will start fighting with that cause, and the real cause remains somewhere else.

You say: AND I THINK THEY ARE A LARGE PART OF MY PRISON.

They have nothing to do with your prison. Your condemnation of sex creates the prison.

It is your condemnation, not your sexual energies.

You say: EVEN THOUGH I SEE HOW THEY ARE TAKING ME AWAY FROM LIFE HERE AND NOW...

They are not taking you away from life, In fact, your so-called spirituality -- the heaven there far away above the clouds, and God the father sitting on a golden throne, always looking at you like a peeping Tom... Wherever you go, even in your bathroom, he never leaves you alone -- he is always looking from the keyhole, what you are doing, what Jane Muller is doing? And not only in your bathroom, he has a hole in your head too, a small window, and he goes on looking in your head, what you are thinking, what you are doing. He is constantly after you.

This idea of God, this idea of a heaven somewhere else, this idea of attaining immortality by overpowering, controlling your sexuality, is what is taking you away from life here and now. It is not sexuality. In fact, if a fantasy is moving in your head, that is your here and now -- enjoy it! But you push it aside, you say, "No, I want to go to heaven! I want to be respected as a saint." You are pushing your herenow -- your fantasy is your reality. That's what you are, that's where you are at. Enjoy it! What is wrong in it? Just a private TV! What is wrong in it? Make it a little more colorful, make it a little more juicy. Paint it, be a little more artistic about it, be creative. It is not your problem. Your problem is some phony kind of spirituality that is dominating you -- and then one has to find these stupid rationalizations.

You say: ACCORDING TO ASTROLOGY, A SCORPIO HAS ESPECIALLY STRONG SEXUAL DESIRES. I AM A SCORPIO.

Now, don't blame poor Scorpio! Stars have nothing to do with you -- they have their own problems. They are having fantasies of female stars! And one thing is absolutely certain, I know it: no star is so stupid to say that "Jane Muller is the cause of my trouble." This is just a rationalization -- avoid such rationalizations.

A parrot kept raiding the henhouse to mount the hens. The result was chickens with crooked beaks. To put a stop to this the farmer electrified the middle rung of the roost ladder.

The next morning the parrot came again, climbed on the ladder and boasted, "Tra-la-la, tra-la-lo, get ready girls here we go!"

When he got to the middle rung the shock almost knocked him over, causing him to cry, "Wowww! I am really in top shape today!"

Don't be a parrot! If you are having sexual fantasies it simply shows you are a human being -- not a Scorpio!

Some fool has calculated -- must be a fool because otherwise who is bothered about such nonsense? -- that every man has a sexual fantasy arising in his head after each three seconds, and a woman after each six seconds. Women are far more spiritual, doubly spiritual! Maybe that is one of the problems between men and women. Women all know that these men are sinners, continuously thinking of women, and all women have that attitude of "holier-than-thou", particularly wives; they don't show any interest. They also have sexual fantasies, but the gap is there.

So whenever the husband says, "What about it today?" immediately the wife says,

"Enough is enough! Today it is impossible. The servant has not turned up, the electricity has gone, my daughter is not back yet, it is too late in the night, and moreover I am having a great headache!" This is spirituality! But deep down she knows that this is a way of getting upper hand, and he will come crawling with his tail underneath his legs -- he will come crawling. And why miss an opportunity if you can pretend to be spiritual?
You are just a human being!

Two Martians arrive by night on earth. They land their flying saucer in a petrol station. Very cautiously they slither out of their spaceship and look at the row of petrol pumps.

"Well," whispers one, "look at the pricks of these earthmen -- they are much bigger than ours!"

"That's true," replied the second, "but I wonder why they stick them in their ears when they go to sleep!"

Are you having this kind of fantasies? Then you may be a Scorpio! Otherwise why not just be a human being? Why bring poor astrology in?

Nothing is wrong in having sexual fantasies -- perfectly good, poetic! If you fight they will come more; if you push them away, they will rebound. If you accept them, if you just watch them, they will start evaporating.

Yes, one can transcend sex, but not by fighting. Fighting only makes the problem more complicated. It is only by witnessing that transcendence happens, and it is better to start witnessing right now.

Jane Muller, I don't know how old you are, because the older you will get more and more fantasies will be coming, and the older you will get less and less the possibility of becoming a witness. The younger you are the better, because the fantasies are also great -- worth witnessing! When you become older they become dirty, not worth witnessing at all. They also become old, mind you. They are just like skeletons. When you are younger your fantasies are younger and you also have energy enough to be a witness. When you are older your energy also starts getting low -- and witnessing needs energy.

And if you understand the whole process of witnessing it is simple. The first requirement is not to have this antagonistic, religious idea, otherwise you can never be a witness. You are already fighting -- how can you witness? Witnessing needs a non-judgmental awareness: nothing is good, nothing is bad; whatsoever is, is, and you have to see it. It is moving on the screen of the mind and you are just viewing it. When you become older you may fall asleep when you are viewing it, you may not have enough energy to witness. You will not have enough energy even to put your prejudices aside. You may not have enough energy to cleanse yourself of all kinds of nonsense that others have loaded you with.

The religious people at their dying moment, the last moment, are full of sexual fantasies and nothing else. That's what they have been repressing their whole life. When they were alive they could repress it, they were sitting on top of it; but when they are dying their energy is evaporating, and the repressed snake is uncoiling.

A famous Soviet academic, Petya, is dying, and his friend and colleague, Vasya, comes to his bedside to pay his last respects to this great old man. He finds Petya Lying there with closed eyes and a sad look on his face.

Slowly he opens his eyes, looks at his friend, and then says, "Vasya, look at all those

books on that wall over there -- just look at them."

"Yes, Petya," replies his friend. "Those are your most famous works. Everyone knows what an important and..."

"Yes, yes, yes!" interrupts Petya. "But look over there at that wall -- you see all those books?"

"Yes, my dear friend. Those are the translations of your works into all the languages of the..."

"Yes, but that is not the point. Look over there -- do you see those books?"

"But of course. Those are the works of your students and followers. We all admire..."

"No, but you don't understand, Vasya!" exclaims Petya. "Look, do you remember when we were students, and we were sent off to work on the collective farm?"

"Of course I remember, my friend. How could I forget?"

"And do you remember, Vasya, walking down that country road one hot summer's day?"

"Yes, Petya, yes I do."

"And do you remember, we passed that cornfield, and there, sitting on the top of one of the haystacks, was that pretty young Masha?"

"Yes, yes, Petya, I do! You liked her, I remember!"

"Yes," says Petya, sinking back onto his pillow with a blissful smile on his face. "You know what I did, Vasya? I climbed up on top of the haystack and we were really starting to have a bloody good time. But you know, my friend, those bloody haystacks -- just when you are really getting somewhere, whoosh!... they give way under you. I did everything I could, but every time that bloody haystack... So you see, I have just been thinking, Vasya" -- Petya looked round the room -- "how it would have been if we had all these bloody books underneath us!"

A dying old academic... at the last moment, what he is thinking about?

Jane Muller, there is still time. Don't fight with your sexual fantasies, stop fighting. Don't call them your prison -- they are not.

You say: HAVE MY FANTASIES ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT? I WOULD LIKE TO DROP THEM...

That's why you are creating them; the very idea of dropping them is the cause. Drop this idea. If you want to drop anything, drop this idea!

... BECAUSE THEY MAKE IT DIFFICULT FOR ME TO RELAX.

You are talking simple nonsense! Who has ever heard that sexual fantasies prevent people from relaxing? In fact, that is the only way people relax! That's a way of relaxing. Actual sex is also a way of natural relief. Have you ever heard of any man or woman dying from a heart failure while making love? It has not happened yet. There is not a single exception in the whole medical history. People have died in all kinds of conditions -- jogging they have died, sitting doing nothing, meditating they have died, doing yoga postures, standing on their head they have died, praying they have died, but never making love. And it is a great exercise -- it is almost like jogging! Your heart beats faster, your breathing goes berserk, you are perspiring, your blood circulates faster, your whole body is throbbing, tingling. You are in a state of madness. It is a temporary madness, but immensely relaxing. You come to a peak of

madness that you call orgasm, you come to a moment of great, tense climax... and the relaxation.

Now all the heart specialists in the world are advising their patients to make love if they want to survive. For the heart it is good, it relaxes. And sexual fantasies are also not in any way anti-relaxation.

What is making you tense, Jane Muller, is your antagonism. You are in a doublebind. The sexual fantasies are there and they will remain there because you want to drop them... and you don't know how to go beyond them, you simply want to drop them. You cannot drop them that simply; you have to learn the whole art of witnessing. You can go beyond, but you cannot drop them. Of course, when you have gone beyond they are dropped, but you never dropped them actually; you simply transcended, you surpassed.

Without knowing the art of surpassing you are trying to drop them; that is making you tense. And the very effort of dropping them... and still they are there. The more you try to drop them the more they are there. Naturally you feel frustrated, you feel a failure, you feel guilty, and that guilt creates tension. It has nothing to do with your sexual fantasies. Relaxation and sexual fantasies are not related at all; and if they are related, sexual fantasies help people to relax.

But if you are religious then the problem arises. It is your religiousness that is creating the whole trouble for you. Drop this religiousness. Learn the art of witnessing; that is the science of transcendence. And once you have transcended you will know that those sexual energies are not thrown away but they are transformed. The same energies have become your ecstasies. The same energies are now giving a perfume. Before they were stinking, now they are creating a perfume, a fragrance.

You ask me: COULD YOU PLEASE INDICATE A WAY?

If you want to drop them then I cannot indicate a way, but if you want to transcend them then certainly I can indicate a way. Learn to watch -- and watch blissfully! Watch joyously! Nothing is wrong in them, nothing at all. It is natural. It is your biology, it is your chemistry, it is your physiology, it is your psychology. But by watching you go beyond your physiology, beyond your biology, beyond your chemistry, beyond your psychology. You simply become a watcher, a witness. That witnessing makes you centered in your spirituality and that is the transcendence.

The last question:

OSHO,
I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY THAT PARROTS ARE BETTER THAN PUNDITS. I HAVE ALSO HEARD YOU PRAISE THE IGNORANT CHILDREN MORE THAN THE GREAT KNOWLEDGEABLE PEOPLE. I CANNOT UNDERSTAND THIS AT ALL. ARE YOU NOT EXAGGERATING?

PUNDIT LAJJASHANKARA JHA,

Do you see? You cannot understand even such a simple thing! Everybody is understanding it here except Pundit Lajjashankara Jha. I am not exaggerating. Truth cannot be exaggerated, it is impossible. Even if you want to do you cannot do it. Only lies can be

exaggerated -- they have to be exaggerated. Truth is so vast, there is no way to exaggerate it. But I can illustrate it:

The great scholarly doctor who had published many research papers -- must have been something like my physician, Devaraj -- had just finished his first delivery.

"Not bad," said the old nurse who was helping him. "But it is the baby you should smack on the bottom, not the mother."

Pundit Lajjashankara Jha, did you hear about the German professor of philosophy who had used up all of his sick days? He called in to say he was dead.

At an auction sale a brahmin pundit was trying to buy a parrot. Every time he bid, someone bid higher. Finally the auctioneer declared the bird his, but for a very high sum.

"Can he talk?" he asked the auctioneer.

"And how!" screamed the parrot. "Who do you think pushed the price up so high?"

"Are these the only two parrots you have for sale?" asked the rabbi, who used to speak only in the holy language, Hebrew, and had to keep an interpreter always with him.

"At the moment, sir, yes," said the shopkeeper.

"Then I will take the one on the right," said the rabbi.

"Unfortunately, sir, it is not that easy. You will have to take them both."

"Why is that?" asked the rabbi.

"Because that one only speaks Greek, the other is his translator."

Pundit Lajjashankara Jha, knowledgeability is not against ignorance, it is in fact a cover-up for ignorance. Knowledgeability is not wisdom. Knowledgeability is like a blind man knowing all about light, but he still remains blind. Even if you know everything about light and you don't have a light in the room, your room remains dark.

Wisdom is like light. Whether you know anything about light or not does not matter, what matters is light.

And that's why I praise children more: at least they are simply ignorant. Their ignorance has a certain innocence in it. The knowledgeable person is ignorant and cunning. He is ignorant, but hiding it. He is a hypocrite. He is cheating others and maybe cheating himself too. The child is ignorant because he is innocent. And from ignorance there is a way towards wisdom, but there is no way from knowledge. The knowledgeable person first will have to become ignorant, then only he can move towards wisdom.

Ignorance is like a crossroad: you can go towards the direction of knowledge, but it never leads towards wisdom and from knowledgeability there is no way to wisdom. You will have to come back to the crossroad from where another direction opens, another dimension: that of wisdom.

Hence Jesus says, "Unless you are like small children you will not enter into my kingdom of God." And Socrates said in his ripe old age, "I know only one thing, that I know nothing." The Upanishads say, "The person who says 'I know' knows nothing, and the person who says 'I don't know' knows it."

I certainly praise the children, because I would like you to become again the same kind of innocence that children have. I would like you to be born again, to be a twice-born -- to have a second childhood is the beginning of wisdom.

And just watch the small children -- their perceptiveness, their clarity, their sensitiveness, their awareness, their intelligence -- and then you will not call them "just ignorant". Their ignorance is very much pregnant with wisdom, and the knowledgeable person is very much dry, dead; he is not pregnant. Knowledge is sterile.

The schoolteacher was angry with little Johnny. "Your essay about 'My Dog' is exactly the same as your brother's!" she shouted.
"Please, Miss, it is the same dog. What can I do?"

A young female biology teacher, wearing a rose in the plunging neckline of her dress, asks her class, "How are roses nourished?"

Little Max calls out, "With milk, Miss."

The teacher cuffs his head and says, "Don't be fresh! Roses are nourished with water."

In tears, Max sobs, "I am sorry, Miss. I did not know their stems were so long!"

The teacher of a class of ten-year-olds is too shy to conduct the sex-education class and so she asks her class to make this a homework project.

Little Eddy asks his father, who mumbles something about a stork. His grandmother says he came from a cabbage patch. His great-grandmother blushes and whispers that children come from the great ocean of existence.

The next day Eddy gets called first to report on his project. He says, "I am afraid there is something wrong in my family. Apparently, nobody has had a good fuck for three generations!"

The Wild Geese and the Water

Chapter #5

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The first question:

OSHO,

PLEASE TALK ABOUT THE ANTICHRIST AND TELL US WHAT IT COULD BE. I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD IT BEING COMMENTED UPON WITH GREAT FEAR AND WITH NO EXPLANATION. PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS AND YET THEY FEAR IT.

JOSEFINA,

THE PRIEST HAS LIVED AS A PARASITE; he has been sucking people's blood. and his whole trade secret is creating fear. All the religions have been fear-oriented. And when I say "all the religions" I don't include Gautam the Buddha, Jesus Christ, Zarathustra, Mahavira or Lao Tzu. These individuals don't belong to any religion at all. Religions are a collective phenomenon, and the moment a collectivity, a crowd gathers around a dogma, exploitation immediately starts.

The Buddhas, the awakened ones, have not created any religion. It is absolutely a wrong notion prevalent all over the world that Gautam Buddha founded Buddhism or Jesus Christ founded Christianity. It is absolutely wrong; nothing can be more wrong than that. Christianity is created by people of a totally different caliber: the unawakened ones, but cunning, clever -- the priests.

The priests are the most cunning people in the world; even the politicians are not so cunning. The priests even exploit the politicians. And the priest is the real Antichrist, anti-Buddha, anti-Mahavira -- anti-truth, in a sense. The priest lives on lies, he fabricates lies. He is clever enough to exploit human misery, human fear, human greed, human possessiveness, human weakness as such.

For example, every man is born with fear; it is natural. In the mother's womb the child is absolutely fearless; there is nothing to fear about. He is absolutely taken care of by existence itself; there is no worry, no anxiety, no fear. But the moment he comes out of the womb, even passing through the passage from the womb to the world, fear starts arising; he feels

suffocated. The canal that he has to pass through is narrow. He feels cramped, he feels as if he is being murdered, killed.

To the child himself, birth is just like death -- or even worse, because when you die you simply die. There is nothing much to it; you stop breathing. But when the child is born he starts breathing, he becomes alive, and he finds himself in a very strange situation: upside-down, head coming first. And he is losing big beautiful home. The womb has been so warm, so comfortable, that psychologists say man has been searching again and again the same comfort, the same luxury, the same warmth.

We have created houses, palaces, just because of the memory of the womb. We make them as coy as possible, we make them as comfortable as possible, but yet there is nothing like the womb. Whatever you do you will have to worry about thousand and one things; you will have to take care of yourself. Even the greatest emperor is not so fearless as the smallest child in the mother's womb, the poorest child.

Fear is part of the very birth process, and the first thing that a child is going to do is scream, cry. He has been uprooted from such a warm, loving, cozy atmosphere, and has been thrown into a world so cold, so alien... the fear has entered in.

And with fear enters greed; greed is the other side of the same coin. Greed means accumulating everything that will help you to remain fearless. If money can help then accumulate money, if power can help then be powerful... or whatsoever it is. To protect yourself against fear, greed starts growing. And the religions have exploited both instincts. Fear has become the hell, greed has become the heaven; these are projections.

And each child is very weak, delicate, vulnerable. He can be crushed just like a rose flower; he can be killed very easily. He depends on the parents, on the family, on the society; he is not independent. His dependence has been exploited by the priests.

Hence the idea of God the protector, the almighty. If you worship him, if you pray to him, if you buttress him, if you praise him, then he will protect you. If you don't praise him then beware, you are in danger. You will be left behind all alone; God will not be with you.

People praying in the churches, in the temples, in the mosques, are not religious people. A religious person has nothing to do with prayer or if he has something to do with prayer, his prayer has a totally different meaning. His prayer is never out of greed, out of fear, that much is absolutely certain. His prayer is nothing but pure gratitude, no desire in it. He is not asking for something, he is not asking for more -- he is not asking at all.

He is simply thanking, because whatsoever has been given to him is more than he deserves. His heart is full of gratitude, tremendous gratefulness. In fact, no word is needed to express it; his very heartbeat expresses his gratitude. He is in prayer twenty-four hours -- walking, sitting, sleeping, the prayer continues like an undercurrent. He need not go to a temple to pray; only irreligious people go.

But the larger part of humanity is full of fear, full of greed, full of anguish -- the anguish that death is there standing. Any moment it can jump upon you, and you need a protector, an almighty protector.

Just see the word "almighty", ponder over it. Man feels absolutely powerless, hence the almighty God is needed. Man feels ignorant, hence omniscient God is needed. Man feels weak, hence omnipotent God is needed. Man feels limited, hence omnipresent God is needed. These are projections, and the priests have been using them in all possible ways, in all possible combinations.

There is an ancient story:

A disciple of devil came running and told the devil that, "What are you doing here? Our whole business is in risk -- a man just now has found truth on the earth. We should go and do something! If he spreads the message we will lose all our clients, all our customers."

The devil laughed and he said, "You are new; you don't know that there is no need to worry at all. I know one man has found the truth, but I need not go there. My agents are already there."

The disciple said, "But I have not seen any of your agents there, I have not seen any of my colleagues there."

The devil said, "My agents are in disguise. The priests that are chanting mantras around the man, they are my agents! They have reached; now they will stand between him and the people. They will become the interpreters, they will distort the truth, they will create thousand and one mythologies around it, they will create many fictions."

Your so-called religions are nothing but religious fictions. Just as there are science fictions there are religious fictions! Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, all are creations of the priests, the agents of the devil.

Mahavira is not the founder of Jainism. In fact, the story is that Mahavira himself never spoke, he remained silent. But there were people who used to speak, and they will say that they are in some inner communion with Mahavira, Mahavira is speaking to them in a subtle language which is not heard by anybody else except them, and they are making it available to the people. These people were called *gandharas*, apostles of Mahavira. They created the whole structure of Jainism; Mahavira has nothing to do with it.

I used to know one of such men. In this very city, just few years back, one of the most glorious men who has ever walked on the earth has lived; his name was Meher Baba. For thirty-three years he remained silent; he lived in silence for thirty-three years and died in silence.

But one man, Adi K. Irani, used to tell people what Baba is saying to him, what he is communicating to him in some invisible way. Irani has written all the books which you come across in the name of Meher Baba. Now, this is the priest! And the priests are very crafty.

Josefina, you are asking me:

PLEASE TALK ABOUT THE ANTICHRIST.

The priest is the Antichrist, the pope is the Antichrist, these thousands of Catholic and Protestant missionaries, these are the Antichrists. The Antichrist has already happened! The first Antichrist was Peter, who founded the church. In fact, far more harm has been done by Peter, the first pope, than by Judas. Judas helped Christ's work immensely: if Judas had not sold Jesus Christ to the enemies you may not have ever heard his name. It is because of the crucifixion that Jesus became part of the human consciousness. Judas is not really his enemy.

In fact, George Gurdjieff used to say a very beautiful story -- of course his own invention! But people like George Gurdjieff, even if they invent stories, their stories have immense significance. He used to say that Judas did sell Jesus for thirty silver rupees -- only for thirty silver rupees -- to the enemies, on the behest of Jesus Christ himself! It was his order; he told Judas. And of course, being a devoted disciple he could not say no. With tears in his eyes, with a crying heart, he followed the commandment. And it seems a little bit relevant too, because when Jesus was crucified all the disciples escaped, they all ran away. Nobody suffered so much as Judas. Judas committed suicide the next day, within twenty-four hours.

He could not live without Jesus Christ.

It is a story, but one thing has to be meditated upon: that Judas has not harmed the cause of Jesus, he is not the Antichrist; but the so-called followers, the people who established Christianity, they are the Antichrist.

Fyodor Dostoevsky, one of the greatest novelists that has ever happened in the world, writes in his beautiful book, *BROTHERS KARAMAZOV*, A parable -- a parable which has multidimensional meaning.

After eighteen hundred years, one day -- one Sunday of course -- Jesus thought that, "It is time now for me to go back and to see how my people are doing on the earth. Eighteen hundred years before when I had gone, I was alone. I had to start from that scratch, and of course the Jews were against me because I was saying things which went against their tradition, their orthodoxy. And it was natural that they felt offended and they killed me. Now almost half the earth is Christian -- this is the time for me to go. Now they will receive me, welcome me, they will open their hearts to me. Now the right moment has come."

He chooses one Sunday morning, descends into the marketplace in the small town of Bethlehem. People gather around, villagers start laughing, giggling. They say, "The man looks just like Jesus Christ!"

Jesus said to them, "What are you talking...? I don't *look* like Jesus Christ, I *AM* Jesus Christ!"

And they all laughed and they said, "It is better if you escape from here because soon the church service will be over. And once the bishop comes out... and if he finds you pretending to be Jesus you will be in trouble. That much we can say."

Jesus said, "But he is my bishop, he's doing my work. If you cannot recognize me, at least he will recognize me!" And he waited.

People laughed and joked. They were thinking that "He is a good actor, and doing perfectly well -- looks exactly like Jesus."

Jesus tried to convince them but they were not ready to listen. Then he waited: the bishop is bound to recognize him -- and he is the archbishop.

He came out of the church, a crowd following him of the so-called Christians. And the moment he saw this young man exactly looking like Jesus, he ordered him that "Get down!" -- he was standing on a podium under a tree -- "Get down immediately!" And he told his people, "Arrest this fellow! This is sacrilegious -- somebody pretending to be Jesus? -- he cannot be forgiven!"

Jesus says, "Can't you recognize me?"

And the bishop was very angry and said, "Yes, I have recognized you."

He was chained, imprisoned, taken to the church, thrown into a dark cell. He could not believe what is happening: "My own people...?"

In the middle of the night the archbishop came with a candle in his hands, fell down on the earth in the feet of Jesus and said, "I had recognized you, but I cannot do it in a public place. You will destroy our whole business! Forgive me, and listen to my advice: you are no more needed -- we are doing perfectly well -- and if you don't listen to my advice, we will have to crucify you again."

Jesus could not believe his eyes, his ears, what he is seeing, what he is hearing. He said, "You belong to me, you serve me, you pray to me... I have seen you kneeling down before my statue. And now I am here alive in front of you, and you say you have recognized me -- and still you don't want me to appear before the people?"

The archbishop said, "No. I cannot allow you to appear before the people because you are a dangerous fellow. You will again disturb the whole establishment. In eighteen hundred years with great effort somehow we have been able to manage. And I tell you that even the rabbis of the old, when you had come for the first time, must have recognized you -- they were learned people. They must have recognized you, that you are the only begotten son of God, but they had to crucify you just to save their own skin, otherwise you would have destroyed everything.

"Right now I can see why they had to crucify you. If you don't listen to my advice, tomorrow morning we will have to crucify you! We cannot allow you to interfere any more. Whatsoever you want to do you can do through us. We are the mediators, people have to reach to you through us. You have to reach to the people through us. You cannot avoid, you cannot bypass us."

This too is a parable. I don't think Jesus would ever dare to come back again; it is not possible. Once is enough.

You ask me, Josefina: PLEASE TALK ABOUT THE ANTICHRIST, AND TELL US WHAT IT COULD BE.

The priest... and nobody else. There is no other devil except the priest, and the priest exists in all shapes, all sizes, all forms, all colors -- whatsoever you need. Each according to his need, each according to his capacity. And the priest is available to fulfill everybody's need. The pope, the *ayatollah*, the *shankaracharya* -- these are different forms of the same phenomenon.

The people who have experienced truth are Christs, and the people who are exploiting in the name of their truth are the Antichrists. To me, Christ is not a person. Jesus is a person. Christ only symbolizes the ultimate flowering of one's consciousness.

In fact, the word "christ" comes from the Sanskrit word "krishna". "Krishna" has traveled into different countries, and by and by, the moment it reached Aramaic, the language that Jesus spoke, it had become "Christ". Even in one Indian language, Bengali, Krishna is called "Christo". And from "Christo" to "Christ", the word has not to travel too far.

Christ simply means Krishna. Christ simply means the ultimate flowering of consciousness, the one-thousand-petaled lotus opening. Jesus is only one of the Christs; there have been many before him. Abraham was one, Moses was one, Lao Tzu was one, Chuang Tzu was one, Zarathustra was one, Krishna was one, Buddha was one. And after Christ there have been many Christs -- Nanak, Kabir, Al-Hillaj Mansoor, Saint Francis, Eckhart, Ramakrishna, Raman -- it is a long line of enlightened people. You can call all of them Christs.

In the East we call that state Buddhahood, in the West it is called Christ-consciousness. Christ-consciousness means fully awakened state. Then who is Antichrist? -- the person who is absolutely unconscious. And I have not come across people who are more unconscious than the priests and more dangerous than the priests.

The priest is the ugliest phenomenon on the earth, because he exploits your very opportunity of being religious. He gives you a pseudo kind of religion. He is a cheat, he is a hypocrite; he has done every kind of wrong to humanity. Of course, he knows the art of doing it, the knack of doing it. He camouflages his acts with beautiful words. He spins and weaves beautiful theories, theologies, but if you go deep inside you will find nothing there -- no truth

at all, no silence, no love, no godliness.

All the religions have been fighting with each other, tooth and nail, murdering each other, destroying each other -- Christians destroying Mohammedans, Mohammedans destroying Hindus, Hindus destroying Buddhists -- the whole earth is full of blood in the name of religion; everybody's hands are absolutely bloody. And in the name of beautiful words! The priest talks about love and creates hatred; talks about forgiveness and enrages people, creates anger and violence; talks about godliness, but whatsoever he does serves only the purposes of the devil. His words are full of light, but his acts are full of darkness. And it needs no argumentation -- the whole history is full of it.

Who crucified Jesus Christ? -- the Jewish priests, the rabbis. Who crucified Al-Hillaj Mansoor? -- the Mohammedan *imams*, the Mohammedan priests. Who made many efforts to kill Gautam the Buddha? -- the Hindu brahmins. Many efforts were made to kill him; they could not succeed -- that is another matter. Efforts were made to kill Mahavira too... This has been always so. Still today the same is the story; nothing has changed. The priest goes on doing the same stupid act. And people are so much conditioned they can't even see what is being done to them.

You ask me Josefina: I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD IT BEING COMMENTED UPON WITH GREAT FEAR, AND YET WITH NO EXPLANATION. PEOPLE DON 'T KNOW WHAT IT IS AND YET THEY FEAR IT.

In fact, if you want people to fear something, you have not to give any explanation. Because once something is explained, fear disappears. The moment you know something, fear disappears. Fear exists only with ignorance. Knowing functions like light and dispels darkness. Hence science has helped immensely to destroy fear.

And you can see it. Look into the Vedas and your so-called great seers, *rishis* -- and remember, I am only calling them so-called because more than that they are not -- they are praying to some unknown god, Indra, the god of clouds, lightnings and thunder. Whenever there is thunder and lightning, they fall on their knees and they start praying to the god Indra, because they think that Indra is angry, that's why the lightning: "He wants to destroy us." The thunder is a threat.

Now nobody is bothered by Indra -- nobody is afraid of lightning. Now we know the secret of electricity. Now it is Indra who is sitting inside this fan. And he is doing thousand and one things: cooking your food, turning your fan... all kinds of things. Who is going to worship Indra who is sitting inside a fan? Now, nobody takes any note of Indra. Indra is as dead as one can be dead.

And the seers of the Vedas were very much frightened. Ignorance is fear. Hence, no explanation has to be given. Even if some explanation is found, it has to be kept secret. That's why all the religions have tried that the language of those religions should not be understood by the people, by the ordinary people. The Hindu brahmin has insisted that Sanskrit is the only divine language -- *devavani* -- it is the language of the gods. It should not be polluted by ordinary people; only the scholars, the pundits, the knowledgeable people, the priests, should know about it. And of course when they start chanting in Sanskrit you feel mystified because you don't understand what they are saying. They may be saying sheer stupid things, just nonsense -- abracadabra -- but because you can't understand you feel mystified.

They were very much angry with Buddha and Mahavira because they were the two persons in India particularly who started a totally new tradition, a new beginning -- because

they started talking in the language of the people. The brahmins could not forgive them; they destroyed their whole mystery. They were creating much noise with their Sanskrit chanting. If translated, it looks absolutely meaningless; there is not much in it. Ninety-nine percent of their Sanskrit mantras are just ordinary; it is very rare to find a real diamond.

Buddha spoke the language of the people, he discarded Sanskrit and chose Pali, which was the language of the people. Mahavira chose Prakrit, the language of the people. The same was done by Jesus Christ, and the rabbis were not happy. Hebrew is the divine language, and Jesus started speaking in the language of the people, Aramaic. That means you are demystifying. And if people start understanding each and everything, then how you will create fear in them? They have to be kept afraid.

Josefina, you say: I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD IT BEING COMMENTED UPON WITH GREAT FEAR, AND YET WITH NO EXPLANATION.

There is no contradiction in it. Explanation cannot be given; any explanation will be dangerous -- the fear will be gone.

Science demystifies, hence science makes men stronger.

You say: PEOPLE DON 'T KNOW WHAT IT IS AND YET THEY FEAR IT.

That's why they fear it, because they don't understand what it is. The unknown always makes one afraid.

Secrets have to be kept secret from people if you want to exploit them. Then you have to create much mumbo-jumbo, much smoke, so nobody can see what is actually happening. You have to keep people blind, then you can do everything... and they have done everything.

In India, prostitution has existed in the temples in the name of God. And when prostitution exists in the name of God it is not prostitution at all -- it is something sacred. Just you have to give beautiful names. The prostitutes of the temples were called *devadasis* -- servants of God. In fact they were serving only the priests; they were sexually exploited by the priests and the rich customers who could pay. But this smoke was created that they are serving God, and then prostitution continued in India in the name of religion. In fact, in many parts of this country it was a tradition, a convention which has to be followed and people followed it religiously...

When one will get married, his wife first has to sleep with the god in the temple. The first night, the real honeymoon has to be with the god. Of course, it is a religious thing! -- God should initiate the woman into the secrets of love. And the god is nothing but a stone statue... Behind the statue is hidden the priest

Pouring out his troubles to his great and good friend over a couple of triple martinis, Brad had to confess that things were not going too well at home.

"My wife and I just don't hit it off at night," he was saying to Bart. "I hate to admit it, but I am afraid I just don't know how to make her happy."

"Hell boy," said Bart, "there is really nothing to it. Let me give you some advice. At bedtime, switch on a new Sinatra platter, turn all the lights low and spray some perfume around the room. Next, tell your wife to get into her sheerest nightie; then make sure you raise the bottom window."

"Then what do I do?" asked Brad.

"Just whistle."

"Whistle?"

"That's right. I will be waiting outside the window. When I hear you whistle, I will come right up and finish the job."

That's what the priest was doing hidden behind the god. For thousands of years this continued; in few places it still continues.

Now, if you give explanations, then everything will be destroyed. Explanations are not to be given, things have to be kept hidden. Things have to be kept in such a way that nobody even suspects what is going on. In the name of religion all kinds of exploitation, Oppression, slavery, has happened.

The Antichrist is nothing but your unconscious state. Become conscious and you become Christs. Remember, I don't want any Christians in the world, I don't want any Hindus in the world. Enough is enough! We are tired of all these people. They have done too much harm, they have wounded humanity immensely. They have made the whole humanity sick. What they have done is nauseating.

They have driven humanity into a state of schizophrenia because they have created guilt. That is their only contribution to the world -- guilt. More and more guilt they have created in people, because whenever you create guilt, you become powerful; the guilty person starts feeling afraid -- fear of punishment in this life, in the other life, or in the beyond. And then he has to take the help of the priest who knows the secrets how to bribe God, how to help you pass through, how to help you avoid the hell and hellfire, how to manage for you a beautiful place in the paradise so you can enjoy their streams of wine and beautiful young women, *apsaras*.

The priest does not want you to become conscious. He's against consciousness -- because consciousness will make you a Christ, a Buddha, not a Christian, not a Buddhist. And that's my whole purpose here: my sannyasins are not to be followers, imitators, but independent, conscious human beings. You are not to imitate me, you are not to repeat me, you are not to collect more and more information from me. You have to learn only one thing: how to be more conscious, how to be more an individual, independent, absolutely independent. Freedom is the only taste of real religion. Wherever slavery exists in the name of religion, Antichrist is at work. And wherever freedom exists, Christ is at work.

You can be a Christ, you have the potential, all the potential. Every man is born to be a Buddha; if he misses the point it is his own unintelligence. And the most unintelligent thing a person can do is to be conditioned by others. Remain unconditioned. Yes, it is difficult because the child is so helpless, he has to follow the parents. But you are not a child forever; a day comes when you become independent. The moment you are independent from your parents, drop all the conditioning that your parents have given to you.

Jesus says one thing which will look very strange to you, and particularly from the mouth of Jesus -- who says on the one hand: Love your enemy just like yourself. Not only that, he even says: Love your neighbor just like yourself -- which is even far more difficult. In fact enemies and neighbors are not different people; they are the same people. It is easier to love your enemy, it is far more difficult to love your neighbor. But Jesus says even that: Love your neighbor. This is on one hand. And the same man says: Unless you hate your parents you cannot follow me. Very strange...

Buddha goes even a step further. He says: Unless you kill your parents you cannot follow me. Now, Buddha is one of the most non-violent persons in the whole history of humanity,

who will not even kill an ant, not even a cockroach, not even a mosquito. And he says: Unless you kill your parents you cannot follow me.

What he means is not to be taken literally. He is saying that unless you drop all the conditionings that your parents have put inside you, unless the mother and the father disappear from your inner world totally, you will not be able to grow, to become mature, you will not be really alive.

Be free from all conditionings and you are capable of being a Buddha or a Christ.

The second question:

OSHO,
CHRIST AND FIVE MILLION CHRISTIANS CARRYING THEIR CROSSES!
BUDDHA AND TEN MILLION BUDDHISTS CARRYING THEIR LOTUS FLOWERS!
ONE WONDERS, CAN WE ESCAPE THE RISKS OF IMITATION IN THIS AMAZING
GAME YOU HAVE CREATED?

ANAND DHARMESH,

It is impossible to imitate me. I am taking every care that if you try to imitate me you will fall like Humpty Dumpty -- and then nobody can put you together, not even me.

It is impossible to imitate me, for the simple reason I am so inconsistent, so self-contradictory that it is impossible to follow me. Because in the morning I will say, "Go north!" In the afternoon I will say, "Go south!" By the evening I have changed the whole idea -- "Go to the west!" How can you follow me?

Christ can be followed, because his message is small and very consistent. Buddha can be followed; he is a very logical thinker. I am absolutely illogical. It is for a certain purpose: it is one of my devices, so that you cannot imitate. You cannot even write a treatise on me; you cannot make any sense of all that I have been saying to you. It is pure nonsense -- or, if you allow me to coin a new word, it is pure non-zense!

You have to be on your own, I cannot supply you any philosophy. I have none. Many times people have approached me that it will be good if I can write a small book just like a Christian catechism, just the essential core of my philosophy. But I said, "I don't have any philosophy, and there is no essential core to it. You can rely on me only for one thing: that I am not going to give you any philosophy." It gives me absolute freedom, I don't have to remember what I have said yesterday. I can live in the moment, for the moment. I can say whatsoever comes with no preparation, with no idea. Even I am surprised sometimes. Sometimes I say inside myself, "Man, what are you saying?" Even I cannot imitate myself, how you can imitate? It is impossible!

Wayne Edward Innis has asked:

OSHO, YOU CALL HOMOSEXUALITY A PERVERSION. THAT KEEPS ME AWAKE AT NIGHT AND MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A SICK, TWISTED SINNER.

Now, Innis, don't get unnecessarily disturbed. Homosexuality is not a perversion. It is really a very progressive step. It simply shows inventiveness of human beings. It shows their multidimensionality. Poor animals, they are always heterosexual; they don't know that

something else can be done. It shows man's freedom, he can choose even his sexuality: to be heterosexual or to be homosexual, or to be bisexual, or to be celibate, to go beyond sexuality -- all possibilities. You need not be worried.

Now, how you are going to imitate me? One day, certainly, I said that homosexuality is a perversion. Today I change my idea. And it is my own idea, I am absolutely free to change it. I am not responsible to anybody, I am not answerable to anybody. It is just my idea! That moment it was so, this moment it is not so. And I cannot guarantee for tomorrow.

You cannot imitate me, that's impossible, Anand Dharmesh. You try, and you will find it impossible. I am so illogical. A certain logic is needed to create following. You have to convince people intellectually that this is the best thing to do. I never convince anybody, I never try to convince you intellectually. Contagious certainly I am, but not convincing.

I am crazy, and only few crazy people feel attuned with me. What can I do about it? But crazy people are never followers; crazy people are always independent people -- in fact, that's why they are thought to be crazy, eccentric. They are so centered in themselves, others think they are eccentric because they are not following the mob psychology, the crowd. They always go astray -- that's what the crowd thinks; they are going astray. They are simply going on their own way, they are trying to find a new path.

And it is always good to find your own path. Even if you go wrong it is good to follow a new path than to be right but on a trodden path. To be on the trodden path, just like on a superhighway, is ugly, it is inhuman; it is destructive of individuality, it destroys your very soul. It is better to go astray, it is better to go into the jungle and get lost than to follow somebody who pretends to be knowledgeable, because one learns by mistakes, one learns by errors. All that I can suggest to you is: never commit the same mistake twice. Find new mistakes, invent new mistakes, and you will be growing, and you will be flowering.

Truth is found only by those who are ready to risk, because the only way to truth is via trial and error; there is no other way. There are no superhighways.

But Hindus, Mohammedans, Jainas, Buddhists, Christians, they all believe there are superhighways -- not only that there are superhighways, they say that "Ours is the only authentic superhighway -- a German autobahn. Others are just muddy tracks."

You cannot follow me because I am not serious. To create a following you need to be very serious, and I cannot afford that. I could have created a great following; it is so simple, so many gullible fools are available in the whole world -- millions of fools are available. You can gather a following very easily. Just few things you have to do: you have to be very serious. That I cannot do; I cannot lose my laughter.

Pope John Paul dies, and he stands in front of heaven's gate calling Saint Peter, the doorman of paradise.

"Who is there?" asks Saint Peter.

"John Paul."

"Which John Paul?"

"Why, the pope! Open at once!"

"What do you mean -- the pope?"

"Well, your successor: the head of Christianity, you know... Rome... Vaticano..."

Saint Peter starts roaring with laughter. He yells to Christ: "Hey Jesus! Do you remember that silly joke we played on the planet earth two thousand years ago? Well -- they are still into it!"

You cannot follow me. I am right now saying it is all a joke, not after two thousand years;

that will be too late.

God was in the habit of receiving each person coming to heaven personally -- at the gate; but when Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh died and came to heaven, God changed his habit and sent Saint Peter to the gate to receive him.

Saint Peter was puzzled: "Why this sudden change?"

God was very afraid and said, "If I leave my chair free this guy will run in, sit there, and I shall never get it back again!"

The last question:

OSHO,
I AM GOING TO ITALY TOMORROW.
CAN YOU TELL ME FEW JOKES SO THAT I CAN CARRY THEM WITH ME TO
ITALY?
ANANDO,

I am always ready to tell jokes.

All the girls of the whorehouse went off for the day leaving Gina to watch the business. When they returned in the evening, they asked her how it had been.

"Woww! First-a there came-a the Catholic-a Men's Choir, then a hockey team-a, then twenty-a lumberjacks. After that-a, it gotta really busy. But-a I ran-a from room-a to room-a and served them all-a!"

"Jesus! You must be really wiped out:" said the others.

"Eh," said Gina, "my feet-a are really killing me-a from all-a that-a running about!"

Gina Lottabazooma, the shapely Italian screen siren, was put under contract by a Hollywood studio and brought to the US. to make an epic western.

"I absolutely refuse to play this scene," she exclaimed.

"But, Gina," explained the director, "all you have to do is point out the direction the outlaws took when the sheriff and his posse ride up to you."

"I know " said the star, "but have you read the screen action in the script?"

"What do you mean?"

"Look how I am supposed to point," snapped the star. "It says here that I am to place both hands behind my back, take a deep breath, turn north and say, 'They went thataway!'"

Think over it later on. When you are back, Anando, in Italy, then think over it. Maybe it takes a little time for you to laugh.

Italians make good jokes for others; they themselves never get the point. It needs a little brain to get a joke. And I have looked in many Italian brains -- and I find only spaghetti...

The Wild Geese and the Water

Chapter #6

Chapter title: Still Believing in Leprechauns?

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The first question:

OSHO,

EVERY TIME I'M AWAY FROM MY FAMILY I FEEL SUCH A DEEP AND BEAUTIFUL LOVE FOR MY WIFE AND MY CHILDREN. BUT WHEN I AM WITH THEM, LOTS OF CONFLICTS ARISE AND I FEEL LIKE RUNNING AWAY FROM FAMILY, JOB, TRADITION, ET CETERA. BUT WHEN I'M AWAY I FEEL THAT'S NOT IT -- THAT'S NOT THE ANSWER.

WHAT IS GOING ON? CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT TO DO?

DEVA SARITO,

IT IS NOT A QUESTION OF DOING. Whatsoever you do will be wrong, because you are not in a right space. YOU are not right, how can you do anything right? That is impossible.

It is a question of being, not of doing. Hence, you can move from one prison into another, but you cannot be free. You can escape from the world, you will still be miserable -- for new reasons of course. You can change your wife, you can change your job, you can change your house, you can change your religion, your church; still you will be the same. All these changes are superficial. They are just like painting your face black, white, red... but deep down nothing is changed, you remain the same.

You have to become more aware. And awareness is not a question of doing, it is a question of being. It is something about your essential core, nothing about your circumference. That's why it is happening to you... not only to you, it is happening to everybody.

I have known people who have renounced life, renounced the wife, the children, the marketplace, have moved to the Himalayas, to the caves. Still, sitting in their caves they are miserable -- the same misery. There are no more the same old causes. But those causes were just excuses, they were not real causes. The real cause is always within you, and how you can escape from it? Wherever you go, you will be yourself. Sitting in the Himalayan caves, they are still themselves, utterly miserable. And now they are thinking, "What we are doing here?"

Now they have forgotten all the misery of the world, now they remember with nostalgia all the joys of the world. They may not have experienced those joys; they may be just imagining, fantasizing.

Miserable people have the habit -- it is something inevitable, otherwise it will become impossible to live -- to fantasize beautiful things, either about the past or about the future. The present is always miserable wherever you are, it is misery that surrounds you. To escape from that misery, at least to forget all about it, the best opium is to think with nostalgia about the past -- the wife that you have left behind, the children, the beautiful home, the coziness, the security, the safety -- all those sweet things which may not have happened at all; you may have just created them, invented them. Or, if you don't have much past and you cannot paint anything on the past, then the future is there -- a vast canvas. You can always think of a beautiful tomorrow. If the yesterday is not worth painting, then you can always paint the tomorrow. It is always there.

And this is the way man has been avoiding the present. But to avoid the present is to avoid the real cause of it all.

The new inmate at the mental hospital announced in a loud voice that he was the famous British naval hero, Lord Nelson. This was particularly interesting because the institution already had a Lord Nelson.

The head psychiatrist, after due consideration, decided to put the two men in the same room, feeling that the similarity of their delusions might prompt an adjustment in each that would help in curing them. It was a calculated risk, of course, for the men might react violently to one another; but they were introduced and then left alone, and no disturbance was heard from the room that night.

The next morning the doctor had a talk with his new patient, and was more than pleasantly surprised when he was told, "Doctor, I have been suffering from delusion. I know now that I am not Lord Nelson."

"That's wonderful," said the doctor.

"Yes," said the patient smiling demurely, "I am Lady Hamilton."

One can change from being Lord Nelson -- one can become Lady Hamilton -- but there is no change at all. That's what people are doing all over the world. They change their religion, they change their wives, their husbands; they change their jobs, they change their outer situations. And again and again they are surprised -- nothing is changing. The misery persists, it remains the same. In fact, the more they change outer circumstances, the more they become aware of one thing: that the misery is not going to leave, that it is going to be there. Their frustration becomes more settled, their failure becomes their very lifestyle.

You ask me: OSHO, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT TO DO?

You have done enough. Now, be done with it all. No more doing. Move from doing to being, become a little more aware. Wherever you are -- in the family, with the family, or somewhere else -- wherever you are, become more aware. Try to be now and here... this moment, this silence.

Don't move from thisness. It will be difficult in the beginning; every small distraction will take you away. Just a bird starts calling and you are distracted. You cannot accept it; immediately you find an excuse. You start thinking what bird it is, and then the whole chain

-- the sound of the railway train, the traffic noise, anything is enough to take you away from the now. And that is the root cause of misery: to be there and then. And there is the only source of bliss, the only source, I say: to be now and here.

Once you have learned to be present to the present then there is no problem at all. Then your response is total, then your response is from your very innermost core, very fulfilling. Then even living in the family situation with all the conflicts of it, you will remain untouched.

The conflicts will be everywhere. If you go to a monastery, there will be conflicts there -- the same struggle, the same competition, the hierarchy: somebody trying to boss, somebody trying to put you the way he wants to put you together. Everywhere you will find manipulation, domination, nagging. Everywhere you will find exploitation of your fear, of your greed. Hence, changing situations is not going to help, it has never helped anybody -- but it has been one of the ways of wasting one's life.

For centuries people created monasteries, people created such monasteries that you enter once inside the monastery and you cannot leave it again. It is for your whole life. People became so much afraid of each other -- of the wife, of the husband -- that there are Catholic monasteries where no woman has ever entered for one thousand years. What fear! The founders of those monasteries must have been really terribly tortured by their wives. Now even an innocent woman, who is not your wife, is not allowed to enter inside the monastery. Not only a woman, but even a small girl, a six-month-old girl, is not allowed.

What kind of fear? Are these monks afraid of a six-month-old girl? Are they afraid of the girl, or are they afraid of themselves? Are they going to rape the small child, or what? Are they monks or monsters? But the fear has dominated them. And there are nuns and their nunneries where no man is allowed to enter. But these people are living in misery.

Here are many ex-monks, ex-nuns, Christian, Hindu, Jaina. They have suffered very much, they have to escape from those prisons. But people coming here also expect some kind of monastery.

Just the other day I was reading an article in an Australian magazine against me. The woman who had come to cover the ashram and its activities is very much shocked. She seems to be a very traditional, orthodox woman, interested in yoga and Hindu spirituality et cetera. She says, "This is a strange kind of ashram. Nobody has ever heard of anything like this."

She is offended by one thing most: that people are laughing, dancing, singing -- that people are alive, in short. She is very much offended that a certain climate of a "holiday resort" is there. She must have looked for a prison, not a holiday resort. What is wrong in the "climate of a holiday resort"? That should be the climate of the whole earth! That should be the very climate of life itself. Life should be a holiday. Only a holiday is a holy day.

And people are working here, people are continuously working. It is not that they are just lazing around -- but the climate is certainly of joy, of laughter. That offends.

The whole article is obsessed with the idea that an ashram has to be ascetic, people have to be there doing yoga postures, standing on their head, doing all kinds of gymnastics, chanting mantras, doing religious rituals, and very serious -- as if they are just walking corpses. Then she would have been immensely pleased. This is a "religious" place, she would have called, a "spiritual" place.

Reading her article I decided one thing: that the new commune will not be called ashram -- that word certainly is ugly. We will drop it. This is not an ashram... In a way, this is the ONLY ashram, because literally "ashram" means rest, restfulness. But it has become associated with wrong people. We will drop it.

People come with all kinds of ideas. They are miserable in their ideas, but still they are looking for the same ideas. And if they don't find them they don't feel good. They are miserable and they want everybody else also to be miserable.

Just one gentleman has written to me that, "Osho, your claim that Swami Vimalkirti attained Buddhahood sounds phony..." As if this gentleman knows what Buddhahood is.

I was very pleased with his question. I thought, "My God, Gautam Buddha is here! Who knows what Buddhahood is and what Buddhahood is not, who knows the distinction between the authentic Buddhahood and the phony Buddhahood." Must be a man far superior than all the Buddhas; only then you can judge.

But he must have come with a certain idea. In fact, Hindus were offended by Gautam Buddha's declaration himself, that he has become enlightened, because they had their own idea -- just like this gentleman -- they had their own idea. In fact, this gentleman will be surprised that Buddha's own five disciples immediately left him, thinking that he has gone either mad or is pretending to be enlightened. His own five disciples, who had been worshipping him up to now... while he was not a Buddha they were worshipping him as their Master. And the moment he declared that he is a Buddha -- it must have sounded phony -- they left him immediately. And what was their argument? Their argument was that he has fallen into the trap of the ego, he has fallen from his ascetic life.

Because for six years Buddha tortured himself as much as any human being has ever tortured, and found nothing by that torture... it was sheer masochistic teachings of the ages that he has been following. But he was an intelligent man, he understood. One full-moon evening, as the moon was rising, he could see the whole stupidity of what he has been doing for six years. Just by torturing your body, how you can become enlightened? What relationship exists between torturing your body, destroying your body, and Buddhahood?

That evening he dropped torturing. He told his disciples that now he will live relaxedly, now he will not torture himself, now he will follow the middle path. Up to now he has been doing something extremist. First he lived the life of a prince, indulged in all kinds of pleasures and luxuries -- that was one extreme. Then he moved to another extreme: he renounced the world and all its comforts, luxuries, pleasures, and started torturing himself, started a suicidal course -- that was another extreme. He said to his disciples, "But tonight I have come to a tremendous understanding, that truth is not to be found by extremes. I have renounced the world, today I renounce that renunciation too! Now I will be just ordinary, neither a king nor an ascetic."

The disciples immediately left him, and that very night he became enlightened. He searched his disciples because he felt they have been with him for so long -- for six years continuously -- it is his duty that he should share his understanding, his bliss, his love, first with those five disciples. When he reached close to those five disciples they were sitting under a tree. They looked at Buddha coming and they said, "Here comes that fallen man! We should not stand up to pay respect to him, we should not fold our hands in respect to him. We should keep our backs towards him. If he comes and he sits, it's okay; if he wants to say something, it's okay, but we are not going to pay him any more respect or attention."

Even Gautam Buddha is not understood by his own disciples.

This gentleman says my assertion that Vimalkirti has attained Buddhahood sounds phony. Why? What is wrong with Vimalkirti attaining Buddhahood? If I can attain it, why Vimalkirti cannot attain it? Why you cannot attain it?

Buddhahood is not something like a goal far away; it is your very nature. In fact, you are all Buddhas, although unaware of the fact. All that happens in attaining Buddhahood is one

becomes aware of it! The treasure is there -- it is ALWAYS there, you cannot lose it even if you want to lose it! It is your very being, hence there is no way to drop it. Who will drop it? But you can forget about it. And Buddhahood simply means a remembering, a recognition. Why it sounds phony? -- unless you have some preconceived ideas. If you have some idea how a Buddha should be, then certainly...

Jainas in India have not accepted Buddha yet as enlightened. Twenty-five centuries have passed and I don't think they will ever accept him as a Buddha, for the simple reason because they have a certain attitude which is not fulfilled by him. They think whenever a person becomes a Buddha he goes naked, and Buddha never went naked. That's enough to prove that he was not a Buddha. When a person becomes a Buddha he drops even a begging bowl, he possesses nothing. And Buddha possessed three clothes, one begging bowl, one walking staff -- too many possessions! This won't do. He's still living in luxury. According to Jainas, still it is luxury.

Mahavira lived naked, with no begging bowl, with nothing at all. He used to eat from his hands, he used to drink water from his hands. He will lie down on the earth to sleep, earth underneath and the sky above. Hence he was called DIGAMBARA. The word DIGAMBARA means one who is clothed with the sky only, and nothing else. The sky itself is his clothing -- nothing else between him and the sky.

How can they accept Buddha, that he has become enlightened?

Hindus cannot accept him. Christians cannot accept him -- that he was a man of the same caliber as Christ, because he never did any miracles. A Christ is supposed to do miracles, to cure blind people, to make the ill healthy, to raise the dead back to life. How can they accept Buddha as a Christ? -- he never raised any dead. In fact, a story is worth remembering:

When Lazarus' sisters asked Christ to come and raise Lazarus from death, he came running. He was far away, it took him four days to reach there. And after four days he raised Lazarus from his grave. He called forth Lazarus, "Lazarus come out of your grave!" and Lazarus walked out.

A similar story is told about Buddha, but with a totally different dimension to it. A woman's only son died; her husband has died before. Her name was Kissagautami. She went almost mad: husband is dead, she was living only for this child... and a beautiful child, suddenly died! She carried the body of the son to every physician, every doctor, to every saint, and they all said, "Nothing can be done about it." Somebody suggested, "Buddha is in the town. Why don't you go to him? He says he has become enlightened. If he is really enlightened, he can raise the dead. His touch will do the miracle." And Kissagautami was ecstatic, knowing that Buddha is here -- "And what is impossible to a Buddha?"

She went to Buddha with the dead body of the child. She put the child's body in Buddha's feet and told him, "You can do everything -- you are enlightened! Make my child live again. I cannot live without my child."

Buddha did not do what Christ had done, Buddha did something far more significant. But to understand its significance one needs great clarity.

This gentleman who says that my assertion that Vimalkirti has attained Buddhahood... If he was there -- and there is every possibility he must have been there if he is here. He must be an ancient traveler, shopping for some spirituality. He must have gone to Buddha, he must have been there, and he must have thought that, "This man sounds phony." What Buddha said sounds phony, if you compare it with Jesus, and if you don't have deep understanding of life

and its mysteries.

Buddha said, "Okay, I will revive the child back, but you will have to fulfill one condition: You go into the town and you bring few mustard seeds from any family. The only condition is that I will accept the mustard seeds only from a family in which nobody has ever died. Once you have brought those few mustard seeds I will immediately revive your son back."

The woman could not see the point; she was in such a state, almost going mad. She rushed in the town, she knocked on every door. And the people said that, "We can give you as many mustard seeds as you want" -- because that town used to grow mustard seeds, that was their main crop. So they said, "We can give you as many mustard seeds as you want, but the condition is unfulfillable. So many people have died in our family -- somebody's father has died, somebody's mother, somebody's wife, somebody's husband, somebody's grandfather, somebody's great-grandfather -- so many people have died."

In fact, in a family only few people are alive, millions have died. If you take the whole account of the family, from Adam and Eve, then millions of your family have died. It is a miracle how so very few are still alive. You are sitting on a huge mountain of corpses: your fathers, grandfathers, great-grandfathers, great-great-great-grandfathers. And underneath it all the poor Adam, Eve... And Friedrich Nietzsche says even God is dead. So underneath Adam and Eve, God the father -- that seems to be the foundation of this whole Everest of death. And you are sitting on top of it, and not aware at all, that soon you will be really part of it. It is only a question of few moments; any moment you will be part of it. And somebody else will be sitting on top of you: your son, your daughter, your son-in-law... somebody will be sitting on top of you.

The woman by and by became aware that the condition is unfulfillable. By the evening she came -- she came dancing, she came rejoicing. She fell in Buddha's feet and she said, "You have done a great miracle! You have made me see something, you have helped me to remember that this life is death."

Buddha asked her, "Do you want me to revive your child again?"

The woman said. "No, because he will have to die again. What is the point? Making him die again is ugly. Once is enough, twice will be too much. Rather, I have come for something else now: You help me to know that life which never ends. The son is gone, I will be gone. Before I am gone, I would like to taste something of the eternal."

Buddha initiated her into sannyas.

Now these two stories, Lazarus' and Kissagautami's, are in a way parallel. Christ makes Lazarus alive, Buddha gives Kissagautami a new insight into life and death itself. To a Christian, Buddha will look phony. To a Buddhist, Jesus will look phony. What he is doing? This is sheer nonsense! Because what happened to Lazarus then? Some day he must have died -- because we don't see him around any more. If he was going to die, what is the point of postponing it for few days, or few years? Why let him go through that suffering again? -- the same wife, the same children, and the same job...

Lazarus, I don't think will be able to forgive Jesus. He was resting in his grave, feeling, "Thank God, all that nightmare is finished. Now my wife cannot nag me any more, I am out of their reach. I don't have to go tomorrow morning again to the office." But Jesus pulled him back. And the Christian fools think this is a miracle!

If I had been in Lazarus' place, I would have killed Jesus: "What are you doing? Don't you have any respect for anybody? Dragging somebody back into the turmoil of life? Is it

human?"

This gentleman says that my claim is phony. He also says that my criticism of Mother Teresa seems to be criticism of a very ordinary man. That is true. There I agree: I am certainly a very ordinary man -- so ordinary that you cannot even call me phony, because a phony person is not ordinary, he's extraordinary. I am REALLY ordinary. I have no claims. I don't do any miracles... And of course, he must have come with the idea that Mother Teresa is doing great work. She is extraordinary, I am ordinary; that's perfectly true.

And I am not in any way interested in becoming extraordinary. To me, any desire to be extraordinary is very ordinary. To be ordinary is the only way of being extraordinary, because that is REALLY extraordinary. Nobody wants to be ordinary.

But this gentleman must be as unconscious as, Deva Sarito, you are.

Two buddies had been out drinking for hours when their money finally ran out.

"I have an idea," croaked Al. "Lesh go over to my housh and borrow shum money from my wife."

The two of them reeled into Al's living room, snapped on the light, and lo and behold, there was Al's wife making love on the sofa to another man. This state of affairs considerably unnerved Al's friend, but did not seem to affect the husband.

"Shay, dear, you have any money for your ever-lovin' hushban'?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she snapped. "Take my purse from the mantle, and for Pete's sake turn off those lights!"

Outside they examined the purse and Al proudly announced, "There's enough here for a pint for you and a pint for me. Pretty good, eh, old buddy?"

"But Al," protested his friend, somewhat sobered by the spectacle he had just witnessed, "what about that fellow back there with your wife?"

"The hell with him," replied Al, "let him buy his own pint!"

Deva Sarito, All that is needed is a little more consciousness. It is not a question of doing something; you need a new kind of being. Right now you are unconscious; you have to be conscious. You have to be more aware, watchful, witnessing.

Witnessing is the key of my sannyas, the master key. I don't give you any other discipline, because giving you any discipline will not help. Your unconsciousness will be there, and the discipline will only cover it. You can look like a saint but you will be as unconscious as before. Your saintliness will be as unconscious as your sinfulness was; there will be no qualitative difference in it.

So I am not interested in making saints out of you. I am not interested in helping you to drop your sins either. What I am interested is to make you aware, and the moment you start becoming aware of your actions, your thoughts, your feelings... these are the three dimensions awareness has to be applied. Walk, but know that you are walking. Remain alert of each gesture. Eat but eat with awareness; don't just go on stuffing food inside. Think, but witness your thoughts, the process of thoughts, desires, dreams. Feel, but remain a little aware that these feelings, these moods are not you.

You are only pure awareness and nothing else. You are not the body, nor the mind, nor the heart. You are the fourth, and the fourth is the miracle. Once you have tasted the fourth, then wherever you are -- even in hell -- but you will be in heaven.

The second question:

OSHO,
I AM A MEMBER OF A GROUP IN HOLLAND CALLED "THE OPEN LOTUS", WHICH IS GATHERED AROUND A MEDIUM WHO CLAIMS TO TRANSFER MESSAGES AND ENERGIES FROM MASTER MORYA. THIS HAS VERY MUCH AFFECTED MY HEART AND BEING WHEN I AM IN YOUR AUDIENCE I FEEL A KIND OF MELTING, BUT MY HEART DOES NOT AS YET SEEM TO BE SO DEEPLY TOUCHED AS IT IS WITH THE MEDIUM. WHAT IS HAPPENING?
IS THE EXPERIENCE WITH THE UNSEEN MASTER MORYA UNREAL AND SOMETHING OF THE MIND? CAN IT BE A HINDRANCE TO BECOMING ONE WITH YOU, OSHO? ARE YOU IN SUPPORT OF GROUPS LIKE THE OPEN LOTUS? IF SO, DO YOU HAVE A MESSAGE FOR THEM?

MARINUS,

First, meditate over this story:

Stan and his wife, Rita, were playing the tenth hole. He teed off and Rita hit hers into the woods.

Stan had not hit his ball very far on the fairway, so he went into the woods to help her find it. Suddenly they came across a little fellow about four feet tall with a pointed hat and green suit.

"Hey," said Stan, "are you a leprechaun?"

"Sure I am," he replied.

"Well, maybe you could grant my wish to be a scratch golfer."

"All right, but you have to give up something. If you let me have your wife in the woods for one hour, I will grant your wish."

"You've got it!" said the husband.

The little guy took Rita into the woods and after an hour's pleasure asked, "How old is your husband?"

"Forty."

"And he still believes in leprechauns?"

Marinus, how old you are? -- and you still believe in Master Morya? You must be feeling great, because if something happens according to your belief, it strengthens the ego, it nourishes the ego. And Master Morya is not visible, only the medium is there. And the medium is more concerned in impressing you, so she will follow you. In fact, there is no Master Morya anywhere. This whole idea of Master Morya was created by the Theosophists. It is an invention of Madame Blavatsky -- Madame Blah-blah-blah. It is just fiction.

Madame Blavatsky used to receive letters from Master Morya. In the roof there was a hole, and a servant used to hide above the roof, and all the Marinuses, the Theosophists, will sit with closed eyes waiting for Master Morya's message. And Madame Blah-blah-blah will sway, and she was really a fat lady and very ugly too. Ugly people become religious -- what else they can do? I have seen many ugly people, but Madame Blah-blah-blah defeats all. Only some fictitious entity like Master Morya may love her, no man -- no man alive -- will be able to gather so much courage.

And she will sway, and she will speak gibberish -- what Christians call glossolalia -- strange sounds she will make. And much incense will be burned, and much smoke will be created so nobody could see what is happening. And their eyes will be full of tears because of the smoke... And then a letter will drop, and all these fools -- and they were not uneducated people, all retired magistrates, high court judges, government officials, professors, scholars -- they will wait for the letter. And the letter will be read then by Madame Blah-Blah-Blah.

And great messages were received, but they were all fulfilling their desires. Whatever they wanted was fulfilled. They were immensely happy.

It was J. Krishnamurti who destroyed the whole game, who came out of this nonsense and declared that, "This is all stupidity." J. Krishnamurti has done a great service to humanity by destroying the theosophical nonsense. But Holland used to be one of the great centers of theosophical movement, and still few fools go on living with the hangover.

Certainly you will not feel the same here. In fact, you will feel just the opposite because I am continuously shattering your ego, I am hitting it hard. I am not here to nourish your ego, I am here to destroy it. You can be one with me only if you are totally egoless, otherwise there is no possibility.

If you want to enjoy your ego and your dreams and your fantasies, then these mediums are good. But remember, you will remain childish, you will never grow. Yes, sometimes coincidentally something may appear to be true. If a medium says thousands of things, one thing may coincide with reality. And the fools and the gullible immediately jump upon that one thing, and they make much fuss about it. And they think, "If one thing is right then others also must be right. Maybe we are not yet capable enough to understand, maybe we need more purity. We have to become as pure as the medium."

And what the medium says, you have to interpret it, and you always interpret according to your mind. And these Masters don't exist at all.

"I have learned one thing about women," said the experienced one to his drinking companions. "You just can't trust a girl with brown eyes."

"It occurs to me," said one of his inebriated friends, "that I have been married nearly three years and I don't know what color eyes my wife has."

The second man finished his drink, climbed from his stool, and hurried home to investigate this disturbing possibility.

His wife was in bed asleep. He crept up to her and carefully lifted an eyelid. "By God! Brown!" he exclaimed.

"How the hell did you know I was here?" said Brown, crawling out from under the bed.

Yes, once in a while some coincidence like that will happen. Beware! And all these mediums and all these priests and all these theosophists, theologians -- and they have many brands all around the world -- they are the most cunning people. It is better to be with a gambler, with a drunkard, it is better to be with a so-called sinner, than to be with these people. These people have been preventing human growth for thousands of years. They are the most criminal people in the world. Their crime is unpardonable.

A genie jumped on his ball and said, "Would you like to be the world's best golfer?"

"I sure would," said the man.

"Would you give up your sex life for it?"

"Of course," said the man.

The genie granted his wish, and in the next twelve months he won every tournament on the pro tour.

After the year was up, the man was back on the eighteenth tee, and once again the genie appeared.

"How did it feel to be the world's best golfer?"

"Great!" said the man.

"Did you mind giving up your sex life?"

"Not at all."

"How often did you have sex in former years?"

"Four or five times a year," replied the man.

"That's not very much!"

"Well, it is not bad for a priest with a small parish."

These priests, these rabbis, these AYATOLLAHS, these IMAMS -- beware of them. It is time that humanity should get rid of all this stupidity.

Rabbi Goldstein was allowed to join a "restricted" country club. His first day he met Peckham, the president.

"Welcome, Rabbi Goldstein. Would you like to play a round?"

"Sure, we will play a friendly game of hundred dollars a hole."

Rabbi Goldstein lost eighteen hundred dollars.

"Look ' said Peckham, "I will give you a chance to get even. Three thousand six hundred dollars or nothing."

Rabbi Goldstein agreed and lost again.

Later in the locker room, Rabbi Goldstein said, "You like to wager. I will bet you one thousand dollars I can pee over your head from ten feet."

"All right," said the club prexy. "But nobody can pee that far."

Rabbi Goldstein proceeded to pee all over Peckham.

"See," he said, after changing his clothes. "I knew you could not do it. Come on, I will buy."

At the bar they met Lockwood, the local bank chairman. "This is Rabbi Goldstein," said the club president. "He is one of our new members."

Peckham then told Lockwood about the money he had won, including how Rabbi Goldstein had peed all over him.

"Oh no!" cried the banker, "That s.o.b. bet me twenty thousand dollars he would piss all over the president on his first day at the club!"

The Wild Geese and the Water

Chapter #7

Chapter title: Life's Complementariness

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The first question:

OSHO,

YOU OFTEN ADVISE US TO FOLLOW TWO COURSES OF ACTION THAT SEEM TO BE INCOMPATIBLE WITH EACH OTHER. FIRST YOU TELL US TO BE COMPLETELY IN THE MOMENT, WITHOUT MIND, TO BE OUR FEAR, OUR JOY, OR RAGE. THEN YOU TELL US TO BECOME DETACHED FROM OUR EGOS, TO WATCH WHAT COMES UP WITHIN OURSELVES.

HOW CAN WE DO BOTH? PLEASE EXPLAIN.

LISA CHRISTENSON,

LOGIC IS NOT NECESSARILY EXISTENTIAL; it is intellectual. But existence has no obligation... you see? Existence goes on its own way! It is not concerned with your question, it is not concerned with my answer. It is absolutely illogical.

Logic will see contradiction. If logic was all, then certainly there was difficulty. But logic is not all, just the way of the mind of looking at things. Mind divides in polar opposites; the division is not there in existence itself. Existence is undivided. The day and the night are one, the birth and death are one, the plus and the minus are one, the positive and the negative are one. But logically they are incompatibles. Existentially a totally different dimension opens up: they are not contradictory to each other but complementary.

This word has to be pondered over, meditated upon. Life is complementariness! The opposite is not really opposite; it helps, it supports its own so-called opposite. Without birth there is no possibility of death, and without death there can be no birth either. It is one phenomenon, two sides of the same coin.

Yes, I say, Lisa, that first you should be in the moment, totally one with whatsoever is happening, utterly one -- and then watch it. Certainly, if you only think about it, the problem will arise: how one can do both these incompatibles together? If you *think* then the problem is there, but if you *do* the problem disappears. Rather than thinking, you try, give it a try.

And how it happens is simple: if you are not identified totally with anything you cannot be DISidentified with it totally either. If you are only half-heartedly in it you can be only

half-heartedly out of it. You were never totally in it, how can you be totally out of it? You have to become utterly absorbed in it, and in that very moment you can slip out of it as totally as you had slipped in.

It is as simple as coming into the house and going out of the house. If somebody was just philosophically thinking, then that too will seem incompatible. How to go in the house and come out of the house? These are incompatibles! And you are doing thousand and one incompatibles every moment...

It is the same breath that goes in and comes out, and you never for a single moment feel worried that something incompatible is happening. To be logical, either take the breath in and don't allow it to go out -- that will be logical -- or if it is out then don't allow it to come in.

Logic is perfectly okay with dead things, with matter. That is the difference between the objective and the subjective world, with matter and with consciousness. Logic is absolutely adequate with the material phenomenon, but absolutely inadequate as far as the consciousness is concerned.

Consciousness is a synthesis of the polar opposites. Consciousness is where thesis and antithesis meet, mingle, merge and become one. Consciousness is a state of orgasmic oneness where man and woman disappear and become one, where life and death are no more separate, where they are in such deep accord that you cannot draw a line where life ends, where death begins.

Rather than thinking about it, go into it. What I am saying is something existential, not intellectual. If you just listen to my words and follow them you will be in trouble.

Heraclitus has a tremendously pregnant statement. He says life moves through one opposite to another. Through the opposite, through the tension of the opposite, everything lives and becomes deeper. This is the secret. This is the hidden harmony.

Heraclitus is one of the greatest Buddhas of the world. In western philosophy his name is not part of the mainstream. The mainstream consists of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Hegel, Bertrand Russell, Wittgenstein, Moore. Heraclitus is something like an outsider for the simple reason that he is one of the greatest mystics. What Aristotle only thinks, Heraclitus knows. What Wittgenstein only thinks, Heraclitus experiences.

And what I am doing here is not helping you to become great philosophers. My whole approach is anti-philosophical, anti-logical. My approach is existential. You have to experience; except experience there is no proof of what I am saying. Don't listen to my words, listen to the intervals. Don't be too much obsessed with what I say, become more and more attuned with my silence. The moments when nothing is said are far more pregnant. My message is not *in* the words but *beyond* the words.

But I can understand, Lisa, your difficulty. That is the difficulty of all logical people -- and the whole world is trained for logic.

Here we are doing just a totally different thing. We are trying to undo what the society, the college, the university has done to you. They have made you obsessed with language and logic. Language certainly divides things; that's why truth cannot be said, it can only be showed. I am only indicating the way; I am not really leading you, I am just pointing the way. Henry Miller has these beautiful lines:

"The real leader has no need to lead -- he is content to point the way. Unless we become our own leaders, content to be what we are in the process of becoming, we shall always be servitors and idolaters."

I am here just to point the way. Don't start clinging to my fingers, look at the moon the fingers are pointing at. The fingers are irrelevant!

In an attractive little town just near Los Angeles, a group of the local intellectuals formed a club to study hypnosis, mesmerism, and the related sciences of the mind. The club took a definite place in the social life of the little city and many of the most prominent citizens were invited to join. The studio where the club meetings were held was most attractively decorated and there was a beautiful big crystal ball suspended from the ceiling in the very center of the room. The leader and teacher had a dynamic personality and he presided over the seances authoritatively and with great dignity.

One recent evening a seance was held, and the members took their seats in the large circle that had been formed as part of the seating arrangement. The lights were dimmed, and the crystal ball automatically began to swing back and forth as the professor mounted his little platform.

"Concentrate on what I am saying," began the leader. "Do exactly as I tell you to do. Keep your eye on the ball. Think about what I am saying. Follow my instructions faithfully. Do exactly what I tell you to do."

And then, with a terrific crash, the cord broke and the crystal ball fell and was smashed to pieces.

The leader shouted at the top of his voice, "Ah, shit!"

They say that it took over two weeks to clean up the studio.

Please remember, you are not to follow my words; you are to follow my silences, the pauses between the words, the gaps, the intervals. It is in those intervals that the communion happens, and then you will see the complementariness of the opposites. In those moments you will see there is no Master, no disciple. Something totally different takes place: a meeting, a merger, not unity but oneness. And the oneness is not mechanical either; it is organic, it is alive, throbbing.

In the East we have called these moments *satsang*, communion. Communion is not communication. This is not a discourse, this is not even a talk -- this is just a communion. Words are being used only to create silences, just as one uses a blackboard to write with white chalk on it. The blackboard is not the purpose; the purpose is the white writing. I am using words to create a blackboard so that I can write few moments of silences on it; that is the purpose.

If you become too much concerned with my words you will get into unnecessary trouble -- and you are already in so much trouble! Get out of it, Lisa!

The second question:

OSHO,
WHY IN THE FIRST PLACE RELIGIONS DEVELOPED THE IDEA OF CELIBACY IF
IT IS UNNATURAL?

ANANDO,

There are many reasons behind it. The most fundamental reason is: the man has always found himself a weaker sex -- as far as sexuality is concerned -- compared to the woman. His

ego is hurt, and male ego is very aggressive. The feminine ego is totally different: it is non-aggressive, it is receptive. Everything in the feminine psychology is receptive and everything in the male psychology is aggressive.

That's why they complement each other, that's why they fit with each other, that's why they miss each other, that's why they feel only half without the other. That's why love is possible. Their chemistries, their physiologies, their psychologies, all are complementary -- and of course logically opposites, existentially complementary.

Man is sexually weaker. Any woman can exhaust him very easily, and once a man is exhausted he will take at least twenty-four hours to be sexually potent again. That hurts. The woman is twenty-four hours sexually potent; man is only once in a while potent and the remaining time impotent. For one moment he is potent, then for twenty-four hours impotent; then again for one moment he is potent. His impotence is far bigger than his potency, than his power, than his sexuality; that created a deep urge in him to create a certain other kind of power.

Celibacy was just an effort of the male chauvinist ego, because through celibacy he thought he could become very powerful. It is through sex that he becomes impotent; once his sexuality is released he is at a loss. Then he has to wait for time to heal. He becomes like a wound -- empty. And he can see that the woman is never empty, she is always capable. Comparing always with the woman, he discovered celibacy. It is natural and logical conclusion: that sex makes you impotent; then celibacy, obviously, will make you omnipotent. And this is not something primitive; even today the same is the logic.

Even a man like Mahatma Gandhi was continuously concerned how to become omnipotent through celibacy; he was trying in every way to become powerful through celibacy. He was thinking that if he is *really* celibate he can defeat the British Empire -- through celibacy! If he is really celibate then nobody can kill him.

In his ashram this was a usual phenomenon: somebody will do something wrong... nothing much in it, but his idea was too puritanistic. Even drinking tea was a sin! Now you can think -- every man becomes a sinner. If even drinking tea is a sin, then it is very difficult to find a saint. The whole ashram was continuously watching each other that who is committing sins. Somebody smoking, somebody drinking tea, somebody falling in love... all are great sins!

And whenever somebody will be caught, Mahatma Gandhi will think that because his celibacy is not yet perfect, that's why in *his* ashram a person could commit a sin. That was his logic. He will not say anything to the person; he will go in a self-torture. He will fast -- to purify himself. He must be impure that's why somebody could commit a sin, could drink tea, could smoke, could fall in love with a woman.

When his own secretary fell in love with a woman, that was too much. His own secretary! -- that simply means his celibacy, his purity, is not yet up to the point where just his presence will transform people.

And he was continuously thinking in this way. This is really very egoistic way of thinking -- as if everybody has to be dominated by you. You see the inner desire to dominate others in the name of purity, morality, virtue? Now somebody falling in love, and Mahatma Gandhi thinks *he is* at fault. As if he is the center of the world! As if everything depends on him! As if the whole world has to be according to him! If something is not according to him, that simply proves that his power is not omnipotent yet.

This is the way of a power seeker, although he pretended to be most humble. He tried hard to be simple, but if you look deep down, in his simplicity, in his poverty, in his so-called

humbleness, you will find nothing but pure ambition to dominate.

When there was danger that he may be killed by some Hindu fanatic, the government asked him can they be allowed to protect? Can some arrangement be made so that he is continuously guarded and protected?

He said, "No! Absolutely no! If my purity is enough, if my celibacy is true, then nobody can kill me."

You see the logic! Everything depends on his purity. But a brahmin from Poona killed him -- his purity was greater! His celibacy seems to be greater -- he was far more potent. If Mahatma Gandhi's logic is correct, then Nathuram Godse, the man who killed him, seems to be more virtuous. And there are in Poona people who worship Nathuram Godse as a mahatma. In fact, he has proved that he is a mahatma -- otherwise the bullet would not have killed Mahatma Gandhi. The bullet *could* kill him; that simply proves that he was not yet a real sage.

Now, this whole logic is stupid, but this has been for thousands of years there. Man has always thought in becoming powerful through controlling sexual energy, the idea that sex takes your energy out, that it is a leakage, your energy leaks out and leaves you empty. Accumulate energy! This is sheer stupidity. It is absolutely unscientific. It is not that you can accumulate sexual energy -- in fact, the more you accumulate it, the less you have it; if you use it more, the more you have it. So if a person goes on making love late in his life he may be able even to make love at the age ninety, ninety-five, hundred.

In fact, in Russia there are people whose age is near about hundred twenty, hundred thirty, few people have even come close to hundred fifty. And they are all sexually potent, still sexually potent, because Russia is not a religious country. In a religious country like India even young men become impotent! Impotence is something religious; it is a byproduct of your religiousness.

I am all for transcendence of sex, but I am not for repressiveness. And I don't say that by transcending sex you will become powerful, that you will be omnipotent, that everything will happen according to you, that you cannot be killed. This is all sheer bullshit! In fact, you will become more fragile, more flower-like, more vulnerable. You will be just like a rose flower which can be easily crushed between two rocks -- not that rocks are more powerful, but more gross. The rose flower is a higher expression; the higher expression is always fragile, delicate.

You ask me, Anando: WHY IN THE FIRST PLACE RELIGIONS DEVELOPED THE IDEA OF CELIBACY IF IT IS UNNATURAL?

BECAUSE it is unnatural. The ego always enjoys everything that is unnatural, because the natural cannot fulfill your ego. Everybody is doing the natural; there is nothing exceptional in being natural -- it is ordinary.

That's why I say I am a very ordinary person -- because I am just natural. I have no pretensions of being special; I am absolutely ordinary, because to me that's how everybody should be. To me that's what Buddhahood is: to be utterly ordinary with no pretensions of being special. To me that is the experience of godliness. It is not a question of becoming powerful, otherwise it is the same trip. Somebody is becoming powerful through money, somebody else is becoming powerful through politics, somebody else is becoming powerful through celibacy, somebody is becoming powerful through prayer, God-realization, arousal of the kundalini -- but the basic desire, the ambition is to be powerful.

The truly religious person is just ordinary, natural. Celibacy became important because it is unnatural; everything unnatural became important. Fasting is unnatural, standing on your head is unnatural. Everything unnatural became significant, because only very few stupid people can manage to do it. Any intelligent person will see the point, that why bother standing on your head? If nature had wanted you to stand on your head, nature would have created you that way!

Don't try to improve upon God, don't try to be more intelligent than God himself. That's what people are trying to do. If nature wanted you to fast there was no need to create the stomach at all! If nature wanted you to be celibate, then you would not have been human beings but amoebas -- because as far as I know, except amoebas nobody is really celibate. They are the real BRAHMACHARINS! They don't have any sexual life at all, they reproduce non-sexually. They are great mahatmas! Maybe all the mahatmas are born as amoebas! Perhaps that's why in India there are so many amoebas -- because the life of an amoeba is absolutely non-sexual. Its way of reproduction is really religious! One amoeba goes on becoming bigger and bigger and then splits in two, goes on eating, then a point comes when the balloon bursts. Then the amoeba becomes two amoebas and then they both start eating and growing. Then they become four, and this is their way of multiplication. That's why within hours they can reproduce so many amoebas. They can defeat anybody! Their reproduction is just the limit, the very climax of reproduction. Nobody can surpass them.

And the amoeba is also religious in another way: the amoeba is eternal, because when there is no birth there is no death. That's why it is so difficult to kill the amoebas! Our doctors are trying hard, but it is very difficult, almost impossible to kill them, for the simple reason because death is possible only if there has been birth. But they have never been born! In the first place, because they are not born you cannot kill them. At the most you can dope them, drug them. Sooner or later they wake up again. Just few days you don't take the medicine and they are again awake. They become Buddhas again and again and again! The amoeba has the longest life in the world; it is almost immortal.

Nature has not made you amoebas. Nature has not made you to stand on your head. Nature has not intended you to be celibate. But that's why ego takes these forms -- the ego enjoys to do something exceptional.

A devout and devoted couple decided to give up sex during Lent. It was a very difficult sacrifice for them to make, but they were successful until Good Friday when they went to the supermarket together to do some household shopping.

When the wife was leaning over a tray of apples, he got a good look at her chest and nearly went mad. A few minutes later he saw her thigh when her dress got entangled in another customer's pushcart. In the confusion he lost all control of himself, forgetting his vow completely.

A few days after Easter he went to confession and told his priest that he had broken his vow. The father confessor tried to console him by saying that he was sure that after all the days and nights of privation, God and the church would forgive him.

"I am not worried about God and the church," replied the troubled confessor, "but my wife and I both feel terrible because they won't let us back in the supermarket!"

That has been the ultimate result of all religious repressiveness: everybody has become utterly guilty in his own eyes. That has helped the priests immensely. If you can make somebody feel guilty, he becomes submissive because he becomes afraid. If you can make somebody feel guilty, he is so much afraid of punishment that he is bound to follow

whatsoever the priest says. Any nonsense, any stupid ritual, and he will be ready to do it just to get rid of the fear.

Religions have exploited fear. And the best way to make people afraid is to tell them to do something unnatural, because you can be sure they will not be able to do it. If you say them to do something natural then you cannot make them feel guilty.

For example, in my commune nobody can feel guilty -- it is impossible to feel guilty. I am not creating any guilt in you. My whole effort is to erase all guilt from you so that you can feel at ease with yourself -- but the moment you are at ease with yourself you are beyond the clutches of religious exploitation. Then no church, no temple, no priest, *nobody* can exploit you, oppress you. But if you are afraid... and the best way to make you afraid is to tell you to be celibate, and you will not be able. The more you will try, the more you will feel a failure, and the more you feel a failure the more guilt-ridden, condemned in your own eyes you will become.

If you want to create fear in people tell them to fast, tell them to stop their breath, tell them to stand on their head. Sooner or later they will get tired, and when they will stand on their legs they will feel guilty -- they are doing something which should not be done!

Flannery was not much of a churchgoer, for he played with the same foursome every Sunday. Father Reardan, the parish priest, admonished him.

"Father," murmured Flannery, "I just want to know if there are any golf-courses in heaven."

"I don't know," replied the priest. "I will check with the pope."

The next day Father Reardan reported to Flannery, "My son, I have got good news and bad news. Here is the good news: there are plenty of courses in heaven, beautiful fairways, greens smooth as silk, and it never gets dark so you can play twenty-four hours a day."

"That's wonderful!" exclaimed Flannery. "And what's the bad news?"

"You've got a tee-off time tomorrow morning at nine-fifteen!"

Fear has to be created. The hell creates the fear. The hell has been painted in as ugly ways as possible, just to make you tremble, just to make you ready to fall in the feet of the priest and to listen to whatsoever he is saying, and to believe, because only the believers will be saved. And *every* religion tries to convince you. The Christians will say only Christians will be saved and the Hindus say only Hindus will be saved. And those who will not be saved will fall into hell for eternity, into hellfire. And those who will be saved will enjoy all kinds of pleasure.

A strange logic! Here every pleasure is condemned, and there in heaven every pleasure will be supplied thousandfold. Here you have to renounce women and there you will get beautiful women who remain always young, who never become old, who don't perspire. Here you are told to fast and there you will be supplied with delicious food. Everything that is condemned here will be made available there.

This is an ancient strategy of religions, and sex has been used as the fundamental to exploit, to make human beings tremble, afraid, worried, anxious. This is a way to create anxiety and anguish. And when you are in anguish you have to go the priest for help; without his help you cannot be saved.

The third question:

OSHO,

I ALWAYS WANTED YOU TO GIVE ME A SANNYAS NAME CONTAINING TWO WORDS -- "LOVE" AND "BLISS " -- AND THAT'S WHAT YOU REALLY DID. MY NAME, PREMANANDA, CONTAINS ONLY THOSE TWO WORDS. YOU TOLD ME PREM MEANS LOVE, ANANDA MEANS BLISS. HOW DID YOU MANAGE SUCH MIRACLES?

PREMANANDA,

This is not a miracle. You must be something of an esoteric -- that is a condemned word here. Get rid of your esotericness! It is just a coincidence, nothing much in it.

A man dropped into a corner bar and ordered a triple martini. "What a coincidence!" announced the bartender. "Just an hour or two ago I was saying that nobody ever orders a triple martini any more."

As he was churning up the drink, a nice-looking young woman dashed up to the bar and asked for a triple martini. The bartender and the gentleman customer looked at each other in amazement. They could scarcely wait before beginning their explanation that these happenings really constituted a coincidence and that they had just that minute been discussing it.

"Well," said the young lady, "I am celebrating a very special event. My husband and I have been married for nine years and we have wanted children very badly. Just today I have learned that I am pregnant."

Then the man spoke up, explaining that he also was celebrating a very special event. "I have been breeding fancy chickens for years, trying to produce a blue-eyed hen, and just today I have learned that I have been successful."

"How do you account for your success?" asked the young lady. He replied most casually, "Just changed cocks."

"Well," said the young woman, "that really makes it a coincidence!"

The last question:

OSHO,

AN INDIAN AUTHOR HAS WRITTEN THAT "BHAGWAN RAJNEESH NEED NOT BE CRUCIFIED NOR GLORIFIED, ONLY IGNORED "SHE SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN THIS HINT FROM YOUR REPEATED STATEMENTS THAT YOUR CRITICS DO THE WORK OF PROPAGATING YOUR VISION.

OSHO, WHAT YOU SPEAK IS TRUTH AND NOTHING ELSE BUT TRUTH. TRUTH IS GLORIFIED BY THOSE WHO ARE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND IT OR CRUCIFIED BY FOOLS, BUT CAN IT EVER BE IGNORED?

YOGA MANIK

These are the three steps. The first step is to ignore the truth. If it does not succeed, the second step is to crucify it. If even that does not succeed, then the third step is to glorify it.

Jesus was ignored first as just a crazy young man, but they could not ignore him long enough, because truth cannot be ignored.

You are right, Yoga Manik: truth cannot be ignored. You can try, but you are bound to

fail. Truth is very persistent, truth goes on shattering your lies. How can you ignore it? It goes on pulling the very earth underneath your feet. How can you ignore it? It goes on sabotaging your very world, your society, your church, your state, all your consolations, securities safeties -- truth goes on cutting them. Truth is a sword and it cuts things mercilessly. You cannot ignore it long enough -- yes, in the beginning you can try...

When you cannot ignore then comes the second step -- then crucify it. But the moment you crucify truth you have accepted defeat. You have accepted that, "It cannot be ignored so we have to remove it, we have to destroy it, we have to kill it." But truth cannot be killed either; if you kill it, it resurrects.

That's the whole meaning in the story of Jesus' resurrection. It is not historical; it does not say anything about Jesus the person, it simply says about the *truth* that was contained in Jesus. Jesus is only a container, a vehicle. Jesus was crucified... and there is no resurrection of the body, the body dies. The body is part of matter, it cannot resurrect. But truth cannot be killed, truth is eternal. In fact, the day they crucified Jesus they accepted their defeat.

And whenever you crucify truth, later on you start feeling that you have done something wrong, something utterly wrong. You start feeling guilty -- hence the Christianity. Then glorification comes in, then you have to compensate. It is the law of simple compensation: you have crucified Jesus, now you feel guilty that you have done something utterly wrong. You have crucified an innocent man for no reason at all. His only crime was that he was telling truth, his only crime was that he was trying to help you towards truth -- and it is not a crime.

But people realize things only very slowly. They are lazy in recognizing, very lousy in seeing things. They are always late, they always miss the train. When the train has left the platform they come running, but then the platform is empty, the train has left. And they know they could have come a little earlier, they know that it is their responsibility that they did not recognize; on the contrary, they destroyed. Now they feel guilty and out of guilt they glorify.

Yoga Manik, you are absolutely right about one thing -- that truth cannot be ignored -- but about its glorification you are not right.

You say: TRUTH IS GLORIFIED BY THOSE WHO ARE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND IT.

No. Truth is glorified by the same people who first ignore it, then crucify it, then glorify it. The Christians and the people who crucified Jesus are not different people, remember it. They are the *same* people, exactly the same people -- reincarnations of the same fools! First they crucified, now they are glorifying -- they are compensating. Of course, the same people will compensate -- why anybody else should compensate?

I don't glorify Jesus. I never ignored him in the first place, I never crucified him in the second place, why should I glorify him? I love him! Glorification is not love, it is compensation. It is just trying to cover up your guilt. The people who understand love, they don't glorify.

My sannyasins don't glorify me, they love me. They love me totally, but there is no glorification. Love knows nothing of glorification -- it is hate that glorifies. It is a little difficult to understand because ordinarily we think the people who are glorifying Mahavira are the lovers of Mahavira, and the people who are glorifying Buddha are the lovers of Buddha. That is not so. These are the same people who first tried to ignore, then tried to kill, and now they are glorifying. The people who understood, loved at the first sight!

When you see the truth, if you have eyes to see and ears to hear, if you have a heart to feel, immediately you fall in love. It is instant! There is no way of going back. And love is not a glorification. Love is a meeting, a merger, a melting. The disciple becomes one with the Master, attuned, in a deep accord. His heart beats in the same rhythm, he breathes in the same rhythm. He forgets who is the Master and who is the disciple. The oneness becomes so absolute, how can he glorify? There is no separation! For glorification you have to be separate.

You say, Yoga Manik: Truth is GLORIFIED BY THOSE WHO ARE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND IT.

No. Those who are able to understand it simply love it.

And you say: IT IS CRUCIFIED BY FOOLS.

That too is not true. It is crucified by learned people, not by fools. It is crucified by the rabbis, by the pundits, by the *ayatollahs*, by the *imams*, by the *shankaracharyas*; it is not crucified by the fools. In fact, the fool is simple, he cannot crucify. The fool is childlike, he is not so cunning, And the fool is not afraid of the truth -- why he should crucify? It is the learned person whose learning is at stake, whose scholarship is at risk, whose priesthood is in danger...

Truth is crucified by the knowledgeable, not by the fools. The fools know that they know not, so how they can say what is right and what is wrong? The fool has more potential to understand Jesus than the rabbi.

In fact, you can see it: the twelve apostles of Jesus are all fools in a way -- simple people, uneducated, fishermen, woodcutters, farmers, gardeners, simple people. Not a single rabbi! And the people who crucified are all rabbis; the people who crucified are the priests. The highest priest of the temple of the Jews, he is the cause of crucifixion. The Roman governor-general, Pontius Pilate, is a learned man, very scholarly, well-educated. Pontius Pilate and the high priest of the great temple of Jerusalem, these two persons conspired to crucify Jesus. His followers are simple people, very simple people. You can call them fools, they are so innocent.

Truth is loved by those who understand; truth is crucified by those whose vested interests are in difficulty. And there are many people who are living on lies. They exploit, they thrive on comfortable lies; they manufacture more and more comfortable lies for people. They supply whatsoever people demand. They are the persons who crucify, and surprisingly, they are the same people -- the same rabbis and the same governor-generals -- who will become the people finally to worship, to glorify.

It is a strange coincidence that Jesus was killed by a Roman governor, and finally Rome became his citadel, Vatican became the capital of the Catholic church. The Romans, the Italians, became the most deeply Catholic -- and they were the cause, their forefathers had crucified! It is strange that Rome will become the citadel of Christianity.

And Jews, who had conspired in crucifixion, they turned into Christians -- who else? In the beginning it was the Jews who turned into Christians, then the Romans, and then the disease started spreading; then it became contagious.

Truth cannot be ignored, Yoga Manik, about that you are absolutely true. And this woman writer who says, "Bhagwan Rajneesh need not be crucified nor glorified, only

ignored," is simply saying that "Start the process." But it is a strange way of ignoring me -- by writing an article. This is real ignorance, authentic ignorance -- by writing an article! The article has not yet appeared, just the advertisement I have seen. The article is going to appear in March. These are the words from the advertisement.

And the advertisement also says that the article will be well-illustrated with colored pictures. Great way of ignoring me! Go on this way ignoring me as much as you can -- you are on the right track! Crucifixion will come later on, but first illustration, colored pictures! I love the idea -- a good beginning! And finally it will end, remember, in glorification, and I will not be responsible for it.

If you understand me there is no need to glorify, but then you have to stop the process from the very beginning, you have to destroy the seed. Don't ignore me, otherwise glorification is *bound* to happen! It is a logical consequence, it is inevitable.

The woman comes often to the ashram. Not only that she comes, she brings many people to the ashram. Really ignoring me! She is a famous journalist, so not only she brings journalists, she brings very important people, visitors from all over the world. She lives in Bombay and she is a well-known journalist, so she comes in contact with western novelists, poets, musicians, other creative people, and she brings them here. This is good!

And she writes also... few other articles she has written. And I say, with my blessings go on, go on ignoring me! Of course she must be thinking that she is doing a great job. People have their own understanding...

An old farmer asked a lawyer to help him get a divorce.

"Do you have grounds?" asked the lawyer.

"Sure do, son. I got me five acres up in them hills."

"Does she beat you up?" asked the lawyer.

"Sure does. She gets up at five and I get up at six."

The lawyer persisted, "Is she a nagger?"

"Of course not, son. She is a little old white woman."

This is what goes on between Jesus Christ and the people who ignore him and crucify him and glorify him, and this is what is going on between me and the people who want to ignore me and will crucify me and will glorify me.

A Chinese laundryman in Santa Barbara opened a savings account in one of the city's leading banks and went faithfully every week to deposit his profits.

After some months he had accumulated a very substantial amount so he decided to close the account. He arrived at the bank teller's window and announced that he wanted to withdraw all his money.

The young teller was taken by surprise so he asked him if something had gone wrong. The Chinaman explained very carefully that he was going to get married and go on his honeymoon.

Then the teller said, "Just take what you need for your immediate requirements."

When the man insisted on closing the account, the teller summoned the manager who tried to influence the man into changing his mind. He explained to him two or three times that if he took out all his money he would lose the interest. But the laundryman was not to be talked out of his plan and he finally walked out of the bank with all he had on deposit.

A few weeks later the bank manager chanced upon the laundryman in the street. After a

most casual greeting the manager asked about the honeymoon and the married life.

The fellow had only this to say: "No good. Honeymoon and married life just like banking: put in, take out, lose interest!"

The Wild Geese and the Water

Chapter #8

Chapter title: When Ignorance Becomes Luminous

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The first question:

OSHO,
WHAT MADE A LOVING DISCIPLE LIKE PETER, WHO STARTED FROM
INNOCENCE, TURN INTO THE CUNNING FIRST POPE AND BECOME THE
FOUNDER OF CHRISTIANITY?
IS IT POSSIBLE TO LOSE ONE'S INNOCENCE ONCE THE LOVE RELATIONSHIP
WITH THE MASTER IS ESTABLISHED?
ANAND NADO,

THERE ARE MANY THINGS to be understood. The first is: the love between the Master and the disciple is not a relationship. In a relationship the two remain two, in a relationship the egos are not dissolved. A relationship simply is a relationship between two egos. The love between the Master and the disciple is a non-relationship in that sense, because there are no egos involved in it, there is nobody to relate.

The Master is already a zero, a nothingness, a tremendous emptiness, pure space. And the disciple, slowly slowly coming closer to this nothingness, starts disappearing, evaporating. A moment comes when these two spaces are not two any more. They have lost their boundaries, just like a dewdrop slipping from a lotus leaf into the lake. Will you call it a relationship between the dewdrop and the lake? It cannot be called a relationship because the dewdrop has become the lake, the lake has become the dewdrop.

One of the great mystics, Kabir says:

HERAT HERAT HE SAKHI, RAHA KABIR HERAI --

I was searching and searching and searching, and a miracle happened: the searcher disappeared, and that was the moment -- when there was no seeker, no searcher -- that it was found.

It is a far more profound and pregnant statement than Jesus' statement: Seek and ye shall find, ask and it shall be given unto you, knock and the doors shall be thrown open to you.

That is very primary.

Kabir's statement that "I was seeking and seeking, but because I was there as a seeker I was not finding it... I was the problem -- not that it was far away, not that it was arduous. It was just in front of me! It was all around, it was everywhere. There was no need to seek and search, but because my eyes were closed by my ego -- the seeker itself was the hindrance -- that's why I was not finding it. But a moment came when the seeker evaporated and it was there, in all its beauty and benediction."

There is another beautiful story about one strange mystic woman, Rabiya al Adaviya. She used to pass from the marketplace every day just to purchase some vegetables, some fruits for herself. Just in the middle of the marketplace was the mosque. She never went in, she never used to visit the mosque, she never participated in any kind of religious ritual, but she always saw a man who later on became a great friend and disciple of Rabiya -- his name was Hasan -- praying in front of the mosque every day, a very heartfelt prayer, tears rolling down from his eyes, hands raised towards the sky, and he was calling just like a lost small child for the mother. And always he was saying only one thing: "Open thy doors! How long you are going not to take any note of me? I am crying, I am calling! I am dying without you! I cannot live without you! Open thy doors!" Perhaps he was following Jesus' advice: Knock and the doors shall be opened unto you.

Again and again Rabiya has heard this man Hasan crying, weeping, shouting. One day she came behind him, hit him on the head. Perhaps Hasan thought that God has come, but what kind of coming? -- from the behind and hitting on the head? And he looked, and this strange woman was there. And he knew about this strange woman -- everybody was aware of her strange ways.

And she shouted at Hasan and said, "Stop all this nonsense! The doors are always open. But you are a fool! You don't look at the open doors, you simply go on calling, 'Open the doors!' How he can open when the doors are already open? Just look!"

And it was a transformation. For half a moment Hasan was shocked. And sometimes the shock can become an opening, because when you are shocked your thinking stops. For a moment he forgot all his prayer, all his search. For a moment he was at a loss what to say.

And that very moment Rabiya laughed and said, "Do you see? It is already open! There is no need to cry and call for God to open it. He has never closed it."

Since then Hasan was not seen on the mosque door. Since then he disappeared in the communion of Rabiya. Finally he became a great mystic, a realized soul, a Buddha himself.

Lao Tzu also says: Seek and ye shall never find it; do not seek and right now you have found it.

Seeking implies the seeker, and the seeker is the ego, and the ego is the only barrier; the ego can never become the bridge.

Hence I say to you, the love that exists between a Master and a disciple is not a friendship, it is dissolution of all relationships. It is a totally different phenomenon. It is not part of the world of your so-called relationships: husband and wife, mother and child, brother and sister. You cannot reduce it to any definition, any defined relationship; it is a very diffused phenomenon.

It is like two candles burning in a room: their light will become one. You will not be able to draw a line, you will not be able to separate the two lights, you will not be able to say which light belongs to which candle. And in the love of a Master and the disciple they are not

even two candles either. The light is there, penetrating each other; there are no candles either. It is simply an orgasmic merger of two lights.

Hence, the first thing to be remembered: it is not a relationship, so how it can be established? That word "established" is ugly. Anything established becomes dead; anything established means now there is no opening, no growth possible; things have settled.

With a true Master things are never settled. It is always a beautiful chaos! The moment the disciple wants to settle, the Master immediately unsettles. The Master is always on the move... the new commune! And remember, even in the new commune I will go on talking about another new commune -- it is not going to stop. We are not going to stop anywhere! So don't think even for a single moment that once the new commune is established you will be relieved, you will take a deep sigh of relief: "Finally it has happened!" No, with a real Master, anything finally is not possible, nothing happens finally. It is always happening, it goes on happening. It is a constant process. It is not an event, it is a process, it is a movement, so nothing is ever established.

The disciple would *like* it, hence the question of Anand Nado. The desire of the disciple is to come to a settlement, to an established relationship, as soon as possible, but the Master cannot allow it. The moment things are settled you are dead. And the communion that transpires between the Master and the disciple is *always* a growth. But our minds work in a totally different way, and it is not a mind phenomenon, what transpires between the disciple and the Master, it is a no-mind phenomenon. The mind always wants establishment.

When Werner Erhard first started his EST it was E.S.T. -- Erhard Seminars Training, that was its name. Soon he found that "est" has a beautiful meaning; it is a root word, it means "is", "isness", "existence". So he dropped E.S.T. and made it EST. Now I would suggest him that drop that meaning also. Now it is simply the short form for "establishment"; it has nothing to do with existence but with establishment.

He has been here. When he comes in the second round I am going to tell him that, "Now make it clear that it is just a short form of establishment. Now it is no more in any way rebellious; it is functioning in the service of the establishment."

Hence the way the EST training happens in California is totally different than the way it happens in Bombay and Delhi. In Bombay it happens according to Indian culture, Indian religion, Indian values. If it happens exactly like it happens in California, the Hindus will be outraged. This is a compromise.

Any revolutionary cannot be ready for any compromise whatsoever, whatsoever the consequences. Compromising with each society, with each pattern, simply means you are now more interested in business, less interested in revolution. That is the way of the mind: the mind always hankers for establishment.

And remember, the mysterious experience that happens between the Master and the disciple is never a mind phenomenon, hence there is no possibility of its ever becoming established. The Master won't allow it. If the Master allows it, the Master is not a Master at all; he is only a teacher of a certain tradition -- Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Jewish -- but he is not a Master.

A Master belongs to no tradition. A Master is basically a rebel. A Master is non-compromising. A Master is ready to be crucified rather than to be crowned. He will not compromise on any grounds. The teacher simply functions as an agent of the past, and because he functions for the establishment you can have an established relationship with a teacher. With a rabbi, with a priest, with an *imam* you can have an established relationship, but never with a Master.

The Master is always pushing you into the unknown; he never leaves you for a single moment to settle in the known. The known has to be constantly renounced for the unknown. And finally, when you have become courageous enough to move from the known to the unknown without the Master's push, on your own accord, then he pushes you from the unknown to the unknowable.

These are the two steps of this eternal pilgrimage: from the known to the unknown and from the unknown to the unknowable. The moment you take the plunge into the unknowable you disappear. Then only God is or godliness is. The Master is no more found, the disciple is no more found, but godliness -- just a fragrance, a fragrance which is of the beyond.

Anand Nado, you ask: WHAT MADE A LOVING DISCIPLE LIKE PETER, WHO STARTED FROM INNOCENCE, TURN INTO THE CUNNING FIRST POPE AND BECOME THE FOUNDER OF CHRISTIANITY?

Now the second thing has to be understood. That is, ignorance and innocence look very similar, and something is also overlapping between them, something is a common ground also. The ignorant has a certain innocence; he is not as cunning as the knowledgeable.

Knowledge basically is cunning. It is an effort to steal the secrets of existence, it is a detective work. You are spying on existence, you are trying to find out how to control existence. Knowledge is power in that sense, because it makes you capable to know of certain secrets, and the moment you know the secret you become powerful. Knowledge is basically a power trip. And Lord Bacon is right when he says knowledge is power -- the very search is for power.

Hence the ignorant is more innocent than the knowledgeable, but his innocence is going to be lost, it is *bound* to be lost, it is inevitable that it will be lost, because it is unearned. The ignorant person and his innocence are not equivalent to the innocence of a Buddha. Each child is born ignorant and innocent, but each child will have to become corrupted, and the greatest corruption happens through knowledge.

Just the other day I was reading one article against me. The writer seems to be a historian and he says that "Rajneesh's knowledge of history is zero." That's absolutely true. Not only my knowledge of history is zero, as far as knowledge is concerned -- it may be history, geography, chemistry, physics, and there are at least three hundred fifty subjects -- I am zero about all.

Zero is only my possession, my only treasure, because to me to be zero is the uttermost of innocence. But it has to be earned. Who cares about your history, all that rubbish? I don't have any time for all that rubbish. I can *make* history, why should I *know* history? For what? I am making history! There are only two types of people: those who make history and those who read history.

I am certainly absolutely ignorant about history, I am ignorant about all directions of knowledge, all dimensions of knowledge. I know only one thing: I am acquainted with my innermost core -- but that is not knowledge. That is knowing, that is wisdom, that is Buddhahood.

Each child is born ignorant, and of course his ignorance has a certain quality of innocence, but that is natural; he will lose it. He will become interested in thousand and one things -- history and geography and chemistry and physics and mathematics and whatnot -- he will become interested. His ignorance also has great curiosity; that curiosity will lead him towards knowledge. He would like to know.

You can see, each child asks thousands of questions, he goes on asking; you cannot stop his asking. He is very curious, he wants to know, because somewhere deep down that longing to be powerful is hidden. He can see his father is powerful because he knows more, the teacher is powerful because he knows more. The people who know more are powerful; the priest is powerful because he knows more. And if he wants to be powerful some day he has to accumulate knowledge.

Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely -- and knowledge gives you great power. The more knowledgeable you become the more power you have.

And the child is interested in becoming powerful. He will create power through knowledge, he will create his ego through power -- these are natural phenomena -- and he will lose his innocence which was part of his ignorance.

There is a totally different kind of innocence which happens only to the awakened ones. Certainly their innocence also has something of ignorance in it. Dionysius calls it "luminous ignorance", and he is right. You can see it: a knowledgeable person has no luminosity in him. He has gathered many facts, much information, he is well-informed, but all that information gathers like dust on him; he is loaded with it. He is a donkey carrying scriptures, great scriptures -- the Bible, the Koran, the Talmud, the Gita, the Vedas -- but a donkey is a donkey. He can carry beautiful scriptures, but deep down he remains the same.

Knowledge never dispels ignorance, it only covers it up. It gives you a facade, it gives you a mask, it gives you pretensions -- knowledgeable people are very pretentious -- it makes you hypocrites. But if you dig deep there is ignorance, the same old ignorance, and that ignorance goes on goading you to accumulate more knowledge, more knowledge, more knowledge. There is no end to that "more", because deep down you know there is still ignorance; in fact, it is uncoverable. You can cover it from one side and the other side will remain uncovered, you cover it from that side and you will discover another territory which is still uncovered. Ignorance is as infinite as wisdom, and knowledge is finite. So the finite cannot cover the infinite, only the infinite can dispel the infinite.

You can paint the outside -- it will be just like a whitewashed grave. You can put roses on the grave, you can burn candles and incense on the grave, but that does not make the person alive. The dead inside the grave is still dead; the whitewash on the grave does not help in any way. All knowledge is just a whitewash; ignorance remains intact.

When somebody goes deep into meditation, when somebody moves deeper towards his innermost core, when somebody becomes absolutely silent and aware, then a light explodes inside. It is just like atomic explosion -- not destructive -- great creativity is born out of it, great life, abundant life is born out of it. And then your ignorance becomes luminous.

And when ignorance is luminous, when darkness is luminous, darkness is not there at all. How can darkness be luminous? And when through meditation, awareness, witnessing one's own being, a person comes to understand, to see, to have eyes, his ignorance is dissolved but his innocence is saved. This is *earned* innocence.

You cannot lose the earned innocence, but you are bound to lose the unearned. It is part of life's game that everything that you have got from nature will be lost and you will have to reclaim it. Only when you reclaim it, it will be yours, and it will be yours forever.

Anand Nado, you ask me: WHAT MADE A LOVING DISCIPLE LIKE PETER, WHO STARTED FROM INNOCENCE...?

He started from ignorance, not from innocence. Of course, a part of ignorance is innocent,

but it is unearned. Peter has not earned it; he was not enlightened, he was not awakened. It is so clear.

Jesus is one of the most unfortunate Masters in the whole history of humanity: he could not help any of his disciples to become enlightened. It is not his fault, just he was working in adverse conditions. The Judaic tradition has known prophets, it has never known Buddhas, and a Buddha and a prophet are basically different. The Buddha is also rebellious, the prophet is also rebellious, but the prophet's rebellion is more political than religious, than spiritual. The Buddha's rebellion is spiritual; you cannot call Buddha a prophet.

Judaic tradition and the two offshoots of Judaic tradition, Christianity and Islam, all have prophets, hence politics remained part of religion. The church was powerful in both the ways, spiritually and politically. The high priest of the Jews was in both ways powerful, politically and spiritually. Mohammed, the Mohammedan prophet, fought his whole life hundreds of wars, always with a sword in his hand. You cannot conceive Buddha having a sword in his hand and fighting wars. This is something special to Judaic tradition: the prophet. Nothing like a prophet has happened in the East; East has a totally different dimension.

The Buddha is only a simple, innocent, silent, peaceful, enlightened being. He shares his being and if people are ready to share, if people are ready to become attuned with his being, they will become enlightened.

Jesus was working in a very adverse condition. He came to the East, he lived in Egypt, in India, in Tibet. For eighteen years he worked in the East, particularly in Buddhist monasteries. His whole message is a synthesis between Buddhist message and the Judaic tradition, so he is a cross between the prophet and the Buddha, and that created trouble.

He talks the language of the old prophets of the Old Testament; that language is political. For example, "the kingdom of God" Buddha has never used such expression, Mahavira has never used such expression, Lao Tzu has never used such expression. It was impossible. "The kingdom of God" -- it stinks of politics! Jesus had to speak the language that Jews could understand. He was born a Jew, he lived a Jew, he died a Jew. That was the only language Jews would have understood -- and that was the only language that they misunderstood too. If he had spoken just like a Buddha he would not have been crucified because Jews would not have bothered much, but once he started talking about the kingdom of God, and "the day of judgment is very near, close at hand:" he created much political fever -- unknowingly, or unintentionally.

His message is purely that of Buddha: the message consists of awareness. He shouts again and again, "Beware!" And remember, the word "beware" consists of two words: "be aware". He says again and again, "Remain awake!" but he has to translate it into Jewish metaphors.

And the people who gathered around him had gathered around him thinking that he is a prophet -- Peter and others. They had not come to him thinking him as an enlightened person. There was not even a word for the enlightened person in the Aramaic or the Hebrew; there is no equivalent word for Buddha in the Judaic tradition. Hence the people came to him thinking him as one of the prophets declared by the Old Testament who will come one day to deliver you. Now, this is absolutely anti-Buddha, this whole approach.

Buddha says nobody can deliver you. You have created the mess, you have to sort it out. Nobody has created it, so nobody can deliver you either. Your bondage is created by you, so only you can come out of it. Hence his last statement on the earth was: Be a light unto yourself. This is a totally different dimension: Be a light unto yourself. The Buddhas only show the way, but you have to work upon your being; you have to work hard to discover your innermost core.

But the Jewish tradition was that a prophet comes and delivers you, and they were waiting -- they are still waiting... Jesus tried just to become relevant to the Jewish context, that "I am the person you have been waiting for." This is only a device, this is a pure lie -- of course pure, because a man like Jesus never uses anything impure! This is unadulterated lie, but he had to do it, otherwise in the Jewish context there was no possibility of his being ever heard by anybody. He has to say that he belongs to the family of David, that he is the one prophesied by the Old Testament, that "You have been waiting for me."

This worked in two ways. Few ignorant people gathered around him thinking, "He is the prophet and he has come to deliver us." Peter belongs to those ignorant few. All those twelve apostles, except one -- Judas -- all were ignorant, uneducated people. Only Judas was a little educated, little sophisticated, hence he was never so much surrendered as the others -- obviously. He could find many things in Jesus' statements as wrong -- he was knowledgeable. He was trying to improve upon Jesus, he was continuously advising him, "Do this, don't do that. This is not right, this should not be done, this will be a wrong precedent."

A woman came -- Mary Magdalene came -- and poured very precious oil, perfume, on Jesus' feet. Judas said to Jesus, "Stop this woman! This perfume is so costly that we can feed the whole village for three days. And people are poor -- why waste such a precious thing? We can sell it and the poor can be fed."

Now this looks very relevant and logical, rational -- socialist, communist, democratic: serve the poor!

But Jesus says, "The poor will be always there, don't be worried. You can serve them later on. Right now, while the bridegroom is with you, rejoice!"

Judas was not convinced. All other eleven apostles were convinced, except Judas. Reluctantly he kept silent, but deep down there was doubt. And you have to forgive Judas -- if you were in his place you would have also doubted. He was the only knowledgeable person; knowledge brings doubts. All others were ignorant; they simply were faithful.

But this faithfulness was not of luminous ignorance, it was not of enlightened innocence. It was just of those people who don't know how to argue, how to doubt, who have never used their minds -- farmers, fishermen, woodcutters, carpenters -- very down-to-earth, but nothing to do with the head; heartfelt, but as unconscious as those who live in the heads.

That is the reason why Peter could turn into a cunning pope, the first pope. He was ignorant, but he believed, and whenever an ignorant person becomes a believer he becomes a fanatic. He cannot doubt, he cannot allow anybody else to doubt; and he knows only one way, and that is belief. He has not experienced; he simply believes that what Jesus says is true, has to be true because it is said by Jesus: "And Jesus is the prophet we have been waiting for. He has come to deliver humanity."

One thing is certain: that humanity is not yet delivered. Two thousand years have passed, the misery is the same, in fact it has grown far deeper. Man is more miserable than ever, more in anxiety and anguish than ever, feeling more meaningless than ever, standing just on the verge to commit a global suicide. And two thousand years have passed, and Jesus was saying, "The kingdom of God is just to happen..." He was saying, "In our lives you will see the judgment day," and it has not happened yet. Two thousand years have passed . . .

Those ignorant people believed and the knowledgeable people doubted. Remember, this is how it works: the ignorant believe and the knowledgeable doubt. Doubt and belief are not very different.

When you are innocent -- innocent not just like a child but innocent like a sage, innocent through meditation, innocent through a rebirth, a resurrection, innocent because you have

reached to your center, you are grounded there -- then you neither believe nor doubt. Doubt and belief are two sides of the same coin. Doubt comes from the head, belief comes from the heart, but they are two sides of the same coin. One is rational, another is emotional, but both are bondages.

The enlightened person goes beyond the head and the heart both; he reaches to his being. He lives from being -- he lives from that awareness which is beyond the heart and the head, beyond reason, beyond emotion. His insight is clear, unclouded. He never believes, he never doubts; he simply knows, he understands.

Peter could become the first pope, could become the founder of Christianity, because his innocence is not an earned innocence.

The colored parson of a little church in Mississippi stood before his congregation and asked the head usher to come forward. Holding his nose with displeasure, he gave some instructions, saying "Please go through the church and see if some stray dog done stole in, stooled, and then stole out again."

The usher immediately began his inspection, and after some minutes came back to the pulpit and made his report. "No sir, Mr. Parson:" he said. "I don't see where some stray dog done stole in, stooled, and stole out again. But I does see some very positive signs where some creeping cat crept in, crapped, and crept out again."

This type of ignorant people had gathered around Jesus -- they created Christianity. It is the most ignorant religion on the earth; its whole tradition is ignorant.

A truck driver was trying to change a tire along the side of a busy road. He hammered away with all his might, cursing with each unrewarding blow, until the village parson who was passing that way decided to go to his aid. He finally quieted the driver and proceeded to give him a little lecture about the necessity of offering a prayer instead of curses when confronted with trouble.

Finally the truck driver said that he was willing to try anything just to get the tire off the wheel, so they both kneeled beside the truck and prayed. When the driver went back to work, resuming his hammering with great force, the tire almost leaped off the wheel to the roadside.

The parson in his amazement just shouted, "Well, I'm a son of a bitch!"

You can be just on the surface something else and deep down just the opposite of it.

Peter is faithful but utterly ignorant, hence the Christianity that has come into being through Peter and his successors... and now it has fallen to the rock bottom -- now a Polack pope! It cannot go further below -- there is no further below. Peter has ended up with a Polack pope! The whole succession of these popes is basically ignorant; not even a single pope has been an enlightened man. Of course they are chosen by votes; it is a political phenomenon. A certain college of bishops chooses the popes -- no Master has ever been chosen. Who can choose a Master? A Master has to declare himself; he has to declare himself as the sun declares in the morning... The Polack pope! In India also we have Polack popes!

Mahatma Gandhi had a statue with him always on his table; he loved that statue. Somebody has presented him; it was an ancient Chinese and Japanese symbol: three monkeys. One monkey tightly closing his eyes; the way he is holding his hands and covering his eyes shows definitely that he wants to see. The very tightness, the forced effort to keep his eyes closed... he is afraid -- just a little opportunity and he will see. The old metaphor is that

don't see anything evil.

But it is a beautiful statue. It is beautiful because it was carved by Taoists, by the followers of Lao Tzu, and they have made it very clear that if you repress something the deep desire will be to do the against. So both are there: the monkey is repressing his desire to see and yet you can see on his face a tremendous desire to look at what is happening. The other monkey is closing his ears -- forcibly -- not to hear anything evil. The third monkey is forcing his hands upon his mouth not to say anything evil.

When I went to see Mahatma Gandhi's ashram and I saw this statue, the man who was showing me around, Mahatma Gandhi's son, Ramdas... I told him -- Mahatma Gandhi was dead by that time -- I told his son that "One statue is missing. Originally the Taoist statues were four."

He said, "Nobody said it, nobody ever mentioned."

I said "Either the fourth monkey has escaped -- every possibility -- or Gandhi must have cut the fourth monkey: it will not suit in the Indian context. The fourth monkey was very representative of the Indian mind: he was holding his genitals tightly -- repressed -- *brahmacharya*, celibacy.

After that. when I saw Morarji Desai, I immediately recognized -- this is the fourth monkey! I told him, "You are the fourth!" He thought I am talking about the *turiya*, the fourth state of consciousness; he was very happy. And the people who had gone with me to see him, they could not believe, because I always joke about him and I am telling him, "You have reached the fourth. you are the fourth."

He came to see me off outside his bungalow -- he was very happy, immensely happy. The moment he left me, the people who had come with me, they asked, "You said to him that 'you are the fourth'?" I then told them the whole story, that "This is the fourth monkey! Don't misunderstand by *turiya* the fourth state of consciousness; that has nothing to do with it. This man escaped!"

The fourth monkey is really significant, but if you see the fourth monkey you will see a really religious person -- tightly repressing himself in every possible way. Now, these four monkeys are not really four; these are four faces of one monkey -- one religious monkey. Of course you don't have eight hands so they had to make four statues, but a religious person has to do this miracle. He has to keep his eyes closed, ears closed, his mouth closed, his genitals closed -- everything closed. He has to live a dead life. This is how the Christians for two thousand years have lived -- a repressed life.

In the West what is happening now is just the movement of the pendulum to the other extreme: indulgence. It is a byproduct of Christianity; the people who are responsible are from Peter to Polack the pope. These are the people who have created the whole indulgence of the West. The prostitutes the *playboys*, the Hollywood, everything that is ugly in the West, the real founders of it are from Peter to Polack the pope. These are the responsible criminals! It is bound to happen: if you repress something sooner or later some intelligent generation will revolt against it. And this is a far more intelligent age in that way; man has become more mature.

One Saturday morning at Cape Kennedy, a young mechanic went to the headquarters of one of the scientists to repair a radio. While he was working he spotted a whiskey bottle on a shelf. As he was alone in the room he just reached up and took a big swig out of the bottle. When he had completed his repair job he took another big drink but before he replaced the bottle he decided to see what kind of whiskey he had been so generously snitching.

He examined the bottle carefully and nearly collapsed when he read "Missile Fluid" on the inscribed label. Panic-stricken, he rushed home and called his family doctor on the phone, reporting that he had just drunk missile fluid by mistake.

The doctor was very puzzled by the situation, and after assuring the mechanic that he had never heard of a similar case, advised the fellow to go right to bed and to remain there, but to phone him again promptly if there were any developments.

About an hour later the doctor's phone rang and the mechanic was on the line. The doctor asked if there had been any repercussions.

"Yes," said the mechanic, "I farted twice!"

"Don't bother me with such trivial matters," cautioned the doctor.

"But, doctor," said the mechanic, "you don't understand, I'm calling from Shanghai!"

The fools can believe anything! Now he has drunk something that he thinks is going to create trouble -- the missile fluid. Of course, then two farts are enough and you will reach to Shanghai!

The people who had gathered around Jesus were very ordinary fools. I am sorry to say that, but what can I do? When I see a fool I have to call him a fool. Jesus was between two kinds of people: on the one side were his followers who were just fools, and on the other side were the rabbis, the knowledgeable. He was crushed between these two.

Jesus has been crucified twice: one by the knowledgeable, the rabbis -- and that was of a short duration -- and the other crucifixion has continued for two thousand years -- now the Polack pope is doing it. It will go on and on. Jesus was misunderstood by the knowledgeable, he was misunderstood by the ignorant, because both can only misunderstand.

Understanding is possible only through meditation, and nothing like meditation has existed in the Judaic tradition, at least not up to the time of Jesus. Only later on, when Hassidism came into existence, meditation started entering into the Judaic tradition.

Up to Mohammed nothing like meditation has existed in Mohammedanism, in the Arabic world. It was only later on when the Sufis developed mystery schools that meditation entered there.

Meditation is the contribution of the East to the whole world. Wherever you will find it, it has reached there in some way or other, directly or indirectly, from the East. The West has only known prayer, not meditation at all, and prayer is not transformation. It is only meditation which is the alchemy of inner transformation, which changes your darkness into light, which changes your ignorance into innocence which changes your whole vision.

The last question:

OSHO,
TO BE SERIOUS IS NOT TO BE ALIVE. THERE IS MUCH PAIN IN ME, AND A DEEP
LAUGHTER IS SO HELPFUL.

DEVA MONICA,

To be serious is not only not to be alive, it is worse than death. Have you ever seen a dead person serious? Impossible! Seriousness is worse than death. Laughter is life, is love, is light. Laughter in its purest form is a dance of all your energies.

In a real deep laughter the mind disappears. It is not a part of mind or of the heart. When

a real laughter happens -- a belly laughter, as it is called -- then it comes from your very core; from your very center ripples start spreading towards your circumference. Just as you throw a rock into a silent lake and ripples arise and they start moving towards the source, in the same way real laughter arises from your center and moves towards your circumference. It is almost like an earthquake! Each single cell of your body, each fiber dances in tune.

Laughter has never been used as a meditation. I may be the first person who is using laughter as a meditation. Jokes have never been used as part of a spiritual transformation -- I may be the first person! -- but they *can* be used; they are tremendously refreshing.

You say: THERE IS MUCH PAIN IN ME, AND A DEEP LAUGHTER IS SO HELPFUL.

Then I will tell you few jokes!

To celebrate their golden wedding anniversary a couple decided to go back to the hotel in the Mediterranean area where they had spent their honeymoon. They got the same room that they had occupied and tried in every way to relive their first great matrimonial experience. At breakfast the next morning the wife had this to say: "Fifty years ago, when we had finished the wonderful wedding dinner, we came up here to prepare for bed. Being bashful and sort of nervous, you went into the bathroom and undressed. I was terribly excited, and when you came out naked I exclaimed over and over again that you looked exactly like a Greek god! Well, I hate to tell you this, but last night when you came out of the bathroom naked you looked just like a goddamned Greek!"

Morarji Desai dies and goes to hell. The devil ushers him in, and Morarji is very surprised. Instead of the eternal fires he had always expected there is only a big pool full of shit.

The devil explains, "The more evil you were on earth, the more you are covered with shit here."

And, indeed, Morarji looks around and sees many former friends and colleagues. One scene catches his eye: in a far corner there is a short, black-haired man who has a tiny moustache and whose right arm is raised to the sky in salute, and the shit only comes up to his ankles.

Morarji calls to the devil and asks, "What about this man? He was very evil on earth. Why is he only covered in shit up to his ankles?"

The devil shouts, "Adolf, when will you learn to stand on your own feet instead of always standing on the pope's head?"

The Wild Geese and the Water

Chapter #9

Chapter title: Bon Voyage Baby!

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The first question:

OSHO,

A FEW MONTHS AGO IN THE WEST I READ A BOOK BY LAMA TRUNGPA, ENTITLED "CUTTING THROUGH SPIRITUAL MATERIALISM", AND I GOT THE IMPRESSION THAT EVERYTHING THAT COULD BE DONE WRONG, I WAS DOING. THEN I TRIED TO BE MORE ALERT, BUT BY VOIDING ONE PITFALL I WAS CONSTANTLY STEPPING INTO ANOTHER, AND SO ON.

NOW MY QUESTION IS: WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO SPEAK ABOUT THIS SUBJECT OF AVOIDING SPIRITUAL MATERIALISM?

SANATAN,

I AM NOT FOR AVOIDING anything in life -- not even materialism. Life has to be transformed, not avoided. if you avoid life you will remain immature. Life is a great blessing, an opportunity to grow, a challenge, a constant challenge that helps awareness, centering, grounding. Nothing has to be avoided. That is the ancientmost stupidity; man has been living under its shadow for so long that it has become almost part of his blood, his bones, his very marrow.

Materialism is perfectly good in its place. If there is matter, matter has to be absorbed in a total life view. It has not to be avoided; it has to be used as a steppingstone towards spirituality. There is no contradiction between materialism and spiritualism, although it has been told again and again for thousands of years. You have been conditioned so much -- the conditioning has gone deep -- that nobody ever thinks about it again. It is one of the greatest calamities that has happened to humanity.

Matter is the outer side of spirit, spirit is the inner side of matter. They are *not* separate. The outside and the inside cannot be separate, they are inseparable, they are inevitably together. Hence, a right vision, a total vision of life will be a synthesis, a synchronicity between matter and consciousness.

Materialism has its own beauty, its own significance, just as spiritualism has its own beauty. But don't make "isms" out of them. Life is one -- it is spiritual *and* material. In fact, to

use the word "and" between spiritual and the material is not right; but languages come from the past. Better will be to make one word out of the two: spiritmatter.

And they are existing together in perfect harmony. In you they are existing together -- your body, your mind, your soul, they are all existing in deep at-onement, attunement. There is a subtle rhythm. They are all part of one dance. The body is not against the soul -- it is the temple of the soul.

But people like Lama Trungpa go on condemning materialism. And when they condemn, they create guilt in you; you start feeling that whatsoever you are doing is wrong. And the moment you feel that whatsoever you are doing is wrong, you are trapped, you are imprisoned in a dichotomy. If you follow the so-called gurus, lamas, et cetera, you will be constantly in trouble, in conflict, because you will be avoiding something which is unavoidable.

If you follow the body you will feel guilty; if you don't follow the body you will feel unnatural. Something in you will remain missing if you don't follow the body. If you don't nourish the body, if you don't respect the body, if you don't love the body, then something in you will remain like a wound, rejected, condemned. And it is *part* of you. You cannot throw it away, you cannot get rid of it; and it is going to be there, and it is going to be heavy on you because you have a deep condemnation for it.

And sooner or later the body will take revenge, the matter will take revenge. You have created an enmity, a conflict, an unnecessary struggle between yourself; you have created a deep tension. Hence, the so-called religious people live in immense tension, in immense anxiety and anguish. What is their anguish? -- the shoulds and the should-nots.

But Lama Trungpa is not even living according to his own ideology. So, Sanatan, you need not be worried. He is one of the people who can be called absolute hypocrites. He condemns materialism, and is a drunkard. Perhaps he thinks alcohol is spirit, it is a spiritualism? The more you take of it the better...?

But these fools influence many people, because there is a long tradition supporting them. Don't be a hypocrite. Both are ugly -- to feel guilty is bad, it is a state of sickness. But these are the only alternatives your religions leave for you: either feel guilty or be a hypocrite. The cunning ones amongst you will become hypocrites, and the simple, the innocent ones amongst you will become guilty. And the hypocrites will dominate the simple-hearted; the hypocrites become the priests, the leaders of people. They say one thing and they do exactly the opposite of it. They have masks, they are hiding behind their masks -- they have double lives.

But they are cunning. They are simply befooling you, so there is no problem for them. Their only problem is that they should not be caught. If they are caught, then they are in difficulties. So it is only a question of how much cunning they are -- the more cunning they are, the safer.

But many of them are bound to be caught sooner or later. You can deceive few people for few days, but you cannot deceive all the people forever. How can you deceive? Somebody is bound to know. Somebody is bound to be aware of your dichotomy, aware of your double standards: that you use a different standard for people and a totally different standard for yourself.

You have two doors to your being -- the front door is just a facade to receive the innocent ones, and to make them feel guilty; and you have a back door too, where you receive totally different people. But those people you receive from the back door are bound to be aware of your duality, of your deceptiveness, of your cunningness.

So the only fear that the priests and the hypocrites and the mahatmas feel is that they may be caught. And they *are* caught. But the stupidity is such, the unconsciousness of humanity is such, that again and again they are caught and again and again we go on listening to the same kind of stupidities.

It is time enough that we should get rid of this whole division between matter and spirit. They are not divided anywhere. They are not divided in you -- your body and your soul are functioning totally together, in deep synchronicity. You can experience it: if your body is sick, your innermost core also becomes sad, and if your innermost core is joyous, your body also wants to dance.

Sanatan, I am not for any escapist attitude, I am not for any split in you. I want you to be one, I want you to be integrated. I want you to be totally natural, accepting, affirming. I teach you a materialist-spiritualist approach to life. It has never been done before -- that's why I am so much condemned. I accept it. I don't feel any trouble with it because that is natural.

There have been materialists in the past: Epicurus in Greece, Charvakas in the East -- they believed in materialism. They said: "All spiritualism is hocus-pocus, it is inventions of the crafty priests. It is just to exploit people. And man is nothing but body, there is no soul. So there is no question of knowing thyself, you are just matter.

That's what Karl Marx said again in the modern context: that "Consciousness is only a byproduct, an epiphenomenon -- just some matter, some chemicals joined together, created. Once they are no more together it disappears, it evaporates. Nothing remains after death, there was nothing before birth. Life consists only of birth and death, *and* in between, so don't be bothered about the other world, and don't be bothered about hell and heaven."

And Karl Marx said, "This is the opium for the people." Priests have been dope-dealers! Perhaps that's why they are against all kinds of dope -- they have their own specific dope to sell. They have to be against LSD, marijuana, hashish. They have to be against all other drugs, because if people are taking opium, hashish, marijuana, LSD, then who is going to be Christians and Hindus and Mohammedans? It is a simple question of competition. They had to push their own drugs in the market.

Epicurus, Charvakas, Karl Marx, have a certain truth in what they are saying, but it is half-truth. The other half has been told by the so-called spiritualists. The other half is that matter is illusory, that it does not exist at all, it is maya. The real existence is of the soul; matter has to be avoided.

What Lama Trungpa is saying is an ancient, very ancient and rotten ideology. He's a Tibetan, and Tibet is the most primitive country in the world, the most rotten -- even more rotten than India. If India is two thousand years rotten, Tibet is five thousand years rotten. It is stinking. He represents that stinking tradition.

These so-called spiritualists have been saying the same thing as the materialists. The materialists say, "The soul does not exist, only matter exists." The spiritualists say, "The matter does not exist, only the soul exists." And my own observation is that both are right in part, and both are wrong in part. And remember one very fundamental truth: that half-truths are far more dangerous than lies, because half-truths have a certain truthfulness about them. That becomes deceptive. that keeps people deluded.

A lie is a lie -- sooner or later you will discover, but a half-truth is very dangerous. You may not go to such depths to discover that it is only half, that the other half is missing.

The West has followed one half: the materialist approach to life. It has created great science and technology. Science and technology is enough proof that matter exists, that Shankaracharya is utterly wrong in saying that matter is illusory. The West has proved finally

that matter *is* there, a reality; and it has to be understood, otherwise we cannot survive. But it is only half of the truth. Even Albert Einstein before dying realized it, that it is only half of the truth. He knew so much about the universe, but he knew nothing about himself. The knower knows nothing about himself.

This is a very sad state of affairs.

The East has done the other half. They have proved, certainly they have proved that the soul is a reality, because thousands of mystics have lived in such profound silence, peace, bliss... Their blissfulness, their silence, their tranquility, their unaffectedness in different situations -- in life, in death, in success, in failure, they remain absolutely still, unaffected -- that shows definitively that there is a center inside you, your interiority. And if it is explored you can attain to some transcendence, you can attain to the beyond. You can remain calm and quiet in failure, in death even. It is enough proof that the soul exists, that it is not illusory as the materialists say.

But the other part is missing, and the East has remained poor, starving. Its outside is ugly. It has found some inner secrets, but its outside is sick, its outside is almost not worth living. It has committed a suicide on the outside, just as the West had committed a suicide on the inside.

The West has enough technology, enough science, enough affluence, enough money, but something of the inner is missing. There is no peace, no silence, no joy, no bliss, no meditateness, no experience of godliness. It is time we should see that up to now humanity has lived dividedly.

A new human being is needed on the earth, Sanatan, a new human being who accepts both, who is scientific and mystic, who is all for matter and all for the spirit. Only then we will be able to create a humanity which is rich on both the sides. And if it is possible to be rich on both the sides, why choose poverty in any way? -- the outer poverty or the inner poverty.

I teach you richness: richness of the body, richness of the soul, richness of this world *and* that world. And both are possible, there is no problem at all. What I am saying, I am living. And I don't see there is any conflict. I can be as meditative in my Rolls Royce... in fact, more meditative than in a bullock-cart. I have been in a bullock-cart, I have been on a camel, I have used all kinds of vehicles -- and to be meditative on a camel is really difficult. Camels don't like meditation at all. They are very non-meditative animals. And in a bullock-cart on an Indian road...

I don't see any point of dividing the outer and the inner. I have been poor, I have lived in utter poverty, I have lived in richness. And believe me, richness is far better than poverty. I am a man of very simple interests: I am utterly satisfied with the best of anything, I don't ask for more.

Sanatan, don't be unnecessarily tortured by these people like Lama Trungpa.

Abe cornered Rabbi Levin behind a bunker at the fourteenth green. "I caught you kissing my wife last night," said Abe. "I know you are the playboy of the country club, and it is about time somebody taught you a lesson. That kiss will cost you ten dollars."

"Ah, all right," said Rabbi Levin. "Here is a hundred."

"A hundred dollars?" exclaimed Abe.

"Sure," smiled Rabbi Levin. "The rest is for what you did not catch me doing!"

"Come over for a couple of beers, Rabbi Levin."

"Cannot today. MacDowell is playing in the club tournament."

Next week: "Come over for a few beers, Rabbi."

"Can't make it this week either. MacDowell won at the club and is playing in the All-Island."

The following week: "How about some beers today, Rabbi?"

"No good. MacDowell has moved up to the State open."

"Hey, Rabbi your game used to be soccer. How come this sudden interest in golf, always watching MacDowell?"

"I don't watch MacDowell. Whenever he plays, I screw his wife!"

Beware of all these lamas and rabbis and Ayatollah Khomaniacs -- beware! These are the people who have caused so much misery for humanity that it is incalculable. Either they have created cunningness or they have created guilt, and both are ill states. One should neither be cunning nor guilty. In fact both are related together, they have a deep connection.

The people who create guilt are bound to be cunning. They are cunning, that's why they create guilt. Once they have created guilt in you, you can be exploited, you are vulnerable. It is to exploit you that they create guilt. We have to put a full stop to all this nonsense. Enough is enough.

Be simple, be natural, be spontaneous. Follow your own light. Don't be bothered by others -- shoulds and should-nots. That's the freedom a sannyasin has to live.

My sannyasins have not to be cunning, and they have not to be guilty either. The moment you are free of guilt and cunningness, you have the door of the divine open for you. You are welcomed by existence itself. To me that is true religiousness.

The second question:

OSHO,
I WONDER IF I AM FALLING ASLEEP MORE AND MORE...?

SAMADA,

It is impossible here to fall asleep more and more. In fact, when you come here you are already as much you can be -- you come here snoring. You cannot fall asleep more than that; there is a limit to everything.

Talbot was teeing off at the golf club. As he swung he did something funny with his left thumb, and the drive went slicing off into the trees and out onto a nearby freeway. The ball smashed through the windshield of a bus, blinding the driver. The bus struck a truck filled with chickens, causing both vehicles to tumble into a deep ditch.

Talbot rushed to the scene and soon a state policeman arrived. "Hey," he exclaimed. "Can you tell me what happened?"

"Well," replied the golfer, "I think I did something funny -- like this -- with my thumb."

That, he thinks, is the cause of the whole thing that has happened -- he did something funny with his left thumb. It is not the cause. It may have triggered a process in many sleepy people moving around. And why he did that something funny with his left thumb? He himself cannot explain it -- he will shrug his shoulders, he will say, "I don't know."

What you are doing you are not aware of at all. You are simply living some unconscious instincts.

The big-mouthed frog went to a photographer to have his photo taken. The photographer put the frog on a stool and adjusted his camera. Then he discovered that the frog's mouth was too wide for the camera frame. The photographer suggested that the frog should go home, purse his lips, and repeat the word "pussy" for several days in order to make his gaping mouth narrower.

A week later the frog returned. The photographer adjusted his camera and then shouted, "Now say the word!"

Losing all control, the frog cried, "Cat!"

Samada, it is not very different with a man either.

In a county courthouse in upper Vermont, a youth went on trial charged with raping the daughter of one of the local families. The victim, who was being questioned in the witness chair, was very shy, and the judge was trying very hard to be patient with her as he asked the necessary questions. Most of the time she just hung her head in embarrassment and refused to reply.

At last, the judge, obviously losing patience with her, said, "You must tell the court exactly what happened. Did he insert his organ into you?"

Finally she raised her head and rather timidly whispered, "Well, your honor, it looked more like a flute."

Samada, you are not falling more asleep. What really is happening is just the opposite: you are becoming aware of your asleepness, you are becoming aware how deep asleep you are. And that is something of immense importance -- becoming aware of one's own sleepiness, of one's own unconsciousness. This is the beginning of the day, the dawn... then the night is already over.

The moment you start becoming aware how asleep you are, something new has happened, something in you has already become awakened. The one who is aware of sleepiness is not asleep. That part in you... of course it is a very small part yet, a very small fragment of you -- but that's enough. That will function like a catalytic agent, it will transform many more things in you. It will go on widening, it will go on becoming bigger and bigger.

It is like a seed: it contains Buddhahood in it.

Of course, when you see a seed you cannot see the flowers which are hidden in it. But the seed contains the whole potential -- the tree, the branches, the leaves, the foliage, the flowers, the fruits. A single seed can make the whole earth green. Or why say the whole earth? -- it can make the whole universe green, because a single seed can create millions of seeds, and then each single seed can go on creating millions of seeds.

The first seed, Samada, has happened in you. Rejoice! You are not falling asleep, you are becoming aware of your sleepiness -- you were not aware before -- and, of course, when one becomes aware, it hurts. When one becomes aware that how unconscious one is, one always has been, one feels very sad, one feels in great turmoil. One cannot believe that, "This is the way I have existed up to now!" One feels absurd, ridiculous.

But you are looking at the wrong side, at the negative side. You are simply looking at the sleepiness that has surrounded you up to now. You are not looking at the small candle of light

that has started growing in you, which is becoming aware of the surrounding night, of the darkness all around.

That small flame will function as a seed. Help it to grow. Become more aware of your sleepiness. That's the only way to go beyond it. That is the only way to disperse it, that is the only way to transform it.

The day is not far away, the night is over. The day *has* to come, and it is the moment of transmission, the moment of transformation. If you look back, it is all night -- and of course you can only look back because that is what your mind contains, your past memories. You cannot look ahead, you cannot understand what is going to happen the next moment, but I can see it. That's the function of the Master: to help the disciple to remain aware not only of the past but of the future possibility.

The disciple can only see the past, the Master can also see the future. The disciple can see only one's stupidity, the Master can also see your Buddhahood, your awakenedness. It is a moment of transformation, a transitory period, a bridge. Don't look at the back -- forget all that night and the darkness and the sleepiness. You are finished with it -- finished in a way that the first ray of light has come in. It is because of that ray of light that you are becoming aware of your sleep, of your darkness. Now help -- pour all your energy into that ray of light. Make it as powerful as possible. Concentratedly become one with it. Get rooted in it. Risk everything for its growth. And then the day is not far away -- it is very close by, it is just by the corner.

The third question:

OSHO,
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SANNYASIN AND A VIRGIN?

KRISHNA DEVA,

A sannyasin stays a sannyasin.

The fourth question:

OSHO,
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PLEASURE AND BLISS?

NARAYANA,

The difference is immense. It is not only of quantity and degree: it is a qualitative difference.

Pleasure is dependent on something outside you. Because it is dependent on something or on somebody, it brings a bondage. Bliss is your intrinsic nature, your flowering, your one-thousand-petaled-lotus opening, it is your own fragrance. Because it is your own, it brings freedom.

Pleasure always imprisons you, and bliss always liberates you.

A young girl arrived home about four o'clock in the morning and awakened her mother to

tell her this sad story:

"I met a charming young fellow in a bar, and after a few rounds of drinks he took me to his apartment where we had some more drinks. Finally I passed out cold. Then while I was completely unconscious he raped me!"

"What a pity," murmured the mother in a most consoling tone. "You missed the best part!"

As the family was gathering for the evening meal, the father, the head of the house, asked his eighteen-year-old son what kind of a day he had had.

"Wonderful," answered the youth. "I met a couple of very good-looking girls in the park, and made love to both of them, very satisfactorily."

Then the youth asked his father if he had had a good day.

"My day was fine also," came the reply. "I turned a couple of good deals in the stock market and I am very pleased with the results."

Then they both turned to grandpa and asked him how he had passed the day.

Grandpa, beaming with delight, announced, "My day was absolutely tremendous -- my bowels moved twice!"

Pleasure, it depends... bliss is independent

A child may have pleasure with the toys, a young man may have different toys, an old man still different toys. But bliss is the same whether a child attains it, or a young man or an old man. It is our eternity. Pleasure is momentary, temporal: bliss is eternal, timeless. Bliss is part of our immortal being.

I am not against pleasure; there is nothing wrong for a child to have pleasure with toys, and there is nothing wrong for an old man to have tremendous pleasure when his bowels move twice. Perfectly good! But if your life consists only of toys and bowel movements, then it is not much of a life; something more is needed. And then something more cannot be found on the outside; for that you have to dig within. That's what meditation is all about.

The fifth question:

OSHO,
CAN SILENCE BE HEARD AND UNDERSTOOD?

PRADEEP,

Only silence can be heard and understood. Words can be heard but only superficially, and can be understood -- but only intellectually. Silence is heard existentially and is understood from your innermost being. It is a total understanding.

I can see why you have asked the question, because ordinarily we understand only words. We are prepared to understand only words, not silence. We are educated to understand language and all its complexities. Nobody helps us to go beyond language, to go beyond words, to reach the wordless space within us.

The society is against it, because if you can hear silence you will not be a part of the crowd mind, of the collective mind. You will become an individual immediately. And an individual is a danger to the state, to the church, to the society. An individual is always dangerous, because an individual is nothing but rebellion. His very presence is a risk for all the vested interests, for the establishment. The establishment wants you to be obedient: he

wants you to understand the orders. The establishment wants you to be slaves, servants -- efficient, of course, but not too intelligent; just intellectual, not intelligent.

Silence is the explosion of intelligence. Silence means: inside you, you are just spaciousness, uncluttered spaciousness. Silence means you have put aside the whole furniture of the mind -- the thoughts, the desires, the memories, the fantasies, the dreams, you have all pushed aside. You are just looking into existence directly, immediately. You are in contact with existence without anything in between you and existence. That is silence.

And to be in tune with existence even for a single moment -- is enough to make you aware of many things. One is that you, are deathless, and the person who is deathless cannot be forced to be a slave. He would rather like to die than to become a slave. He would rather like to risk everything than to risk his freedom because death means nothing to him.

When Socrates was given the opportunity that he can choose either death or remaining alive but not preaching his message to the people... If he remains alive, he can remain alive only on one condition: that he will not talk about his truth. Socrates laughed and rejected the whole thing immediately. He said, "There is no need for me to be alive then. If I cannot say my truth, if I cannot live my truth, if I cannot convey my message, then what is the need for me to live? Then I would rather choose death."

The magistrate was surprised, he could not believe. He said, "You need not answer right now. You can have time, you can think over it. Don't be in such a hurry! Life is precious -- how can you be so easily ready to die?"

Socrates said, "There are only two possibilities. If I die, then these are the two possibilities: either I die completely or only the body is left behind and something of my essential core still lives. Both are perfectly good. If I die completely, there is nobody left to be afraid, to suffer, to be miserable. So why I should be afraid if I die completely as the materialists say...? Perhaps they are right. But then there is no fear, because I will not be here, so who is there to be afraid? Or, the second alternative is as the spiritualists say: that I will not die -- then why be worried about death? Only the non-essential will be gone, the essential will be still alive. It is worth risking the non-essential for the truth."

Socrates is a very rational being, hence, he gave these two alternatives. He knows perfectly well that he will not die. but his expression was always rational. His expression was not mystic, his expression was philosophical. And of course the magistrate had to agree with him. These are the only two alternatives: either you die or you don't die. In both the ways Socrates is right.

My own feeling is Socrates knows perfectly well that he's not going to die. It is impossible that he should not have known -- such a tremendous intelligence, such an individuality, such purity, such penetrating insight -- it is not possible that he would not have known the non-temporal, the timeless.

The moment you understand that you are eternal, all fear disappears. And the society exists through exploiting your fear; hence, it teaches you from the school to the university, it devotes almost one-third of your life in learning words, language, logic. It is not concerned at all that you should understand, Pradeep, silence. That's the function of a Master: to undo all that the society has done to you, to help you to go beyond words.

And you can experience it happening here -- you can hear the silence. And when you hear it, there is immediate understanding. Understanding comes like a shadow following silence.

To understand words and to hear words is very simple. Anybody can do it; just a little education about language is needed, nothing much. But a tremendous transformation is needed to hear silence and to understand silence... Silence is the basic requirement of

understanding God, the basic requirement to know truth.

Father Ryan and Anderson, one of his parishioners, were playing a friendly round together. The priest had been having trouble all day. At the seventeenth hole, his ball fell into a deep sandtrap. Several times he whacked away; sand flew, but each time the ball rolled back into the hazard.

Still silent, but with his lips compressed and his eyes burning with frustration, Father Ryan stared at the ball for a long time.

"Father," said Anderson, "that's the most profane silence I have ever heard."

Silence can be profane too. Silence can be sacred too. Silence has as many nuances, as many dimensions as your being has. It is multidimensional, and it is tremendously pregnant.

Pradeep, being here with me, being a sannyasin, can be defined very simply as learning to be silent -- sitting in silence with me. I am using so many words for the simple reason so that words can give you the gaps. I can simply sit here... one day I am going to do that, when I will be just sitting with you.

It is really a torture for me to talk. I would like as quickly as possible just to sit silently with you. But if you are not ready to understand it, you will fall asleep: you will start dreaming, you will start dozing away. You will not be able to understand it.

My words keep you awake, and just between the words I give you gaps. And those are the real, essential things. Waiting for another word, you have to listen to silence. I tell you one joke, that wakes you up, then just searching for another joke . . . Not that I have to search for it -- I know where it is. And it does not matter much, any joke will do, I can manage -- but just searching for another joke, you are awaiting breathlessly, utterly silent . . . even though sometimes Monkeyjibhai Desai comes with his colleagues on the roof and they start doing their thing. But you are not distracted; in fact, those monkeys help you to become more silent, more alert, so that you cannot miss any word that I am going to say to you.

All this situation is being used to hand over to you few pieces of silence. It will look very strange to the newcomers that I am talking just to make you able to hear silence and to understand silence. But that has been always the way of the Buddhas.

The day you are ready... and slowly slowly many people are getting ready. The day is not far away when I will have enough people ready; a certain quantity is needed. Just as at a certain temperature, a hundred degrees, water evaporates, there is a certain quantity which is needed for silence. And when so many people are here, then anybody who wants to fall asleep when I am sitting silent will not be able to fall asleep either. The silence all around will go on goading him to keep alert. The silence all around will not in any way allow him to fall asleep. Silence has its own tremendous force, its own power.

So I am waiting for the right quantity -- and people are coming. The moment I see that my commune has enough silent people and I can sit silently, and the newcomers will be transformed by the silent people -- just sitting amongst them will be enough for them to have a taste, they will be drowned in your silence -- then there will be no need for me to talk at all. Few people have fallen asleep... for them:

The sweet young thing was telling her mother about the great time she had at the mountain resort.

"I met a man in the recreation hall and we played ping-pong all afternoon," she said. "What fun, mother!"

"Why, dear," said the mother, "I never knew you enjoyed ping-pong."

"I do now," the daughter said. "I would hit the ball the wrong way, and we would both go under the table after it. Then he would hit the ball the wrong way, and we would both go after it under the table. We played all afternoon. It was wonderful!"

"But I don't understand," said the mother "where does the fun come in?"

"Under the table, silly!"

Finley was flipped over golf. It became his only topic of conversation. Mrs. Finley was slowly going bananas with the constant discussion of birdies, drivers and sand traps, of his golf clubs, his caddies and his scores.

Finally, at dinner she snapped, "I am tired of you talking about golf twenty-four hours a day! I don't want to hear about it at this meal!"

"But what about... What shall I talk about then?"

"About anything," said his wife. "Talk about sex for goodness' sake!"

"Okay," said Finley, "I wonder who my caddy is screwing these days?"

The two old maids lived their lonely lives together until, rather unexpectedly, a stranger arrived on the scene and whisked one of them away in matrimony.

After the honeymoon the new bride visited her unmarried friend and painted an ecstatic picture of married life.

"Our honeymoon," she said, "was like a cruise down the Mediterranean, a sail into a glorious sunset. It was wonderful!"

The second old maid was very much impressed and determined to get a man for herself. She showed her bank book around town and eventually nailed a local gigolo. They were married at once and began their honeymoon.

They climbed into their wedding bed, and in a short time the husband was flushed with excitement. The bride, however, was cool as a cucumber and decidedly unaffected by the proceedings.

"I simply don't understand it," she said rather indignantly. "My friend told me that marriage was a cruise down the Mediterranean, like a sail into glorious sunset."

"Oh, she did, eh?" said the guy, now trembling his uncontrollable excitement. "Well, bon voyage, baby -- I'm sailing without you!"

The Wild Geese and the Water

Chapter #10

Chapter title: The Dignity of the Poor?

20 February 1981 am in Buddha Hall

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The first question:

OSHO,

THE LATEST FROM THE POPE: "DEFENDING THE HUMAN DIGNITY OF THE POOR AND THEIR HOPE FOR A HUMAN FUTURE IS NOT A LUXURY FOR THE CHURCH, NOR IS IT A STRATEGY OF OPPORTUNISM, NOR A MEANS FOR CURRYING FAVOR WITH THE MASSES. IT IS HER DUTY..."

ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT THIS MOST RECENT STATEMENT FROM THE BEJWELED AND BEDECKED PONTIFF?

KRISHNA PREM,

ALL THE RELIGIONS HAVE BEEN SAYING that for centuries -- "service to the poor" -- yet the poverty goes on increasing. The poverty has not disappeared, the so-called golden future has not arrived, and they have been talking it for at least ten thousand years. There must be something fundamentally wrong -- they don't really want the poor to disappear from the earth.

They talk about the dignity of the poor, but what dignity can there be in poverty? Poverty is the most humiliating experience in life. It is the root cause of all crimes. It reduces human beings to a state of animalhood or even worse. It takes away their humanity and makes them commodities in the marketplace, purchasable, saleable. But beautiful words: "dignity of the poor"... Nobody is going to argue against it except a crazy man like me.

But we have heard of this nonsense enough. In the name of "dignity of the poor", the poverty has to be saved, the poverty has to be protected. And whenever you want to protect something ugly you have to give it a beautiful name. And people live by words: People are so stupid that they become too much concerned about words rather than the reality that is hidden behind.

There is a cow in the Himalayas, a wild cow. It is called "the blue cow". In nineteen fifty-two the number of the blue cows became so much that they started destroying the crops. It became a problem, and it has to be solved immediately. The Indian Parliament discussed over the matter. They wanted, because that was the only way, to shoot the blue cows, to kill.

But to kill a cow in India will create bigger problems than it will solve. The cow to the Indians is the holy mother; you cannot kill a cow. And they did a small trick: they didn't call it a "blue cow", they called it a "blue HORSE"! And they killed thousands of blue cows -- but they were not killing cows, they were killing blue horses. Of course it was the blue cow who was killed, but on the papers it was blue horses. And nobody bothered about the blue cows at all. There was no protest from the Hindus, who are always ready, who are waiting for such opportunities.

You cannot kill a monkey because monkeys represent Hanuman, the monkey god. You cannot kill an elephant because elephants represent another god, the Ganesha. You cannot kill a cow... but blue horses? -- who cares about blue horses? Nobody was concerned. The problem was solved just by changing the word.

Such is the stupidity of humanity.

The poor has to be saved, the misery has to be saved, the suffering has to be saved -- for the simple reason because without the poor, the miserable and the suffering humanity, there is no future for the church. Not only the Catholic church -- no future for any church, Hindu, Mohammedan, Jaina, Buddhist. They have all been living, they have all been in great demand, for the simple reason because people are suffering. And the suffering humanity needs consolations, comforts. The present is so ugly that they need hopes for the future. The hopes of the future are nothing but opium to the people. I agree with Karl Marx, I cannot agree with the Polack pope.

The future helps in a way to tolerate the present. It is almost intolerable, it is so inhuman that if the hope of the future is taken away, there will be immediate revolution in the world, there will be rebellion everywhere. The establishment will be thrown within days, the status quo will be no more there. And the politicians and the priests are in a subtle conspiracy.

The politician will not exist if people are not in misery; when they are in misery they need leaders. When somebody is a blind person he needs to be led. When you have your own eyes you don't need leaders. When somebody is utterly blissful herenow, who cares about your silly paradise and heaven? Who bothers? This very moment is paradise enough. This very body the Buddha, and this very space the Lotus Paradise. But if the present is ugly, if the present is like an open wound, full of pus, if the present hurts too much, then you need painkillers.

And the future is a painkiller; tomorrow everything is going to be okay, it is only a question of today. You have tolerated so much, just a little more, just a little more... And it is always today that comes, it is never the tomorrow. The tomorrow always looms there near the horizon. The distance between you and the tomorrow remains constantly the same, but it keeps you running, changing, chasing, dreaming, fantasizing about the future.

What the pope says has to be very deeply pondered over. It is the essence of all religious exploitation up to now; this is the history of all that has happened in the name of religion. It has nothing to do with true religiousness. It is absolutely irreligious. It is a political game, hence meditate over each statement.

First, he says: DEFENDING THE HUMAN DIGNITY OF THE POOR...

How you can defend the dignity of the poor? There is no other way than destroying poverty. There is *no* other way, categorically I say, there is no other way than to destroy the poverty itself. Only when people are not poor they start feeling that they are worthy they can have a life of pleasures, happiness, joy, they can rejoice in the beauty and the blessings of

nature. But when their stomachs are empty, how can you defend their dignity?

It has been a well-known fact that mothers have sold their children, just for few rupees, because they were hungry for so many days. Now to think of a mother selling the child -- maybe to a butcher -- just for five rupees, just to feed herself for one day... What more indignity can there be? But you cannot blame the mother.

Parents have been known to murder their children -- for the simple reason because they cannot feed them. It happens every day; almost every day in India in some corner or other girls are sold for prostitution by their own parents -- of course with great sadness, with tears in their eyes and in their hearts, crying and weeping. But what else to do? There seems to be no way out.

And every day I read in the newspapers: families first throw their children into a well or into the ocean, then they jump themselves; they destroy the children first, then the mother, then the fathers themselves. Or they take poison and go to sleep.

How can you save the dignity of the poor?

And why not destroy poverty? -- because nobody says, "Save the dignity of the rich!" That will bring to a focus the whole point, that will bring you to a clearcut perception. No pope, no *shankaracharya*, no *ayatollah* says that, "We are trying to save the dignity of the rich." Everybody will laugh. There is no need to save the dignity of the rich. Why there is a need to save the dignity of the poor?

It is *poverty* that is making their life subhuman. Why not destroy poverty? And now we have the means and the methods to destroy the poverty. It is now within our hands, within our capacity. We can forgive the past and forget all about it, because I can see it was impossible for Jesus to destroy poverty. It was impossible for Buddha to destroy poverty, because there were no scientific methods available, no technology, no industry. They had to find some rationalization for the poor.

Buddha found a rationalization in the past lives: because you have done wrong in the past lives, that's why you are poor. That suits, it makes it reasonable. If you have done so many sins in the past, who is going to suffer? You sow the seeds then you have to reap the crop. Nobody else is going to suffer for you, nobody can suffer on your behalf.

It looks logical. Buddha can be forgiven -- because there was no other way. The poverty was there and no possibility to destroy it -- at least some consolation, some comfort can be given. If it is from the past, then you have a certain rationale for it. And you have a hope also, that if you don't commit the same kind of things now, in future either you will be born rich, a prince, a princess; or if you are really virtuous you may not need to be born at all, you will live in paradise for eternity.

But today, these popes cannot be forgiven at all because science *has* provided all the technology that can destroy the poverty as quickly as you can imagine. If it is not being destroyed, the reason is the vested interests of the past don't want it to be destroyed. They live on it, they are parasites. They are exploiting people and their suffering, so they go on still repeating the same mantras, chanting the same mantras.

Hindus go on saying, Buddhists and Jainas go on saying, that "Poverty is because of your past bad karmas." And Mohammedans, Christians and Jews go on thinking it is because Adam and Eve committed a crime -- so you are suffering. Adam and Eve disobeyed God, and because you are just part of the same continuum you have to suffer it.

Today this whole thing is just rubbish. Neither your past lives have anything to do with your poverty, nor Adam and Eve's disobedience has anything to do with your poverty. Your poverty is there because of our own stupidity *now*, it has nothing to do with the past. That

excuse is escapist and if it has something to do with the past, then naturally you have to hope for the future. And present is the only reality. Between the past and the future you will be crushed and destroyed. And that has been up to now the case.

And these are the people who are trying to save the dignity of the poor and at the same time they go on helping more and more people to be born on the earth. Pope, on the one hand, is against the use of contraceptives, against the very idea of abortion, against birth control methods. Now this is how poverty is created. Remember, rich people don't produce many children. Have you ever pondered over the fact why -- why rich countries are concerned? Because their population is decreasing. France is concerned because its population is decreasing; Sweden is concerned, too much concerned -- its population is decreasing. A great fear that if rich countries go on decreasing in their population, and the poor countries go on increasing in population, sooner or later they will overrun the whole world. Just the sheer fact of their numbers will be enough to overpower, to possess all the rich countries.

Now a very strange world: the rich countries are concerned how to increase their population, and the poor countries are worried how to decrease their population. Are we living in the same time, or in different worlds, in different centuries? We are not contemporaries; our problems are totally different.

Why poor people produce more children? The simple reason is -- very simple -- and sometimes the simple and the obvious is always overlooked: the rich person has many other things for his entertainment, and the poor man has only sex, nothing else for his entertainment, because everything else costs something. If you go the movie, the poor man earns so little that just going to the movie and all his earning of the day will be gone. Then how he is going to manage himself and his family? He cannot drink alcohol, he cannot become a Rotarian, a Lion, he cannot afford all these new entertainments. He cannot have even a radio or a TV, he cannot sit before the idiot box, glued to the chair for six hours, otherwise who is going to earn the bread and butter?

After the day's work, tired, humiliated, tortured, he comes home. The only relaxation, the only entertainment that he knows of, which is freely available to him, is sex. Hence poor people produce more children.

Rich people have some diversions. Sometimes they become so much interested in other things that sex becomes secondary; you can find rich people so much interested in other things. Somebody may be interested in paintings, collecting paintings, or he may himself be a painter, or may be immensely interested in music, or may be a composer himself, or may be interested in dancing. There are possibilities... And he can always live his sexual life, too, in a vicarious way. My own observation is that when you are seeing sex on the TV screen, you are living it in a vicarious way. You become identified with the man or the woman, whatsoever may be the case. When the man is making love to the woman, deep down in your fantasies you are making love to the woman. It is satisfying in a way. Your cerebral sex is satisfied. And remember, that sex center does not exist in your genitals: sex center exists in your brain, it is cerebral.

Now there are scientists like Delgado, who say that we can put electrodes in the brain, and you can carry a small box like a matchbox inside your pocket -- with a remote controller, so even the wire will not be shown, there will be no wire -- and just you can put your hand in the pocket, push the button and you will have an orgasm. It will be non-genital. It will not have anything to do with your genitals, and it will be far more satisfying because you will not have to depend on the other person.

And there are many problems when you have to depend on the other person. It is a rare coincidence that the man can satisfy the woman or the woman can satisfy the man. There are discrepancies. Nature is not such a perfect master as you think. The male genital organ is small compared to the female genital tunnel -- one inch less. Just in a small city like Poona there is a difference of miles! That difference is unbridgeable.

Their timing is different; the woman will take a longer time to come to an orgasmic peak. For centuries she has been pretending, just to buttress the ego of the male chauvinist pig, because he enjoys it tremendously that he has given a beautiful orgasm to the woman. So she has been pretending. That's why it is more satisfying with a prostitute because she knows how to pretend it, she is an expert in art. Are we concerned how to increase their population, and the poor countries are worried how to decrease their population. Are we living in the same time, or in different worlds, in different centuries? We are not contemporaries; our problems are totally different.

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But that's actually the case with wives too. They have been pretending for centuries. To bring the woman to orgasm, a certain training is needed -- which is lacking -- a certain discipline is needed on the part of man.

So when you depend on the other there are many problems. And if your pleasure is dependent on the other then there is a bondage too attached to it, there is a certain imprisonment. And there is jealousy, and there is suspicion, and all kinds of ugly things enter from the back door.

Delgado's device can be of tremendous help to make men and women free of each other. But I don't think the Polack pope will agree with it, because sex for pleasure is sin, and Delgado's device will make it absolutely for pleasure.

Sex is right only for reproductive purpose, that is the religious idea: if you reproduce children then sex is right. If you are just having fun, then you are committing a crime against God -- because sex is sacred, and fun is not sacred. Now, who has decided that fun is not sacred? I say to you: fun is more sacred than reproducing in an overcrowded world.

But these popes and these priests, they are all for reproduction, and then they want to save the dignity of the poor. They create poverty...

Mahatma Gandhi in India was doing the same. His whole life he thought he was raising the dignity of the poor, but he was simply changing the name. He was calling the poor "the children of God". By calling them "children of God" nothing is changed; they remain the same poor people. Yes, their ego feels a little flattered, but that is not going to help at all. That is going to create more problems. They will be hungry, they will be ugly, and they will be egoists also. You have added a new dimension to their problems which were already too complex.

He was also against birth control -- he was also against the pill, he was also against any contraceptives. Go on creating children... And, moreover, he was against all science, all technology. You will be surprised to know that he was against the railway trains, he was against telephones, he was against all kinds of industries. He was against even things so innocent like telegraph, post office. Anything that has been invented by man he was against -- man has to go back to nature. Back to nature will simply mean that there will be even more poor people in the world than there are now, because even the rich will become poor, even the middle class people will fall back to poverty. It will be a huge ocean of poverty. Yes, in a way people will feel good that, "We are all equal," because poverty will be distributed equally. But that is not raising the dignity of the poor.

The only way to raise the dignity of the poor is to destroy poverty. And it can be done -- now we have all the means and methods to do it. Even communism is not needed at all. In fact, communism has not been able to destroy poverty in Russia or China or anywhere else. It has simply destroyed the rich people. In fact, the communism that exists in the world is not communism at all: it is only state capitalism. The ownership has changed. Now private ownership is no more there; instead of private owners the state has become the only owner.

Now this is even worse, because when there is only one owner, when it is a monopoly of everything -- it is a state monopoly -- then there is no freedom possible. Not only the dignity of the poor is not saved or defended, even the dignity of human being is lost. Dignity as such is lost.

Now Soviet Russia or China are huge concentration camps and nothing else -- no freedom of expression, no freedom of thought, no freedom at all! You have just to function like machines; you have to produce more and more for the state, for the great state. And there is a bureaucracy, the communist bureaucracy, which has replaced the capitalists.

There is no need for communism to destroy poverty; science can do it very easily, because a single machine can do the work of thousands of people. But it is not being allowed because it goes against the vested interests, and those interests are pouring their money into the churches.

Who has made the pope "bejeweled and bedecked pontiff", Krishna Prem? Who has made Vatican the richest religion in the world, the richest church in the world? From where all that money has come? It is bribery. It is the rich people who go on bribing the church, and the church goes on preaching things which look very religious but are basically political and economical, and are against *all* revolutions.

The only revolution that can free humanity from poverty is a scientific revolution. In fact, if machines are introduced more and more (AT THIS MOMENT THE ELECTRICITY FAILS, SO DOES THE SOUND SYSTEM...) You see, the Holy Ghost seems to be angry! It must be the work of the Holy Ghost -- his representative on the earth is being criticized.

If machines can replace man more and more, within two decades, just within two decades, the whole humanity can be freed from the indignity of mechanical lives. A laborer working in a factory becomes almost a machine. The same thing he goes on doing day in, day out, year in, year out, for thirty years, forty years... Maybe it is just a small thing. And that repetition for forty years necessarily destroys his intelligence. It becomes mechanical.

If machines can do all this work -- and they can do -- then man is freed, then man can do all those things that he had always wanted to do but there was no time and no opportunity. He can sing songs, he can dance, he can play, he can meditate, he can pray, he can rest, he can relax, he can be creative, he can paint, sculpt -- he can do thousands of things which everybody deep down wants to do but cannot do because there is no opportunity.

The genius of man is in a state of dormancy, stagnant. Because he cannot fulfill the needs of the body, his needs of the soul remain unfulfilled. There is a hierarchy of needs, remember. First you have to fulfill the bodily needs; that is the very foundation of your life. Then you have to fulfill your psychological needs, and only then, and remember, I repeat *only then* you can fulfill your spiritual needs.

The poor person struggles with his first basic needs He cannot be interested in poetry, in music, in painting. How he can be *really* interested in meditation?

People go on asking me again and again, almost every day there is a question. that's why people from all over the world are coming to me and Indians are ignoring? They are not ignoring -- their basic needs are not fulfilled; there is a gap between me and them. They are searching for bread and I am talking about meditation. I cannot give them bread, I cannot give them shelter, and if I suggest them how they can get the shelter and the bread, their whole conditioning goes against it. They will not listen to me.

If I suggest birth control is needed, the pill is needed... Because to me the pill is one of the greatest things that has happened after the bullock-cart; it is one of the *most* revolutionary things. There have been only three revolutionary things in the history of man. First was fire,

second was the bullock cart, third is the pill. Their conditioning goes against if I suggest to them, "Do this, and the poverty can be destroyed."

And they are not interested in meditation, they cannot be. Their basic needs are destroying them. They don't have the opportunity, or the energy, or the time, or intelligence to be interested in meditation. First the basic needs have to be fulfilled, then the psychological needs.

This is my constant observation: if a person comes to me for wrong reasons he is bound to be angry at me because I will not be fulfilling his needs. I receive hundreds of letters from South Africa: all the letters are concerned... somebody is suffering from a ghost, somebody has been put under a spell, somebody is afraid of a black magician -- so they need me to protect them and send them a mantra which can save their life. Now, I cannot do all this nonsense.

When Indians write to me, they write always about money. They want money -- they want their sons to go to the colleges, to the universities. Somebody writes can I send his son to the Oxford or to the Cambridge. All their needs are basically physiological. They are not the people who can be interested in meditation. They cannot look at the stars -- their eyes are focused on the earth, their necks are paralyzed; they have lost all power to see that which is beautiful. Even if they look at the moon they will think of a chappati! It is natural. Because we project our own needs, everything becomes just a screen for our projection.

When some visitors, Indians, come here and when I go after the lecture around the Buddha Hall, I can see they are not looking at me, they are looking at the Rolls Royce. They are nudging each other, "Look!" They are not interested in me, their whole obsession is Rolls Royce. That's why I am keeping it -- at least something for them to enjoy.

I see even educated Indians... but even educated Indians are not basically fulfilled. Their sexual lives are starved, their nourishment is not enough. Their body is not as it should be; something is missing. When they come here and I enter the Buddha Hall, and with folded hands I welcome you, only those few Indians don't answer -- as if their hands are paralyzed. They cannot even fold their hands just to welcome me. And I am welcoming them. It is not that they have to take the initiative, I am taking the initiative. But they cannot do even that. They look so ugly. They can see all around thousands of people, with love, with gratitude, folding their hands -- and folding their hands in love and gratitude and respect and surrender should be more natural to the Indians; it is their way of greeting. But they cannot even greet me, as if something prevents them -- like a thick iron wall between me and them.

What is the wall? The wall is: I don't exist here to fulfill their needs. I am, in a way, irrelevant to their context. Somewhere deep down the distance is so much that even a greeting is impossible. They look embarrassed. They can see what they are doing, but somehow paralyzed, as if it is impossible for them to just welcome me. If they cannot even fold their hands, do you think they will be able to allow me into their innermost core? That's impossible.

The basic needs have to be fulfilled first. Science can do that. The psychological needs then have to be taken care of -- art, aesthetics can do that. And only then religion enters in. Religion is the greatest luxury in the world, because it is the peak, the virgin peak of the Everest, the snow which has not been trodden by anybody. To reach to it you will have to move from the valleys where you are living. It is a long pilgrimage. And only when somebody reaches to the peak of the Everest, to the peak of consciousness, there is dignity. The poor cannot have any dignity. The poverty will prevent the dignity to happen.

Hence, I say the pope is absolutely wrong, saying that "Defending the human dignity of

the poor and their hope for a human future..." Yes, he is trying to save their hope, because if they can go on hoping then the church can hope to exist. Their hope is basically the hope for the future popes. But I don't think it is going to happen. In fact, there is an ancient prophecy of Nostradamus that the last pope will have his name starting with "W". And this Polack pope has his name starting with "W". I think this is the end!

I don't believe in prophecies, but sometimes miracles happen. This is the first pope in the long succession of popes whose name begins with "W". This may be the last, and rejoice if the prophecy is fulfilled.

The only hope for the church -- Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Buddhist -- is that humanity should remain poor, then they need opium. Otherwise, who wants opium? When do you want to drink alcohol? -- when you are miserable, when you want to drown your misery into something, when you want to forget it all, when you want to have a little rest from your worries, anxieties, anguishes. And that's what religion has been doing in the past.

Religion is nothing but a drug, a very subtle drug. But if people are really happy, rejoicing in life, living with intensity and passion like flowers and birds, and rivers and mountains and stars, who will need these fools around? Who will go to the Vatican, or to the Kaaba, or to the Kashi? Who will listen to all kinds of nonsense?

There is no hope for religion as it has existed up to now. Yes, there will be a totally different kind of religiousness if man becomes happy. And that's what I am trying to make clear to you: what kind of religiousness is possible if humanity becomes happy. Then it will not be a religion of renouncing.

Buddha says, "There are four truths: first, life is misery; second, that there is a method to end the misery; third, you can do the method, you can go through the process, it is not impossible, it is possible for all human beings; and fourth, there is a state beyond misery."

Now, if there is no misery, Buddha's first truth is canceled. And once you cancel the first truth, what is the need of the second? If there is no misery what is the need of a method to end the misery? The whole house topples down. And it is not only Buddha's house. He's simply making it clear what others have said only in a very implied way. He is a very rational man, so he is saying it exactly, precisely, in scientific ways. But this is what all other religions have been doing.

Their basic assumption is that life is misery. If this is the basic assumption then renunciation is, of course, the method to get out of it -- renounce life, escape to the monasteries, to the deserts, to the Himalayas. If life is misery then escapism is religion. And I am teaching you here that life is *not* misery. If I am true then escapism loses all significance, all meaning, all relevance. Then there is no point in renouncing life. If life is bliss... and that's what I say again and again -- life is bliss, ultimate bliss, life is ecstasy. Rejoice! There is no question of renouncing it.

This is going to be the future religiousness. And remember my distinction: I am not calling it the future religion, I am calling it the future religiousness -- because religion will give you the idea that it will be Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan, a creed, a dogma. No. Religiousness... a diffused kind of fragrance surrounding the earth, with people rejoicing, dancing, singing, people rejoicing so much that a tremendous gratitude arises in their being -- a gratitude for the unknown energy that has given them birth, for the unknown source from where they have come and to where they have to return one day, for the unknown whole which has made all these benedictions possible. Only then man has dignity. It is not a question of dignity for the poor or for the rich: human beings will have dignity.

In fact, the so-called religions have made man feel very undignified. They have created

guilt, they have condemned all that is natural in you, all that is spontaneous in you. They have praised the unnatural and condemned the natural. They have made everybody feel like crawling on the earth like an ugly worm -- crawling on the earth in the mud -- while my effort here is to remind you that you have wings, that you are a bird, that you can soar towards the stars, that the whole sky is yours, that even the sky is not the limit. Only then man has dignity.

And it is not a question of poor or rich, black or white, man or woman. Man as such has dignity only when life has dignity, when life is joy, when life has the flavor of ecstasy, adventure, exploration.

He says: DEFENDING THE HUMAN DIGNITY OF THE POOR AND THEIR HOPE FOR A HUMAN FUTURE IS NOT A LUXURY FOR THE CHURCH...

That I know. It is not a luxury for the church: it is its very basic need. Without it, it cannot exist; without it, it will not have even a single moment to live. It is not luxury, it is its very breath. With that I will agree with the Polack pope. I can rarely agree with him, but on few points I can agree.

He says:... NOR IS IT A STRATEGY OF OPPORTUNISM, NOR A MEANS FOR CURRYING FAVOR WITH THE MASSES. IT IS HER DUTY.

Nobody had asked him. Why he is talking about that this is not a strategy of opportunism? Somewhere in his unconscious he knows it is, because he was sermonizing on his own. I have read the whole sermon ... what Krishna Prem has asked. Just the other day I was reading the whole sermon. Nobody had asked him, nobody has raised the question. He was talking on his own, he was opening his own heart. Deep down he suspects that it is a strategy of opportunism.

Sigmund Freud says even a slip of the tongue has some unconscious roots behind it. If suddenly somebody stands up and says that, "I am not a thief! Who says I am a thief? I am not a thief!" Then what it will show? It will simply show that, "Give him to the police! Why he is shouting that he is not a thief?" -- there must be something in him which has erupted in spite of himself. Why he is defending, that he and his church are not opportunistic? It is, it has always been.

For example, the whole history of the church -- and not only his church, of all churches -- is ample proof that they have been opportunistic, always opportunistic. They fit with the status quo -- whosoever is in power, they serve the master. They are just like dogs: the moment they feel that the master has changed, they change their attitude also, they start wagging their tail before the new master.

He says: IT IS NOT A STRATEGY OF OPPORTUNISM...

Then what it is? And this statement he has made in Philippines, one of the poorest countries in the world. When he was in America he had not made such a statement. When he was traveling in the western, rich, affluent societies, he was not making such statements. Now, in Karachi, in Philippines, in the East where poverty is everywhere, why he is making such a statement? It is opportunistic, it is *meant* for currying favor with the masses.

The masses are so stupid that they immediately fall in line with anybody who praises

them. Those praises are just hot air, but the masses feel very good. Immediately the masses are with the person who praises them. This is an ancient trick of the politicians and the priests; they have changed thousands of times.

For example, in Galileo's time the Catholic church and the Catholic pope decided that Galileo should take back his statement that the earth goes around the sun, because the Catholic church has believed for hundreds of years that it is just vice versa -- the sun goes around the earth. And religious people are very much afraid even if a single statement proves to be wrong in their scripture -- then all other statements become suspicious. It is a natural conclusion. If Jesus can make a statement which is absolutely false, unscientific, then what is the guarantee that other statements are true? If he does not know even whether earth goes around the sun or the sun goes around the earth, what he knows about God may not be true either, he may not know anything about paradise. If he does not know about *this* world, how can you believe that his statements about the other world are right?

Hence, all the religions try to stick stubbornly to *every* statement -- howsoever ridiculous it appears -- but they have to stick to it. But you cannot stick to a lie for long. And in fact, I don't see there is any point. The simple thing is that Jesus has no need to be a physicist or an astronomer or a chemist or a mathematician.

For example, I am not a physicist, so if I say something wrong about physics, it's perfectly okay. There is no need to stick to it. I am not infallible. If somebody points to me that this statement is not right as far as physics is concerned, I am immediately ready to correct it because I'm not a physicist! If I had made the statement, I was not making it as a physicist. I may have been illustrating something, but an illustration is an illustration. It does not change my argument.

Just the other day somebody has written that my statement about Somnath is not historical: there were not twelve hundred priests but only five hundred. So how does it make any difference? My logic remains the same. But he is thinking that he is proving me wrong. My argument was that those priests of the Somnath were saying that, "There is no need to defend the temple; the Vedic mantras are enough, so there is no need for an army." And then Mahamoud Chaznavi came; he was himself surprised that there was not anybody to defend. Instead, I had told, twelve hundred priests were chanting mantras, doing Vedic rituals to prevent Mahamoud Ghaznavi from conquering the richest temple of the country.

The warriors from all over the country had offered their services, that "We can come and fight with Mahamoud Ghaznavi," but they were, in fact, humiliated and insulted by the priests. The chief priest told them, "Do you think you can defend God? This is God's temple. God defends you, you cannot defend God, so don't be foolish. And we know the ancient science of mantras which will create a subtle energy around the temple and nobody can enter."

But Mahamoud Ghaznavi entered. And the God that defends everybody was destroyed in a single hit. He hammered the chief statue of the temple and the statue fell into thousands of pieces, and inside the statue the priests have been hiding immense treasures, the most valuable diamonds. They all were scattered. Mahamoud Ghaznavi had never seen such diamonds. That statue was a kind of safe -- there was a hole; from the hole they were dropping those diamonds inside -- and nobody would have ever suspected, no thief would have ever suspected that the statue is being used as a device to protect the treasures.

Mahamoud Ghaznavi was a Mohammedan; he destroyed the statue. He was not aware that there are treasures behind it; he was simply interested in destroying the most important temple of the country.

I had said that there were twelve hundred priests, and now somebody has written that my knowledge of history is absolutely zero -- there were only five hundred priests. Does it matter? My argument remains the same -- twelve hundred, five hundred, five, one -- any number will do. And I am not so foolish to count how many priests were there. One more or one less, it's perfectly okay -- I agree there were five hundred people. And somebody says there were not five hundred but only four hundred ninety-nine... so okay, but my argument remains the same. The thing is my theme, not what is my illustration.

But Catholic church could not accept Galileo's idea. They forced old Galileo to take his statement back. Galileo took his statement back. He was a man of immense sense of humor. I love Galileo. Many have thought that he was a coward -- he was not! Many have thought that he had not the courage to fight, but I don't see what is the need to fight with fools. When you can just get out with a sense of humor, why fight? He simply said, "Perfectly right! I will make a statement in my book that whatsoever I have said is wrong -- the earth does not go around the sun, and the Catholic church is right, the sun goes around the earth. But one thing I have to tell you: even if I take my statement back, the earth will still go around the sun. My statement won't make any difference!"

Do you see the sense of humor of the man? -- his intelligence? And he made the statement in his book: in a footnote he wrote that, "What I have said above is not right." And in the end he says, "What can I do? Still, neither the sun nor the earth are bound to follow my ideas. They go on doing their thing. What Galileo says is irrelevant."

Now, this Polack pope has opened the case again after three hundred years, because now it is an established fact that the earth goes around the sun. Now, to go on saying that the sun goes around the earth looks so foolish. He has reopened the case to correct the error.

And this has been going on for two thousand years; again and again they have been correcting. What does it show? It simply shows opportunism. At that moment masses were with them, masses were with the Bible. Now, they know masses are more aware of the science, and if they have to choose between a scientific statement and a biblical statement they will choose the scientific statement. Now people are more educated.

This is opportunism -- now opening the case and changing it.

He says: THIS IS NOT A STRATEGY OF OPPORTUNISM...

Then what it is? It is sheer business -- telling to the poor people about their dignity. And whenever they talk to the poor people they always quote Jesus as saying: "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of God." They forget completely that the meaning of Jesus is totally different. His whole statement is: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God." He does not mean that they should be starving, poor; he simply means that they should not be egoists. Blessed are the poor in spirit... The ego makes you feel higher and superior to others. When there is no ego, that is poverty of the spirit. It has nothing to do with this poverty that exists in India, in Philippines, in Pakistan. This is not the poverty Jesus is talking about. But they use Jesus' quotations and they go on telling that this is not opportunism. Then what it is?

And he says: IT IS NOT A MEANS OF CURRYING FAVOR WITH THE MASSES...

He must be consciously feeling guilty. It is so apparent that it is simply a way to have the support of the people. And I know it perfectly well.

I have done all kinds of things -- I have been moving with the masses, and I know how masses become victims. It is so simple. I have talked to the crowds of the Hindus, I have talked to the crowds of the Mohammedans, the Jainas, the Sikhs, and I have really enjoyed all those things. I have giggled inside myself that, "What kind of fools the world is full of!"

I have talked to the Jainas on Mahavira, and they will come to me and they will say, "It is for the first time, listening to you, we have understood what greatness, what immense truth Mahavira has given to the world?" For twenty-five centuries they have not discovered that truth. In fact, it has nothing to do with Mahavira, I am simply putting my ideas through his mouth. But they were worshipping me.

I had talked to the Sikhs on Nanak, and they said, "Nobody has ever been able to open the mysteries of the statements of Nanak as you have done." There are no mysteries or anything, those mysteries are my inventions. But this I had not told to them. I simply laughed inside myself. You never found me laughing; I always laugh inside because laughing outside is dangerous.

I have talked to Hindus about Krishna, and they were rejoiced. Fifty thousand to hundred thousand people used to gather to listen to me on Krishna, and they were thrilled that THEIR Krishna has such profundities, such great insights. In fact, if Krishna was there he would have been very much puzzled.

I have talked about many people. If they come to the ashram, Sant won't allow them inside! But when I have talked about them I have given my insight to their words.

I receive many letters from the West, that "Nobody has told us the truth about Jesus except you." It has nothing to do with Jesus, it has nothing to do with Krishna, it has nothing to do with Mahavira or Buddha. I am simply talking about my truth.

But then finally I said, "It is enough, it is absolutely absurd, meaningless, because they cannot understand. Only their egos are feeling fulfilled, nourished. I am not helping them; on the contrary, their egos are becoming bigger." Hence I dropped that whole thing completely. And the moment I stopped talking on Mahavira, Jainas disappeared. Only few Jainas remained who had understood me that it has nothing to do with Mahavira, it is my own understanding that I am giving to Mahavira. It is my light that I am focusing on Mahavira. Only those few Jainas have remained with me who had understood.

Only those Hindus have remained with me who had understood that it has nothing to do with Krishna and Gita. It is *my* experience; I am simply using them as excuses. The same is true about others... But that I could do only when I decided that I have not to go in the masses at all.

Just the other day I was reading an article against me. Somebody has written that, "Why I don't go outside the ashram?" The reason he has found is that I have hypnotized the whole atmosphere, so whosoever enters in the ashram, the moment he enters the gate he becomes hypnotized. So I don't go outside the ashram because there it will be very difficult to hypnotize people.

I loved the idea! A great discovery.

What the pope is doing is simply currying favor with the masses.

And he says: IT IS THE CHURCH'S DUTY...

To whom? Duty to whom? He means duty to the poor. That's wrong. It is duty to the vested interests, it is service to the establishment.

So only on two points I agree with him. One is that, "DEFENDING THE HUMAN

DIGNITY OF THE POOR AND THEIR HOPE FOR A HUMAN FUTURE IS NOT A LUXURY FOR THE CHURCH... IT IS not a luxury, it is its very life, its basic need. And the second point:

He says: IT IS HER DUTY...

That too is true. It is duty to the establishment, duty to all that is ugly. to all that is dead, to all that is past.

The outraged husband, having caught his wife in another man's arms, shouted, "Sir! This is my wife, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

The man replied, "If that is your wife, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

It was eleven-thirty, and Hunchback Harry wanted to be home in time for the midnight movie, so he took the shortcut through the graveyard. He was very nervous as he walked among the gravestones. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning, and a loud clap of thunder, and a voice boomed: "I am Lucifer! I am the devil!"

Terrified out of his wits, Hunchback Harry cowered behind a tombstone shivering. "Dost thou have a desire?!" thundered Lucifer.

"Y-y-yes," mumbled Hunchback Harry. "I want to lose my hunchback."

"Right! It shall be done!" shouted Lucifer, and vanished. And thus Harry lost his hunchback.

The next night in the pub the lads were amazed.

"Hey, Harry," said Charlie, "what happened to your hunchback?" So Harry told about how he had walked home through the graveyard and met Lucifer.

"Mm, that's interesting," said Charlie, and he decided he was going to walk home through the graveyard that night.

As he crept along there was a blinding flash and loud thunder. "I am Lucifer! I am the devil!" Charlie dived in panic behind the nearest tombstone and shuddered with fear. "Dost thou have a hunch-back?" roared Lucifer.

"N-n-no," stuttered Charlie.

"Right! Take this one!"

I agree with the Polack pope, but not according to him, not what he wants. I agree according to myself. That is the only way I can agree with him.

A certain innocence is needed, but the priests are never innocent. They are so knowledgeable, they are lost in the jungle of words and concepts and beautiful theories. Somebody has to hit them hard and bring them back to the earth. That's what I'm trying to do. It hurts...

I have received a newscutting from Calcutta. The reporter says that he went to Mother Teresa with a cutting from a newspaper about my statement that she is idiotic. She became so mad she tore the cutting and threw it away. And she was so angry that she was not even willing to make any comment. But she *has* made the comment, tearing the newspaper cutting.

And the reporter said, "I was puzzled. I asked that, the cutting belonged to me. I had just come to show it to you and to know your comment?"

And these people think they are religious people. In fact, by tearing the cutting she simply

proved what I have said was right: she is idiotic -- this is idiotic. I receive so many "compliments" -- in inverted commas -- from all over the world that if I start tearing them it will be enough exercise for me -- and I hate exercise!

These popes need a little more innocence. These Mother Teresas lead a life of such hypocrisy, such cunningness, such deceptiveness, that they need to become a little more human, a little more simple, a little more innocent. Only then they can see the truth. And it is time that the truth should be seen, otherwise there is no hope for humanity. It will go on and on in circles, the same circles it has been going on for thousands of years.

Jesus is right when he says: Unless you are like small children you will not enter into my kingdom of God. And these popes and Teresas are not like small children. I would like my sannyasins to be like small children.

The Jones family recently moved from their suburban home into a far-out nudist colony. One day the youngest son walked up to his father and asked. "Dad, how can I tell a rich man from a poor man in this place?"

Of course, this is a great question for a child in a nudist colony. How can you tell who is rich, who is poor? Of course, when people are dressed you immediately see who is rich, who is poor. But in a nudist colony?

His father was speechless for a second, but fathers can't accept that they don't know. Then laughingly he said, "I guess a rich man has a bigger cock than a poor man."

This answer seemed to satisfy his son's curiosity and he left.

A few days later while working in the garden he heard his son yelling, "Dad, quick! Come quick!"

He jumped up and started running towards the house calling, "What is wrong, son? What is wrong?"

The boy shouted back, "There is a poor man chasing mummy and getting richer by the moment!"

The Wild Geese and the Water

Chapter #11

Chapter title: No Higher, No Lower

21 February 1981 am in Buddha Hall

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The first question:

OSHO,

"HOLIER-THAN-THOU" SEEMS TO BE MY LIFELONG MANTRA. GROWING UP AS A CATHOLIC, I THANKED GOD DAILY THAT I WAS A PART OF THE ONE TRUE RELIGION. AS A CATHOLIC NUN I KNEW I HAD "MADE IT". NOW, AS A SANNYASIN, I OBSERVE THOSE SAME ATTITUDES AND JUDGMENTS HAPPENING AT EVERY TURN. I WATCH MYSELF AS I ACT SUPERIOR AROUND NON-SANNYASINS AND INFERIOR AROUND THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN WITH YOU LONGER THAN I.

I REALLY EXHAUST MYSELF IN CONSTRUCTING INTRICATE CONTINUA ALONG WHICH TO PLACE EVERYONE IN RELATION TO MYSELF. I SIMPLY CAN'T SHAKE HARD ENOUGH TO LET IT GO.

PLEASE COMMENT.

ANAND PRITAMA,

RELIGION, AS IT HAS EXISTED down the ages, is nothing but a subtle ego trip. Far more subtle, of course, than those trips which people are making for money, power, prestige, respectability, and all that. But the basic quality is the same.

Man's mind has been molded, distorted poisoned, for only one thing, and that is the ego. Sacrifice everything for the ego! That is the single note of our all civilizations, cultures, societies, religions, educational systems. We, from the very beginning, in the child's mind, implant seeds of ambition. And then we devote twenty-five years in the schools colleges, universities, nursing, watering those seeds so that they can have roots, branches, flowers, fruits.

Twenty-five years is a long time; it is one-third of your total life. And when you are conditioned for such a long time for ambitiousness, it certainly becomes very difficult to get rid of it.

But ambition starts in such a way that you never become aware what poison it contains in

it. The bottle of ambition contains pure poison, but the label is not that of poison: the label says it is pure nectar.

And we live through words, we are word-oriented. Our whole life is dominated by words. Beautiful words can hide ugly realities. In fact, ugly realities exist in the world only because we are camouflaging them behind beautiful facades of language, philosophy, theology, ideology. Just give a beautiful word and you can cover up anything.

The so-called religious people are the most egoistic, because "religion" is one of the most beautiful words. It contains the whole spectrum of all that has been valued, appreciated, longed for: freedom, love, liberation, God, nirvana, *moksha*, immortality. What more you can ask? It contains the whole kingdom of God. The word is so beautiful that one has to be really intelligent to see behind, what it is hiding.

Religion is nothing but a very unholy trip in the name of holiness. Hence, you will see in the faces of your saints, in their eyes, in their gestures, nothing but the pious ego. But you will have to watch, because it comes from the back door. It is never there in its nudity; it is always hiding behind curtains. And don't be deceived by the curtains: the curtains may be beautiful, made of beautiful material, but what is behind the curtain has to be looked into.

Your saints have been doing hard work, their austerities are arduous. They are doing almost the impossible: celibacy, fighting with biology; fasting, fighting with their physiology; and doing everything that is unnatural, for a single purpose, because whenever you do something unnatural you are respected. Naturally, you are thought to be a superior kind, a superman. You are no ordinary man. Ordinary men live ordinary lives -- they love food, they enjoy food. The religious person is not allowed to enjoy food.

Mahatma Gandhi in his ashram used a very strange chutney which has never been used before -- chutney made out of *neem* leaves. Now, the *neem* leaves are the most bitter leaves, and if you eat chutney made out of *neem* leaves, it is going to destroy your whole food, it is going to destroy your all joy. The very idea is enough to destroy it.

When Louis Fischer, the American thinker-writer-philosopher, stayed with Gandhi to study his philosophy and life... He was proposing to write a book on Gandhi, so he wanted to be close to him to understand the ways of his working. the ways of his living -- everything minutely. Gandhi invited him every day for food to come with him. He was, on the first day, very much happy -- Gandhi inviting himself. But when he tasted the chutney, he could not believe that how he is going to manage? It made his whole tongue so bitter that to eat anything afterwards will not change the taste.

Being a logical man, and being a very polite, cultured man, he could not say no to Gandhi. He thought the best is swallow the whole chutney in one gulp, and then enjoy your food, rather than destroying the whole food again and again. That chutney has to be tasted and that was a rule in Gandhi's ashram: you cannot leave anything on the plate, everything has to be eaten. So he swallowed chutney in one gulp and Gandhi immediately ordered more chutney for him. He said, "Look! A man of understanding immediately can see the medicinal qualities of *neem* leaves."

For seven days he has to suffer that hell...

The whole idea behind the *neem* chutney was to destroy your delicate, fragile tastebuds, so that you only stuff yourself without tasting: *aswad* -- tastelessness. That has been one of the very cherished goals of religious people. So if you are enjoying your food, you are ordinary. Ordinarity has to be condemned, only then you become extraordinary. And then, certainly, deep down the feeling of holier-than-thou...

Pritama, it is present in all the religions around the world; it has nothing to do particularly

with Catholicism. Try to see the mechanism: the unnatural seems to be respected because the man who is capable of doing it seems to have certain powers which the ordinary person has not got. So anything that seems ordinary and natural has to be condemned, and anything that seems to be unnatural has to be respected. Laughter is condemned because it is very ordinary.

Christians say Jesus never laughed; I cannot agree with it. Only a man like Jesus has the capacity of real laughter. But Christians saying that Jesus never laughed are certainly making a point: they are saying that he is so sacred he cannot commit such profane act of laughter.

Jainas say that Mahavira never defecated or urinated. Such ordinary acts! That is one of the criterions whether somebody is really enlightened or not -- toilet is the criterion. You see the stupidity of it? They say Mahavira never perspired. That is possible only if he had no skin -- instead of his skin, if he was living in a kind of plastic bag... Plastic does not perspire, but skin *has* to perspire. That is part of its aliveness. It is very fundamental, you only can live if your skin perspires. Certainly dead people don't perspire, they cannot. Either Mahavira was dead or plastic!

A living person *has* to perspire, for the simple reason that every pore of your skin breathes. There are millions of small breathing pores into your body; you are not only breathing by your nose. If your nose is allowed to breathe and your whole body is covered with a thick paint so that all your skin pores are closed, you will die within three hours. You will be allowed to breathe from the nose, still you will die within three hours, because your whole body needs breathing; each cell of your body breathes.

And when it is too hot... And Mahavira lived in one of the hottest parts of this country, Bihar, and he lived naked, and he traveled on foot. He must have been perspiring more than anybody else. Perspiration has a natural function to do: when it is too hot your body perspires to keep your body temperature within a certain limit. You perspire, your body relieves some water from the skin pores, that water evaporates, taking your body heat. Hence, the body can maintain a constant temperature. If you don't perspire, your body will become so hot that you will burst forth, or you will be burned from your inside.

But all these stupid ideas are propounded for the simple reason to show that Mahavira is special, that Jesus is special. Something extraordinary has to be fabricated.

You say, Pritama: "HOLIER-THAN-THOU" SEEMS TO BE MY LIFELONG MANTRA.

It is in fact everybody's lifelong mantra, in different ways. Somebody is trying to show his ego by his money, somebody by his knowledge, somebody by his political power, somebody by his austerities, somebody by his religiousness. But it is all the same -- only excuses differ, but the motive is the same.

A bus loaded with cockney tourists was making a rather prolonged drive along the seafront in Sicily, when it stopped for the passengers to have a brief rest and enjoy the scenery. At once most of the men rushed up the embankment where they relieved themselves despite the fact that the women remaining on the bus could see them.

When the men reboarded the bus, one indignant wife was so furious that she told her husband and the others in a loud tone of voice exactly what she thought of the strange maneuver. "But, Jock," she continued in a more conciliatory tone, "I was awfully proud when you took out ours!"

The motive is the same. It may be profane, it may be sacred, it does not matter, it makes no difference at all. The motive is the same: somehow to prove that, "I am greater than you, holier than you, wiser than you, more virtuous than you."

You say, Pritama: I THANKED GOD DAILY THAT I WAS PART OF THE ONE TRUE RELIGION.

Every religion believes that. There are three hundred religions on the earth, and every religion believes in the same idiotic idea. There are hundreds of countries in the world, and every country believes in the same nonsense. There are many races, many colors, but everybody believes that there is something special about his country, his religion, his race, his color.

If you observe these attitudes of others, you will be immediately aware what kind of idiocy prevails amongst human beings. But it will be difficult for you to see your own idiotic, irrational prejudices. First watch others, then it will become easier for you to see that the same is the case with you.

I always love a beautiful story about a professor of philosophy. He was the head of the philosophy department in the University of Paris. He was a very logical man -- obviously -- he was a great philosopher.

One day he declared to his students that, "I am the greatest man in the world."

The students were shocked. They had never thought that their philosopher, their professor, who is such a logical man, will ever say something so absurd.

One of the students asked, "Sir, you have always been proving your statements rationally -- can you prove this one too?"

And the professor laughed and he said, "Yes. If I cannot prove, then I would not have made it at all in the first place."

He spread on the board a world map. All the students watched him: "What he is doing?"

Then he asked them, "Which country is the best country in the world, and the greatest country in the world?"

Of course, they were all French so they said, "France."

So he said, "Now, I have only to prove that if I am the greatest man in France that will do. France is obviously the greatest country in the world, and I am the greatest man in France, so the natural corollary will be: I am the greatest man in the world."

They had to agree. It was logical.

Then he asked, "Forget the whole world, look at the map of France. Which is the most beautiful and the greatest city in France?"

Now, the students started feeling a little worried that he is coming closer to the point. But they all lived in Paris, they all loved Paris, and they all were told from their very childhood that Paris is the greatest city in the world. And they said, "Of course, Paris."

And the professor said, "Then we can drop the whole France, it is now only Paris in which, if it is proved that I am the greatest man, then as a natural consequence it will be proved that I am the greatest man in the world."

Then he asked, "Can you tell me which is the greatest place, the wisest, the most beautiful, the most sacred in Paris?"

Naturally, the University of Paris, the seat of wisdom...

And then he asked, "Now tell me, in the University of Paris which is the most significant,

the most important department?"

Now who can compete with philosophy? And they were all students of philosophy, so they had to agree that the philosophy department is, of course, the very center of the University of Paris, it is the very soul.

And the professor laughed and then he said, "Now, do you see the point? And I am the head of the philosophy department..."

Deep down everybody is trying to prove it. If you ask the Indians, they think India is the only religious country in the world. Remember, the *only*. All are worldly countries; India is a sacred land, the land of the *rishis*, of the Upanishads and the Vedas, the land of Mahavira, Krishna, Buddha, the land of Kabir, Dadu, Nanak, Meera, Chaitanya -- the land of all the great mahatmas, sages and saints. In fact, Indians believe that even the gods in paradise desire to be born in India -- they are jealous of Indians.

And no Indian will ever doubt it, because it fulfills some inner need of his own. This is a vicarious way of saying that, "I am the most religious person in the world -- I belong to the most religious land, the sacred land."

Just the other day I was listening to a song, a beautiful song, which says a pilgrim has gone to visit the places where Mohammed lived, Mecca and Medina. The song says that your paradise is beautiful, God, but for the moment, at least, I am not interested in it at all. I am in the city where Mohammed lived and walked. Even the dust of this city is far more valuable than your paradise. And if I have the choice, then I will live in Mecca or Medina rather than going to paradise.

Mohammedans believe that. It is part of Mohammedan religion, that if you are really religious, at least once in life you should go to Kaaba to visit the place where Mohammed began his sermons, where he composed his first part of the Koran. If you don't go to *haj*, to this sacred pilgrimage, you are not a complete Mohammedan; something remains incomplete in you.

The same is the case with the Jews. They think Jerusalem is not part of this world, it is a sacred city.

Hindus say, "Kashi does not belong to this earth, it belongs to the beyond."

These are all vicarious ways of fulfilling your ego. So, Pritama, remember, it has nothing to do with Catholicism as such; it is a very common disease to all religious people. They are utterly blind that they are projecting their ego in beautiful ways.

You say, I WAS PART OF ONE OF...
THE ONE TRUE RELIGION.

Every religion thinks that, "My religion is the true religion." Ask the Jainas, they say, "All other religions are untrue, only Jainism is the true religion." And once you accept the idea of any religion as *the* true religion, you become a fanatic, you become obsessed. Then every nonsense is possible through you.

If you believe Mohammedanism is the only true religion, as Mohammedans believe, then it is your sacred duty to transform the whole world into a Mohammedan world. Even if people are to be forced, violently, to be Mohammedans, it is your sacred duty to do it, because you are doing it for their own sake. Even if they have to be tortured and killed, it is worth, because if they die without becoming Mohammedans they are bound to go to hell. Save them from falling into hell!

And the same is the idea of the Christians, because Christ is the only begotten son of God, and those who are with Christ will be saved. At the last judgment day he will come and sort out that "Who are my people and who are not my people." Those he will choose as his people will enter into paradise with great celebration, songs, dances, music, and those who are rejected will start falling into hell -- and the Christian hell is the worst because it lasts for ever; it is eternal. It is a very strange idea.

In a short life of seventy years... because Christians believe only in one life, you are born only once. And this small life of seventy years will be decisive for your infinity, for eternity. This seems to be unfair and unjust, absolutely ridiculous! How can you commit so much sin in such a small life that your punishment will be for eternity? Even if you continuously commit sin -- twenty-four hours a day, not even taking a tea, break, for seventy years, not going to bed, not sleeping, just sinning and sinning and sinning -- then, too, eternal condemnation seems to be too much, unfair.

Bertrand Russell is right when he says, "I have counted all my sins that I have committed. If I am punished for them, then the hardest, rocklike magistrate cannot throw me into jail for more than four years. If my thoughts about committing sins are also to be accounted for -- which I have not committed, just thought..." Somebody's beautiful wife passing by, and just a fantasy -- if that has also to be counted as adultery... And the Polack pope will agree that it has to be counted -- not only somebody else's wife; the Polack pope says, "If you look at your own wife with desire it is adultery." Your own wife? -- and if you look with desire, appreciation, if you say, "You look beautiful," that's enough: you have committed adultery.

"Even if these thoughts," Russell says, "have to be counted, then at the most eight years I can be put into prison. But for these sins, to throw me in hell for eternity is very unfair." Then God is not fair, compassionate and kind as Christians, Mohammedans and others go on saying. Then God seems to be really an ugly despot, far more uglier than Adolf Hitler or Joseph Stalin or Mao Tse-tung, far more cruel than Tamburlaine, Nadir Shah and other murderers of the history.

But one can go on believing once you have accepted the idea that, "This is the only true religion."

Just now, Jainas are celebrating one thousand years completion of the establishment of a beautiful statue of Bahubali, one of their great sages. It is one of the biggest statues in the world. Now nearabout one million people are gathered in the province of Karnataka, in Gomateshwara, to celebrate this special occasion -- one thousand years the statue has stood, in rain, in sun, in wind. It is so big and huge that it cannot be sheltered. It stands naked. It is part of a hill; the whole hill has been carved. But you will be surprised to know that Bahubali had committed suicide.

But Jainas cannot see it. It is impossible for them to see it, that a man who committed suicide cannot be enlightened. They call Bahubali Bhagwan. He cannot be the blessed one, because the man who has attained the ultimate truth is neither interested in living a single moment more... If death comes, he welcomes; if death does not come, he cannot desire for it. And committing suicide simply means desiring for death; at least one desire is still there.

But in a way this is the logical conclusion of the whole Jaina philosophy. It is life-negative, it is against life, it is anti-life. And this is the logical conclusion of it: renounce life, escape from life. Every so-called Jaina saint is committing a gradual suicide. And Jainism is the only religion in the world which allows suicide. Of course, they give it a beautiful name, they call it SANLEKHNA. One is so fulfilled, they say, one is so blissful, they say, that one feels there is no need to live any more -- so one commits suicide.

But if one is so fulfilled that there is no need to live any more, is there any need to commit suicide? The fulfilled person accepts with joy whatsoever is happening. If life is happening, good; if death is happening, good. He lives in a dance, he dies in a dance. He cannot commit suicide.

Suicide certainly shows that he is still incomplete. Something in him is still desiring, something in him still wants; what it wants is immaterial. But Jainism says if you sacrifice your life totally then the other world is yours, so at the ultimate moment it is better to commit suicide than to die naturally. Everything natural is wrong. Suicide has something religious in it -- you commit it, you do it.

The desire to live is a very natural desire. Everybody has it: animals have it, trees have it, birds have it -- it is nothing special. But the desire to finish the life, to put an end, and you earn great virtue... But the motive is of earning, the motive is to get something out of it; you are sacrificing life as a means to attain something. It simply proves that the desire is there, the motive is there. But Jainas cannot see it.

I will not call Bahubali a Bhagwan, no, not at all. His suicide proves it definitely, that something was wrong in his being. The really enlightened person neither wants to live, nor wants to die. If life is there, he dances with life; if death is there, he dances with death. Each moment is accepted in its totality without any desire for things to be otherwise. But Jainas will not be able to see it.

Now, Pritama, you can see it because you are no more a Catholic nun. You are gaining to a significant insight; you are coming out of that parrotlike knowledge, that repetitive knowledge that every religion conditions people for. In fact, parrots have been complaining to me that, "Please don't compare us with pundits!" And I can see their point -- parrots are not so stupid.

A vicar buys the only parrot left in the pet shop.

"I have to warn you, vicar," says the shopkeeper, "that he swears terribly. But if you want him to stop, take him by the feet and swing him around in the air."

The vicar takes the bird with him on a plane trip, and soon the parrot begins to swear. Embarrassed, the vicar takes the bird out of the cage, and swings him round in the passageway of the plane.

"Ahhh!" the parrot cries. "Just feel that fucking breeze!"

Parrots are not so stupid, but pundits are far more. And you can forgive the parrots, they are only poor parrots. But you cannot forgive the pundits.

Pritama, you say: AS A CATHOLIC NUN I KNEW I HAD "MADE IT"

That's what they all go on hypnotizing you for. People are living like zombies in Catholic monasteries, nunneries, in Buddhist Viharas The Jaina monks and nuns, they are all living like zombies, conditioned, deeply conditioned, hypnotized by constant repetition that they have made it. And of course when it is constantly repeated to you, you start believing it. In fact, you *want* to believe it, and when everybody says that you have done it, you jump upon the opportunity. You immediately, without any argument, accept it. But you are in a way fortunate that you were capable of "unmaking it".

You say, NOW AS A SANNYASIN I OBSERVE THOSE SAME ATTITUDES AND JUDGMENTS HAPPENING AT EVERY TURN.

They must have gone deep in you, they must have become part of your blood, your bones, your very marrow. It will take a little time before they leave your system totally. But if you remain aware they are bound to leave.

Two psychiatrists were on the first green. The first one missed a two-footer and muttered, "Nuts!"

"Please, Max," said the partner, "let us not talk shop "

People become accustomed of words, ideas. Even if they change, the first change is only on the circumference, the center remains the same. You have changed your outer habits. The nuns' clothes are called "habits": you have changed from white habits to orange habits. But by changing the clothes nothing is changed; that is only a gesture. Much has to be changed now. And this is good that the question is arising in you, that you are becoming alert that still you are carrying the same old judgmental attitudes.

One morning, before school, little Johnny was sitting at breakfast when his mother asked, "What would you like for breakfast, Johnny?"

"I want some fucking cornflakes," said Johnny.

Whereupon the mother belted little Johnny on the ear and shouted, "Don't ask for that again, do you hear?!" Then she turned to Johnny's little brother, Tommy, and asked, "What do you want for breakfast, Tommy?"

Tommy sat nervously in his chair for a moment, then answered, "Ahem, I... I don't know, Mom. But I sure don't want any of those fucking cornflakes!"

You have changed, but not much. But the important thing is that you are becoming aware that those judgmental attitudes are still hanging around you.

You say, I WATCH MYSELF AS I ACT SUPERIOR AROUND NON-SANNYASINS, AND INFERIOR AROUND THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN WITH YOU LONGER THAN I.

This is what has been told to everybody: that you have to put yourself higher and higher, that you have to climb the ladder, that you have to be ambitious, that you have to be the first.

My whole effort here is to tell you that you have to be just yourself, neither first nor last. And you are so unique that nobody, Pritama, has been like you before, and nobody is going to be like you again. Hence, there is no question of comparison at all; you are so unique that you are incomparable. So drop this whole idea of comparison.

It is comparison which creates trouble; then somebody is higher than you and somebody is lower than you. If you drop this comparative habit, then nobody is higher than you and nobody is lower than you. Then suddenly you recognize everybody's uniqueness. And the moment you can see everybody's uniqueness, your life has a different flavor. It becomes non-ambitious, it becomes non-egoistic. Then you are not trying to imitate, then you are not trying to compete -- then you are simply being yourself, relaxing with yourself, and a great love for yourself arises. And not only for yourself: a great love -- for everyone else also, because everyone is so unique. And it is because of the uniqueness of individuals around the world that the world is so beautiful.

You say, I REALLY EXHAUST MYSELF IN CONSTRUCTING INTRICATE CONTINUA ALONG WHICH TO PLACE EVERYONE IN RELATION TO MYSELF.

You are doing an absolutely impossible thing. You are simply yourself; there is no need to put yourself into any hierarchy. In a hierarchy somebody will be higher than you, somebody will be lower than you. The lower will feed your ego and the higher will hurt your ego. And both are dangerous. And because the higher hurts you, you will hurt the lower, you will take revenge with the lower.

There is a story:

Once Birbal, one of the very significant people around the great emperor Akbar, cracked a joke. Akbar was angry because the joke was on Akbar. He went so angry that he slapped Birbal in front of many people. But Birbal was not to miss the opportunity -- he immediately slapped the person who was standing by the side of Birbal, who was lower in rank.

The third person, who was slapped by Birbal, could not believe what was happening, because he was not concerned at all. Birbal had cracked a joke, he had received the reward. Now why *he* should be hit? He was not at all related in it.

And he asked, "What are you doing?"

Birbal said, "Don't waste time, hit the other person lower than you. And the world is round. Sooner or later the hit will reach Akbar." And it is said it reached in the night -- the wife hit Akbar himself.

And next day he said to Birbal, "You are right, the world is round. But you have always to hit the person who is lower than you; you have to be alert about that."

So everybody is hitting everybody else, hurting everybody else. That's why we have created this insane world.

Pritama, drop this whole attitude, this whole approach. With me, nobody has to play the game of holier-than-thou. To me there is no division between the profane and the sacred, between the holy and the unholy -- it is all one.

The second question:

OSHO,
ARE THERE ANY MEANINGLESS COINCIDENCES, OR IS EVERYTHING A GIGANTIC, PRECISE MECHANISM?

GUNTER AULY,

As far as ninety-nine point nine percent people are concerned everything is meaningless, just coincidences and coincidences. Only for the very few rare people -- the Buddhas, the awakened ones, the Krishnas, the Christs, the Zarathustras -- only for those very few people who can be counted on fingers the world is not coincidental.

But unless you become awake it remains coincidental. You are in a deep sleep, groping in your somnambulism. How can there be any purpose, any significance? How can there be any sense of direction? You are just walking like a drunkard -- not knowing where you are going, not knowing from where you are coming, not knowing exactly who are you...

A German once sat in zazen,
Asked "Who am I?" again and again.
"If I don't sort this out,
I shall stomp, scream und shout!
For I'm German , Heil Hitler! Amen!"

A German sitting in zazen is bound to stomp, scream und shout. And what he will shout?
-- Heil Hitler!

There was an old fellow from Lyme
Who married three wives at one time.
When asked, "Why the third?"
He replied, "One's absurd,
And bigamy, sir, is a crime!"

Two wild elephants grazing in the jungle... when suddenly Tarzan streaked in front of them in hot pursuit of Jane. One elephant turned to the other and asked, "How do you suppose he can breathe through that small little trunk?"

A drunk and his inebriated friend were sitting at a bar. "Do you know what the time is?" asked the drunk.
"Sure," said the friend.
"Thanks," said the drunk.

Two small mice were crouched under a table in the chorus girls' dressing room of a big Broadway show.

"Wow!" exclaimed the first mouse. "Have you ever seen so many gorgeous legs in your life?"

"Means nothing to me," said the second. "I'm a titmouse."

Jacqueline's one-time mother-in-law phoned her recently to ask about her health.

"I'm in bed with arthritis," moaned the young woman.

"What ever happened to the other Greek?" asked the ex-mother-in-law.

An Irish maid went to confession and told her parish priest that she had been having an affair with the butler who was married and already had two children.

The priest admonished her, saying that she had sinned against the church.

"Oh, no, father," she explained. "It was against the china closet. And it would have done your heart good to have heard those dishes rattle!"

As far as ninety-nine point nine percent people are concerned, everything is accidental: their birth is accidental, their love is accidental, their death is accidental, and *all* that passes in between. Everything is accidental.

That's why when you fall in love, the phrase "falling in love". It is not anything conscious in you. Suddenly you see a woman or a man and some instinctive force, some unconscious force possesses you. It is a fall, it is not conscious; you are unconscious. Hence, the people who are not in love will think you have gone crazy. All lovers are thought to be a little bit

insane, but only by others. The same thing happens to others too, in their own time -- then others think about them that they are a little crazy. Why love looks so crazy? -- there is a point in it. It is accidental.

If somebody asks you why *you* have fallen in love with a woman or a man, what you are going to say? And whatsoever you will say will look very silly. The color of the eyes, somebody will say -- now, what nonsense is this? -- or the length of the nose, or the shape of the eyes, or the way she walks... or the way he stands . . . What nonsense! What it has to do with love? You are just finding something so that you can pretend to be rational, conscious, in control. And just as people fall in love they fall out. And when they fall out it is the same nose, the same color of the eyes, the same hairstyle, the same woman, the same man. And what has happened now? Nothing has changed. You can fall in love today and you can fall out tomorrow. In fact, not to fall out tomorrow simply means you are not very intelligent, because now onwards it is going... there is just the repetition. Once you have learned the topography of the other it is finished! Now the same curves and the same topography... How long you are going to touch the long nose? It will be the same nose every day.

Whatever happens in ordinary life is all accidental. Your birth was accidental. Maybe your father was not thinking about you at all -- in fact, he was not even thinking about your mother when he was making love, he was thinking of Sophia Loren. He was not concerned with the woman he was making love, he was just doing it like an exercise, a gymnastics. He had to do because he is the husband, he is supposed to do it. He was fulfilling a duty.

And the woman was not at all thinking of your father either. She was thinking of Muhammad Ali, "The Greatest". And your father is farthest from Muhammad Ali, the greatest -- there is nothing to compare. That's why women always close their eyes when they make love -- shy, knowing perfectly well that they are not interested in this man. Some superstar -- they are thinking about somebody else. It is better to think -- when eyes are closed you can fantasize in a better way.

These people have given birth to you. Sophia Loren and Muhammad Ali were not making love, and the persons who were making love have given birth to you, and they were not thinking of each other and not at all about you. How they can think about you? They have not even heard about you, they have not even seen a picture about you, no idea that an orange sannyasin is going to be born -- otherwise they would have stopped in the middle!

It is all unconscious. How you have chosen your job? Just unconscious...

When I entered in the university, somebody was filling his form, the application form. I had no fountain pen, so I asked him can I borrow his fountain pen just for a minute to fill my form.

He said, very happily, "You do it, because I am hesitating what subjects to choose. So by the time I think, you can fill your form."

So I filled my form. He looked on my form and he said, "Philosophy? That sounds good, so I will also fill." And he joined the philosophy department; now he is a professor of philosophy.

Just few days before he had come in the ashram -- just a week before -- to visit, with his students. Now he is a *doctor* of philosophy -- and it was just a coincidence! If I had been just one minute late, or if I had a fountain pen with me, then nobody knows what would have happened to this man. One thing is certain, he would not have been a doctor of philosophy, a professor of philosophy. But now he will live his whole life as a professor of philosophy, thinking that he had chosen it.

When Sheela brought his name, that "Dr. Patel has come and he says that he is an old

colleague, an old friend of yours." I tried to remember. In a way, certainly, I have been very fateful to him: I have determined his whole course. Then I remembered that he had filled the form just looking at my form.

Philosophy sounded good, and it certainly sounds good if you think of physiology, biology, zoology. Philosophy sounds good, something great, and he liked the word. And now his whole life he will think *he* has chosen it.

Your job is not chosen by you. You are living the life of a somnambulist.

A swank Long Island country club staged a ladies' tournament last summer. The day before the award of the trophy to the winner, Harris, the committee chairman, discovered that no trophy had been bought. He hurried to Jenkins Jewelers and was told that he could not get the cup engraved in twenty-four hours. Jenkins suggested that the sample cup that he had on display be given to the winner with the explanation that one just like it, with a suitable inscription, would be delivered to her the following week.

Next evening the tournament winner marched proudly up to the platform to receive her trophy. Harris, under stress and with a few scotches under his belt, forgot to mention that the cup was a sample and one with the correct inscription would be delivered later.

She looked at what was inscribed on the cup and fainted dead away. Harris then picked up the trophy. It read, "Awarded to the Best Wire-Haired Bitch in Nassau County."

If you watch around you will see it is all accidental. Your whole life is accidental. You try to make some sort of meaning out of it just to console yourself, but in fact there is no meaning in it. Only Buddhas have meaning, nobody else has any meaning.

Riedel came running into the club house yelling for a doctor. An M.D. came over and was amazed to see the man had a putter rammed up his butt.

"What happened?" asked the physician. "I was playing golf with my wife," replied Riedel. It was the first time she had ever played. I got on the green in three, but her second shot landed an inch from the cup. I bent over to pick up her ball and I said, 'It looks like your hole, honey,' and that's all I remember!"

Two Scotsmen are on holiday in Rome, and the first night of their visit they decide to go out drinking. So, turning into the first bar they find, they order two pints of beer.

"I'm sorry," says the barman, "but we don't sell beer."

The Scotsmen are absolutely horrified and ask the barman, "What do you sell?"

The barman starts going through a huge and confusing drinks list . . .

"Look, Jimmy," says one Scot, having a sudden brainwave, "what does the pope drink?"
"Creme de menthe," replies the barman.

"Okay, give us two pints of that then," says the Scot. And between the two of them they consume during the evening nearly thirty pints of creme de menthe.

So the next morning they both regain consciousness lying in the gutter covered in green vomit.

"Oh, God!" says one. "What happened last night?"

"We were drinking that stuff the pope drinks," groans the other.

"Well," replies the first, "if the pope drinks that stuff, no wonder they have to carry him about in a chair all day!"

The Wild Geese and the Water

Chapter #12

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The first question:

OSHO,
CATHOLICISM, MOHAMMEDANISM, HINDUISM, JAINISM AND BUDDHISM,
WHICH ARE THE MOST "RELIGIOUS" OF RELIGIONS, SEEM MOST CONCERNED
ABOUT PURITY, CLEANLINESS AND SEXUAL ABSTINENCE. YET, THE PRESIDE
OVER THE MOST UNHYGIENIC, MALNOURISHED AND MISERABLE PEOPLES OF
THE EARTH. IS THERE A CONNECTION?

DEVARAJ,

THERE IS CERTAINLY AND ABSOLUTELY a tremendous connection.

Our life grows around the center of our vision, of our philosophy; we start looking at things according to a certain perspective. Once that perspective becomes a settled thing, our reality shrinks. Then the whole reality is no more available to us; only that part of reality remains available which fits with our prejudices, our ideologies, our philosophies, our religions.

Almost everybody on the earth is living a partial life; nobody is living whole life, hence the earth is not holy. The so-called religions, all of them, in different ways, have caused a certain blindness. People see only that which is allowed by their minds to reach their consciousness. It is one of the established scientific facts now that only two percent of reality reaches through our senses to our consciousness. That two percent reality, against ninety-eight percent, is nothing. And we think that two percent as if this is the whole of life. Things go upside-down life becomes a chaos.

Buddhism has chosen the color yellow for the *bhikkus* -- for the Buddhist monks and nuns -- and you will be surprised why they have chosen the color yellow. They have chosen the color yellow to represent death -- yellow is the color of death. When a leaf dies, it becomes yellow; before falling to the ground to its grave it becomes yellow. When a person dies he starts becoming yellow. As you become older you start losing your redness, your aliveness, you start becoming pale.

Yellow is the color of death. Buddhism's whole conclusion is that life is not worth living. The only purpose that life can be put to is: How to renounce it? How to get out of it? All the three religions born in India -- Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism -- they talk about the wheel of life and death. Existence is looked as a wheel of life and death, and unless you drop out of this wheel you will go on moving in circles. All these three religions have made the goal of their search only one single thing: How not to be born again.

Now, this life-negative approach is bound to affect, it is bound to influence your very gestalt, your very style, your functioning.

If you see in the East poverty, malnourishment, starvation, sickness, the reason is clear: all the three religions which have dominated the East are against life. Why should one bother too much about the body? The body is the enemy -- you don't feed the enemy, you don't nourish the enemy, you don't take care of the enemy. It is better that the enemy dies. You would like to torture the enemy, not to make him healthy. And all these three religions of the East have been teaching methods how to torture yourself. They call it *tapascharya* -- austerity. But deep down it is nothing but slow suicide; it is a crime against life and existence.

And then a vicious circle is created. You don't take care of the body, you don't take care of the environment of the body, you don't give it right nourishment, you suffer... and that suffering proves that your religions are right, that life is suffering. Then you become even more and more disinterested with all that body contains, life contains, implies. Naturally that creates more suffering, and your mahatmas are proved even more correct. This is a vicious circle. But the basic point is that from the very beginning you have accepted a belief, a prejudice, without ever enquiring.

The religions all over the world prevent people from enquiry. Before a child can enquire we give him beliefs, we force beliefs on him. And once a person has got beliefs, his enquiry can never be detached, his enquiry can never be pure, his enquiry is already contaminated -- he has a priori conclusions.

A very famous Hindu psychologist, Dr. Bannerjee, once came to see me. He is the head of the department of Rajasthan University for Psychical Research. He had come to see me because he was working on a project; the project was whether there is only one life or many lives.

Christianity, Mohammedanism, Judaism -- all the three religions born out of India -- believe only in one life. And the three religions born in India believe in thousands of lives, in fact, the actual number is eight hundred forty million lives. The difference is immense -- one life and eight hundred forty million lives; it is not a small difference.

So he was working on the project: who is right? He told me that, "I am a man of science" -- and he has many degrees; he has been educated in the West. I asked him a simple question, that "This is a beautiful work that you are doing, but before you ask me anything I would like to ask you one thing only. Then I am ready, you can ask anything you want. My question is: Do you believe that there are many lives or there is only one life?"

He said, "Of course, I believe that there are many lives, man is born again and again."

I said to him, "Then the enquiry is pointless. If there is already a belief, if you are already prejudiced, then your enquiry is not scientific, you are not open. You will collect data, only that which supports your prejudice. In the same way a Christian working on the same project, or a Mohammedan working on the same project, will find that there is only one life. And you will find that there are many many millions of lives. It is not a question of enquiry at all; to enquire one needs an open mind."

But each child is burdened with beliefs. Parents are in such a hurry that before the child starts thinking on his own he has to be poisoned, because who knows, he may not agree with his parents, with his tradition, if he starts thinking on his own. And I can see that their concern is relevant: if a person starts thinking on his own, all traditions will disappear from the world. Once you start enquiring on your own you will accept only that which you have experienced. You will not accept anything which has simply been given to you by others, handed over to you by generations for thousands of years.

Everybody begins life from a wrong step; the very first step goes wrong. Once you accept something, then you have colored glasses on your eyes and everything looks of the same color.

Devaraj, these religions have certainly something to do with the unhygienic, malnourished and miserable peoples of the earth. Their basic approach is anti-life. But to teach anybody an anti-life philosophy will not be right, because even a child will start asking embarrassing questions. Why one should be anti-life? -- life is so beautiful! All that is beautiful is beautiful because it is alive. And life is created by God -- why he should create something which has to be discarded and renounced? Hence, these people don't teach directly anti-life attitudes; they go indirectly, in roundabout ways: they teach you anti-sexual attitudes. That is an indirect way to put negativity in your mind and heart against all that exists. But it is a very cunning way, because nobody immediately can see that life and sex are synonymous. Unless you are very intelligent you will not see the point that all life exists through sex, comes through sex. You are born through sex, your parents were born through sex. The whole life is sexual.

The beautiful flowers that you think -- and your poets go on praising them -- are sexual expressions of the trees, that is their sexuality. Those beautiful roses are not meant for your garlands; those beautiful roses have something to do with the sexuality of the rosebush. When the cuckoo starts calling from a distant, faraway place, it looks so beautiful, but it is not calling you, neither your poets, nor your musicians -- the cuckoo is not interested in your poetry, in your music, et cetera. That call of the cuckoo is sexual. And remember, the call is coming from the male cuckoo, not from the female. Females don't call. It is the male cuckoo who is trying to allure the female, attract the female.

Have you watched it? -- a very rare phenomenon. Look around. You will always find the male more beautiful, more musical, more decorated than the female -- except man. The beautiful peacock with all its rainbow-colored feathers is the male; compared to it the female looks very ordinary. All the songs are sung by male birds, not by female birds. The reason is that the female is beautiful just by being female -- that's enough. The male has to show, to manifest, to decorate.

And in the ancient days this was the case with men too. You must have seen the statues of Krishna and the pictures of Krishna -- you can see it. Krishna must be very ancient. His long hairs, and he is using all kinds of ornaments, his beautiful silk dress, his posture -- that of a dancer -- he looks very feminine.

Never think for a single moment that shaving your beard and your mustache is a new thing; Krishna must have been doing it five thousand years before, because he seems to have no mustache, no beard. He was decorated in every possible way, with the flute and the song .

..

It was only later on, when marriage became an established thing, that the woman started decorating herself -- because the woman is one thing, and wife is totally different. The

woman is beautiful just by being a woman. The same woman once she becomes your wife loses all attraction. To hide that she starts decorating herself -- to keep herself attractive to the husband. This is part of the marriage system that has put things upside-down. Now, the male is not interested in decorating himself. In fact, he is miserable because he got caught with a woman, he is afraid.

That's why all these religions have been created by men. It is basically the fear of the wife -- the root cause of all these religions. How to renounce the wife? You have to create a great fog, a philosophical jargon around it; otherwise the wife is not going to leave you so easily. And the people who became very much tortured by the wives... and the simple torture is that she loses attraction. Once she is your possession she loses attraction -- and that is the greatest torture. And the moment she starts losing attraction she starts becoming suspicious of you, jealous of you. She starts spying on you: Where you have been? What you have been doing? She starts nagging you, she goes on finding some fault with you to dominate you.

First she used to dominate without domination, her beauty was enough, her being a woman was enough. Now it is no more enough, something else has to be added.

How to escape from the woman? -- and you yourself are caught into the mousetrap. It is always the mouse who goes into the trap; the trap never chases the mouse, remember. But once inside the trap the mouse becomes religious. He starts thinking "Life is a bondage, a suffering, imprisonment. How to go beyond life?" Hence all the religions are created by these suffering, henpecked husbands.

Just the other day an old man had asked a question, that "Two of my sons have become your sannyasins..." He says that he is seventy years old and has not the courage now, or the energy, or guts enough to fight the society. He wants to become a sannyasin but he cannot. But Hindu scriptures say that even if one person in the family becomes a sannyasin, then his seven generations will be delivered, will attain to *moksha*. "So is it true about your sannyasins, too, or not?" the old man has asked.

These religions have been teaching that if the husband leaves the wife, "Don't be worried -- you will attain to *moksha*, the wife will also attain to *moksha*." In fact, she should attain first because she is the basic cause of it. She started the whole thing in the first place, otherwise there would have been no God and no *moksha*. She should enter first, the husband should follow really.

But they have been telling that, "The husband has left you -- don't be worried. This life is short; it will be difficult and painful without the husband, but you will have tremendous rewards afterwards. Not only you -- your seven generations, without any effort on their part, will all become enlightened."

So the old poor fellow has asked that, "Not only one, but two of my sons have become your disciples -- so what about me, what about the seven generations?"

As far as my sannyas is concerned, it is individual. It has nothing to do with your seven generations. Truth is always individual, but the people who were going against life had to create some consolations around themselves. And when it became a deep-rooted idea in the minds of people that life is ugly, sex is ugly, existence itself is a bondage -- as if it is a punishment, not a reward, not a grace of God, but you have been thrown into it for some crime that you must have committed somewhere in the past -- than naturally these things are bound to happen. People will become malnourished: why go on taking care about the body? The body is the cause of your bondage. Why be hygienic? -- for what?

In fact, the Indian ascetic is very unhygienic. The more unhygienic he is, the more he is respected. The highly respected ascetic is called *paramahansa* -- the great swan. This is the

highest category of the saints in India. And the definition of a *paramahansa* is that he can eat in the same plate with a dog, or he can eat just sitting by somebody's side who is defecating. He will remain unconcerned. He does not make any distinction between food and shit -- it is all same.

That's why I say Morarjibhai Desai is fifty percent a *paramahansa* -- because he makes no distinction between water and urine. In fact, urine is far better -- he calls it "water of life". Fifty percent PARAMAHANSA... just fifty percent more is needed and he and his seven generations will be delivered.

Why one should be hygienic? For what? And remember, when sex is repressed, many things are repressed automatically. Sex is such a significant phenomenon because it is the source of all life. It has to be so significant that if you repress it you will repress many other things. For example, the person who is sexually repressed will become uncreative, because creativity itself is a kind of sexual activity.

In my observation, if a person is totally creative he will transcend sex without repressing it, because his own energy will become creative. He will not need to go into sex -- not that he will prevent himself -- the very need will disappear. He has now a far higher bliss happening to him; the lower is bound to disappear when you have the higher in your hands.

Try to understand my arithmetic: never drop the lower, try to attain to the higher. When the higher is there, the lower is bound to disappear on its own accord. And when the lower disappears into higher, then life becomes more beautiful, more healthy more whole.

A real poet while producing, creating, composing, forgets all about sex. A real sculptor absorbed in his work forgets all about sex. Even if a naked woman passes by he will not look at her, his concentration is so total in his own creativity. A real dancer disappears in his dance -- his ego, his sex -- all are dissolved into his dance.

But if sex is repressed, then just the contrary will be the result: your creativity will be repressed, and creativity repressed means many things. Its implications are very great, because it has multidimensionality to it. If your creativity is repressed, your science and the scientific endeavor will disappear.

What happened to India? This is the most religious country in the world. The absolute proof of its being the most religious country is that this is the most unscientific country too. What happened to India's intelligence? And it is very strange to know that arithmetic was discovered in India. But Einstein was not born in India. Arithmetic reached its crescendo somewhere else, not in India. The first great astronomers were Indian, but Eddington, Einstein, the peaks, didn't happen here. Something went wrong.

India is the ancientmost country in the world; all other countries are just small children compared to India's life history. At least for ten thousand years it has been there certainly; it may have been longer. In ten thousand years India has produced great talented people, great geniuses, but the idea of life-negation caught hold of all those geniuses. They all became uncreative, they all escaped from life; they moved to the mountains, to the caves. They did not become great scientists, poets, painters, dancers; all these things were left to the mediocres. Otherwise there was no reason why India should not have become the most affluent society in the world. It should have become the richest country but for the simple reason because creativity disappears when you repress sex.

If your sex life is flowing joyously you have tremendous interest in everything you are doing, otherwise you become disinterested, everything seems to be meaningless. You go on doing things because they have to be done -- just as a drag, just as a burden you go on carrying. It is duty, it has to be fulfilled, but it is not joy.

So nobody in India will seem joyous, will seem utterly interested in creativity. And creativity contains everything: science, art, music, poetry, literature -- everything becomes repressed. And even though, if some rebels start doing something creative, then their creativity will show some obsession with sex, because they are part of this society. Even if they are rebels they are rebelling against this society; their rebellion is also not pure, their rebellion is basically a reaction. So they created the statues and beautiful temples of Khajuraho, Konarak, Puri. But if you see those temples you can see immediately they have been made by very sexually perverted people.

If you go to Khajuraho and see all kinds of sexual sculptures. you will be surprised -- who were these people? What kind of mind they had? -- because whatsoever they were fantasizing they have put with great effort into stone; it must have been centuries of work. You will see all kinds of obsessive statues, almost having the quality of insanity in them. For example, one woman is doing *sirhasan* -- headstand -- and two people are making love to her. One woman is being made love to by many people; you will be surprised how many people can make love to one woman. All kinds of things are being done -- all the opening of her body are being used.

Now what kind of people made these statues? And it must have taken years of work. They must have been fantasizing these things. They were rebels, certainly, going against the puritanistic society. But their rebellion is not meditative. Their rebellion is just a reaction, and the reactionary always moves to the opposite extreme.

Homosexuality is depicted, lesbianism is depicted. You cannot say anything which is not available in Khajuraho. All else that has been done by people like de Sade or Masoch, is all there, and much more -- and in the name of religion, because it is a temple. Even the rebellious people had to pretend that this is religion. In the name of Tantra, ninety-nine percent is nothing but sexual indulgence. But it has to be put behind a garb of religiousness, spirituality, great words: Shiva and Shakti, *yin* and *yang*.

If you reduce it to its reality, it is nothing but man and woman. But when you call it *yin* and *yang* it sounds great, Shiva and Shakti and it sounds something sacred. And, of course, they were going through rituals which made it *look* sacred, but the ultimate result was nothing but just ordinary sexuality. But the introduction was long and religious... the preface was to function as a facade. Ninety-nine percent of tantra is nothing but pure sexual indulgence behind beautiful names.

On the one hand creativity was repressed, science disappeared, art disappeared. And even the art that remained is predominantly sexual.

Kalidasa, one of the greatest artists of India, who can only be compared with Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and people like these -- if you look into his words you will be surprised. If he goes into the garden and sees apples, those apples are not apples but breasts. Now, this man must be perverted! What you will call a man who sees a woman with beautiful breasts and sees apples? You will call him starved, hungry. The same is true about Kalidasa, there is no difference in it: so many breasts are hanging in the tree... stupid, ugly, perverted, insane -- but this was thought to be literature. And all the religious scriptures are full of all kinds of perversion you can imagine, you can fantasize.

So on the one hand everything great is repressed, because people lose interest. If life is meaningless, then the only thing worth doing is how to get rid of it. Why waste your time in composing music? Why waste your time in writing poetry? Why waste your time in sculpture? Get rid of life, renounce life! The only thing worth doing is torture yourself as much as you can, because that is the only way to attain to *moksha*.

So the whole energy became self-torture. And the people, when they start torturing

themselves, are nothing but masochists. They cannot be hygienic, they cannot be scientific, and they are bound to be miserable.

Remember that sex is the lowest pleasure. According to me, sex is the seed -- the pleasure. If sex is allowed natural growth, respected, valued, then a transformation happens, a metamorphosis happens. Sex starts growing into a foliage of art, music, poetry, dance, and thousand other creative dimensions. Sex is only a seed, or the roots, but if supported, nourished, watered, taken care of, then many branches grow, much foliage comes, many green leaves moving in all directions, dancing in the wind, in the rain, in the sun... This is what is the world of art, the world of aesthetics. And if you allow the world of aesthetics to reach to its highest peak, then flowers come.

Sex is pleasure, the lowest; art is happiness. Sex is animal, art is human. Sex is biological; the second step, higher than sex, is love. The man who has accepted sex respectfully, lovingly, will be able to transform it into love. And on the foliage, on the branches of love, the flowers of bliss happen. That is the highest stage, that is spirituality, true religion.

But these so-called religions, Devaraj, crippled humanity from the very base. They destroyed the very root.

In Japan they have a certain art form. I will not call it an art form because it is murderous; it is called bonzai. In Japan there are trees four hundred years old and six inches tall. Trees which would have been one hundred, two hundred feet high in the sky, reaching towards the stars, aspirations of the earth -- which would have bloomed, which would have grown so vast that thousands of people could have taken shelter under their shade, hundreds of bullock-carts could have rested underneath them, they are only six inches tall. And it is called an art form. It is not art, it is not form; it is deformation. It is ugly, it is murderous.

It is like keeping a child just one foot tall, or six inches big, just keeping him undernourished so he cannot grow. That has been done to humanity too. The whole trick is: they plant the tree in a pot without any bottom, and they go on cutting the roots. When you go on cutting the roots the tree cannot grow. There is a certain proportion between the roots and the tree: the tree can go only high if the roots go very deep. In fact, Friedrich Nietzsche has said, "If you want to reach to heaven, you will have to reach to hell as far as your roots are concerned."

And I perfectly agree with the man. He is a little mad, but once in a while he has great insights. If you want to reach to the stars, your roots will have to go to the hell itself; only then there will be a proportion. A big tree cannot remain standing with small roots -- roots like seasonal flowers have.

They go on cutting the roots, the tree cannot grow. It goes on becoming old, but it grows not. It grows old but it does not grow up. And that's what has happened to humanity in a subtle way. We have been cutting the root.

Sex is the *root!* You cut the root, then man grows old -- grows in age, but does not grow up. Psychologists in the First World War became aware of the fact that the average psychological age of human beings is not more than twelve years -- a very sad fact. A person may be ninety years old or even more, but his psychological age is only twelve years. What has happened to his psychology? If his physiology is growing, why his psychology is not growing with it? Something must have been done to his psychological roots.

Sex has been cut -- that is the root. He has lost joy in life. He has become guilty, he has become burdened with the idea of sin. And the more a person becomes burdened with the idea of sin -- and sex is the most sinful act -- then his psychology starts shrinking.

And why twelve years? -- there must be some reason. Because it is nearabout between

twelve and fourteen that your sex starts growing, you become sexually mature. So before that age of sexual maturity, fourteen, something must have been done to you so you never reach even sexual maturity, you remain immature. And you can see this immaturity all over the world. You can see it in your films, what people are going to see there. If there is no murder, no rape, no sexuality, no obscene scenes, the picture flops; otherwise the house is full.

Who are these people? What they have gone to see there? Something is missing in their life, and they want at least to see it projected on the screen, some vicarious satisfaction. Who are the people who are reading the PLAYBOY and magazines like such? -- and they are sold in millions. Religious people...

Everybody is religious in the world. Somebody is Hindu, somebody is Mohammedan, somebody is Christian -- whosoever purchasing these PLAYBOYS belongs to some religion. Of course, he cannot read the PLAYBOY, cannot see the nude women in front of others, so he hides. That shows his religion: if he hides it in the Bible he is Christian, if he hides it in the Gita he is Hindu, if he hides it in the Old Testament he is a Jew. You just look where he is hiding -- That will show his religion.

Why so many obscene magazines, obscene movies, blue movies? Why so much interest in murder, rape?

You can read Indian newspapers every day and you can see -- so many rapes are committed every day, and the country is so religious. It must be religious. Those rapes prove it! It is a religious country. It is not a contradiction, mind you. Those rapes prove that it is a religious country, perhaps the most religious in the world. So many murders... Every kind of ugliness happens every day, and religious people are doing it.

And these are the same people who go to the temples, to the mosques, to the churches -- the same people who are ordinarily very religious. In fact, to compensate what they are doing, they become even more religious. They go for pilgrimage because the priests have created such cunning devices. They say to the Hindus that, "If you go to the Ganges and take a dip in the Ganges, all your sins are washed away."

Now the Ganges is the most dirty river in India, the dirtiest maybe in the whole world, because it is the only river where dead bodies are thrown. It is thought to be a great privilege that if somebody's body is thrown into the Ganges, if somebody dies in the Ganges... If he cannot die in the Ganges, then at least throw the body -- his benefit will be great. A dip in the Ganges and all your sins of the past are washed away. Just think how many people in the millions of years must have taken a bath in the Ganges... It must be full of sins, overfull. Avoid it!

I have never taken a dip in the Ganges. I have been staying on the bank of Ganges many times. And when I was staying nearabout the Ganges, in Prayag or in Varanasi or in Patna, the people I was staying with would ask me, "It would be good. Why don't you come to take a dip in the Ganges?"

I said, "No, that I cannot do. It is so full of so many people's sins that I don't think it will wash mine. More possibility is I will gather others' and come back. And in fact I don't have any sins to wash, so why should I bother? It is risky! It is better to have your *own* sins, why borrow them? Even if you have, it is perfectly good, they should be at least yours. I'm not interested in other people's sins."

But the priests have always been very crafty and cunning. This is a simple device: so you go to the Ganges, take a dip, and you are finished with all your sins. So you are again ready to commit all those sins with fervor, with gusto, and you know there is no problem -- again you can go any time and take a dip in the Ganges. There is no problem in it.

People go... the Mohammedans to Kaaba; they become *haji*. *Haj* means pilgrimage to Kaaba. Now even smugglers go to Kaaba and they become *haji*. The greatest smuggler in India is Haji Mastan -- you see how religious this country is? -- even smugglers are religious... His name is Haji Mastan, one who has done the pilgrimage to Kaaba. At least every Mohammedan should do one pilgrimage to Kaaba, and that finishes all his sins; then he becomes pure.

And of course, when you are pure, what you are going to do? You will start writing again the same things that you were writing before. Now, finding the slate clean again, you can write in a better way because you are more experienced now.

These so-called religions, Devaraj, have something basically wrong with them. They have been a calamity to humanity. Certainly, they are the cause of people's miserableness. First, they console people that, "Your misery is either determined by your past lives' bad *karmas*... so don't commit any bad *karmas* any more, otherwise you will be again punished in your future life."

Now you cannot do anything about the past life, except suffer. At the most you can suffer as patiently as possible, and that patience is very much praised -- suffer patiently. It *has* to be suffered, so why make unnecessary fuss about it? It is inevitable. You have committed the crime in the past, now it is a byproduct. Just as the shadow follows you, your *karmas* follow you. This is the approach of Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism; these three religions have this explanation.

And the other three religions -- Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism -- they say it is because Adam and Eve committed a sin and you are suffering because of their sin. So unless you do something to undo that sin that your forefathers committed... What was their sin? -- disobedience. So you be obedient Obedient to whom? They were disobedient to God. Now you are no more in the garden of Eden so you cannot meet God directly; you have to depend on the Polack pope -- he is the mediator. You obey the Polack pope. If you obey him totally, then there is a possibility God may forgive you and you may be allowed back into the garden of Eden.

So the only thing left for you is to obey the church the dogma, the religion in which you are born. Howsoever nonsensical it is, howsoever stupid, superstitious it is, you are not to ask any questions. You have simply to obey. And if your obedience is total you will be rewarded -- not now, after death.

All these religions are in that way clever. Their rewards will always be after death. That's a very simple device. Nobody comes to say whether he has been rewarded or not. At least people like Jesus should come back and tell the truth -- whether they have been allowed back in the garden of Eden or not. But nobody comes, nobody can come, so it remains shrouded in mystery. And only the pope, the *shankaracharya*, the *imam*, the *ayatollah*, these people know the secret, nobody else. So you follow obediently whatsoever they say, then you will be allowed.

The devices are different but the goal is the same. Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians, Jainas, Buddhists, Jews -- their devices are different, but if you look at the goal, the goal is same: follow the priest -- and the priest is following the tradition. It means basically: follow the past -- follow the dead past. And when you follow the dead past, how can you be happy? Life is now, and your mind is always hanging somewhere in the past. There cannot be any attunement between you and existence; there is always going to be a discord.

Life creates new situations for you to respond, and you go on repeating parrotlike answers that others have imposed upon you. They never fit, they cannot fit. Life is never repetitive,

and your answers are always given by somebody in the past. Moses gave the answers for the Jews. Now what Moses knows about *this* moment? Three thousand years have passed. In fact, for forty years people had followed when he was alive, and he simply went on roaming in the desert, groping in dark.

And then too he took a wrong turn -- unforgivable! If he had taken the right turn, now Jews would have owned all the oil of the world. Just a little angle... Forty years of wandering in the desert, and all the torture, and where they reached? -- Jerusalem. Teheran would have been far better, Bhagdad would have been far better.

Jews cannot really forgive Moses. They should not -- he is the cause of their whole misery. And he gave them the idea that, "You are the chosen people of God." And for this idea they have suffered for three thousand years -- for nothing else. It is not anything else that is wrong with them, but this idea, this ego that Moses gave them, that you are the chosen people of God.

Once you have such egoistic attitudes you are bound to be in trouble. Nobody wants you to be the chosen people of God, because others are themselves the chosen people of God. Then there is going to be clash.

Adolf Hitler was the chosen person of God, Nordic Germans were the chosen people of God. Now, the clash. Only there can be one people, the chosen people; God cannot do this mistake: he cannot choose two people. So Jews have to be destroyed, annihilated from the earth. Jews have suffered for simple reasons: this ego that Moses gave them.

And what is his gift? -- those Ten Commandments. Nobody follows them, but those Ten Commandments are still torturing people. In fact he was not the chosen person of God... The story is:

God was trying to find a customer. He asked the French, "Would you like to have few commandments?"

And the French said, "No. First you show us some sample."
And he said, "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

They said, "Stop! If we don't commit adultery, then what we are going to do? We don't want such commandments."

He asked the Hindus, and he asked others, but nobody was willing. And then he asked Moses, "Would you like to have few commandments?"

And Moses being a perfect Jew said, "How much it costs?"
And he said, "Free! It costs nothing"
Moses said, "Then I will have ten!";

That's how he got those ten commandments. And they are torturing the Jews for three thousand years.

It is time to get rid of all that. It was his trip, why you should be on his trip? Do your thing! Why go on doing Moses' thing, or Abraham's thing, or Manu's thing, or Mahavira's thing? Can't you be a little bit intelligent to manage your own life? The very idea that your life has to be managed by somebody else creates stupidity. You are bound to become stupid -- you have given the power to somebody else to dominate you.

Now Hindus are being still dominated by Manu. Thousands of years have passed, and all that Manu has given is sheer ugliness. He has given the idea of the *sudras*, the untouchables -- he is the cause of millions of people's misery. He has given the idea that the woman is lower than man. He has given the idea that brahmins are the highest caste, and everybody has

to listen and obey the brahmins.

Hindus have lived in slavery because of Manu, they have lived a very subhuman kind of life because of Manu. Who is this Manu? Why one should bother about him? It was his joy to write a certain scripture, but there is no binding on you to follow him. Why can't you write your own scripture?

That's my message to each of my sannyasins. You are not to follow me. I am doing my thing, you have to do your thing. It is just a coincidence that by chance we have met. If we can enjoy each other, good, if we don't enjoy each other, goodbye. More than that is dangerous!

It is just a meeting of travelers on the same path. For a few miles we can be together as long as you enjoy me, I enjoy you. Otherwise a crossroad comes and we say goodbye, and we say to each other, "See you soon if God permits. God willing, it may happen again -- some other road in some other life, in some other planet we may meet. But this time it has been joyous to be together for so long." And we are grateful. But there is no binding.

My basic message is for the individual and the freedom of the individual.

These religions have created misery for the simple reason because they have taken away your intelligence. When you obey, your intelligence is destroyed. When you cannot say no, your yes is impotent. It means nothing it is bogus. And all these religious people are living bogus, borrowed lives.

People *are* malnourished; people are poor, living in unhygienic conditions; people are living in psychological slavery. Unless we destroy all these religions, there is no hope. Certainly we need a certain kind of religiousness in the world, but religions are not needed.

Religiousness is a totally different phenomenon. Religiousness is like love. Love is neither Christian, nor Hindu, nor Mohammedan. Religiousness is also neither Hindu. nor Mohammedan, nor Christian. The moment love becomes Christian, beware. It is not love. The moment somebody says, "My friendship is Hindu." beware. It is not friendship, it is just Hindu chauvinism trying to catch hold of your neck in the name of friendship. Beware of Christian love because this Christian love has killed thousands of people, burned people alive -- it is Christian love. And they are burning for your own sake.

Devaraj, you ask me: CATHOLICISM, MOHAMMEDANISM AND HINDUISM, WHICH ARE THE MOST "RELIGIOUS" OF RELIGIONS, SEEM MOST CONCERNED ABOUT PURITY, CLEANLINESS AND SEXUAL ABSTINENCE...

They are really concerned about sexual abstinence. The concern for purity and cleanliness is secondary. In fact, it is part of their sexual abstinence.

They call sex dirty. Because sex is dirty, then sexual abstinence is pure. They have nothing to do with purity, and there is nothing dirty in sex. What can be dirty in sex? But these people have created the idea that the sex center is exactly between the two dirty centers, so it must be dirty, doubly dirty.

But it has nothing in it -- no dirt. The sex center has no question of being dirty at all. But these people have been calling the whole body dirty. And when they call the body dirty, they create a certain logic to show that they are true. The body consists of bones, of blood, of pus -- the body is dirty. But one strange thing: all the scriptures of the world say that the woman's body is dirty, as if man's body is made of gold. Instead of bones, diamonds and emeralds; instead of blood, perhaps nectar... Nobody condemns man's body because the scriptures were written by men. And the man's body is also part of the woman's body, because it has come

from the woman's womb. It is the same body. But the woman's body is dirty...

These male chauvinist pigs have been riding on humanity's chest for so long, you have completely forgotten that you are being used as a donkey. And they have been there so long that you think as if they are part of you. They have to be thrown, completely thrown away.

There is nothing dirty in blood, there is nothing dirty in bones, there is nothing dirty in the body. The body is one of the most beautiful phenomena of nature; one should be grateful to God rather than calling it dirty. It is one of the most amazing miracles. For seventy to a hundred years it keeps alive, it keeps rejuvenating itself, it perpetuates itself. Its every mechanism is a miracle. People go to see the pyramids in Egypt, then Taj Mahal in India... In fact, their body contains far greater miracles than those ugly pyramids.

You cannot even conceive how your body is working. You are not aware of it -- how it transforms your bread into blood. You have heard about alchemists, that they were trying to transform baser metals into gold; your body is doing far better -- it is transforming all kinds of crap that you go on throwing inside you into blood, into bone. Not only into blood and bone: it makes out of that crap your brain. Out of your icecream, Coca-Cola, it goes on making your brain, a brain which can create a Rutherford an Albert Einstein, a Buddha, a Zarathustra, a Lao Tzu. Just see the miracle!

A brain, such a small thing, enclosed in a small skull... A single brain can contain all the libraries of the world. Its capacity is almost infinite. It is the greatest memory system. If you want to make a computer of the same capacity you will need miles of space to make that computer function. It is encaged in your small skull. And yet although science has developed so far, they have not been able to transform icecream into blood. They have been trying, but they cannot find the clue -- what to do? How to transform icecream into blood? It is a faraway thing to make anything like brain out of icecream! Perhaps it may never happen. Or even if it happens it will happen through the brain; it will be again a miracle of the brain.

And these people go on calling the body ugly, dirty. Their idea of purity has nothing to do with purity. You can look around the world. They have different ideas of purity. It depends on their religion, on their climate, and other things.

The Indian cannot conceive any westerner as clean because he is always thinking of toilet paper. The moment he sees a western person he becomes concerned; his dirtiness is so clear to him. And the westerner cannot conceive the Indian as pure because he is always looking at his nails. And particularly Devaraj! He is always looking at nails. He is a doctor, and he is very much concerned, because just a little bit of shit in the nails and you are dirty. And you are eating from the same hands, and you are preparing food from the same hands.

If you ask Devaraj he will say, "It is better to keep your dirt to yourself rather than go on distributing it so generously." When you prepare food you are distributing it to the whole family; and if you are preparing food in a hotel, then you are distributing to thousands of people.

That dirt in your nails carries amoebas, the greatest enemy of man -- the amoeba. Devaraj is an amoeba expert; he is known as the Amoeba king. He is continuously researching, working; he is a great researcher. He is a fellow of Royal Society of Surgeons in England. His whole concern is how to keep people clean.

But the "cleanliness" has a totally different idea to different people. To the Hindus it has one idea, to the Jainas it has a different idea. For example, the Jaina muni will take the refined butter only for some time -- four hours, six hours -- after that it is unclean. The Jainas will not drink in the night, will not eat in the night -- it is unclean, because a mosquito may fall in. Some insect may creep in the food and there will be violence, bloodshed. So they will

eat only in the day. The people who eat in the night are all unclean, dirty people.

And the same Jainas will defecate anywhere. The whole India is being used as a toilet. That's perfectly okay; there is no problem in it. They are simply making the soil richer, they are giving it manure. And about manure also, there are different ideas.

One of my friends in a Zen monastery in Japan was very much puzzled because he was staying with a professor there and when he saw his garden he could not believe. Fresh shit is spread on vegetables! *Fresh!* That is their idea of cleanliness -- it has to be fresh! He could not believe what is happening. And then he escaped because this type of vegetable he was eating...

Now Devaraj goes on looking into vegetables. All Indian vegetables that you purchase from the market are bound to be unclean. Not fresh shit, but stale shit! He does not allow me -- because he is my physician -- he does not allow me to eat any vegetable from the market. My own sannyasins grow vegetables, and they have to pass the tests of Devaraj, only then...

One day, one sannyasin made cheese for me. And first it went to Devaraj and he said, "It is contaminated!" -- exactly the word "contaminated". When I heard "contaminated", I thought, is it poisoned? -- or what is the matter? It was contaminated because her nails were a tittle long and there was a slight possibility of amoebas. And he worked hard and he found that the cheese was not right, it was impure -- it was "contaminated".

Jaina *munis* -- few Jaina *munis*, a sect -- they use a small strip or piece on their nose. That is their idea of remaining pure, to have filtered air. Otherwise, who knows? -- in the air every kind of thing goes on floating. So their nose is covered, their mouth is covered, so nothing unfiltered reaches. Moreover, there is one more idea in it: when you breathe out your breath is warm, and that warm breath can kill few live cells floating in the air. Again bloodshed, violence, and you will suffer in hell.

Now, if you watch people's ideas about purity, cleanliness, you will go crazy. If you follow all their ideas, life will become impossible. Then the only clean thing will be suicide.

But these ideas have been developed only as part of a program. The program is to make you sexually afraid. In Jaina scriptures, making love to a woman is violence. Why it is a violence? -- because when the genitals meet, there are many small, alive people inside the woman's genitals, small cells of life -- they will be killed. It is a massacre! And the man, when making love, comes to an orgasm; millions of live cells will be released... They will live only two hours. Now he is the cause of their death. Millions of live cells... each live cell would have become a man or a woman given the right opportunity. Now normally this has been calculated, that a man will make love to a woman in his forty years' love-making life at least forty thousand times. Now, each time millions of cells will die -- just calculate how many people you have killed! And is there any hope for you?

This sexual abstinence creates all kinds of side-effects. It is basically repressive -- repressive of joy, repressive of intelligence, repressive of life and all that helps life to become a dance, a celebration.

Devaraj, this earth will remain miserable unless we get rid of all life-negative attitudes, whosoever may be the Cause of it. This very earth can become paradise, but people have to be taught life-affirmation. And that's my whole work. I am teaching you a life-affirmative religiousness, a life of dance, joy, beauty, creativity, sensitivity, celebration.

Unless this new religiousness takes possession of the whole intelligence of humanity, then we are coming very close to the boundary where we will have to commit a global suicide. If life is such a misery, then why go on living? What is the point of it all?

The last question:

OSHO,
CAN YOU TELL ME A FEW POLACK JOKES?
I AM A POLACK AND LEAVING FOR THE WEST TOMORROW.
GAUTAM,

The pope tried to cross the railway track
before a rushing train...
They put the pieces in a sack
but couldn't find the Polack's brain.

Why does it take seven Polacks to carry a coffin at a funeral?
Six carry the coffin and one carries the radio.

Poland has just bought five hundred million tons of sand from Saudi Arabia. The Polish government has decided to drill for its own oil.

The tall Polack policeman took pity on the dwarf Polack standing next to him at the urinal of a public toilet. "Why do you keep twitching your eyes?" he asked. "Trouble with your nerves?"
"No, you are splashing me!" said the dwarf.

A Polack drunk staggers out of a bar. He sees a taxi parked just outside. Opening its door, he lurches in, loses his balance and hits his head against the door at the other side. The door flies open, and the Polack rolls out of the other side of the taxi.

Getting to his feet he peers at the taxi driver and says, "Shay, man, you shure are fasht! How much do I owe you?"

The Wild Geese and the Water

Chapter #13

Chapter title: The Immediate is the Ultimate

23 February 1981 am in Buddha Hall

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The first question:

OSHO,

I AM NOT A SANNYASIN, AND I AM VISITING THE ASHRAM FOR A SHORT PERIOD. I APPRECIATE THE WORK THAT IS DONE HERE, BUT THERE IS ONE QUESTION THAT I CANNOT AVOID ASKING. THE THEORY IS NICE, BUT FROM THE DOZENS OF SANNYASINS WITH WHOM I HAVE SPOKEN, NOBODY COULD SAY, "I HAVE FOUND THE WAY, I AM PROCEEDING, AND I AM SURE ONE DAY I WILL BE ABLE TO STAND ON MY OWN FEET."

MY FEELING; IS THAT THEY DEVELOP A TREMENDOUS DEPENDENCY ON YOU AND THE ASHRAM. AS LONG AS THEY ARE HERE THEY ARE FINE, BUT WHEN THEY LEAVE THEY LOSE MOST OF THE BENEFITS THEY GAINED SOME OF THEM EVEN GET WORSE, BECAUSE OF THE FRUSTRATION. HOW DO YOU FACE THIS REALITY? DO YOU PREPARE THEM FOR THE DAY WHEN THIS ASHRAM WON'T EXIST ANY MORE? DO YOU PREPARE THEM FOR THE INEVITABLE FUTURE? -- THE FUTURE DOES EXIST. MOST OF THEM HAVE THIRTY TO FORTY YEARS YET TO LIVE. WILL THEY STAY IN POONA FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES? I DON'T THINK SO.

I WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR COMMENTS.

RAMI GILBOA,

THERE ARE FEW THINGS which can be only understood by a sannyasin, because a deep participation is needed to understand them. The outsider, at the most, can think about them, but thinking is not feeling, thinking is not experiencing.

Thinking is a very poor substitute for knowing. The blind man can think about light, but he cannot know it; for knowing he will need eyes. The deaf can think, philosophize about music, but he cannot experience it, and without experiencing it whatsoever he says is bound to be wrong.

Rami, you say I AM NOT A SANNYASIN...

Then it will be very difficult for you to understand. I will do my best, but I don't feel that it will be possible for you to get it.

You say: I AM VISITING THE ASHRAM FOR A SHORT PERIOD.

This is not a place where you can just come and go. This is a space to be shared, to be loved, to be lived. If you are just an onlooker, a visitor, and that too in a hurry, you are bound to miss the whole point. And your question shows it absolutely, that you have missed it -- although it will be very difficult for other outsiders and observers and the visitors to see where you have missed it.

You say: I APPRECIATE THE WORK THAT IS DONE HERE...

It is not a question of appreciation at all. Either you participate or you don't participate. Appreciation always keeps things at a distance.

It is not much different from criticizing; they both belong to the same spectrum. Criticism is negative, appreciation is positive, but the distance is the same. You have to participate in the mystery of it. You have to become part of it. Only... and I remind you and emphasize that the *only* way to understand is from being an insider. The lover knows love. Others can appreciate that it is beautiful, but their appreciation is superficial, inevitably superficial. If you really appreciate, then participate; then show it by your participation, then become a sannyasin. There is no other way to show the appreciation.

If you love somebody then you cannot just appreciate, you become committed, you become involved. Sannyas is a love affair; it is involvement, it is commitment. And then a totally new insight opens up.

You say: I APPRECIATE THE WORK THAT IS DONE HERE.

No work is being done here. Work is the *last* thing that we do here. What we do is totally different from work. I am not so much against alcoholism, but I am very much against workoholism. The workoholics have been the most mischievous people in the world. Adolf Hitler is a workoholic, Joseph Stalin is a workoholic, Mao Tse-tung is a workoholic. Now, no alcoholic has ever done so much harm.

Just think: if Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Mao Tse-tung, and people like that, all would have been alcoholics, the world would have been in a far better state. But unfortunately they were workoholics.

Adolf Hitler was almost a mahatma. You can call him the Gandhi of the West; he is very similar to Mahatma Gandhi. He was a vegetarian -- absolute vegetarian. He was against alcohol, against smoking against taking anything like coffee or tea. These are the basic requirements for being a mahatma.

He used to get up in *brahmamuhurta*, early morning, and he will take a cold bath. His whole life was disciplined; there was no indiscipline in his life. The only difference was -- which is not much of a difference, a difference which does not make any difference at all -- that he used to kill others, that he loved killing others. And Mahatma Gandhi loved killing himself. And if you ask me, I will say he is far better than Mahatma Gandhi, because when

you kill somebody else, at least the other person has the possibility to defend. When you kill yourself... there is nobody to defend. The murderer is far better than the person who commits suicide.

But both are violent. And it is a strange coincidence that Adolf Hitler remained a murderer his whole life and in the end committed suicide; Mahatma Gandhi tried to commit suicide his whole life and was murdered in the end!

We don't do any work here. I am a lazy man, and hence a lazy man's guide to enlightenment. We are playing, it is a game, absolutely non-serious. But if you are an outsider you will not be able to understand it. From the outside everything is being done systematically, from the inside there is immense chaos!

You say: THE THEORY IS NICE...

Rami, what theory you are talking about? From where you got the idea that there is a theory here? I am a destroyer of all theories, and I don't give you any substitute. I only decondition you and I never recondition you. There is no doctrine, no dogma, no creed, no religion. My whole approach is that of being innocent, loving, dancing, singing, enjoying the small things of life, because the small things, if enjoyed totally, become great things. The mundane loved without any conditions becomes the sacred.

There is no theory as such in it, no philosophy at all. But listening to me, and that too only for a short period, you will get the idea that there is a theory. To know that there is no theory at all you have to be here for a longer period, because then only you will be able to see my contradictions.

A theoretician is very consistent, and you can not find any man in the whole world who is more inconsistent than me, so I cannot be a theoretician. It is not logic that is happening here but a love-play.

As far as I have known, existence is understood not by theories, ideologies, but by a wondering heart, by the capacity to feel awe, an innocent heart -- not a very clever head -- a childlike quality. It is a very delicate phenomenon, and it is very subjective and inner. You will never be able to see it in others unless you have found it first in yourself.

Hence, I say, Rami, first become a sannyasin. And stay here a little longer to have a right perspective of what is happening. And I can see from your question that you have not understood at all.

You say: THE THEORY IS NICE, BUT FROM THE DOZENS OF SANNYASINS WITH WHOM I HAVE SPOKEN, NOBODY COULD SAY, "I HAVE FOUND THE WAY"...

Nobody can say, not even I. Because there is no way, we are not going anywhere. We are just being here. The way exists in the mind, the mind always thinks in terms of means and ends, ways and goals. The mind is always arrowed towards some target. The mind is always sacrificing the present for the future. The goal is bound to be in the future, the goal cannot be in the present. In the present is the way. Today is the way, tomorrow is the goal. But I say, today, *this* very moment is all. Call it the way, call it the goal, but it is all.

And there is no need to divide existence into means and ends, ways and goals. That division is part of the duality of the mind. And that duality is the cause of all misery.

Everybody is ambitious for a goal. The goal may be worldly, it may be otherworldly, but

the goal is always there. And whenever there is goal you are bound to remain tense, because you have not yet achieved it. You are bound to remain in anguish, a deep trembling -- whether you are going to make it or not, whether you will be able to live to achieve the goal, whether you will be strong enough to compete for it, to struggle for it... And meanwhile life goes on slipping out of your fingers like water.

And the goal always remains like the horizon: you can see it just there -- maybe only few miles away -- and you can always hope that just a little more effort and you will reach. But nobody has ever reached the horizon because it exists not! It is an illusion, an appearance only, not a reality, an optical illusion. So when you move towards the horizon, the horizon goes on moving away from you. And the distance between you and the horizon always remains the same, exactly the same, absolutely the same; wherever you are the goal is always there somewhere ahead of you. It keeps you hoping, but it destroys your life.

I am not teaching any goal -- worldly, otherworldly, materialistic, spiritualistic. I am teaching you how to live this moment. Naturally, this moment is so small it cannot contain the goal and the way, it cannot contain the means and the ends. It is so small that you cannot divide it, it is indivisible. Naturally, nobody from my sannyasins can say, "I have found the way."

And then you will misunderstand. The misunderstanding comes from your own prejudice, because you are thinking in terms of ways and goals, and my sannyasins are not thinking in terms of ways and goals. They are not thinking in terms of mind; they have dropped that jargon. They have moved in a totally different space, the space of the heart, where only this moment exists and nothing else.

Jesus says to his disciples: Look at the lilies in the field, how beautiful they are! Even Solomon was no so beautiful, attired in all his grandeur -- Solomon was the richest emperor in the Jewish history or mythology. Even Solomon was not so beautiful, attired in all his grandeur. These poor flowers of lilies are far more beautiful.

Why? He himself gives the reason. And only in such statements he comes very close to the ultimate truth. He says they are so beautiful because they think not of the morrow.

But if you don't think of the morrow, how can you think of the goal? The goal is out of necessity in the future, has to be in the future. The goal is a way of avoiding the present -- its misery, its ugliness -- it is turning your face from the present towards a faraway, distant goal. It helps, it consoles, it is a kind of drug. And if the goal is in the future, then of course the present is only a passage, a bridge, a way.

I am not teaching any way.

The Zen people are right. They say that the real path is a pathless path, the real gate is a gateless gate. The real effort is an effortless effort. Hence none of my sannyasins can say to you, Rami, that "I have found the way." In fact, the more he is drowned in the world of sannyas, he starts losing himself. There is nobody to find the way. There is no way to be found, and there is nobody to find it.

And this is what is happening here. This is the miracle that is happening here! This is the miracle that has always happened whenever there was a man like Buddha, Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Lieh Tzu, Bodhidharma... Rami must have misunderstood Bodhidharma if she had had an encounter with that great Master. Even the Emperor Wu of China could not understand him. Exactly these were the questions that Rami has asked.

The Emperor Wu has waited for Bodhidharma to come to China. he has heard beautiful stories about the man. It took years for Bodhidharma to fulfill the invitation of the emperor, because he had to walk all the way from India to China. He had to cross the Himalayas. Even

today it is difficult, and fourteen hundred years before it was very difficult. But he managed; with few disciples he reached China. It took years.

Emperor Wu was immensely happy. He had come to welcome the guest on the border of his country. He had managed a great festival in his whole empire to celebrate the moment, the entry of Bodhidharma. But the entry never happened, because when Bodhidharma came, Emperor Wu, after formal questions, asked some questions that he had waited and waited and always wanted to ask to an enlightened person. Now the person was there, a person of the caliber of Buddha was there -- and in some ways far more juicy than Gautam Buddha himself.

He asked Bodhidharma, "What is the way to the ultimate truth?"

And Bodhidharma said, "Way? Are you crazy or something? There is no way and there is no ultimate truth. The truth is immediate, not ultimate. And because it is immediate there is no way."

The Emperor Wu was shocked. For a moment there was silence, he could not figure it out, what he is talking, because all the Buddhist Masters who had come were talking about the way and the ultimate goal. And this man, in a single statement, demolishes the whole thing: "There is no ultimate truth, the truth is immediate, hence there is no possibility of any way."

He was afraid now to ask anything more -- this man seems to be dangerous. But he gathered courage and he asked few more questions.

He said, "I have done many religious works. I have made many temples of Buddha, many ashramas for Buddhist *bhikkus*, sannnyasins, monks. I have put thousands of scholars to translate all Buddhist scriptures into Chinese. What is my merit?"

Bodhidharma looked at him -- and he had really big eyes, and very ferocious -- and he said. "Merit? You are waiting for merit and reward? You will fall in the seventh hell for doing all this!"

Now it was too much. Everybody had said to Wu that, "You will reach to the seventh heaven." And here comes this mad monk, and he says, "You will fall in the seventh hell!"

Bodhidharma said, "You have earned great demerit. You have committed great sin against religiousness."

Wu asked, "What do you mean? I have not done anything that is wrong."

Bodhidharma said, "You don't understand me. The very idea of doing is wrong. "I have made the temples, I have made the ashramas, I have arranged for the translations of the Buddhist scriptures... This I, this doer, this is your demerit. This will take you to the seventh hell. It has become too loaded too heavy. You cannot fly upwards, you will fall downwards. You are carrying too much weight!"

Now, even Emperor Wu, a very cultured man... and China has known real culture because of Confucius. Confucius transformed China into a very cultured country. The whole religion of Confucius is nothing but mannerism, etiquette. And Emperor Wu was taught and brought up by Confucian masters. He was very polite, but he forgot all his politeness. He became angry and he said, "Sir, can I ask you one question more? Who are you?"

Bodhidharma laughed and said, "I don't know!"

Now, Rami, listening to Bodhidharma saying, "I don't know," what would you have thought? You would have thought, "Poor fellow, he does not know himself. And that is the whole thing of all religious teaching: Know thyself. Socrates says, 'Know thyself,' Upanishads say, 'Know thyself,' and this man says, 'I don't know.' So he has risen to the heights of a Socrates, or to the heights of the Upanishadic seers. He is ignorant."

You would have totally missed the point. The Upanishadic seers and Socrates and all others can be put on one side of a weighing machine and Bodhidharma on the other side, and he will be far more weightier than all of them -- because when he says, "I don't know," he is making the most profound, the profoundest statement ever made. Because there is no "I", so how can you know it? There is no knower, so how can you know? The more you go into inner silence, the "I" disappears like dewdrops in the early morning sun. It simply evaporates.

And when you reach to the very core of your existence there is no knower to be found. All is absolutely silent and still. Knowing is also a disturbance, a distraction, a division -- a division between the object and the subject, the knower and the known. When you reach to the profound silence of your innermost shrine, there is no object to be known, no subject to know -- that's what Bodhidharma is saying: "I do not know."

This state of luminous ignorance is the most significant ever achieved.

But Rami, just as Wu misunderstood him, you would have misunderstood him. Wu turned away. He said, "Then there is no need for you to come to my kingdom. You have shattered all my hopes."

Bodhidharma also turned back towards the Himalayas. He remained outside Emperor Wu's kingdom. Only when Emperor Wu was dying he realized that, "What Bodhidharma had said, I have misunderstood it." But it was too late.

Rami, you say: I HAVE FOUND THE WAY...

No sannyasins could say it. How can my sannyasins say it? They have lost themselves. That's what sannyas is all about -- not finding the way, not finding the goal, not finding *anything*, but losing, disappearing, melting, merging into the whole.

You say: NOBODY COULD SAY, "I AM PROCEEDING..."

Where? There is nowhere to proceed. One is always now and always here. But this whole idea of proceeding, of going -- always on the go -- is one of the most contagious contemporary diseases. It originated in America. It is the American disease -- always on the go, everybody is going somewhere; nobody exactly knows why, for what. People are even going to the moon! And what they will do on the moon? -- they will simply look silly there. Just think, Rami, yourself standing on the moon, how silly you will look. What you will do there?

But the American will not be at a loss. He will start immediately preparing to go to the Mars, and from the Mars to somewhere else. He is always on the go. He is never where he is, he is always somewhere else.

You say: NOBODY COULD SAY THAT, "I AM SURE ONE DAY I WILL BE ABLE TO STAND ON MY OWN FEET."

These are all egoistic ways of thinking: on my own feet -- do you think my sannyasins are standing on *my* feet? I have got two hundred thousand sannyasins... they will kill me if they are all standing on my feet.

And you say they are not sure -- only ignorance, stupidity is sure. Wisdom is never sure.

Lao Tzu says, "The wise man walks as if passing through a very cold stream" -- very cautious, hesitant, not sure. The stream is very cold, ice cold, unknown. Who knows? -- the

next step and you will fall into a deep pool, or you may stumble into a rock. The wise man walks very cautiously, very alert.

Lao Tzu also says that, "Everybody is sure except me. Everybody seems to be very certain about everything, but I am very muddle-headed." And these are the words of one of the *most* significant men who has ever walked on the earth.

If I have to choose between Buddha, Zarathustra, Jesus, Mohammed, Mahavira and Lao Tzu, that only one person can exist, then I will choose Lao Tzu, because nobody has been so close in his expression of truth.

How can you be sure of truth? Truth is so vast, truth is so infinite. To be sure simply will show you are stupid. You can be sure of small things, but you cannot be sure of vastness, infinity, eternity.

And people are losing themselves, so there is no question of standing on their own feet. That does *not* mean that they are standing on somebody else's feet. Of course they are standing on their own feet, but now they are no more their own feet, they belong to existence. They themselves belong to existence. That's why none of my sannyasins will say that.

You say, Rami: MY FEELING IS THAT THEY DEVELOP A TREMENDOUS DEPENDENCY ON YOU AND THE ASHRAM.

This is not your feeling, this is your logical guess -- guesswork -- and it looks very logical!

If the Emperor Wu had concluded that, "This man is not wise -- this Bodhidharma seems to be utterly ignorant... He cannot even say with surety that, 'I know myself,' then what else he can know?" If he turned away, he was very logical.

So you are logical. But he misunderstood, and you are also misunderstanding. That's why I invited you in the first place -- participate, dive deep into this phenomenon, experience it from the inside, and then you will know: nobody is dependent on me. Nobody is dependent because nobody is there. How one can be dependent if one is not? I am not here, my sannyasins are not there, so who can be dependent on whom? I am dissolved into the existence and they are dissolving, disappearing.

But for the outsider this will appear... And I can understand the outsider's difficulty also, because this will be the logical conclusion: that people are becoming dependent. In fact, to be independent is ugly, to be dependent is ugly -- not to be is the only beautiful experience.

A sannyasin is neither independent nor dependent. He simply is not, he is part of the organic unity of existence, of this orgasmic celebration of the whole.

You say: As LONG AS THEY ARE HERE THEY ARE FINE, BUT WHEN THEY LEAVE THEY LOSE MOST OF THE BENEFITS THEY GAINED.

How do you know it? Have you followed my sannyasins? -- but Rami is doing great intellectual work.

Follow my sannyasins!

Now one of my very intimate sannyasins, Teertha, is going to England. Follow him. Another of my intimate sannyasins, Ajit Saraswati, is going to Tel Aviv. Follow him. And see whether they lose anything or they gain. You will be surprised: they always gain. I send them myself purposely to gain something, because when they are here, whatsoever is happening is so obvious, one tends to take it for granted, one tends to forget all about it.

Now Teertha, back in London, mad London, will know the contrast. I was not very willing to send him, because he has been here for many years, and his health is not good for all this traveling. But just to give him an experience, a contrast, that what has happened to him... The best place will be London, where he used to live before, to see that he has become a totally different being. Meeting the same people, visiting the same places, he will be able to see the contrast. He will be able to see the difference that has happened to him. Here it will be not possible. Slowly slowly, he has almost disappeared. There, suddenly, he will find that he is no more. London is there, he is no more.

Rami, don't just assume. Follow any of my sannyasins. But if you really want to follow, then ask me whom to follow. Because there are many people who become sannyasins accidentally -- just they had come to visit somebody and got the idea, the whim. And it is easy to get the idea here to be a sannyasin without any real understanding, real involvement. And deep down they know that as soon as they leave this place they will drop sannyas. If you follow them, certainly you will see that sannyas is something which depends on Osho's presence.

Don't follow the accidental ones. There are a few who become sannyasins just experimentally -- to see what it is all about, to have a little taste. But they don't mean it and they can't have the taste. Unless you mean it from your very heart...

Thousands of my sannyasins are working around the earth, and everybody is growing. They cannot lose because it is not a question of gain, if you gain something you can lose. Here you *lose!* *you* lose everything. I don't leave anything with you to lose anywhere else. I do my job totally. I finish you completely! So what is there to lose whether you are here or anywhere else?

Yes, somewhere else, you will become more aware what a tremendous transformation has happened to you. So once in a while I send my people. It is a good experience.

And you say: DO YOU PREPARE THEM FOR THE INEVITABLE FUTURE?

I have never come across future. So why should I prepare them for something which I have never come across? And I know they are not going to come across either.

You say: THE FUTURE DOES EXIST.

You are talking simply nonsense. Only the present exists.

You say: MOST OF THEM HAVE THIRTY TO FORTY YEARS YET TO LIVE.

If you can live now, totally, then the next moment will also be now, and next to that will also be now. It is always now, tomorrow never comes.

And why thirty, forty years? My people are going to live for eternity. They have found eternity, but it is not future, it is present. So I prepare them only for the present, not for the future.

But the only way to understand me is to become a sannyasin.

The second question:

OSHO,

I HAVE NOT GOT ANY INTEREST IN ANYTHING. IT ALL SEEMS TO BE MEANINGLESS. NOTHING, EXCITES, PROVOKES OR CHALLENGES ME. THERE IS NO JUICE, NO ZEST. I HAVE FELT LIKE THIS ALL MY LIFE. WHY SHOULD I DO THIS OR THAT WHEN NOTHING FULFILLS ME ANYWAY? I AM ALWAYS TRYING TO BE JOYFUL -- PRETENDING TO FEEL, TO BE EXCITED, INTERESTED AND ALIVE. I AM ALWAYS TRYING TO BE COURAGEOUS, TO JUMP OVER SOME OF MY FEARS. BUT FOR WHAT? I AM TIRED I FEEL THAT "I AM NOT" -- AND EVEN THAT I DON'T REALLY FEEL.

OSHO, WHERE AM I?

DEVAGYAN,

Are you a Jew or something? The question is very Jewish.

You say: I HAVE NOT GOT ANY INTEREST IN ANYTHING.

What do you want? How much interest?

Little Moishe asked his father, "Father, how do you say 'one hundred percent profit' in Yiddish?"

"It is Yiddish, my boy," the father replies.

Hundred percent profit -- it is Yiddish!

Moishe fell overboard and was eaten by a shark. In an endeavor to beat the shark off while Moishe was rescued, the passengers had pelted it with oranges, boxes and anything they could lay hands on. The cook in the galley waited until the shark was near, and hurled a kitchen table at it. The shark was stunned and was eventually killed.

When it was drawn aboard, there was an instant clamor for souvenirs, so the shark was cut open. Inside, Moishe was discovered -- he had set up shop on the kitchen table and was selling oranges at cut prices!

You say, Devagyan: I HAVE NOT GOT ANY INTEREST IN ANYTHING. IT ALL SEEMS TO BE MEANINGLESS.

Has it to be meaningful? Why you are expecting it to be meaningful? That very expectation is creating trouble. There is no meaning. In fact, because there is no meaning, joy is possible. Because there is no meaning, playfulness is possible. Because there is no meaning, dance is possible.

Listen to the birds -- do you think there is any meaning? There is no meaning! But why there should be? See to the trees, the flowers, the stars -- is there any meaning? But why there should be?

Once Picasso was doing his painting. A friend came to see him. He watched for a while and then said, "But I don't see any meaning in the painting."

Picasso took him into the garden, showed him a rosebush with beautiful flowers, and said, "Do you see any meaning in these roses? If the roses have no obligation to be meaningful, why should my paintings be meaningful? I am enjoying painting them. If somebody can

enjoy seeing them, good; if nobody enjoys, that is their business. But I have enjoyed just doing my painting -- splashing color -- I have enjoyed!"

A distant call of the cuckoo and do you see the beauty of it? But you never ask about the meaning, what she is saying. She's not *saying* anything. It is just glossolalia; she's just enjoying, an outburst of joy.

Children running hither and thither, so excited, do you think there is any meaning? Do you think they have found a treasure? Do you think they have found diamonds? Nothing much, maybe just colored stones or a dead butterfly, or maybe they have collected few old leaves, seashells on the seabeach... but they are so immensely blissful.

Blissfulness need not be rooted in meaningfulness. In fact, the very idea of meaning destroys bliss. Once you start looking for meaning you become a calculator, you become a mind. You lose your being. Then you will be in tremendous trouble, because everything will only make you ask again.

For example, "Why God created the world? What is the meaning?" Even if some fool can supply you the answer... And there have been very foolish theologians who have been supplying all kinds of answers, because whenever there is a demand there is going to be supply. When fools ask, foolosophers answer.

But any meaning that can be given -- that God created the world because of this... Hindus say he created the world because he was feeling lonely. Seems to be meaningful. You can understand it: when you are feeling lonely you start doing something -- reading the same newspaper which you have read thrice before, or fixing the radio which is perfectly right. You have to do something, otherwise you start feeling meaningless.

So, God was feeling meaningless, lonely, he started creating the world. But the question is: why only at a certain moment he started creating the world? What he has been doing before?

Christians say he created the world exactly four thousand four years before Jesus Christ. Of course, it must have been a Monday he started; the week starts on Monday. But the question is, four thousand four years before Jesus Christ -- that makes only six thousand years... and what he had been doing for the whole eternity? Just vegetating? And if he could manage for the whole eternity, he should have managed for six thousand years more, because six thousand years are not much compared to eternity. Not even six moments...

And if he had to create a world, he had to create *this* world? Maybe he was feeling lonely, but why so many people have to suffer for that? Let him feel lonely; he can commit suicide. But why so many people should suffer? And how he is feeling now? Very great? Because since then he has not been seen at all. They say since he created the woman, he escaped, he renounced the world. Must have become afraid. That was his last creation. First he created man, then he created the woman, and since then nothing has been known about him. Maybe doing some austerities because he has committed such a sin...!

Subhuti has informed me that the Polack pope in the Philippines has met Cardinal Sin -- that is the archpriest of Philippines -- Cardinal Sin. Such a great meeting!

He must be doing penance, fasting, standing on his head, yoga postures, somehow to get rid of the karma that he has done when he created the world. But can't he uncreate it? Can't he say, "Lo and behold! This is the end!" Just as he said in the beginning, "Let there be light!" -- and there was light. Can't he say, "Let there be darkness!" -- and there is darkness.

Has he gone dumb? He must have been dumb from the very beginning, otherwise why he should create this world? -- such misery, such suffering that everybody is trying to get rid of

misery.

Even Devagyan feels there is no juice, no zest. What kind of world he has created? -- no juice, no zest. He should have learned something from Zorba the Greek -- a little zest, a little juice. He should have learned a little laughter before he created the world. He created with such seriousness. That is the only thing wrong with God -- he is too serious.

You ask me, Devagyan: I HAVE NOT GOT ANY INTEREST IN ANYTHING...

Neither have I got. But I don't see that there is any problem; I am enjoying it! In fact, since I lost all interest in everything, I have been in immense joy. Now each moment is just a joke. Then the whole thing is so ridiculous, I can even joke about God without any fear, because there is no problem.

One thing is certain: if ever I meet God I am going to hit him hard on the head, that "You son-of-a-bitch, why you created the world? And particularly why you created Devagyan? No zest, no juice... nothing excites him."

Nothing excites me either. Nothing provokes him. Nothing provokes me either. Nothing challenges him . . . You are almost close to enlightenment, Devagyan. That's how one becomes enlightened. When there is nothing to do, what else? Then one thinks, "Let me be enlightened now. No zest, no juice, no excitement, no provocation, no challenge... why not be enlightened now?"

That's how it happened to me, one day when I saw that there is nothing else left. So I said, "It is good now. Everything is finished, all is done, so I can be enlightened, at ease." And since then I have remained enlightened, because nothing has happened to change my idea.

Life *is* meaningless, but that's why it can be enjoyed. If you start asking for meaning you are asking for trouble. Then kissing your woman, first you will brood, "What is the meaning of kissing?" There is no meaning.

There are many aboriginal tribes which have never kissed -- they rub their noses. It looks foolish to you -- kissing looks foolish to them. And my feeling is they are more hygienic, rubbing noses is more hygienic Kissing each other's lips is really dangerous. And avoid French kisses absolutely! Exploring each other's mouth through your tongue -- absolutely meaningless. You won't find anything, believe me! Unnecessary trouble... You may get few diseases it is simply an exchange of many germs, millions of germs. I think they say one million germs in a single kiss are exchanged.

If people have lived for centuries without kissing, why can't you? If there was any meaning they would have discovered it. If you have lived without rubbing noses... if there was any meaning you would have discovered it. In fact, there is no meaning. Meaning is only a mind desire.

What is the meaning of anything? If you start asking that, naturally you will lose all juice, all zest. In the morning when you wake up ask the question, "Why should I get up? What is the meaning of it all? And I have been getting up every day for thirty, forty, sixty years -- what is the point of it all?" Every day you get up and nothing happens. And again you have to go to bed. When you have to go to bed again, why not remain in it? You will lose all zest, all juice. Ask everything that you do: Why should I do it? What is the meaning of it?

For twenty-four hours, Devagyan, you do this. And, naturally, the only thing that will be left for you to do will be to commit suicide. But remember, you have to ask the same question again: Why? Why should I commit suicide? What is the meaning of it? -- that will

save you.

If you ask stupid questions you will destroy your own life. What I am trying to point is that the whole question of meaning is stupid. Enjoy, love, sing, dance! There is no meaning, so why not enjoy? If there was meaning, that means there would have been some kind of mechanical life.

Machines have meaning. The car has a meaning -- it transports you from one place to another. The food has meaning, the house has meaning -- it protects you from sun and rain -- the clothes have meaning; but life has no meaning. That's why life is freedom. Meaning will become a bondage, an imprisonment. Only machines have meaning, man cannot have meaning.

But that freedom... Once you drop that nonsensical idea of meaning, you will feel immense freedom. And in that freedom there will be juice and zest.

You say: I HAVE FELT LIKE THIS ALL MY LIFE...

So enough! You have done enough, now try my way. You have tried your way, try my way. Forget all about meaning, start living meaninglessly. Do all kinds of meaningless things, and see what happens. You will become immediately alive, immensely alive, because life has no meaning. So the moment you drop meaning, mind disappears and life possesses you.

You say: WHY SHOULD I DO THIS OR THAT WHEN NOTHING FULFILLS ME ANYWAY?

It is not that nothing fulfills you: it is because of your "why" that creates trouble, that has created trouble for millions of people. In fact, all the so-called religions have been doing this stupidity that you are doing. Why? -- they go on asking.

There is a beautiful story by Turgenev:

In a village there was a poor man who was thought to be an idiot. The whole village laughed at him. Even if he will say something very serious they will laugh, they will find something idiotic in it. It was a determined thing that that idiot cannot say anything meaningful.

The idiot was getting tired of it.

A mystic was passing by. The idiot went to the mystic, fell into his feet and said, "Save me! The whole village thinks I am an idiot! How should I get rid of this idea that surrounds me? And everybody goes on and on hammering the same idea on me."

The mystic said, "It is very simple. You do one thing: for seven days don't make any statement on your own part, so nobody will say that, 'This is idiotic.' Instead you start asking 'Why?' to others -- whatsoever they say. Somebody says, 'Look, the rose flower is so beautiful.' Ask 'Why? Prove! How can you prove that this rose flower is beautiful? What grounds you have got?' And that will make him feel foolish, because nobody can prove. Somebody says, 'Tonight is beautiful, the full moon...' Immediately ask -- don't miss any opportunity -- 'Why? What grounds you have got?' Seven days don't make any statement so anybody can ask you why. You simply wait for others to make a statement. And ask. Somebody says, 'Shakespeare is a great poet.' Ask 'Why? What grounds you have got? It is all nonsense that he has written, all meaningless, gibberish. I don't see any beauty, any poetry in it.'"

Seven days the idiot did the same thing. The whole village was very much puzzled. He made everybody feel idiotic. Naturally, they all started thinking he has become wise. After seven days he came to the mystic, immensely happy. He said, "It was a great trick. I was not thinking that much is going to happen out of it, but now the whole village worships me."

The mystic said, "You continue it. They will worship you, because there are things... In fact, anything that is really significant is meaningless."

In dictionaries "significance" and "meaning" are synonymous, but in existence they are not synonymous, they are antonyms. Meaning is of the mind, and significance is a natural phenomenon. It cannot be proved, it can only be felt -- it is a heart thing. When you feel that the rose is beautiful, it is not a head thing, so you cannot prove it. When you say, "This woman is beautiful," you cannot prove it; "This man is beautiful," you cannot prove it.

Because you cannot prove it, it is not of the mind, it is a feeling -- your heart starts throbbing faster.

One very famous actress, Sarah Bernhardt, became old. And she started living on a fourth floor. In those days there were no lifts, so people had to go to see her, meet her, through a long staircase -- four floors they had to... By the time they will reach they were huffing and puffing.

A friend came to see her and asked, "What is the point? Why you live on the fourth floor? Can't you live on the ground floor? So many people come to see you and this is unnecessary torture. And on the ground floor there is an apartment available -- I can manage for you immediately."

She said, "No, that I cannot do, for two reasons: one, on the fourth floor..." fourth floor was the last -- in those days fourth floor used to be the highest... She said, "There are two reasons. One is: living on the fourth floor only God is above me, nobody above me. Secondly, now I am no more young and I love people huffing and puffing. When I was young they used to huff and puff just seeing me; now these four staircases do the work. I don't want to see anybody unaffected. When they come perspiring and their hearts beating faster, I still feel the old thrill."

When your heart feels thrilled, it is a totally different dimension, it is the dimension of significance.

Devagyan, if you can drop your search for meaning, you will, be immensely showered by thousand and one significant experiences. But if you look for meaning, you will lose all significance and you will never find meaning.

Mind is the most impotent thing in the world. It can make machines, it can create technology, it can do much scientific work, but it cannot create poetry, it cannot create love, it cannot give you significance. That is not the work of the mind. For that a totally different center exists in you -- the heart and the opening of the heart. When the heart lotus opens the whole life is significant, but I will not say it is meaningful. Remember the difference.

I don't teach you meaning, I teach you significance.

And you say: I AM ALWAYS TRYING TO BE JOYFUL...

That is the best way to kill joy forever. *Trying* to be joyful?

And you say: I AM PRETENDING TO FEEL...

These are the surest poisons to kill all feeling.

YOU SAY: I AM TRYING TO BE EXCITED, INTERESTED AND ALIVE.

In the very effort you have accepted that you are dead, that you are not interested, that you are not excited, that you are not feeling, that you are only pretending. Trying to be joyful simply means you know perfectly well that you are sad. Now you may be able to deceive others -- how can you deceive yourself? *You* are trying to be joyful. You know perfectly well that you are sad. And each time you try, you are emphasizing your sadness. Each time you try to feel, you are going farther away from feeling. Each time you try to be excited, it is bogus. And you are becoming hypnotized by your repetition of being interested and alive.

This is a very suicidal course that you have chosen. If you are sad, be sad. Nothing is wrong in being sad. Be really sad, enjoy it! Sadness has its own beauty, sadness has its own silence, sadness has its own depth. And if you can really be sad, sooner or later you will have to come out of it. But that will not be a pretension, you will simply come out of it.

In my childhood I used to love swimming, and my village river becomes very dangerous in rainy season, it becomes flooded. It is a hilly river; so much water comes to it, it becomes almost oceanic. And it has few dangerous spots where many people have died. Those few dangerous spots are whirlpools, and if you are caught in a whirlpool it sucks you. It goes on sucking you deeper and deeper. And, of course, you try to get out of it, and the whirlpool is powerful. You fight, but your energy is not enough. And by fighting you become very much exhausted, and the whirlpool kills you.

I found a small strategy, and that strategy was that -- everybody was surprised -- that I will jump in the whirlpool and come out of it without any trouble. The strategy was not to fight with the whirlpool, go with it. In fact, go faster than it sucks you so you are not tired, you are simply diving in it. And you are going so fast that there is no struggle between you and the whirlpool.

And the whirlpool is bigger on the surface, then it becomes smaller and smaller and smaller. It is difficult to get unless it is very small. At the very end, rock bottom, it is so small you are simply out of it. You need not try to get out of it, you are simply out of it. I learned my art of let-go through those whirlpools. I am indebted to my river.

And then I tried that let-go in every situation of my life. If there was sadness I simply dived in it, and I was surprised to know that it works. If you dive deep into it, soon you are out of it *and* refreshed, not tired, because you were not fighting with it, because you were not pretending, so there was no question of fighting. You accepted it totally, full-heartedly. And when you totally accept something, in that very acceptance you have transformed its character.

Nobody accepts sadness, hence sadness remains sadness. Accept it and see. In that very acceptance you have transformed its quality. You have brought a new element into it, that of acceptance, which is extraordinary. And in accepting it you start seeing its beauties. It has few beautiful aspects. No laughter can have depth, as much depth as sadness. No joy can be so silent as sadness.

So why not enjoy those aspects of sadness which sadness makes available to you, rather than fighting with it, rather than pretending the opposite. And remember one fundamental law -- AIS DHAMMO SANANTANO, Buddha says, this is the law of life -- that nothing remains

the same for long. You just enjoy while there is sadness, and nothing remains the same for long.

Heraclitus says, "You cannot step in the same river twice, the river is so fast-moving." Life is moving like a river. So why be worried? -- if sadness is there. enjoy it while it is there. And soon it will be gone. And if you enjoy it to the very core of it, it will leave you refreshed, rejuvenated, and then there will be joy. And that joy will be natural and spontaneous.

You say: I AM TIRED.

You are bound to be tired because you have been fighting. Relax, let go. and all tiredness will be gone.

You are using a wrong language. You are fighting with existence. rather being part of it rather than welcoming its gifts -- whatsoever those gifts are... Sometimes it is sadness, sometimes it is joy, sometimes it is dark, sometimes it is light, sometimes it is winter and sometimes it is summer. Enjoy all the seasons! All those seasons are needed; the sun is needed, the rain is needed. the wind is needed, the darkness is needed, the light is needed. In fact, everything that exists has its place in life. Use it, and you will not feel tired, you will feel overfull of energy. You will feel a dance of energy within you.

But you will have to change your whole approach towards life. What I have told to you is exactly my definition of sannyas.

The Wild Geese and the Water

Chapter #14

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The first question:

OSHO,

THE DUTCH TELEVISION HAS ASKED ME TO PARTICIPATE IN A PROGRAM. ONE OF THE QUESTIONS ON WHICH THEY WANT ME TO SPEAK IS AS FOLLOWS: WHAT IS LACKING IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES THAT IS ATTRACTING SO MANY YOUNG PEOPLE TO THE NEW RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS?

DEVA OJAS,

The christ is missing...

The Christian churches are there but they are just containers without the content, utterly empty, a lamp whose light has gone out long before, a cage -- perhaps a golden cage -- but the bird has flown and it sings no more.

Missing of the Christ is bound to attract new people into new adventures. It is always the young ones who find the real Masters. The old ones settle with the establishment, their vested interests are such. And if once in a while an old person gets into enquiry for the truth -- even though it goes against his tradition, convention, belief -- then that old man is old only physically; psychologically, spiritually he is young.

Ojas, remind your people back in Holland that who were the people who were attracted towards Jesus himself. Were they old? Were they young? And what was missing in the Jewish religion? Why they were attracted to Christ?

They were all young people; Jesus himself was very young. He died only when he was thirty-three and the people who had come to him were almost of his age. What was the reason? Begin your answer from there. Why they left the Jewish church? It has a long tradition from Abraham Moses Ezekiel, so many prophets, a beautiful scripture, the old Testament, a great system of theology and philosophy... Why they left all that behind and followed this carpenter's son, uneducated? What was the reason?

The reason was that he had attained the ultimate in consciousness he has become a Christ. Remember Christ has nothing to do with Jesus as such. Jesus is the individual and the phenomenon of Christ-consciousness is universal. It has happened to many people before

Jesus and to many people after Jesus; Jesus is only one of the Christs.

Buddha is a Christ Zarathustra is a Christ, Lao Tzu is a Christ and there have been many many Christs after Jesus: Bodhidharma Lin Chi Kabir Nanak -- the long long river of Christ-consciousness continues. and the young, the fresh will always be seeking for the Christ, for the Christ-consciousness. So wherever the young people find the taste of living Christ-consciousness, they are bound to go there. They are going to risk everything.

In the Christian churches everything is there, one the bridegroom is missing. All the guests are there, the celebration is perfectly ready to start but the bridegroom is missing. So only the old who have become almost blind -- blind because of their conditioning -- will not be able to see that this whole thing is just false, pseudo. Now instead of Christ they will find the Polack pope, who is just making stupid gestures.

Just the other day he landed in a small country which is occupied by the Americans, forcibly. The American government had made every arrangement, security arrangement, for him. A car was flown from America to take him from the airport to his residence -- just six kilometers, and highly guarded security arrangement was made for him. He descended from the airplane, a special airplane that was only caring for him -- a big jetliner carrying just one Polack.

And he talked about the dignity of the poor He descended from the airplane and kissed the earth -- these are empty gestures -- and he said that "I love your country so much that I kiss its very earth. But he didn't talk about freedom. He loves the country so much... then why he didn't talk about the freedom of the people? Why he did not say something against the people who are ruling the country forcibly? -- who are occupying it? -- who have made it a military base.

He didn't talk about freedom. He talked about the beautiful country but he didn't talk about the ugly imperialism. He was not received by any representative of the country; he was received by a special agent of the American president who had come just before him to receive him on behalf of Ronald Reagan.

And he kissed the earth -- that he goes on doing everywhere, kissing the earth. Impotent gestures. Talking about the dignity of the poor, and living in richness. These hypocrites are the people who have to be avoided -- and the young can see...

I talk about the dignity of being rich. There is no dignity in being poor, because if there is dignity in being poor, then there is dignity in being a slave too, then there is dignity in being sick too, then there is dignity in being starved too, undernourished too. These are all part of poverty.

I talk about the dignity of the rich. One should be rich on the outside and on the inside both. There is no need to divide the outside and the inside -- they are all one. And one should live as richly as possible! That shows intelligence. Why talk about the dignity of the poor? Why not destroy poverty? Why console poor people? Why tell them that "You are the children of God, special children of God"? If the poor are the children of God, then what are the rich? -- the children of the devil? Then it is better to belong to devil than to God; then let him have his poor children and their dignity. But then the Pope will be a son of the devil because he is one of the richest persons in the world.

Now, living in luxury and talking about the dignity of the poor is hypocrisy. Live the way you would like everybody to live. Live according to your own understanding, but don't be pretenders. The young can see it, only the young can see it.

You must have come across the beautiful parable... I love it:

A very great king was visited by a cunning, clever priest. All priests are clever and cunning, otherwise they cannot be priests. Prostitutes may be innocent, but priests are never innocent. In fact, only innocent girls become prostitutes. Very cunning people become priests; it is the most cunning business.

The priest came to the king and said that, "You have conquered the whole world. Now only one thing is missing, and unless you have that you will remain discontented."

The king was surprised, because actually that was the case: he was feeling discontented. Every successful man feels discontented. The failures can always hope, the successful cannot hope any more -- he has succeeded! You have heard the proverb that nothing fails like failure. I say it is all wrong. I say to you: nothing fails like success. Once you have succeeded you can see the futility of it. The riches are there, the power is there, but you are as empty as before, or maybe now you feel your emptiness more in contrast to the richness, to the power, to the success that you have achieved. Now it hurts even more. And there is no hope either -- there is no tomorrow any more. You have achieved whatsoever is possible to achieve so you cannot dream, you cannot fantasize.

The king was feeling discontented -- because he has conquered the whole world. He was very much surprised, and trusted this priest, that he has some miraculous powers: "He has read my mind. I have not told to anybody that I am feeling discontented. How he has come to know?"

He took him into his private chamber and said,

"How you managed to find it out? I have never told to anybody, not even to my wife. I go on pretending that I am immensely contented and happy."

All successful people do that. What is the point of saying it to everybody? They will simply laugh, that "You are a fool!" They will say that "We had told you before but you never listened," so it is better to keep quiet.

"How did you manage to know?"

The priest said, "I can read your thoughts, and I know what is missing. If you can get special clothes of the angels, then you will be immensely happy."

A new desire, a new hope... tomorrow again became alive.

The king said, "I am ready. But how to get clothes from heaven? What is the way?"

The priest said, "Everything I will do. I know the way, I know the whole map, but it will cost you much. It is not an easy thing. It is for the first time in the whole history of humanity that you will be getting divine clothes; you may be the first and the last. And I will have to bribe the angels, persuade somebody to steal, and then I have to fly to heaven and come back... It is a long journey and dangerous too, but for you I am ready to do it."

The king said, "Don't be worried about the money. But remember one thing: don't try to cheat me, otherwise death will be the only reward for you. So you can have a palace to yourself; do whatsoever you want to do, but you will be guarded, you cannot leave the palace. And whatsoever money you want, you simply send a message and the money will be delivered to you."

And the priest started asking millions of rupees everyday. But the king had enough. Within three weeks the priest informed that, "The clothes have arrived. A great celebration should be arranged, people should be informed. The whole capital should be decorated with lights, fireworks, balloons, because something absolutely extraordinary is happening."

And the king did as he was told, and the whole court was waiting with great silence. And the man came with a beautiful box, golden box. He opened the box... but before opening the box, he said to the court that, "One thing I should remind you: I have been told by the angels

that these clothes can be seen only by those who are born of their own fathers -- no bastard can see these clothes. Remember that."

Then he opened the box -- the box was empty. The king looked in, the viziers looked in, and everybody started praising the clothes. Who wants to be called a bastard? Everybody knew that the box is empty, but when others were praising the clothes, everybody thought within his own heart, "It is better to keep absolutely mum. It seems that I am not the son of my father. Only I am not the son of my father, because everybody else is seeing the clothes."

And when the king saw that, "All the viziers and the courtiers and the queen, everybody is seeing the clothes, so what is the point now saying that I don't see?" -- he also started praising the clothes. There was great rejoicing, and the crafty priest told the king, "Now give your clothes one by one to me and I will give you the divine clothes."

His coat was taken, his shirt was taken, his turban was taken... And he was handed nothing, just nothing! Just the gesture, empty gesture. A turban was placed on his head which didn't exist at all. He was looking silly to his own eyes. The shirt has disappeared, then he was afraid... then the pants disappeared, then he was standing just with his underpants, afraid: "Now what this man is going to do?" And everybody was clapping and shouting with joy, that "Our king has got divine clothes! How beautiful they look!"

Then the crafty priest asked for the underpants. For a moment the king hesitated, but now it was too late. Now to say that "I don't see," will be very illogical. Up to now you were seeing -- what happened? Suddenly you are not the son of your father? He had to give -- reluctantly, but he had to give. He had given his underpants also, now he was standing absolutely naked, just like a Jaina monk. And everybody was clapping and shouting with joy, and people started dancing. And everybody was trying to defeat everybody else, so it is known to everybody that, "I am the son of my own father far more than you are." It was a great competition.

And then the crafty priest said that, "Thousands of people are waiting outside the palace. The chariot is ready. Now, sir, you come! A procession has to be taken. The whole capital is waiting. Many many people have gathered from all over the place to see the divine clothes."

Again he felt for a moment very hesitant: "But if everybody is seeing the clothes, then there is no fear really. Only I am not seeing, but that is not the point. I already know," he thought, "that I am naked. I know my nakedness and everybody is seeing so there is no fear."

He went into the chariot. Everybody, millions of people, saw he was naked, but just before the chariot it was continuously announced that these clothes are divine and can be seen only by those who are born of their own others. So everybody was shouting, clapping, dancing... it was such a rejoicing.

Just a small child sitting on his father's shoulders told the father, "Daddy, the king seems to be naked."

The father said, "Shut up! When you will grow then you will see. You are just a child, you don't understand."

But again and again the child said, "But father, I can see everything -- only the clothes I cannot see. I can see you, I can see the naked king, the chariot, the horses, millions of people. And just for the clothes I have first to become grown-up?"

And the father said, "You keep absolutely silent. You don't understand. It takes time. One has to be adult, at least twenty-one years -- when you have the right to vote, that is the time when you start seeing the clothes. Wait!" And fearing that somebody may hear, he took the child away. That was the only person there in the crowd who could see that the king was naked. Everybody was seeing, but only a child can say it as it is.

Jesus was recognized only by innocent people. The rabbis killed him. Now, the same rabbis have become popes, bishops, priests -- the *same* rabbis. It is the same business. It was done in the name of Judaism, now it is done in the name of Christianity.

Christ is missing, Deva Ojas, that is the first thing to be remembered.

You ask me: WHAT IS LACKING IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES THAT IS ATTRACTING SO MANY YOUNG PEOPLE TO THE NEW RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS?

The second thing is that Christianity or Hinduism or Mohammedanism or Jainism or Buddhism are not your choice. You are born into a certain family which is accidental -- then you are conditioned. It is a conditioning. The first disciples of Jesus were not born Christians, they had chosen it. And when one chooses out of one's own intelligence and freedom, it is a totally different matter. And when something is imposed upon you it is nothing but an imprisonment.

Now churches are nothing but jails. And for that matter, not only Christian churches, all the churches. Only when a living Master is there and his presence triggers a process of enlightenment in you, triggers a process of transformation in you, and you choose because of that process, then you are really religious. Otherwise these are all pseudo people: Christians, Hindus, Parsees, Sikhs -- all pseudo.

The people who had chosen Nanak were a totally different people; they had risked their life. The people who went with Mohammed were REAL Muslims, they risked everything. Being with Mohammed was not an easy job, it was risking your life, your very head; now to be a Mohammedan is convenient, comfortable. To be a Hindu costs nothing.

In fact, before you ever become conscious you are already conditioned, your unconscious is already stuffed with all kinds of superstitions.

If the younger people are moving to new religious movements, the reason is because only the new is religious; the old is always a cult. Christianity is a cult! But it is a very strange thing: Christians call new religious movements cults, sects -- *they* are religious. Just the opposite is the truth: anything which is very old is only a cult, a sect. When Jesus is alive there is religion. When Buddha is alive there is religion. When Buddha is gone there is only left a cult.

A cult is the corpse of a religion. A cult is only the footprints of the Buddhas on the sands of time. Buddhas disappear in the timelessness, and on the sands of time the footprints are worshipped, as if those footprints are Buddhas.

I say to you that religion exists only in the presence of a Master. The moment the Master leaves, the religion disappears.

It is just like the fragrance of a rose flower. The moment the rose flower disappears, its petals start falling back to the soil, the fragrance also disappears. Religion is the fragrance of the person who has become awakened. It cannot be caught into churches -- you cannot catch hold of a fragrance. Even if you keep the dead flower -- as people love to keep in their Bibles, roses they keep between their Bible pages -- by and by they become dry, they lose all fragrance. Just they give you a sense that once there was a flower, those dry flowers, dead flowers.

Young people are always searching for something alive; that's what youth is all about. So whosoever is young, whether physically or spiritually, will always seek a Christ -- wherever

he can find, in whatsoever form he can find, he will find a Christ. Unless he finds a Christ he will not feel contented. And no church can be a substitute for a Christ.

One has to choose the religion. And these Christians, these Mohammedans, these Hindus, they have not chosen. It has been imposed on them. And remember, if you choose on your own, even the hell, then it is heaven, and if you are thrown in heaven forcibly, then it is hell. My definition of hell and heaven depends on freedom: if it is freedom, then it is heaven if it is not freedom, then it is hell.

The churches are against the individual, and the young people are always searching for individuality. And it is one of the intrinsic parts of youth, youthfulness, to search for authentic individuality. The churches belong to the collective mob psychology and they have fallen down to the mob psychology. They fulfill the expectations of the marketplace. They fulfill the expectations of the sleepy people, somnambulists, they cannot help you to be awakened. Only a person who never fulfills your demands, who lives in his own light without caring about what the crowds say about him... Do you think Jesus in any way cared about what the crowds were saying about him? If he had cared, he would not have been crucified, he would have been given a Nobel prize, he would have been a Nobel laureate like Mother Teresa of Calcutta.

He is crucified, and this Mother Teresa becomes a Nobel laureate. There seems to be no connection between Mother Teresa and Jesus Christ. There is certainly a connection between Jesus Christ and Al-Hillaj Mansoor. There is certainly a connection between Jesus Christ and me. I can be crucified any day. The crowd is against me -- the crowd has always been against the Buddhas, but Mother Teresa fulfills the expectations of the crowd. Only stupid people can fulfill your expectations.

I have always been wondering, because I have come across two persons, Morarji Desai and Mother Teresa... And I had always been a little puzzled who is more stupid. They both seem to be greater than the other, bigger than the other. But then, finally, Nobel prize decided. Mother Teresa came first, Morarji Desai is second in the race. She fulfilled more the mob psychology and its expectations,

Jesus is crucified, Socrates is murdered. Many attempts were made on Buddha's life. Mahavira was tortured in every possible way...

The young people are searching for freedom, for intelligence. The young people are searching for rebellion, for revolution, for a radical change. The church has been too heavy on their being, it is like a mountain-load. They want to throw it, but they don't know how to do it. Unless they come across a person who has done it, who has thrown all the nonsense of the past... only he can help you to be unburdened.

That's why young people, Ojas, are searching new religious movements.

Remember, this television series in Holland is arranged by the Christians. They are becoming more and more afraid, they are becoming more and more worried. And why they have asked Ojas to come? They are going to pay him the fare and all the expenses from Poona to Amsterdam. Why? -- because Ojas is an ex-priest. And they are becoming much worried. Even priests are becoming Rajneesh sannyasins! It is too dangerous. They have to find out what are the reasons, so they can manage some way to prevent. But you have to tell them the truth as it is, utterly naked. Hammer it on their head.

Their effort is to find out the reason so they can prevent others from escaping. And you should make every effort so that even others can escape, because there are many many nuns, many many monks, many priests, who want to escape from the slavery, but they don't know how to do it.

So use this opportunity. Don't miss the opportunity. Don't be polite -- be true. Say the truth as it is. Say that the king is naked, say that Christ is no more in the Christian churches, say that "We have found Christ somewhere else, that's why we are going." In fact, you are REAL Christians, they are bogus Christians.
But priests are certainly very cunning people.

At the airport a flustered young rabbi starting on his honeymoon absent-mindedly asked for one ticket to the Bahamas. But when his wife pointed out his error, he answered without a moment's hesitation, "By Thunder! You are right, dear. I had forgotten myself completely!"

Priests are very clever and cunning. But don't be worried about them. When you are with a living Master, whatsoever they do to prevent people will help us; whatsoever they do to prevent people is going to help people to come to us.

At a dance party, a young lady had just been introduced to her partner. By way of making conversation she said, "Who is that terribly ugly man?"

"Why, that is my brother!" he exclaimed.

"Ah, you must excuse me," said the lady in embarrassment, and added apologetically, "I really had not noticed the resemblance."

Don't be worried. Whatsoever they will try to do will make things worse for themselves.

You go and enjoy the trip. Laugh loudly. And I have been telling you so many jokes about the priests and the rabbis and the bishops and the popes. Find out the juiciest ones, because that is the best way to hit these people.

The rabbi: "What would you say if I asked you to marry me?"

The girl: "Nothing -- I can't talk and laugh at the same time."

Only stupid people are going to remain in the churches. Intelligent ones are bound to escape. Stupid people have their own ideas -- idiotic are those ideas, but they try to fulfill them. And they have to be forgiven. If only stupid people are left in the churches, it is good. It is good for the world, too. They will remain engaged there in their prayers, they will remain engaged listening to all kinds of crap, and the world will be saved from them. Let them become nuns and priests and monks, and that will do immense good to humanity. Let them remain closed in their monasteries; that is a beautiful way to keep them off, away, far away, because they are contagious, they can infect others too. Stupidity is like cancer. Cancer maybe is curable, but stupidity seems to be incurable.

One psychiatrist was very happily married to a surprisingly ugly woman. "I know she is terribly homely," he explained to a friend, "and slightly cross-eyed and a bit dull. But boy, what exciting nightmares she has!"

He is not interested in the woman, he is interested in her exciting nightmares. So let them, such kind of people, if they want to remain Christians and Hindus and Mohammedans, let them. We don't want that kind to come here and pollute the air.

The father's tone was severe as he said, "Young man, do you think you should be taking

my daughter to nightclubs all the time?"

"Certainly not," the boy answered, then added hopefully, "let us try to reason with her."

You missed it!

Once you are caught by a girl, it is no more a question of your choice where you go. The boy is right; he says, "Let us try to reason with her."

The second question:

OSHO,

I AM NOT A DANCER, BUT I LOVE TO DANCE. AT TIMES I WOULD LIKE TO LEAP AND TWIRL AND STAY IN THE AIR. BUT, OSHO, I WORRY ABOUT ENLIGHTENMENT. DOES AN ENLIGHTENED MAN DANCE?

CHRIS LANE,

You must have come from a Christian family so you don't have any idea that enlightened people have been of *all* kinds. It is a spectrum, the whole rainbow.

There has been Krishna -- the dancer, the flute-player, the singer. There has been Chaitanya -- a mad dancer, he will dance and dance for hours, until he will fall in ecstasy; the joy will be so overflowing, uncontainable. There has been Jalaluddin Rumi who twirled -- he became enlightened while twirling. He whirled for thirty-six hours continuously, non-stop; then he fell, exhausted by the ecstasy, and when he opened his eyes the old man was gone and the new has arrived. It is Jalaluddin Rumi who founded the whirling dervishes and their whole beautiful tradition. There has been Meera in India, who danced to abandon, who danced from one village to another village, almost covering the whole north of India.

But the Christians have only one idea -- that of Christ. And they say Christ did not laugh either, what to say about dance? But I don't believe that that is true. I know him far better than the Polack pope. He was a man of immense joy. He loved to eat, to drink even; he's the only enlightened one who was not against wine. And in fact no enlightened person should be against wine, because it is pure vegetarian.

He loved to eat and stay late in the night eating, talking, gossiping. Christians have the idea that he was only delivering gospels; they have dropped all the gossips. In fact, those gossips contained more truth than the gospels that they have chosen, because in his gossips he was more really human. In gospels you become a little inhuman, you become dry. And he was a wet man, not a dry man at all. And can you think a man who drinks wine and moves with gamblers and prostitutes not gossiping? Impossible!

Narada was one of the great enlightened persons in India who loved his *veena*, and played continuously his VEENA. Kabir loved to dance, sing; Dadu, Nanak all were lovers of singing. Nanak always used to have a companion because any time he would start singing, and he needed somebody to play... so he had one companion continuously. His name was Mardana; because he was always ready with his instrument to accompany Nanak. In all his travels he was a masterplayer. Nanak at any moment will start singing, in the middle of the night, anywhere. Whenever the divine possessed him he will sing, and immediately Mardana will have to play.

There have been people like Buddha who never danced, Lao Tzu, who never danced, Bodhidharma, who never danced. But that does not mean that they were against dancing. My

own understanding is that they had found a subtler dance of their inner being; there was no need for a physical dance. They were great dancers in that sense -- far greater than Krishna, Chaitanya, Meera, Nanak, Kabir, Dadu... because the body was not moving, but their soul was dancing, their very being was in a dance.

So, Chris, you need not be afraid.

You say: I AM NOT A DANCER, BUT I LOVE TO DANCE. AT TIMES I WOULD LIKE TO LEAP AND TWIRL AND STAY IN THE AIR. BUT, OSHO, I WORRY ABOUT ENLIGHTENMENT. DOES AN ENLIGHTENED MAN DANCE?

You need not worry -- just avoid J. Krishnamurti.

One of my sannyasins, Yoga Suresh, has written:

OSHO, RECENTLY J. KRISHNAMURTI WAS TALKING AT BOMBAY, AND I ALSO ATTENDED WITH A LOT OF MY SANNYASIN FRIENDS. ON THE VERY FIRST DAY, AFTER SITTING ON THE STAGE, HE TOOK ONE GLANCE AT US AND THEN SAID: "THIS IS NOT A PLACE OF AMUSEMENT, DANCE, MUSIC, AND ENJOYMENT. THEREFORE, IF ANYBODY HAS COME HERE FOR JOY OR SOMETHING ELSE, HE SHOULD LEAVE THE PREMISES RIGHT NOW."

HE HAS ALSO MENTIONED VERY OFTEN IN HIS TALKS THAT: "ALL FOREIGNERS WHO COME TO INDIA ARE TRAPPED BY THE SO-CALLED BHAGWAN, WHO GIVES THEM COLORED CLOTHES TO WEAR AND A NECKLACE OF BEADS OR A MALA, AND HE TEACHES THEM, THE IGNORANT WESTERN PEOPLE, TO SING AND DANCE TO HOLLYWOOD MUSIC, ET CETERA, ET CETERA. AND THEY CALL IT MEDITATION."

OSHO, AS YOU ALWAYS PRAISE HIM AND HIS TEACHINGS IN YOUR LECTURES, WHY DOES HE HAVE A GRUDGE AGAINST YOU? HE DOES NOT EVEN HAVE THE COURAGE TO SAY IT DIRECTLY TO YOU BY USING YOUR NAME AS YOU USE HIS NAME. WHY IS THIS SO?

So Chris, if you are worried about enlightenment, that what will happen, this is the only place where you need not be worried. But you will have to avoid people like J. Krishnamurti. He is too serious, so deadly serious, as if he has the responsibility to transform the whole world. He is carrying the burden, and he is becoming every day more and more angrier because nothing is happening. People still go on dancing, people still go on enjoying music, he said.

And my sannyasins whenever they go to listen to him... And I say: Wherever he is, go! Just sit in the front row, and enjoy! Irritate him, annoy him, drive him crazy because I love that man. So I would like you also to love him.

He is a good man, nice, getting a little senile. That's okay; he is old, we can forgive him. Red clothes just trigger something in him -- like a red flag triggers something in a bull. Although he's an old bull, but the moment you flag him with the red, he forgets his oldness; he becomes again young. And this is good, to bring new blood to the old man -- he will live a little longer. Help him! In his past lives he must have been a Spanish bull.

He said, "This is not a place of amusement..." and I say to you, "This *is* a place of amusement, dance, music and enjoyment." Because to me, life is not seriousness, life is not sadness. He's too deadly serious, he cannot laugh. Jesus must have laughed, but

Krishnamurti? -- he cannot laugh.

But that too is an aspect, so I don't say that he is not enlightened, remember. I will never say anything against him because to me enlightenment is a multidimensional phenomenon. He can say things against me, that's okay, because his understanding of enlightenment is one-dimensional, linear. He thinks as if he is the criterion of enlightenment, that if somebody fits exactly with him, just like him, then he is enlightened. But that will simply mean that Jesus is not enlightened, that Buddha is not enlightened, that Krishna is not enlightened, that Zarathustra is not enlightened -- because the first thing Zarathustra did as he moved out of the womb, he laughed. Now, that's what my sannyasins should learn. Next time when you are around, coming out of the mother's womb, have a good belly-laugh. Let that become the sign that a Rajneesh sannyasin is born again!

Zarathustra cannot be enlightened according to Krishnamurti. Lao Tzu cannot be enlightened, because he was a very non-serious man. He used to ride on a buffalo, and that too backwards -- just to make everybody laugh. Just his passing from a town and a crowd will gather and they will start laughing: what is the matter?

Only one other Master -- Sufi Master, Mulla Nasruddin -- had done that, nobody else in the whole history of humanity. Iran has not been able to produce anybody better, higher, greater than Mulla Nasruddin. Nasruddin was going to visit a place, and his disciples were following him, and he was riding on his donkey; sitting backwards. A crowd started gathering; the disciples started feeling a little embarrassed, obviously. Nasruddin was enjoying, but the disciples were feeling embarrassed that, "What kind of a Master you have got? He does not even know how to sit on a donkey! In the first place he is sitting on a donkey; in the second place in a wrong way..."

Finally one disciple gathered courage and asked, "Mulla, people are laughing and we are feeling embarrassed. What is the reason of your sitting backwards on the donkey?"

Mulla said, "A simple reason -- the reason is not very complicated." He said, "If I sit as usually people sit, then my back will be towards you. That will be disrespectful. I love you, I respect you; a real Master always respects his disciples."

A disciple suggested, "Then we can have some other arrangement: we can walk ahead of you."

He said, "That is not right, because then your back will be towards me -- that will be disrespectful towards the Master. And even if the Master is trying not to be disrespectful towards the disciples, how the disciples can be disrespectful to the Master? So this is the only possible way: I am facing you, you are facing me, and the journey is continuing, the donkey is going. Let the fools laugh, but we have our own philosophy and we have to live according to our philosophy."

Lao Tzu never gave the reason -- nobody knows why, but perhaps this was his reason too, because his disciples Chuang Tzu, Lieh Tzu, and others, were always following him, and he was making a laughing stock of everybody.

Krishnamurti will not accept Lao Tzu as enlightened and certainly not Chuang Tzu, because Chuang Tzu will look very absurd to him. Chuang Tzu has written such absurd stories -- that's the only reason I love him. He is the most absurd Master in the whole world, before me... not after me! I am far more absurd. Even if Chuang Tzu comes here, he will feel a little hesitant whether to enter the Gateless Gate or not.

Krishnamurti never uses anybody's name -- Buddha, Mahavira, Krishna, Christ, Zarathustra, Bodhidharma, Rinzai, Bokuju -- never he uses anybody's name, for the simple

reason that he is a very one-dimensional man. He thinks he is the only criterion of enlightenment. Hence, he has no grudge against me -- just his vision is very limited. His vision is a tunnel vision -- perfectly right, through his tunnel he has seen the light, but through a tunnel.

My vision is immense: I can include him, he cannot include me. Hence he says, "Therefore if anybody has come here for joy or something else, he should leave the premises right now." Whatsoever he says, never leave those premises! Be the first to enter and be the last to leave. And when he is talking against me, clap, enjoy, laugh. There is no reason why you should not enjoy! Whenever an enlightened person is available, one should enjoy as much as one can, one should *eat* as much as one can.

And, to me, there is no difficulty.

Many times the question has been asked to me that, "You never say anything against Krishnamurti, but he goes on saying things against you...?" Of course, he never mentions my name, but indirectly he is saying against me. He can say, still I don't think that he has any grudge against me. His tunnel vision is the reason of it.

But this is not only his situation -- Mahavira had a tunnel vision, Mohammed had a tunnel vision. In fact, very few people have been able to have multidimensional vision, for the simple reason that when you achieve enlightenment you achieve through a certain path, certain method, and you become obsessed with it; you think this is the only way. And you are right -- this is a way, but not the only way.

I had never had a Master in all my past lives, but I had been with many enlightened people. That has made my vision rich. I can understand Jesus as easily as Krishna. I can penetrate the very heart of Mahavira as easily as Buddha, because I have followed, accompanied many enlightened people down the ages. And I have never been a follower to anybody, otherwise I would have become obsessed with a tunnel vision. And I have seen Jalaluddin Rumi attaining to enlightenment through dancing, and I have seen Gautam Buddha sitting and attaining to enlightenment *without* dancing, and I have seen Krishna with sixteen thousand women -- really enjoying Hollywood Music!

And it is strange that Krishnamurti should say anything against Hollywood music, because he lives in the Hollywood area. In fact, I don't know what is Hollywood music. He lives in Hollywood; maybe that's why he has become anti-Hollywood-music. It is very difficult to forgive your neighbors.

He says: "All foreigners who come to India are trapped by the so-called Bhagwan..."

That is true! You can try and trap them -- they are perfectly available. In fact, I send them to Krishnamurti's meetings. If he can manage to trap them, I make them available. It is he himself who says to them, "Leave the premises right now." He cannot trap my people, nobody can trap my people, because I am not trapping you. I am making you free from all traps.

He says: "The Bhagwan gives them colored clothes..." What is wrong with colored clothes? Just the past life, that Spanish bull life, a hangover...

"And he gives them to wear a necklace of beads or mala." What is wrong in it? It is just to irritate people like you, J. Krishnamurti, people who have a tunnel vision. so I put my people exactly at the other end of the tunnel, so whatsoever you can see are only orange people with a mala and my picture.

And the moment he will see my picture, he is no more in his senses. That is the moment when he transcends his mind. That is an opportunity for him to go into meditation, otherwise he is a very rational man, very much tethered to the mind. Whatsoever he goes on saying is

just mind-stuff. He has transcended the mind, but the way he expresses he uses his mind only.

I am using many other devices too. I use the mind, I use the words, I use the silence, I use the music -- yes, I can even use the Hollywood music and make you enlightened through it. That's how the alchemist functions. This very life has to be used, and all that this life contains.

I can send you to see a "blue movie" and tell you to just be a witness, don't get identified, and it becomes a meditation. And the blue movie will be the right thing, because again and again you will forget to be a witness. And again and again you will have to be a witness. It will be a constant struggle. Just looking at a wall, anybody can become a witness.

Bodhidharma was looking at a wall for nine years. There is no wonder he became enlightened. What else can you do? He must have thought, "It is better now to become enlightened -- at least to get rid of this wall."

It is better to project a blue movie on the wall and then be a witness. And I tell you, you will not take nine years, far quicker -- you will be tired of all those naked women passing by.

Everything can be used. That's why I am against renunciation -- everything in life can be used. Yes, even wine can be used. You can drink it, but in small quantities in the beginning, and remain alert -- just a little quantity and then remain alert. Try to be alert when the wine starts functioning in you. If you can be alert with wine, then go on increasing the dose. One day you can drink the wine just like water and still you are alert. And if you can drink the whole bottle and remain alert, then nobody can make you unenlightened again. Impossible!

This has been used; this is not a new method. This has been used for centuries in India, from the days of the RIG VEDA; they called it *soma-ras*, it is the same. *everything* can be used. In fact, the more you have been taught to be against alcohol, against other drugs, the more you have become interested in them. And nobody teaches you how to use these drugs -- alcohol, other intoxicants -- to become alert, aware.

In a better world, in a more scientific world, every commune should have a small place with experts to give you small doses of intoxicant and help you to remain alert. And if you can remain alert while every possibility is of losing alertness, then in ordinary life you will be alert without any difficulty.

So, Chris, just avoid J. Krishnamurti, and that too only till you have become a sannyasin. Yet you are not a sannyasin; once you are a sannyasin there is no need to avoid anybody. Go to Krishnamurti, go anywhere. Let them avoid you!

This will be a great thing...

He never comes to Poona; he used to come in the past. This is the time, now he should come -- now the spring has come to Poona. He used to visit town when it was dead. *Now* he should come and I will send five thousand sannyasins and you will see that even an enlightened person dances. Of course, it will not be a very beautiful dance, but he will jump and scream, and hit his head. It will be some sort of dance, a little weird, something like jogging dynamic meditation. And when he is doing that, put a mala around his neck!

The last question:

OSHO,
WHY ARE THE INDIANS SO INTOLERANT AND SO MUCH ANGRY AT YOU?

RADHE,

It is very simple. They are very religious people, the only religious people in the world, very spiritual. This is the sign of their spirituality, their religiousness -- the so-called religious always become fanatics. They talk about tolerance, but they are very intolerant. In fact, the very idea of becoming tolerant has the seed of intolerance in it.

When somebody says, "Be tolerant," that simply means there is intolerance. Why be tolerant? I am not tolerant, hence I need not be intolerant either. Why should I be tolerant or intolerant? They are two sides of the same coin. But these so-called religious people, these phony spiritualists, are bound to be intolerant because they are repressing their anger, their rage. They are boiling within.

Just the other day I was seeing the newspapers. One article suggests -- a very religious person who has written the article -- that Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh should be given electroshocks. This is Indian culture, religiousness, nonviolence, celibacy, great heritage, the country of the great seers -- asking the government to give me electroshocks.

The second article I saw yesterday was that I should be deported immediately. The third article was that the Indian government should throw me into the Arabian Ocean -- not even in the Indian Ocean, because I may pollute the Indian Ocean. "Throw him in the Arabian Ocean, so if he pollutes, he pollutes the Arabs!"

My suggestion is: all these three things can be done together; there is no need to do separately. First, give me electroshocks, then deport me and don't give me any passport, so of course I cannot go outside the country; and because you have deported me, then throw me into the Arabian Ocean. And this will save your country, your religion, your culture, your great heritage! This will prove to the world that you are really the gurus of the world, that the whole world needs your advice and your wisdom.

Radhe, they are angry because I am not supporting their beliefs. They are against me because I am original, and they are always against anything that is original, because the original means anti-traditional, anti-conventional. And India has lived with borrowed knowledge for centuries.

Chandulal: "Good evening, thought I would drop in and see you about the umbrella you borrowed from me last week."

Gaurilal: "I'm sorry, but I lent it to a friend of mine. Did you want it?"

Chandulal: "Well, not for myself, but the fellow I borrowed it from says the owner wants it."

This is the way of the Indian mind -- borrowing, borrowing. And the moment they see something new, they become afraid. It is their fear that becomes anger. Remember always, it is fear standing upside down that becomes anger -- fear doing a headstand, *sirshasan*, becomes anger. Anger is just a security, because deep down they are feeling afraid.

Not a single argument is said against me. Now, do you think these are arguments against me? -- electroshocks, deportation, throwing into the Arabian Sea... these are arguments? Not a single argument is there. They are feeling very impotent, and out of their impotency great rage is arising.

And they go on again and again asking me for many things.

Pundit Lajjashankara Jha has asked two things:

WHY ARE NOT THE INDIANS ALLOWED TO PARTICIPATE IN THE THERAPY

GROUPS?

Second: ARE YOU BRAINWASHING THE INNOCENT WESTERNERS IN THE THERAPY GROUPS?

First he wants to know why Indians are not allowed in the therapy groups. Will they understand therapy? Will they understand bringing all their repressed sexuality out? Will they be able to realize and recognize their ugliness? Will they be able to see in the mirror of therapy their original face?

I am perfectly ready to allow them. Pundit Lajjashankara Jha can be allowed, but will he be ready to put his scholarship -- he is a pundit, a brahmin -- will he be able to put his past aside and go into a therapy group? Will he be ready to be *really* spiritually naked, truthful, honest? -- because a therapy group can function only if you are authentic, if you say only that which you feel. But something else will happen: he will not say what he feels, he will say what is expected of him to say.

Just the other day one sannyasin informed me that an Indian fell to her feet and started massaging her feet and telling her, "Mother, mother," and then started taking his hand upwards. She stopped him but he will not listen, calling, "Mother!" and "Mother!" And he was trying to reach to her thighs, and "Mother" -- this dual personality, saying "Mother" and trying to touch her naked body...

Indians are not allowed for the simple reason that they cannot open themselves. They have become the most closed people in the world. Even if they cannot understand what I am saying here, how they can go into a really deep therapeutic situation? It will be impossible for them.

And the second question shows his fear already:

ARE YOU BRAINWASHING THE WESTERN PEOPLE, THE INNOCENT PEOPLE IN THE THERAPY GROUPS?

His fear is there, that if he allows himself and opens up he will be brainwashed. Don't be afraid, Pundit Lajjashankara Jha, because to be brain-washed one thing is absolutely needed -- that is brain! How can I brainwash you? First you will have to have brain in there, then it can be washed. We will wash it clean, but first it has to be there.

And he calls them, "innocent western people." If they are innocent then there is no need to wash them. In fact, *you* need washing, but you don't have the brain. They have the brain, but they don't need washing. You see my troubles?

The Indians are angry with me because they hoped, expected that I will give more nourishment to their ego, and rather than giving nourishment to their ego I started shattering it to pieces. That's what is hurting them -- I am not fulfilling their expectations.

They will not say it clearly, but every day I see in newspapers. People write about me that, "When you were giving discourses on Srimad Bhagavad Gita, it was so beautiful! We had enjoyed it so much. When you were taking on Mahavira we had loved it. But now whatsoever you are doing, we hate it!"

Why they loved when I was talking on Bhagavad Gita? Because they felt that I am bringing the message of Krishna up to date, I am making it contemporary.

Don't be worried. Once the commune is settled I will again talk on Bhagavad Gita -- and you will hate it, because then I will tell you the real truth. The last time I was just talking about the circumference of the Bhagavad Gita; now I will expose its reality, its nakedness, and then you will hate me more.

But you are asking it...

Durga has her first date and comes home at two o'clock at night.

"Where have you been?" the worried mother wants to know.

"Oh, I went to a party with Prem," she answers.

"And then where did you go?" she wants to know.

"We went to his room," she says.

"And what did you do there?" worried mum wants to know.

"We had a drink, sat on the bed and talked."

"Darling, what then?" mum says, jumping up and down.

"Then he asked me to close my eyes, and he undressed me."

"Darling, and then?" mum is nearly fainting.

"Then he gave me a leotard and a pair of roller skates... and mum, why are you laughing?"

Try to get it! Let me repeat: "Then he gave me a leotard and a pair of rolling skates... and mum, why are you laughing?"

The mother is waiting..some hidden expectation that now *this* is going to happen, now this is going to happen, now this is the last moment and it is going to happen... And suddenly it does not happen.

The Indians have been waiting for me, that I will go around the world spreading Indian religion and the message of the Vedas. Why should I do all that nonsense? When I can give my own message, why should I give anybody else's message? The seers of the Vedas were not concerned with me, why I should be concerned with them? They never gave my message, why should I give their message?

But they have a very rotten language of understanding. They can understand only that which is written in their scriptures. They cannot understand anything else. Howsoever rotten it is... and much of it is bound to be rotten; the world has grown, man has come of age.

A man went into a butcher's shop and asked for half a pound of kidley.

"I beg your pardon," said the butcher.

"I want half a pound of kidley."

"Say that again?" "Half a pound of kidley."

"Are you sure you don't mean half a pound of kidney?"

"That's what I said, diddle l!"

It is a question of language.

Once a sannyasin asked an Indian in a *chai* shop for information. He said, "Excuse me, where can I buy some shampoo?"

The chaiwalla said, "You are from which country?"

"Australia," said the sannyasin.

"America?" queried the Indian.

"Not America -- Australia!"

"England? Germany? Oh, yes... Germany people very good. You are married or single?"

"Not married," said the swami. "But where can I buy some shampoo?"

"What you want?"

"Shampoo!"

"For what you want this?"

"To wash my balls!" snapped the sannyasin. "What do you think?"

"Oh, oh yes," he said, "you are a tourist or you are coming for study?"

"I want to buy some shampoo!! Do you know where I can buy some?"

"What? What you want?"

"Shampoo!"

"Oh yes, you can buy."

"But *where* can I buy it?"

"In shop you can buy!"

"Yes, but which shop?"

"What you want?"

"I want some fucking shampoo!!"

"No!" shouted the Indian, standing up, "No fucking here!"