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# Zen: The Diamond Thunderbolt

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## Zen: The Diamond Thunderbolt

### Chapter #1

Chapter title: The whiskers of the pebble

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

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BELOVED OSHO,  
A MONK ASKED BOKUSHU, "WHAT IS THE INNER MEANING OF THE TEACHINGS OF BUDDHISM?"  
BOKUSHU SAID, "I WON'T ANSWER."  
"WHY NOT?" ASKED THE MONK.  
"BECAUSE," SAID BOKUSHU, "YOU THINK AND THINK AND THEN COME AND ASK ME."  
THE MONK FURTHER ASKED, "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF BODHIDHARMA COMING FROM THE WEST?"  
BOKUSHU SAID, "ARE WE NOT TEACHER AND LEARNER? WHY DON'T YOU COME NEARER?"  
THE MONK WENT NEARER, AND THEN BOKUSHU SAID, "WHEN I CALL A MAN ONE FROM EAST OF SETSU, ONE FROM WEST OF SETSU IS INCLUDED. WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THAT?"  
THE MONK THEN ASKED, "WHAT IS THE ESSENCE OF THE MEANING OF SOKEI?" -- (WHICH WAS WHERE ENO LIVED).  
BOKUSHU SAID, "WHEN YOU MEET A SWORDSMAN IN THE STREET, GIVE HIM A SWORD. IF HE IS NOT A POET, DON'T SHOW HIM YOUR POEM."  
ONCE, UMMON EXCLAIMED, "BUDDHISM IS JUST TERRIFIC! THE TONGUE IS SO SHORT."  
THEN HE ADDED, "SO LONG." HE THEN SAID, "WHEN WE HAVE FINISHED CUTTING WITH A GREAT AXE, WE RUB OUR HANDS TOGETHER."  
A MONK ASKED NAN-YIN, "WHAT IS THE GREAT MEANING OF BUDDHISM?"  
NAN-YIN REPLIED, "THE ORIGIN OF A MYRIAD DISEASES."  
THE MONK SAID, "PLEASE CURE ME!"  
NAN-YIN SAID, "THE WORLD-DOCTOR FOLDS HIS ARMS."  
A MONK ASKED YAKUSAN, "DID THE ESSENCE OF BUDDHISM EXIST BEFORE

BODHIDHARMA CAME?"

"IT DID," SAID YAKUSAN.

"THEN WHY DID HE COME, IF IT ALREADY EXISTED?" ASKED THE MONK.

"HE CAME," SAID YAKUSAN, "JUST BECAUSE IT WAS HERE ALREADY."

Maneesha, Zen is so strange as far as intellectual understanding is concerned. It looks almost absurd. That is one of the reasons why it has not grown into a vast tree around the world, but has remained a small stream of only those who can see beyond the mind, who can feel it, even though it is illogical, irrational.

Once Picasso was sitting in his garden with a beautiful rosebush; many roses had blossomed on it. A friend asked him, "What is the meaning of the roses?"

Picasso said, "There is no meaning in anything at all, but there is immense significance in even the smallest piece of grass."

You have to understand these two words, 'meaning' and 'significance'. In the dictionary they have the same meaning, but in existence, in life, in truth, they are from different sources. Meaning is of the mind and significance is of the no-mind. Meaning is utilitarian, the bicycle has a meaning; but a roseflower? -- it is utterly meaningless.

But does the bicycle have any significance? The roseflower has immense significance, a great grandeur; just look at the flower and its beauty and its impossibility. Out of earth comes such a phenomenal, beautiful, fragrant rose for nobody in particular, but it spreads its fragrance to the whole universe. It is for anybody who is receptive.

The concern of philosophy is meaning, and the concern of Zen is significance. Meaning has always to be rational, significance has no such bondage. What is the meaning of love? It has immense beauty, it has great joy, it is a blessing -- but don't ask the meaning.

Since the days of Gautam Buddha it has been asked again and again by Buddhist monks, "What is the meaning of Buddhism?"

Just by their question they have missed. A wrong question cannot provoke a right answer. Keeping this in your view, meditate on these small anecdotes.

A MONK ASKED BOKUSHU, "WHAT IS THE INNER MEANING OF THE TEACHINGS OF BUDDHISM?"

Now nobody would say that his question is irrelevant; but in the world of Zen it is absolutely irrelevant, because in the first place there is no teaching in Buddhism. In fact there is no such thing as Buddhism, there is only the explosion of buddhahood. It is not an 'ism' like communism, it is not an 'ism' like fascism, it is not a philosophy, propounded by hundreds of philosophers around the world.

Buddha is a unique phenomenon. He has no teaching, just a few hints so that you can find yourself. He does not give any definitions, because to define is to limit. To define is to make a certain system of judgement -- those who come within this area are right and those who do not come within this area are automatically wrong.

Buddhahood is an experience without limits. It can happen to the young, to the old, to the white, to the black, to man, to woman. It can happen to anyone who is ready to take a jump from outside into his own self. But reaching into yourself you do not find meaning. You certainly find a tremendous ecstasy, you are drowned in peace and silence, you feel as if thousands of flowers are showering over you; it is majestic, it is a splendor, it is a miracle, it is mystery, but it is not meaning.

Meaning is for the ordinary things of the world, significance is for the inner. The inner is not a commodity, it has no price. You cannot sell it, you cannot purchase it; nobody can give

it to you and nobody can take it away from you. Its status is unique in the whole universe. Everything goes on changing continuously, just like a cyclone, but your being remains the center of the cyclone without ever changing; it remains just the same.

It is a search into your own inwardness ... but the question is not asked by only one monk

...

Do you hear that the cuckoos have come again? Do you see the significance of their innocent songs? There is no meaning, you cannot translate it; but it is coming from the very being of the cuckoos, out of some great joy, out of some great abundance, and they want to share it with the universe.

A buddha also speaks, but in the same way as the cuckoos are singing, in the same way as the roses share their fragrance to the air, or the bamboos chatter amongst themselves -- they don't have words, but as the wind passes through them they say something without saying it, "We also are here."

There is no Buddhism as a philosophy, but there is an experience of Buddha which is available to all. It is not a teaching, it is an experience. You cannot teach a blind man what light is, nor can you teach a deaf man what music is. To know the light you need eyes and to experience music you need the receptivity of a musical ear.

BOKUSHU SAID, "I WON'T ANSWER."

Bokushu belongs among the great masters of Zen. Without hesitating a moment he said, "I WON'T ANSWER."

In fact he is answering by making this statement. He is saying, "It is not answerable; you can have it, but it cannot be explained to you by somebody else."

"I WON'T ANSWER," also means, "I am no more, who is going to answer?" It also means, "You are not receptive, what is the point of answering?" And fundamentally it is a life experience, not a question-and-answer philosophical discourse.

The monk was surprised, obviously. A great master, known to thousands, worshipped by many, says that he won't answer a simple question.

"WHY NOT?" ASKED THE MONK.

"BECAUSE," SAID BOKUSHU, "YOU THINK AND THINK AND THEN COME AND ASK ME."

He is saying, "Think about your question, think about my not answering, and perhaps you may have a certain insight." Something may open for the monk through thinking on this -- that a great master who is supposed to be enlightened is not willing to answer a simple question. There may be something wrong in the question or there may be something in the experience of Buddhism that cannot be put into words. Or perhaps the man who experiences himself disappears into nothingness, into silence.

He cannot answer. All answers are wrong. "Just go and think and think and then come and ask me."

THE MONK FURTHER ASKED, "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF BODHIDHARMA COMING FROM THE WEST?"

These are traditional questions in Zen.

Bodhidharma founded Zen in China; he went there from India, fourteen hundred years ago. In Zen it has been asked by the newcomers again and again, "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF BODHIDHARMA COMING FROM THE WEST?" And now particularly it refers to Bokushu's saying, "I WON'T ANSWER."

If a man of enlightenment cannot answer a simple question, what is the point of Bodhidharma traveling to China from faraway India? The journey took three years -- what is

the point if it cannot be explained, if it cannot be taught? Why did Bodhidharma take such trouble?

BOKUSHU SAID, "ARE WE NOT TEACHER AND LEARNER? WHY DON'T YOU COME NEARER?"

To be nearer to a master simply means: drop your defenses. We all have defenses, we are all afraid of being vulnerable. Rather than answering his question, he made a different approach possible for him: "We are teacher and learner. We both belong to the same dimension. I may be a little ahead of you, but I am ready to share. Why don't you come a little nearer?"

Gautam Buddha used to say to newcomers, to new inquirers, "Just sit down by my side. When the right time comes, I will ask for your question. You can ask anything, but let the right time come." And sometimes it took years ... a man would be sitting there in silence, every day from morning till evening. All this time, Buddha's grace is falling as a shower on the silent disciple. The master becomes almost a breeze, continuously blowing away all the dust that has gathered on the mirror of the disciple.

The day that all thoughts have ceased, when the disciple is just a silence and nothing else, when there are no ripples on the lake of his consciousness, the right time, the ripe time, has come. Only now can something which is not visible be transferred. In these silent moments, without saying anything, a flame passes to another flame. Have you ever thought about it? One candle is aflame, and you bring another candle, unlit, close to it. There comes a moment when suddenly the flame jumps to the unlit candle.

Asking the learner to come closer is asking him to bring closer the unlit candle which has every potentiality. The master's flame has just to trigger the hidden splendor of the disciple. A certain closeness is needed, a certain trust, a certain love, a certain intimacy. The student can remain far away from the teacher, but this is the difference between a student and a disciple. The student does not drop his barriers; he has come to collect some knowledge, to accumulate a few more concepts. He is a scholar, he is trying to know through his mind; but the mind can only borrow knowledge, it cannot know on its own. And any knowledge that is borrowed is no more knowledge.

The moment you borrow it, it has lost its life, it is no more alive. It will not bring a transformation to your being. And knowledge that does not bring a transformation to your being is not worth calling knowledge. A teacher can teach the student, the distance does not matter; but the master is not a teacher. The master is the source of a certain energy, and you have to come closer to share in the energy. You have to enter in the fire of the master and become a fire also.

Suddenly you will discover that you have every capacity, every potentiality, to become a buddha. Why bother about Buddhism when you can become a buddha yourself? What is the point, if your eyes are closed, of asking people what light is, when you can open your eyes and see the light of the sun? And do you think anybody can explain to you what light is if your eyes are closed? There is no way. You have to open your eyes.

Bokushu was saying, "Don't be bothered about these things -- the meaning of Buddhism, or why Bodhidharma came from the West. It is not your problem. Why don't you come a little closer, a little nearer?" In that closeness your questions will melt away on their own because the closer you come, the more your darkness disappears. The closer you come the more your ego disappears. As you come closer you start seeing your original face reflected in the master's heart. It is a heart-to-heart silent message.

THE MONK WENT NEARER AND THEN BOKUSHU SAID, "WHEN I CALL A MAN ONE FROM EAST OF SETSU, ONE FROM WEST OF SETSU IS INCLUDED. WHAT IS THE MEANING OF

THAT?"

The disciple may have come a little closer, but half way, partially. One can come closer only if one is total, east and west together. The disciple must have been partly holding back and partly coming closer just because the master had asked. But no master is satisfied with any partial involvement. Every master down the ages has asked his disciples to come with their fullness, with their totality, not leaving anything behind, not holding anything back. Just come with totality and all your questions will disappear of their own accord.

THE MONK THEN ASKED, "WHAT IS THE ESSENCE OF THE MEANING OF SOKEI?" -- (WHICH WAS WHERE ENO LIVED).

Eno was Bokushu's master. Now Bokushu has become a master in his own right. The monk's answer is sarcastic, skeptical. When he says, "WHAT IS THE ESSENCE OF THE MEANING OF SOKEI?" he is asking "What were you doing at Sokei? You don't know what the meaning of Buddhism is, you don't know what was the cause of Bodhidharma coming to China. If you don't know anything, what have you been doing with your master Eno in Sokei?"

BOKUSHU SAID, "WHEN YOU MEET A SWORDSMAN IN THE STREET, GIVE HIM A SWORD. IF HE IS NOT A POET, DON'T SHOW HIM YOUR POEM."

He is saying, "I am giving you what you are capable of. I will not give you a poem if you are not a poet. I am not blind to your potentiality. If I see that you can become a great swordsman, I will present you with a sword, I will not bother you with any poetry."

It seems that the inquirer could not get the point. Zen is not like any philosophical school of the world where you can ask questions and you can be answered. Your questions are intellectual, the answers are intellectual. But the questioner does not know exactly what he is asking. He is unconscious, but he can be forgiven. The teacher does not know what he is answering because he also is unconscious. He is simply transferring borrowed knowledge that he has gathered from other teachers. One blind man is trying to explain to another blind man what is the meaning of light. Zen is not interested in philosophy at all, it is anti-philosophy.

ONCE UMMON EXCLAIMED, "BUDDHISM IS JUST TERRIFIC! THE TONGUE IS SO SHORT." THEN HE ADDED, "SO LONG." HE THEN SAID, "WHEN WE HAVE FINISHED CUTTING WITH A GREAT AXE, WE RUB OUR HANDS TOGETHER."

It looks like a puzzle but it is not a puzzle. What he is saying is: "BUDDHISM IS JUST TERRIFIC!" -- it is an experience beyond words, beyond explanations, beyond human capacities. Our tongues are so short that they cannot utter the great experience. Our words are so small that they cannot contain the infinity, the eternity, the immortality of the experience. And the experience is so long! Our tongues are so short, our hands are so small, and the moon is so far away.

HE THEN SAID, "WHEN WE HAVE FINISHED CUTTING WITH A GREAT AXE, WE RUB OUR HANDS TOGETHER."

First let us try to finish cutting all the weeds that are dividing us -- weeds are symbols in Zen of thoughts. Cut out all your thoughts and when I don't have any thoughts and you don't have any thoughts, then there is nothing to be said. But then we can share. We can rub our hands together in deep love, in gratitude. Something can be said with the hand that words cannot utter.

Have you ever thought about it? If you touch some people's hands, they are cold; they don't want to share anything. Somebody else's hands are very warm; they want to share their

energy with you. Somebody's hands feel almost dead as if you are holding the dead branch of a tree. And somebody else's hands are so alive, so radiant, as if they are dancing with joy.

When the master and the disciple have both finished with all the weeds, all that they can do is sit together, holding each other's hands, sharing the pure energy of their love, their intimacy, their joy. They can dance together, they can sing together; or they can simply sit silently together, immersed in the ocean of silence, just as you are immersed here in a deep silence. The whole sky has descended over you with all its silence.

Zen speaks a different language. Hence it has been misunderstood.

A MONK ASKED NAN-YIN, "WHAT IS THE GREAT MEANING OF BUDDHISM?"  
NAN-YIN REPLIED, "THE ORIGIN OF A MYRIAD DISEASES."

Only a very great master can say this, and only a very great disciple can understand it -- the origin of millions of diseases. And this is said by Nan-yin, a great master who worships every morning and evening the statue of Buddha. But he is not talking about Buddha, he is talking about Buddhism. Those who have taken the experiences of Buddha and turned them into great philosophical schools have created so many diseases.

THE MONK SAID, "PLEASE CURE ME!"

NAN-YIN SAID, "THE WORLD-DOCTOR FOLDS HIS ARMS."

Nobody else can cure you. You have the capacity to hold on to diseases or not. Just drop them -- because the diseases of the intellect are not the same as the diseases of the body. Your mind can be totally emptied of all thoughts, of all prejudices, for or against anything. You can be in such a silent and innocent state ... then there will be no disease at all. You will have gained your wholeness and your health, you will have gained your own being which is never sick. Never ask anybody else to cure you; you will be creating a new bondage. Just try to understand that something is a disease and it will be up to you to hold on to it or not. The disease is not holding on to you.

Every evening we are sitting in meditation. What are we doing? In our first part, we are throwing off all our diseases. That's why I say that nobody should sit silently. Otherwise, so many people are throwing away their garbage that your mind may start collecting it. Don't listen, just defeat everybody around you. Throw out all your thoughts. The empty mind is the empty boat and you can go in this boat to the further shore. The mind full of thoughts is so heavy, so sick, so divided, that it cannot go anywhere.

A MONK ASKED YAKUSAN, "DID THE ESSENCE OF BUDDHISM EXIST BEFORE BODHIDHARMA CAME?"

"IT DID," SAID YAKUSAN.

"THEN WHY DID HE COME, IF IT ALREADY EXISTED?" ASKED THE MONK.

"HE CAME," SAID YAKUSAN, "JUST BECAUSE IT WAS HERE ALREADY."

In these discourses you will find that the disciples, the inquirers, are always rational, reasonable, logical. But the masters are never logical. You must have noticed that in each dialogue the master is absolutely absurd.

Bodhidharma went to China, according to the legend, to bring the experience and fragrance of Buddha to China. The questioner is perfectly logical in asking, "DID THE ESSENCE OF BUDDHISM EXIST BEFORE BODHIDHARMA CAME?" But he does not understand what he is asking. Such is our unconsciousness. He is asking, "Did the essence ...?" The essence was there, but the essence was unmanifest. Unless a Bodhidharma hits, the essence will remain dormant. So his question looks absolutely logical:

"DID THE ESSENCE OF BUDDHISM EXIST BEFORE BODHIDHARMA CAME?"

And the master's answer does not look right, when he says, "IT DID." Because the inquirer immediately jumps: "Then why did he come? If the essence already existed, what was the need for Bodhidharma to come?" But he does not understand the difference between essence and its manifestation.

Yakusan said, "He came just because the essence was already here." He did not go anywhere else. He came here, seeing that the essence is here, and just a little triggering is needed. The laughter is in you, just a little tickling is needed. Tickling should not produce laughter; there is no causal relationship between tickling and laughter. But it happens ... you are sitting very silently, absolutely serious, and somebody starts tickling you. And suddenly all your seriousness is gone and at first you laugh because you have been tickled, but then you laugh because there is no reason for you to be laughing.

The Zen poet Shiki has written:

SUCH SILENCE;  
SNOW-TRACING WINGS OF MANDARIN DUCKS.

The Zen poets have created a totally different category of poetry called *haiku*. It does not have many words as other poems have many words. A haiku is a very small piece, but very existential. You don't have to read it, you have to see it.

SUCH SILENCE ... now don't listen to the words 'such silence', but feel it, experience it.

SUCH SILENCE; SNOW-TRACING WINGS. Such high flight that it leaves traces OF MANDARIN DUCKS on the eternal snow of the mountains. Seeing this miracle, you fall into a deep, undisturbed peacefulness.

The haiku is not a song to be sung, it is a song to be experienced and seen. You have to visualize it.

Another poet:

HERE AMONG THE PLUM TWIGS,  
DRY, YET BLOOMING,  
THE ORIOLE'S SILENT SONG!

In fact haiku cannot be translated. These words are only approximate. Chinese and Japanese are non-alphabetical languages. They have a totally different world. For example: HERE AMONG THE PLUM TWIGS. You have to use the alphabet, ABC, but in Chinese or Japanese or Korean, it is not letters that are used. You will see pictures of plum twigs, you will see the picture for 'here'. Everything is a picture. So when you read a Zen poem, remember that it is pictorial.

HERE AMONG THE PLUM TWIGS,  
DRY, YET BLOOMING,  
THE ORIOLE'S SILENT SONG!

Here it is possible, in this silence, to understand. This silence is not just a word. You are drowned in it. It is showering on you like rainfall. And suddenly in this silence, a cuckoo starts singing or crickets start their songs. It becomes a haiku.

Poetry has been lived for the first time in haiku. In other languages, poetry has been written but it has not been lived. And the difference is Gautam Buddha's experience, which opens a new dimension -- the existential.

Particularly in this country, people are so concerned with words -- scriptures, VEDAS, continuous commentaries upon commentaries. In the whole world, there have never been so many commentaries. Just on one book, the SHRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA, there are one thousand commentaries, and those are the famous ones, others may have been lost. But one thousand commentaries? It is as if people lived only words.

In Zen you have to drop the habit of bringing every experience into words. For example, the moment you see a beautiful rose, something inside you immediately puts it into language. Something inside you says, "What a beautiful rose." You cannot remain silent -- "What a beautiful morning, what a beautiful sunset." Can't you remain without any words, just watching the sunset? Then you would become almost a part of it. Then it would not be something separate from you, it would be something very intimate and very close. To live poetry, to live music, are by-products of Gautam Buddha's experience.

Ikkyu wrote:

BUDDHISM  
IS THE SHAVED PART OF THE SAUCEPAN,  
THE WHISKERS OF THE PEBBLE,  
THE SOUND THAT ACCOMPANIES  
THE BAMBOOS IN THE PICTURE.

The bamboo is very much loved by the Zen poets for its tremendous quality of being hollow. Out of this hollowness of the bamboo, a flute can be made. The bamboo will not sing, but it can allow any song to pass through it.

In meditation you have to become hollow, just like a bamboo, so that the whole, the existence itself, can sing its song through you. You become simply a part, dancing, because the wind of the whole is passing through you. The energy of the whole has taken possession of you. You are possessed, you are no more, the whole is.

This moment, as the silence penetrates in you, you can understand the significance of it, because it is the same silence that Gautam Buddha experienced. It is the same silence that Chuang Tzu or Bodhidharma or Nansen .... The taste of the silence is the same. Time changes, the world goes on changing, but the experience of silence, the joy of it, remains the same. That is the only thing you can rely upon, the only thing that never dies. It is the only thing that you can call your very being.

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,  
WHY HAVE YOU CALLED ZEN, "THE DIAMOND THUNDERBOLT"?

Maneesha, it is the diamond thunderbolt. It is a sudden experience, with no preparation, no rehearsal, no discipline, no path. Suddenly you open your eyes as if a thunderbolt has hit you and the sleep of millions of years is broken. In that awakening you know the mystery of existence.

The diamond is the hardest thing in the world, and to call a thunderbolt 'the diamond thunderbolt' is to say that it comes to you suddenly like a spear, it passes through you, taking away all garbage and leaving behind a pure space.

Before we start today's meditation ... and remember: do it totally, because nobody knows about tomorrow. Never postpone for tomorrow. Don't say, "Let us wait and watch today and tomorrow we will do it." Tomorrow is absolutely uncertain. Only this moment is in your hands. Transform it into eternity or lose it.

Before we enter into the world of meditation, into the world of Zen, I would like our poor bamboos to have a few laughters. They wait every day.

An English university professor, who has never been to Ireland before, steps out of the central railway station in Dublin. Seeing two Irishmen standing there, he decides to ask them

for directions.

"Excuse me, my good fellows," he says walking up to Paddy and Sean, "do you think you could tell me the way to Trinity College?"

Paddy and Sean stare at the Englishman without saying a word. He decides that perhaps they are foreigners, and asks them in French.

Paddy and Sean say nothing. The professor tries German, but the response is the same. So he tries Spanish, Greek, Portuguese, Swedish, Finnish, Italian, Russian, Eskimo, Hindi, Latin, Yiddish and Sanskrit, but all to no avail. So he gives up and walks off.

Paddy turns to Sean and says, "Hey, did you hear that bloke? He spoke fourteen different languages."

"So what?" says Sean, "he still does not know where he is going."

Paddy's wife Maureen has had it. She goes to see her attorney, Abraham Babblebrain, and tells him she wants a divorce.

"Very well, Mrs O'Grady," says Babblebrain, "what are your grounds?"

"Grounds?" asks Maureen. "What are grounds?"

"You know," says Babblebrain, "your reason. You have to have a reason for getting a divorce."

"Reason?" says Maureen. "Really? What sort of reason?"

"Well," says Babblebrain patiently, "for example, one reason would be if your husband does not give you enough money."

"Pah," snorts Maureen, "give me money? I give *him* money."

"Okay," says Babblebrain, "what about cruelty then? Does he beat you?"

"Pah," snorts Maureen again, "beat me? I beat *him*."

"Ah," says the lawyer, "so what about infidelity? Is he faithful to you in love?"

"That's it!" cries Maureen. "That's how we get him. I know for a fact that he is not the father of our third child."

Pope the Polack is talking with a distressed young priest, Father Finger.

"Oh, beloved Polack," says Father Finger, "the more I listen to the confessions of all these good Catholic Christians, the more tragedy I see. And this tragedy has even infected those of us within the church."

"Really?" says the Pope. "Like what, my son?"

"Oh, Your Holiness," cries Father Finger, "I fear that even good Christians are gamblers, drunkards, sex maniacs and homosexuals. And not only that," continues the priest, "but it is happening even within the very Church itself."

"Just rubbish," exclaims Pope the Polack, "most good Christians that I know never swear, gamble, drink or rape *inside* the church."

"Baby, which do you prefer?" whispers Klunski to his girlfriend, Claudia. "Beautiful men or intelligent men?"

"Neither, darling," says Claudia, "you know I love only *you*."

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

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent, close your eyes, no movement.  
Just go within; deeper, deeper.  
Be a diamond thunderbolt.  
Cut everything that is rubbish in you  
and reach to the clearance, the pure space of your being.  
This moment is blessed because only this moment  
can blossom into a flower in you,  
because only this moment can bring you  
closer to existence's very heartbeat.  
Don't be afraid and don't hold on to anything.  
Just take the jump. It is your own inner being.

To make it deeper, Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax, let go, just be dead.  
Leave the body out, leave the mind out  
and go beyond. This is your very being,  
and your being is the being of the universe.  
Relax into it, rejoice in it,  
feel the tremendous silence. In such silence,  
this moment becomes eternity itself.  
You can keep this experience of silence  
all through the day, like an undercurrent;  
then your every act will reflect your buddha nature.  
Essentially, you are a buddha.  
In the seed you are a buddha,  
but in the seed you are imprisoned.  
Let the seed be broken, let it be shattered into the soil  
so that roses can start growing within you.  
A man of consciousness becomes a garden of roses.  
This is the significance of Gautam Buddha  
and this is the reason why Bodhidharma  
went to China.  
This is the reason why you are here,  
searching, seeking for that which you already have.  
But it is hidden deep and you have never dared  
to go deep into it.  
The master can only help to take the fear away  
and push you deeper into your own being.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back and sit for a few moments like a buddha.  
In this insane world you are very fortunate  
and blessed that you are learning a language  
that mankind has completely forgotten.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate the gathering of thousands of  
buddhas here?

Yes, Osho.

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# Zen: The Diamond Thunderbolt

## Chapter #2

### Chapter title: Unfettered at last

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

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ShortTitle: BOLT02

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Video: Yes

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BELOVED OSHO,

TOKUSAN CAME TO ISAN'S TEMPLE. CARRYING HIS PILGRIM'S BUNDLE UNDER HIS ARM, HE CROSSED THE LECTURE HALL, FROM EAST TO WEST AND WEST TO EAST; THEN, STARING AROUND, HE SAID, "MEW, MEW," AND WENT OUT.

TOKUSAN REACHED THE GATE, BUT THEN SAID TO HIMSELF, "I SHOULD NOT BE IN A HURRY," SO HE DRESSED FORMALLY AND ENTERED A SECOND TIME TO HAVE AN INTERVIEW. ISAN WAS SITTING IN HIS PLACE.

TOKUSAN, HOLDING UP HIS KNEELING CLOTH, SAID, "OSHO!" ISAN MADE AS IF TO TAKE UP HIS STAFF. THEN TOKUSAN GAVE A "KWATZ!" SHOUT, SWUNG HIS SLEEVES, AND WENT OUT. WITH HIS BACK TURNED TO THE LECTURE HALL, TOKUSAN PUT ON HIS STRAW SANDALS AND WENT OFF.

IN THE EVENING, ISAN ASKED THE CHIEF MONK, "THE NEW ARRIVAL -- WHERE IS HE?" THE CHIEF MONK SAID, "WHEN HE WENT OUT HE TURNED HIS BACK ON THE LECTURE HALL, PUT ON HIS SANDALS AND WENT AWAY."

ISAN SAID, "SOME DAY THAT FELLOW WILL GO TO AN ISOLATED MOUNTAINTOP, ESTABLISH A HERMITAGE AND SCOLD THE BUDDHAS AND ABUSE THE PATRIARCHS."

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, MAYAOKU, NANSEN AND ANOTHER MONK WERE ON WHAT IN THOSE TIMES WAS CALLED A "NATURE PILGRIMAGE," OR "CLOUD ENJOYING," MEANING GOING LIKE A CLOUD, FLOWING LIKE WATER, ENJOYING THE MOUNTAINS, PLAYING IN THE STREAMS AND LAKES. AT THE SAME TIME, THEY INTENDED TO INTERVIEW KINZAN. ON THE WAY THEY MET AN OLD WOMAN, AND THEY ASKED HER, "WHERE DO YOU LIVE?"

"HERE," SHE SAID, AND THE THREE WENT INTO HER TEA-SHOP. THE OLD WOMAN MADE A POT OF TEA, BROUGHT THREE CUPS AND PUT THEM ON THE TABLE AND SAID, "LET THE ONE WHO HAS GOD-LIKE POWER DRINK THE TEA!"

THE THREE LOOKED AT EACH OTHER BUT NOBODY SAID ANYTHING, AND NOBODY DRANK THE TEA. THE OLD WOMAN SAID, "THIS SILLY OLD WOMAN WILL SHOW YOU HER FULL POWER. JUST WATCH!" AND SHE TOOK THE TEA, DRANK IT UP, AND DEPARTED.

ONE DAY, JOSHU VISITED HIS BROTHER MONK'S LECTURE HALL. HE STEPPED UP TO THE PLATFORM, STILL CARRYING HIS WALKING STICK, AND LOOKED FROM EAST TO WEST AND FROM WEST TO EAST.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?" ASKED THE BROTHER MONK.

"I AM MEASURING THE WATER," ANSWERED JOSHU.

"THERE IS NO WATER," SAID THE MONK. "NOT EVEN A DROP OF IT. HOW CAN YOU MEASURE IT?"

JOSHU LEANED HIS STICK AGAINST THE WALL AND WENT AWAY.

Maneesha, these small anecdotes belong to a world which has disappeared, the world of the seeker, the world of knowing oneself, which we have lost long ago. The world in which these anecdotes happened is no more. Now nobody goes on a pilgrimage like a cloud, now nobody is capable of being so light and free like a cloud. Everybody is burdened with prejudices, with all kinds of nonsense, and nobody seems to be interested at all in one thing, that is himself.

Man's mind has become objective and it has forgotten the language of subjectivity. It looks out, and it has looked deeply into the outer world in the form of the different sciences, which have penetrated matter to its innermost being. It has reached to the farthest star, but it has forgotten one basic thing: "Who is within me?"

Now all this knowledge of the objective world is of no value in comparison to having a little glimpse of the inner sky and its beauty -- its sunrises and sunsets, its days and nights, its blue sky and its stars. The outer then looks only a pale reflection of the inner. The inner becomes more real and the outer becomes just a shadow.

In the past it was also difficult in many ways, but on one single point, the search for consciousness, we are now much lower on the scale.

These dialogues have to be understood -- they don't belong to the world in which you live, they don't belong to the mind that you have now. But intelligence has the capacity to enter into different realms of consciousness, and it is a tremendous experience to see that people have lived differently, loved differently, heard differently a music, a dance, a beatitude. If you can even get little glimpses of the world that is lost you will be able to find the track of your own buddhahood.

The intelligent people of the past were dedicated to finding their inner kingdom -- that which cannot be taken away. Nothing can destroy it, fire cannot burn it. Death does not happen in that dimension, only roses of bliss, lotuses of ecstasy and a freedom that has no limits. A joy comes to every fiber of your being; every cell of your being starts to dance without any reason. Just being, you feel at the very highest peak of existence. You cannot ask for more, it has already been given to you; we have just lost the way to our own home.

These anecdotes relate to those seekers of the past; they have become very foreign to us, and that is why, even though we can understand the language, we cannot understand what is happening inside, behind the curtain. The anecdotes look very ordinary, but they are not ordinary; there cannot be anything more extraordinary than these Zen seekers and their ways of inquiry.

Tokusan is a great master. Before he became a master he came to Isan's temple. Every master had his own temple, his own monastery, and disciples moved from one monastery to another in search of a man with whom they could fall in love, with whom they could risk all. And the moment someone finds a master who is more precious than his own life, that day is the most fortunate day for the disciple. Now there is no more need to go anywhere, he has arrived home. Now the disciple can settle deep in silence, deep in his truth. He has found the significance of existence.

TOKUSAN CAME TO ISAN'S TEMPLE. CARRYING HIS PILGRIM'S BUNDLE UNDER HIS ARM, HE  
CROSSED THE LECTURE HALL, FROM EAST TO WEST AND WEST TO EAST; THEN, STARING  
AROUND, HE SAID, "MEW, MEW," AND WENT OUT.  
TOKUSAN REACHED THE GATE, BUT THEN SAID TO HIMSELF, "I SHOULD NOT BE IN A  
HURRY."

What transpired is very simple. Tokusan is saying to Isan, "I am just like a cat, MEW, MEW. Are you capable of teaching an innocent animal? I am utterly ignorant, as ignorant as

an animal -- are you capable? And I have been searching from east to west, from west to east, and I have not yet come across the man who can be my master."

Because Isan did not say anything TOKUSAN REACHED THE GATE, BUT THEN SAID TO HIMSELF, "I SHOULD NOT BE IN A HURRY. This has been too quick, this inquiry, I did not give enough chance to Isan.

I SHOULD NOT BE IN A HURRY," SO HE DRESSED AND ENTERED A SECOND TIME TO HAVE AN INTERVIEW. ISAN WAS SITTING IN HIS PLACE. TOKUSAN, HOLDING UP HIS KNEELING CLOTH, SAID, "OSHO!"

`Osho' is a word signifying great respect, love and gratitude. It also sounds beautiful. "OSHO!" ISAN MADE AS IF TO TAKE UP HIS STAFF. THEN TOKUSAN GAVE A "KWATZ!" SHOUT, SWUNG HIS SLEEVES, AND WENT OUT. WITH HIS BACK TURNED TO THE LECTURE HALL, TOKUSAN PUT ON HIS STRAW SANDALS AND WENT OFF. IN THE EVENING, ISAN ASKED THE CHIEF MONK, "THE NEW ARRIVAL -- WHERE IS HE?" THE CHIEF MONK SAID, "WHEN HE WENT OUT HE TURNED HIS BACK ON THE LECTURE HALL."

These words are not to be understood directly, but in a very indirect way. By turning his back on the lecture hall he is saying, "I am not interested in lectures, in words, in scriptures." He put on his sandals and went away.

ISAN SAID, "SOME DAY THAT FELLOW WILL GO TO AN ISOLATED MOUNTAINTOP, ESTABLISH A HERMITAGE AND SCOLD THE BUDDHAS AND ABUSE THE PATRIARCHS."

Anyone who does not know the tradition of Zen will think that Isan is condemning him, but he is praising. He is saying, "That fellow is really made of the stuff a seeker needs to be made of. First he came and without asking a word simply said, 'Mew, Mew,' and without waiting for an answer went out. I was simply watching him. He crossed the hall from east to west, from west to east, just to show me that he had been to many, many masters. 'You are not new. Do you recognize me as a seeker? Are you ready to be a master to a man who is as innocent as an animal?'

"Before I could say anything he went out, but then he thought that it was too quick a departure, 'I should give a little chance to the old man.' Then he came in and with great respect, simply said, 'Osho!' But I could not accept him, because he is made of a different stuff."

There are two kinds of disciples, those who will insist on finding the truth alone and those who like to accompany a master, becoming his shadow, peacefully, silently dissolving themselves into the master.

Isan, seeing the fellow, remained silent without saying anything, but later on when the head monk of the monastery asked him, "What happened?"

ISAN SAID, "SOME DAY THAT FELLOW WILL GO TO AN ISOLATED MOUNTAINTOP" -- the crowd is not his place, and he cannot be a disciple either. He is born to be a master. One day he will go to a mountain top far away and establish a hermitage, and he will blossom with such beauty that even the buddhas will be ashamed and the patriarchs will feel jealous.

It is a very strange way of appreciation, but Isan seems to be a man of tremendous insight. Not a single word has been passed but he has looked into the very depths of Tokusan and his potentiality. And he is not a man to waste time with someone whose potentiality leads him somewhere else.

In ancient Egyptian mysticism there is a proverb, that it is not the disciple who chooses the master, it is the master who chooses the disciple. How can a poor disciple decide? On what grounds can he choose a master? Only a master can choose a disciple. From his height

he can see the potential. Isan could see that Tokusan was not a *bodhisattva*, but an *arhat*. He would find the truth alone, and would become a great master, but a master of very few people. And certainly he would not become a disciple, that was not his destiny.

Isan showed tremendous insight. Just by watching ordinary gestures, he could see the very inner depth of Tokusan. And what he said really happened. Tokusan finally became a great master on his own. He went to many more masters after Isan, but everywhere he behaved in such a way that nobody could accept him. Every master he visited could see the great potential in him, but he had to find it himself, he would not take anybody's help, it was simply not in his nature.

And when Tokusan himself became a master he was really on a mountaintop, all alone, but his name, his glory, spread like wildfire -- another man has blossomed into the totality of buddhahood -- and hundreds of people came to him.

Isan is saying that a man of clarity and enlightenment can see through you; he can see through what you are and what you can become. And a man like Isan will not interfere, out of compassion; he will not say a single word to a man who can become a master on his own sooner or later. He will let him find it. Any help to such a man will be a distraction.

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, MAYAOKU, NANSEN AND ANOTHER MONK WERE ON WHAT IN THOSE TIMES WAS CALLED A "NATURE PILGRIMAGE," OR "CLOUD ENJOYING," MEANING GOING LIKE A CLOUD, FLOWING LIKE WATER, ENJOYING THE MOUNTAINS, PLAYING IN THE STREAMS AND LAKES. AT THE SAME TIME, THEY INTENDED TO INTERVIEW KINZAN, who was an old and famous master. ON THE WAY THEY MET AN OLD WOMAN, AND THEY ASKED HER, "WHERE DO YOU LIVE?"

"HERE," SHE SAID, AND THE THREE WENT INTO HER TEA-SHOP.

On the mountaintop is Kinzan's temple and just at the foothills, this old woman ... but she is no ordinary woman. When she said "here" she was not using the word in the dictionary sense; she was using the word in the existential sense. "WHERE DO YOU LIVE?" and she said, "HERE." Where else can one live?

AND THE THREE WENT INTO HER TEA-SHOP. THE OLD WOMAN MADE A POT OF TEA, BROUGHT THREE CUPS AND PUT THEM ON THE TABLE AND SAID, "LET THE ONE WHO HAS GOD-LIKE POWER DRINK THE TEA!"

THE THREE LOOKED AT EACH OTHER BUT NOBODY SAID ANYTHING, AND NOBODY DRANK THE TEA.

God-power?

THE OLD WOMAN SAID, "THIS SILLY OLD WOMAN WILL SHOW YOU HER FULL POWER. JUST WATCH!" AND SHE TOOK THE TEA, DRANK IT UP, AND DEPARTED.

Zen does not make any distinction between men and women. And this old woman was a master herself. She used to live near the monastery of her master, just to help people, to show them the way. But she herself was a master, and once in a while she will play the game -- and she played it perfectly.

First she said, "HERE" and the three misunderstood. They entered her hut. They thought simply that she was running this small tea-shop. They ordered tea, the woman prepared the tea. But bringing the teapot and three cups, she also proposed a condition: that whosoever can show god-like power can drink the tea. "This is no ordinary tea and I don't serve just anybody ... show god-like power!"

All three looked at each other. Nobody was courageous enough even to show himself, although everybody is a god. Seeing the situation, the old woman said, "THIS SILLY OLD WOMAN WILL SHOW YOU HER FULL POWER. JUST WATCH!" -- each of these words is significant -- AND SHE TOOK THE TEA, DRANK IT UP, AND DEPARTED.

God-like power does not mean anything other than acting spontaneously, without any thought -- just naturally. All three were capable of doing that, but they started thinking about god-like power: "My God! I don't have god-like power. Certainly I cannot drink the tea. This woman seems to be very dangerous. What is this condition? She has not asked money for the tea, she is offering it free -- `just show your god-like power.'"

And because none of the three could manage to be spontaneous, she said, "THIS SILLY OLD WOMAN WILL SHOW YOU HER FULL POWER. JUST WATCH!" -- perhaps in watching you may arrive to your own god-like power -- AND SHE TOOK THE TEA, DRANK IT UP, AND DEPARTED.

Nowhere in the world have such strange stories happened. And they are not stories, but historical incidents.

ONE DAY, JOSHU VISITED HIS BROTHER MONK'S LECTURE HALL. HE STEPPED UP TO THE PLATFORM, STILL CARRYING HIS WALKING STICK, AND LOOKED FROM EAST TO WEST AND FROM WEST TO EAST.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?" ASKED THE BROTHER MONK.

"I AM MEASURING THE WATER," ANSWERED JOSHU.

"THERE IS NO WATER," SAID THE MONK, "NOT EVEN A DROP OF IT. HOW CAN YOU MEASURE IT?"

JOSHU LEANED HIS STICK AGAINST THE WALL AND WENT AWAY.

A very strange anecdote ... but Joshu is using the word `water' in the same way as you would say the `water' of a diamond. There is not a single drop of water in a diamond. But its shining nature, its very diamond-ness ...

Joshu said, "I have looked from east to west, from west to east. I am trying to measure the water of your temple, of your people, of you." But the brother monk could not understand the language, that `water' is used for something other than water -- your eyes are of a certain water, your individuality is of a certain water, just as diamonds are of a certain water. Their value is judged by their water: how clean they are, without any dirt, without any flaw. If you can see that the diamond has no flaw, its value is higher. The value depends on the water.

And I can understand Joshu, because when I see people I also see: how much water, how much value is this diamond? Is there purity, is there love, is there trust, is there a possibility of blossoming into a flower? Is there life in abundance? Is there any possibility to take the quantum leap?

JOSHU, in desperation, LEANED HIS STICK AGAINST THE WALL AND WENT AWAY. That too is significant. His dropping of the walking stick means, "It is enough. I have searched from east to west, from west to east. Now, no more searching. It seems that people of water, those with potentiality, are no more available. I'm not going to search any more."

Joshu is a master and he is in search of disciples -- this is a totally different thing. A disciple searching for a master is one dimension -- stumbling, groping in darkness, not knowing exactly for what he is seeking, what the attributes of a master are. But there is another kind of seeking too. The master seeking the disciple -- he knows exactly what he is looking for: the potentiality, the power, how much you can grow, are you able to be free from all bondage?

Those were different days -- golden days -- when disciples were roaming and searching for masters; masters were roaming and searching for disciples. Once in a while there was a meeting on some crossroads.

The master meets the disciple, and there is instant recognition. The master can see

through the disciple and the disciple can see, in the fragrance of the master, in the presence of the master, a tremendous energy field in which he becomes drowned, drunk. You know it, it doesn't have to be explained to you. After your every meditation, you go from this Buddha Hall almost drunk -- drunk with the divine, drunk with the unknown exploration, drunk with the courage that you showed in going inwards to touch your very center. A tremendous victory -- there is no greater victory. You have found the source of your water. You can quench your thirst.

The Zen poet, Manan, has written:

UNFETTERED AT LAST, A TRAVELING MONK,  
I PASS THE OLD ZEN BARRIER.  
MINE IS A TRACELESS STREAM-AND-CLOUD LIFE.  
OF THOSE MOUNTAINS, WHICH SHALL BE MY HOME?

This series is dedicated to the clouds, because they represent freedom of movement. They don't bother about the boundaries of nations, they don't carry passports, and they don't have to ask anybody -- the whole sky is theirs! Man also should be as free as a cloud. Why should there be any boundaries? Why should there be any divisions between humanity? Why should a nation become a prison?

Rather than giving freedom, the nation makes you a slave. You don't feel it because the prison is big; you will feel it only when you want to cross the boundaries. Immediately you will be stopped: "Where is your permission? Where are you going?"

The cloud does not believe in any boundaries; it is a pure symbol of freedom.  
UNFETTERED AT LAST, A TRAVELING MONK,  
I PASS THE OLD ZEN BARRIER.

Even Zen finally has to be transcended. Finally you have to become so meditative that you don't need to meditate any more -- meditation becomes your very being. That is what is called "the old Zen barrier." The day your very existence becomes meditative, when you don't have to sit down at a certain hour to meditate in a certain way; the day when whatever you do, you do it meditatively -- you sleep in meditation and you wake up in meditation -- you have passed the old Zen barrier.

MINE IS A TRACELESS STREAM-AND-CLOUD LIFE.  
OF THOSE MOUNTAINS, WHICH SHALL BE MY HOME?

The cloud is going towards the mountains, towards the unknown, untraveled heights. Far away -- farther than the reach of ordinary mortal human beings.

Saisho, another poet:

EARTH, MOUNTAINS RIVERS --  
HIDDEN IN THIS NOTHINGNESS.  
IN THIS NOTHINGNESS --  
EARTH, MOUNTAINS, RIVERS REVEALED.  
SPRING FLOWERS, WINTER SNOWS:  
THERE'S NO BEING NOR NOT-BEING,  
NOR DENIAL ITSELF.

In this silence you can understand this purity of transcendence -- neither life nor death, but pure eternity.

Kukoku has written:

RIDING BACKWARDS THIS WOODEN HORSE,  
I'M ABOUT TO GALLOP THROUGH THE VOID.  
WOULD YOU SEEK TO TRACE ME?  
HA! TRY CATCHING THE TEMPEST IN A NET.

A man of meditation certainly becomes so free that trying to catch him is like trying to catch a tempest in a net. All organizations are nets, and all nationalities and races are nothing but nets. They are all trying to catch you in different boundaries, in different chains. And our unconsciousness is such that we even glorify our chains, because our chains are made of gold, they are very ancient, they are all that we have.

Man can become a cloud, passing through all barriers. He can attain to total freedom, where he is not a Hindu or a Mohammedan or a Christian, where he is not even his body or his mind -- where he is pure consciousness, just *being*.

This moment you can enter into this being. It is available -- you just have to stretch your hand a little.

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,  
IS THE ENLIGHTENED MAN ALWAYS A REBEL?

Maneesha, all rebels are not enlightened, but all enlightened men are rebels. One can be rebellious without being enlightened. Lenin is a rebel, Marx is a rebel, Tolstoy is a rebel, Kropotkin is a rebel, but none of them is enlightened. And their rebellion will remain concerned with very ordinary social, economic and political situations.

The enlightened man is also a rebel, but his rebellion is not concerned with ordinary things, such as whether harijans should enter into a temple or not. His rebellion is of a very high nature. His rebellion is that all that is written is false, because the truth cannot be put into words. His rebellion is: "Don't look backwards, don't look forwards -- just close your eyes and look *in*, and this very moment your wings open and the whole sky becomes available to you."

When I say that the enlightened man is always a rebel, I don't mean socially, politically, economically; I mean only existentially. He is a transformed man. He knows his own being and he knows his being's splendor. He is no more on any power trip, because he could not have more power than is blossoming within his own self. He is not afraid of death because he knows that death is a fiction.

So there are rebels who are trying to change social forms, societies; communists, socialists, anarchists -- these are ordinary rebellious people. And there are buddhas who have transmuted their own being, who have found their own life source. Finding it, they have transcended all that seems to be so important to other people; all this nonsense of being Hindu or Mohammedan or Christian becomes so childish.

A buddha can simply laugh at human stupidities. His laughter makes him far more rebellious than your so-called great rebels.

Before we enter into our buddhahood -- just to relax ...

Old man Finklestein and Grandma Faginbaum are sitting together on the porch of the old peoples' home. They are talking about the good old days, when Fink asks Grandma, "Did you ever blush?"

"I sure did," replies Grandma. "I blushed four times in my life. The first time, when I undressed in front of my husband. The second time, when I undressed in front of my lover. The third time when I took money for it, and the fourth time when I *paid* money for it. How about you?"

The Fink is silent for a moment and then says, "I blushed twice. The first time when I couldn't do it the second time. And the second time, when I couldn't do it the *first* time!"

Paddy wants to emigrate from England to America. He has an interview at the American Embassy in London. The Consul asks him, "Mr. Murphy, why do you want to leave England and come to America?"

"Simple," replies Paddy. "America has Ronald Reagan, Johnny Cash, Bob Hope, and Stevie Wonder. England has Margaret Thatcher, no cash, no hope -- and no wonder!"

Hamish Mactavish comes home unexpectedly to find his wife making wild love to a strange man.

"What the hell is going on here?" shouts Mactavish. "Who is this guy?"

His wife stops and looks for a moment and replies, "I suppose that is a fair question." And turning to the stranger she says, "What *is* your name, anyway?"

Miss Prisspuss, the school math teacher, is trying to teach little Albert how to subtract. "Now, Albert," says Miss Prisspuss. "If your father earns one thousand dollars per week, and if they deduct one hundred dollars for insurance, and fifty-seven dollars for social security, and ninety-five dollars for taxes, and then if he gives your mother half, what would she have?"

Albert looks at Miss Prisspuss and says, "A heart attack!"

Nancy Reagan is worried about Ronald. He seems to be gaining more and more weight, but refuses to take any exercise. Finally, in desperation, Nancy takes him to the new fitness clinic downtown.

Later, when she comes to pick up Ronnie, she finds the unfortunate president in agony. He is hooked up to a monitoring machine, with wires coming out of all parts of his body. He is shaking and moaning, and sweat is dripping from his body like a waterfall.

"Great news, Mrs. Reagan!" cries Bruno Truckteeth, the attendant. "He has lost five pounds today."

"Wonderful," says Nancy. "How did you manage it?"

"Simple," says Bruno, and he goes and whispers something in Ronnie's ear. The president's body starts shaking and sweating as if he is running a marathon.

"Jesus Christ!" cries Nancy. "What did you say to him?"

Bruno winks and says, "Osho for president. Yaa-Hoo!"

Now, Nivedano ... this is good moment, give a beat!

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Be silent.

Close your eyes.

No movement of the body.  
Go in.  
Deeper and deeper.  
It is your own home.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)  
Relax.  
Let go, just die.  
This immense silence,  
this is your eternity.  
This is the only holy place,  
and the only holy scripture.  
Freed from body, freed from mind,  
you are just a cloud -- a pure freedom,  
an absolute consciousness.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)  
Come back, but come back as a buddha.  
Sit down  
with the grace and the silence and the joy  
which are eternally yours.  
You have just been busy in meaningless things  
and have forgotten yourself.  
Remember it, remember it,  
in your twenty-four hours -- day in, day out.  
Let it become a silent stream of remembering,  
that you are a buddha.  
Don't fall down; keep your dignity.  
And suddenly you find  
that the whole world has changed.  
Everything is the same,  
and yet nothing is the same,  
because your vision is new.

Okay, Maneesha?  
Yes, Osho  
Can we celebrate all the buddhas?  
Yes, Osho.

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## Zen: The Diamond Thunderbolt

### Chapter #3

#### Chapter title: Osho!

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

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BELOVED OSHO,  
KYOGEN WAS ASKED BY A MONK, "WHAT IS THE WAY?"  
HE ANSWERED, "A DRAGON SINGING IN A WITHERED TREE."  
THE MONK SAID, "I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT."  
KYOGEN SAID, "THE PUPILS OF THE EYES OF A SKULL."  
AFTERWARDS, ANOTHER MONK ASKED SEKISO,  
"WHAT IS THIS `DRAGON SINGING IN A WITHERED TREE'?"  
SEKISO SAID, "IT IS BEING INVESTED WITH JOY."  
THE MONK THEN ASKED, "WHAT IS THIS `PUPILS OF A SKULL'?"  
SEKISO SAID, "IT IS THE GARMENT OF WISDOM."  
AGAIN, A MONK ASKED SOZAN WHAT THE DRAGON SINGING IN THE WITHERED TREE  
MEANT, AND HE ANSWERED, "THE PULSE DOES NOT STOP."  
TO THE QUESTION ABOUT WHAT THE PUPILS OF THE SKULL SIGNIFIED, HE ANSWERED,  
"NOT QUITE DRY."  
THE MONK ASKED, "IS THERE ANYONE WHO CAN HEAR THE DRAGON SINGING?"  
SOZAN REPLIED, "IN ALL THE WIDE WORLD, THERE IS NOT A SINGLE PERSON WHO DOES  
NOT HEAR IT."  
THE MONK ASKED WHOSE WORDS THEY WERE.  
SOZAN SAID, "I DON'T KNOW, BUT WHOEVER HEARS THEM WILL LOSE HIS LIFE."  
SOZAN COMPOSED A VERSE:  
THE DRAGON IN THE WITHERED TREE  
REALLY SEES THE WAY.  
THE EYES OF THE SKULL ABOVE ALL  
BECOME CLEAR.  
KNOWLEDGE REACHES ITS LIMIT,  
AND THERE IS NOTHING TO SAY.  
WHO CAN DISTINGUISH THE PURE  
AMIDST THE IMPURE?  
ONE DAY A MONK CAME ALONG, AND, NOT KNOWING HE WAS SPEAKING TO THE MASTER,  
ASKED BOKUSHU THE WAY TO THE MASTER'S ROOM.  
BOKUSHU TOOK OFF HIS SANDAL AND HIT THE MONK ON THE HEAD WITH IT -- AND THE  
MONK RAN OFF.  
THEN BOKUSHU CALLED TO HIM, "OSHO!" AND THE MONK TURNED HIS HEAD.  
"THAT'S THE WAY TO IT," BOKUSHU SAID, POINTING WITH HIS FINGER.

Maneesha, before I enter into the mysteries of Zen, I have received a threat from that old

goat, the Shankaracharya of Puri. Rather than answering my question about how burning a living woman can make clouds come over Hyderabad, he has asked the government to arrest me, because I have brought AIDS to India. He is such a genius of stupidity.

This is the only campus in the whole world where everybody has to produce a certificate that he has not got AIDS. How can I bring AIDS to India? Such nonsense should not be tolerated, and I have told him that if he wants a controversy with me, he will have to bring an AIDS-negative certificate with him, otherwise he cannot enter the campus.

He refuses to bring the certificate. Why is he afraid? The fear shows many things. In fact AIDS has been brought into the world by the monks of all the religions who preach celibacy. Celibacy automatically leads people into perversion. If he is really interested he should get a certificate, not only for himself, but for all the priests of his great temple in Puri. And most of them will be found to be homosexuals, because celibacy is such an unnatural imposition that it is bound to turn your life-energy into some kind of perversion.

Just today one priest in Poona has been found to have AIDS. But just as all the priests are cunning, he entered his blood in somebody else's name, with somebody else's address. But the National Institute of Biology was able to recognize one person and that was a priest. Forty-six other persons are also suffering from AIDS, and that is not the final limit, but all forty-six persons entered their names and addresses wrongly and the Institute is at a loss where to find them.

I am not at all worried about being arrested. On the condition that all the priests and monks of India are tested and can prove that they don't suffer from AIDS, I am willing to remain my whole life in a prison. I say it with absolute certainty, because I know the psychology of homosexuals. AIDS is the ultimate outcome of thousands of years of celibacy being forced on people in the name of religion. In India there will be more people suffering from AIDS than in any other country, among the priests, monks and Jaina *bhikkhus*.

If the government has courage enough, I will risk remaining in prison my whole life, but all these people should be checked. This is the only campus, not only in India, but in the whole world, where you cannot enter without a certificate proving that you are AIDS-negative. So in what way is this old idiot saying that I have brought AIDS to India?

Also he goes on insisting that the untouchables need not go to temples because they are God's only beloved people. If the beloved ones cannot enter into a temple, either God is wrong, or his love is a fallacy, a strategy. At least the Shankaracharya who is saying it, who is himself the head of one of the biggest and most ancient temples, with hundreds of priests there, should lead the harijans, the untouchables, into *his* temple first.

If he is a man of his word, then he should not be so cunning as to say that untouchables need not enter into the temple because God will meet them outside it. It is a strange strategy. Lovers meet in intimacy inside, it is a special concession. But he goes on insisting that harijans should not enter inside temples and he goes on giving an absolutely absurd reason, that it is because they are God's beloved people.

Anyone with even a small intelligence can see the contradiction. If they are God's people, they should be the first to be allowed and welcomed into the temple. And if they alone are God's people, then *they*, not brahmins, should be the priests and the Shankaracharyas -- because the Shankaracharya is not saying that brahmins are God's chosen people, God's beloved people.

This old man is either neurotic or perhaps psychotic. They say that the psychotic is a person who believes that two plus two is five and the neurotic is one who knows that two plus two is four, but is very much worried about it -- "Why are they four?"

So he is either neurotic or psychotic -- he can choose whatever he is -- but he certainly needs psychiatric treatment. I don't ask the government to arrest him, I want the government to hospitalize him.

He is such a hilarious fellow, we would love to welcome him here and enjoy the night, it would be a festival time.

I met him only once, twenty years ago in Patna, at a world Hindu conference. We were both sitting side by side on the platform. Looking at him I was thinking that perhaps Charles Darwin is right. And he proved it! When I started speaking, I was standing just on the corner of the platform, and he became so enraged, so angry, that he tried to take the microphone away from my hand and fell from the platform. He fell twenty feet from the platform and survived.

He was the president of the conference and he wanted me not to speak at all. I had to tell the one hundred thousand people who had gathered for the conference that if they wanted me to speak, they should raise their hands, so that the Shankaracharya could see whether people wanted to hear me or not. When he saw a hundred thousand hands raised in favor of me, I said to him, "This cancels you as a president. I don't care now about you. The people who are here want to listen to me, and you can go and jump in any well that you want to."

Since then he has been angry -- twenty years! If he comes here, it will be a delicious moment for you all. But he has to come with the negative AIDS certificate. And that he cannot bring, because it will be below his dignity even to ask for his blood to be checked, he is such an egoist. But these egoists have been dominating humanity for centuries, and still they go on dominating.

Rather than arresting him, the government has arrested those two hundred harijans who were trying to enter the Nath Dwara temple. The government's act is absolutely unconstitutional. The constitution gives equality to everybody as a birthright. If the government wanted to be legal and constitutional, then the people who were preventing the entry of harijans, like the Shankaracharya and the priests of Nath Dwara, they should be arrested. But what an irony! Those poor two hundred harijans have been arrested to protect the vested interests of the higher, richer Hindu society.

I am simply amazed that harijans go on remaining part of the Hindu society. For ten thousand years at least they have been exploited; they are the most exploited and oppressed part of humanity. They should get out of Hinduism, there is no need of any 'ism'. They don't have to be Hindus. It is so undignified that the Hindu scriptures deny them the right even to read the scriptures; the Hindu scriptures forbid them to worship in the temples; they are even forbidden to touch Hindus. Not even their shadow should touch any Hindu; otherwise the Hindu has to take a bath to cleanse himself.

And still those poor people go on remaining part of Hindu society. It seems to be a certain conspiracy between the Hindu priests and the government, that the priests are out protecting their temples and the harijans, who were trying ... what harm could they have done? Just worshipping in the temple ... and if a Hindu temple is not allowing a certain section of society, then certainly that section should separate itself from such humiliation.

Hindus will realize the situation only when the harijans separate, because they are one fourth of Hindu society and they serve the ugliest purposes. Once they leave the Hindu fold, then the Hindus will understand who is going to clean their toilets, who is going to kill and murder and butcher animals, and who is going to make shoes, and who is going to clean the streets. All that is ugly has been imposed on harijans.

In fact this gives them great power. Nobody has ever told them that the work they are

doing is such that if they stop even for seven days the whole of India will be stinking. And then let the brahmins clean the toilets and the Shankaracharyas clean the streets -- just seven days will be enough for Hindus to learn the lesson. Hindus will come to the harijans and ask them, "Please enter our temples; without you our temples are not temples. Purify our temples by entering them, otherwise the whole society will be in such a difficult situation."

Brahmins cannot do such things, nor can other high-class Hindus. Only one man, Gautam Buddha, really denied the caste system. And because of denying the caste system, Buddhism had to disappear from India.

Another person who denied the caste system was Mahavira, but he was more diplomatic than Gautam Buddha. He denied the caste system but continued to use the harijans for the same purposes as other Hindus. That is the reason why Jainism became a small religion, confined only to the business class. They could not be brahmins; brahmins wouldn't allow them. They could not be warriors, the second highest class, and they did not want to be harijans, the fourth class, so only the third class, business people, was possible. Jainism compromised, and because of this I call Jainism a coward's religion; they cannot exist on their own, they have to depend on Hindus. Buddha was absolutely uncompromising. As long as he lived people gathered around him, his personal charisma ... but the moment he was gone people were butchered, murdered, burned, or driven to become *sudras*. Most of the sudras, the untouchables, come originally from the followers of Buddha.

In Hinduism there is no possibility to enter into any other class. If you want to enter Hinduism, you have to become a sudra. The fourth class only is available, the higher classes are closed for any conversion. I hate to say that Jainism proved a coward's religion, but if you are certainly different from Hindus and you don't believe in the caste system, then you should not use it. You should find your own shoemakers; amongst yourselves you should find the toilet cleaners. Without this, you don't matter; you are a dependent shadow of Hinduism, your revolution is not great enough. It is just in the scriptures that you deny the caste system, but in your life you believe it exactly like Hindus.

Because Buddha did not compromise ... that is one of the reasons for my respect for the man. Humanity is one, and anyone who wants to create divisions of superiority and inferiority should be put in a psychiatric hospital. He needs good electric shocks to bring him to his senses so that he can see that two plus two is really four.

These sutras are in a way connected with what I was saying just now because the followers of Buddha could not exist in India, they were not allowed to exist. They were either burned or forced to be sudras or thrown out of the country. But in a way it proved a blessing in disguise. Buddhism spread all over Asia, into China, Mongolia, Korea, Taiwan, Japan, Burma, Thailand, and Sri Lanka -- the whole of Asia became Buddhist because the refugees, who had left India out of fear, spread the message of Buddha. But it is a strange, an unbelievable fact, that from India, which goes on claiming itself as the birthplace of Gautam Buddha, Buddhism disappeared completely.

These anecdotes belong to the heights that Buddhism reached, together with Taoism, in China. Gautam Buddha and Lao Tzu were contemporaries, and both were of the same insight and clarity. They both belong to the universal sense of humanity. So when Buddhist monks reached China, they were welcomed. There was no conflict between Taoism and Buddhism. This is a strange fact of history, it has never happened anywhere else. Christians have been fighting with Mohammedans, Mohammedans have been fighting with Hindus, Christians have been fighting with Jews -- everywhere, all the so-called religions have been conflicting. And it is not only verbal conflict: they have been killing each other in millions.

The meeting of Buddhism and Taoism is exceptional, unique. The Taoist monks received the refugee Buddhists with great love. And slowly a new phenomenon, a by-product of the meeting of Buddhism and Taoism came to birth: this is Zen. These anecdotes have the quality of Gautam Buddha and Lao Tzu both. Two of the greatest human beings who have lived on this earth, their meeting has produced the most significant and the most fragrant religiousness. But it is a little difficult to understand because Buddha spoke in a totally different language, and Lao Tzu spoke in a totally different language. And at the meeting of the two it became even more complicated. But it is a joy to enter into this complication and to find the diamond hidden behind these words.

KYOGEN WAS ASKED BY A MONK, "WHAT IS THE WAY?"  
HE ANSWERED, "A DRAGON SINGING IN A WITHERED TREE."

I have to explain to you -- the dragon is a mythological animal, it does not exist. But Kyogen is saying that the way is "A DRAGON SINGING IN A WITHERED TREE." A tree that has withered and a dragon that does not exist -- if you can understand this, you have found the way. Just like the dragon, disappear as an ego; and just like a withered tree, drop all your thoughts, as the leaves have fallen from the tree. And you will have found your heart, singing a song. And you will find the way to reach to the very heart of existence.

There is no God in Buddhism or Taoism. All the religions that believe in God are childish. The whole universe is divine, it is only a question of awakening to your divineness. The way does not lead you somewhere else, the way simply leads you into your own heart. The ego is a fiction like the dragon, and your mind, your thoughts, should become a withered tree. Only then can you find your life juice hidden inside you. That is your truth, and finding it, you start singing and dancing with joy because you have found the eternal.

THE MONK SAID, "I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT."  
Obviously, the monk was trying to understand the words; he was not able to see that Kyogen had not answered his question but only symbolically indicated towards it. Neither the dragon exists nor is the tree alive.

Kyogen said, "If you cannot understand this, let us try it another way: THE PUPILS OF THE EYES OF A SKULL." Now, skulls don't have pupils. But just *be* a skeleton, utterly silent, eyes closed. Be as if you are dead and you have found the way -- just surging inside you, a tremendous awareness, the very existence. It sings in the cuckoos, it blossoms in the roses, it has flowered in you as human beings; it can flower in you as buddhas.

Hence I address you as my buddhas. Perhaps a few of you may realize like lightning, but a few of you may have a little more sleep.

But tomorrow we will try again. If you have come here, you are caught in a net. Unless you become a buddha, you don't leave this place. Unfortunately, such places have almost disappeared from the world.

AFTERWARDS, ANOTHER MONK ASKED SEKISO, "WHAT IS THIS 'DRAGON SINGING IN A WITHERED TREE'?"

SEKISO SAID, "IT IS BEING INVESTED WITH JOY."

THE MONK THEN ASKED, "WHAT IS THIS 'PUPILS OF A SKULL'?"

SEKISO SAID, "IT IS THE GARMENT OF WISDOM."

These dialogues will look very absurd, but they are not. They have a totally different logic. It is not Aristotelian logic, which divides things, which created the dialectics which culminated in the work of Karl Marx as dialectical materialism.

Gautam Buddha, Lao Tzu, and the great masters of Buddhism and Taoism don't believe

in dialectics, they believe in oneness. There are no two's, there is nothing other than one. That one has expressed itself in millions of forms, but the innermost reality is one.

Sekiso is saying, "IT IS THE GARMENT OF WISDOM."

AGAIN, A MONK ASKED SOZAN WHAT THE DRAGON SINGING IN THE WITHERED TREE MEANT, AND HE ANSWERED, "THE PULSE DOES NOT STOP."

A great answer: THE PULSE DOES NOT STOP. Even though a man is dead, he will be pulsating somewhere else. The pulse does not stop. Here, he may not be breathing, but he may be breathing somewhere else, in some other body, in some other form. Life is an eternity, it is absolutely unacquainted with death. From end to end it pulsates in different forms, creating different songs.

This is the essence of all the awakened ones.

THE PULSE DOES NOT STOP.

TO THE QUESTION ABOUT WHAT THE PUPILS OF THE SKULL SIGNIFIED, HE ANSWERED, "NOT QUITE DRY."

He is saying that the master was very humorous. He answered your stupid question, that is enough. It shows his compassion. He is not quite dry, otherwise he would have simply refused to answer.

All questions are stupid. If they have been answered, they have been answered because of love and compassion. But because the truth cannot be put into words, one has to go round about. All these answers are simply saying, "Please, don't ask the question in words. Bring your quest, bring your silence and without saying a word you will hear it, because it is within you as it is within me." The master does not give anything to the disciple. On the contrary, he takes everything from the disciple and leaves him totally alone, in absolute purity, taking away all false ideas, personalities, egos, ideologies, theologies. The master takes away all kinds of nonsense, but he gives nothing. What you find has always been yours. Because of the false, you could not see it. Once the false is understood as false, the truth asserts itself in its absolute purity and grandeur.

THE MONK ASKED, "IS THERE ANYONE WHO CAN HEAR THE DRAGON SINGING?"

The poor fellow is still clinging to the metaphor.

SOZAN REPLIED, "IN ALL THE WIDE WORLD, THERE IS NOT A SINGLE PERSON WHO DOES NOT HEAR IT."

One has just to be silent. In utter silence, there is nothing but song, a song without sound and a dance without movement.

THE MONK ASKED WHOSE WORDS THEY WERE.

SOZAN SAID, "I DON'T KNOW, BUT WHOEVER HEARS THEM WILL LOSE HIS LIFE."

Unless you lose your life, you cannot have the taste of universal life. Unless you drop all the defenses between you and existence, you will remain a dewdrop, you cannot know what it is to be the ocean. You remain a dewdrop on the lotus leaf; but just take a jump, and below the lotus leaf is the ocean. Once you are in the ocean, certainly you will not be yourself, you will become the whole ocean.

Sozan composed a verse:

THE DRAGON IN THE WITHERED TREE  
REALLY SEES THE WAY.  
THE EYES OF THE SKULL ABOVE ALL BECOME CLEAR.  
KNOWLEDGE REACHES ITS LIMIT,  
AND THERE IS NOTHING TO SAY.

WHO CAN DISTINGUISH THE PURE  
AMIDST THE IMPURE?

To the person of realization, there is nothing pure and nothing impure; there is only the real and the shadow of the real to which he has been clinging up to now.

ONE DAY A MONK CAME ALONG, AND, NOT KNOWING HE WAS SPEAKING TO THE MASTER, ASKED BOKUSHU THE WAY TO THE MASTER'S ROOM.

BOKUSHU TOOK OFF HIS SANDAL AND HIT THE MONK ON THE HEAD WITH IT -- THE MONK RAN OFF.

THEN BOKUSHU CALLED TO HIM, "OSHO!" AND THE MONK TURNED HIS HEAD.

"THAT'S THE WAY TO IT," BOKUSHU SAID, POINTING WITH HIS FINGER.

What has happened in this incident? Unless you lose your head, you cannot find your heart. Hitting the head of the monk with his sandal is simply a way of saying, "Please stop thinking." Except for thought, nothing is a barrier to truth. But the monk became afraid, "This seems to be a madman. I am asking the way to the master's room and he hits me. It is better to run away from here. He may do something even more nasty." So he ran away.

Bokushu called him back, "OSHO!"

`Osho' is a very respectful word. It is a way of calling someone almost divine. It is in essence so respectful that only a disciple calls a master `Osho'.

Bokushu called after him, "OSHO!" indicating: "Don't be afraid and don't escape. It is against your dignity. You are to me as worthy of respect as Buddha himself." And saying, "OSHO!" he said, pointing to his own room, "THAT'S THE WAY TO IT."

This kind of incident is impossible in this world today unless you are humble enough. If the master hits with his sandal on your head, you will start fighting with him. You will not think that he is a man worthy of respect. He will seem to be insane -- you are simply asking the way and he hits you.

But once a different world existed. Bokushu did both things: first he hit him on the head with his sandal, and then he called him, "OSHO!" -- You are also a master; who you are looking for? If you are looking for the master, this is the way. Drop your head outside; be humble, innocent. In your silence, without thought, you may find the master.

Ikkyu has written:

TO NOT TAKE IT TO HEART;  
THE REAL WAY  
IS ONE, ITSELF AS IT IS;  
THERE ARE NOT TWO, OR THREE.

Just one.

A poem by Zengetsu:

MIND, MIND, MIND -- ABOVE THE PATH.  
HERE ON MY MOUNTAIN, GRAY HAIR DOWN,  
I CHERISH BAMBOO SPROUTS, BRUSH CAREFULLY  
BY PINE TWIGS.  
BURNING INCENSE, I OPEN A BOOK:  
MIST OVER FLAGSTONES.  
ROLLING THE BLIND, I CONTEMPLATE:  
MOON IN THE POND.

OF MY OLD FRIENDS,  
HOW MANY KNOW THE WAY?

Zen has contributed a tremendous beauty to words. MOON IN THE POND. OF MY OLD FRIENDS, HOW MANY KNOW THE WAY? The way is simply above the mind; you just leave the mind aside.

Here, we are doing it every day -- you put the mind aside and the door opens. And suddenly you are in the innermost space that is your treasure.

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,  
IS NOT EVERYONE ON THE WAY -- OLD FRIENDS AND NEW -- WHETHER WE KNOW IT OR NOT?

Maneesha, there is no way. Everyone is either a buddha awake or a buddha asleep. Between sleep and awakening, there is no path. Each day in the morning when you wake up, have you ever thought where sleep ends and waking starts? There is not even a small distance between sleep and waking. What is true in the ordinary world is also true in the ultimate experience. You are buddhas asleep. The buddha asleep is called *bodhisattva* -- buddha in essence, buddha in the seed. Let the seed disappear in the soil, let the rains come, and green leaves will sprout and flowers will blossom. There is no distinction. Everybody is either awake or asleep.

That's why I call you all buddhas. What does it matter if somebody wakes up today, somebody woke up yesterday, and somebody is waiting for tomorrow? The buddhahood is there whether you are asleep or awake. We will go on trying, pulling your leg, hitting on your head. In every device the essential part is to make you awake, really awake, a pillar of consciousness.

Another question she has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,  
DO YOU CALL US "BUDDHAS" -- AS BOKUSHU CALLED THE MONK IN THIS STORY "OSHO" -- TO REMIND US OF THE WAY?

Not of the way, Maneesha, but to remind you of yourself. The way is always a long journey. There is no need of any way. You can just here, now, be awake without traveling on any way. I don't talk about the way, I talk about awakening this very moment, like lightning, like a thunderbolt. And I don't think that if you decide to sleep a little longer, there is any harm in it.

Yes, Maneesha, I call you all buddhas in the same sense as Bokushu called the monk 'Osho'. I love you and I respect you; whether you are awake or asleep, that is a very small matter. It is so small, that before meditation we will laugh a little.

"Hey, Donatelli," shouts Rizzocola, "you ought-a pull-a your shades down when you kiss-a your wife. I saw you last-a night. I saw-a everything!"

"Ha! Ha!" laughs Donatelli. "The joke-a is on-a you. I-a was not-a home last night!"

The doctor comes out of Rizzoli's bedroom and says, "Frankly, Mrs. Rizzoli, I don't like the way your husband looks at all."

"Nor do I" she replies. "But he is nice to the kids."

Big Mrs. Bertha Baloni gets into a taxi one night in downtown New York. After riding a while, she suddenly realizes that she has forgotten her purse and has no money to pay the fare. The meter reads ten dollars when Bertha cries, "Hey, mista driver, you-a better stop-a! I no can-a pay you!"

"Oh, that's all right," says the cabbie. "I will just-a pull into this-a little street-a, just-a get in the back seat with-a you, take off-a your panties ..."

"Wait!" interrupts Mrs. Baloni. "Mista, you-a gonna get a bad deal. My panties only cost-a forty-nine cents!"

Brian Ballworthy is an inexperienced young man. He has heard that a good way to arouse sexual desire in a girl who is not responding to the usual forms of wooing is to place her hand directly on one's organ.

He parks with his date in the local lovers' lane, but after an hour he has only a sisterly kiss to show for his efforts. So Brian decides to put his new technique into action. He takes the girl's hand and places it firmly on his dick. The response is instantaneous. The girl shouts at him with the longest stream of abuse he has ever heard. Stunned, he tries to reply, but she won't listen, and demands to be taken home.

When they reach her parent's home, she starts shouting at him again. Finally, she runs out of breath and says, "Well, do you have anything to say for yourself?"

"Yes, I have," Brian grimaces painfully, "please let go!"

Now, Nivedano ... give the first beat.

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent.

Close your eyes.

No movement of the body.

Just become frozen

so that you can enter into yourself.

This silence, Osho,

this silence, the buddha.

Deeper, deeper, deeper.

The deeper you go, the more oceanic  
becomes the experience.

The dewdrop slips from the lotus leaf  
and disappears in the ocean.

This is our eternal reality.

This is our divineness.

There is no other God than this experience.

There is no other prayer

than this tremendous silence,  
this peace, this ecstasy.

To make it deeper, Osho, Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax, just as if you have died.  
The body may go on breathing, but you remain in.  
Pull yourself as much as possible inwards.  
The more you are in,  
the more the buddha is awake.  
At the very center of your being,  
you are the ultimate experience  
of being a buddha.  
Drink it, let it sink into every fiber and cell  
of your body, your mind.  
Carry it twenty-four hours within you --  
just like a silent flame,  
showing you the path, reminding you  
that you are the goal, not the way;  
the God, not the devotee;  
the sought, not the seeker.  
Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

You can all come back,  
and for a few seconds, just sit like buddhas  
in your grandeur,  
in your grace.  
Blissful is the night  
with so many buddhas,  
breathing together to the same song,  
listening together to the same music,  
feeling together the very heartbeat  
of the universe.  
Except this, there is no religiousness.  
And this religiousness  
is neither Christian,  
nor Hindu, nor Mohammedan.  
It is freedom from all boundaries,  
it knows no limits.  
Be unlimited, be the ocean.

Okay, Maneesha?  
Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate the gathering of  
so many buddhas?

Yes, Osho.

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## Zen: The Diamond Thunderbolt

### Chapter #4

Chapter title: The clouds never make any commotion

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

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BELOVED OSHO,  
ONCE, A MONK ASKED JOSHU, "WHAT IS THE BODY WITHOUT ILLNESS?"  
JOSHU SAID, "THE BODY MADE OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS AND FIVE SKANDHAS."

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, UMMON ASKED A MONK, "WHAT ARE YOU?"  
HE REPLIED, "I'M THE HEAD OF THE INFIRMARY."  
"YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY SO!" SAID UMMON. "IS THERE ANYBODY NOT ILL?"  
"I DON'T UNDERSTAND," REPLIED THE MONK.  
"WHY CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?" ASKED UMMON.  
THE MONK WAS SILENT, AND THEN UMMON SAID "ASK ME THE SAME QUESTION."  
SO THE MONK ASKED UMMON, "WHO IS THE MAN WITHOUT ANY ILLNESS?"  
UMMON POINTED TO THE NEXT MONK.  
ONCE THERE WAS A MONK ILL IN THE INFIRMARY WHO ASKED TO SEE TOZAN. WHEN  
TOZAN WENT THERE THE MONK SAID TO HIM, "WHY DON'T YOU SAVE ORDINARY PEOPLE?"  
TOZAN ASKED HIM, "WHO IS YOUR FAMILY?"  
THE MONK REPLIED, "A GREAT ICCHANTIKA FAMILY."  
TOZAN REMAINED SILENT FOR SOME TIME. THEN THE MONK SAID, "WHAT SHALL WE DO  
WHEN THE FOUR MOUNTAINS COME PRESSING ROUND US?"  
TOZAN SAID, "I MYSELF CAME FROM UNDER THE ROOF OF A FAMILY."  
THE MONK SAID, "IS THERE RELATIVITY OR NO RELATIVITY?"  
TOZAN ANSWERED, "NONE."  
THE MONK ASKED, "WHERE WILL YOU LET ME GO?"  
"TO A RICE FIELD," ANSWERED TOZAN .  
THE MONK HEAVED A SIGH AND SAID, "GOODBYE," AND DIED SITTING THERE.  
TOZAN TAPPED HIM ON THE HEAD THREE TIMES WITH HIS STAFF AND SAID, "LIKE THIS,  
YOU KNEW HOW TO DIE, BUT NOT HOW TO LIVE."  
WHEN SOZAN WAS ABOUT TO DIE, HE MADE A VERSE:  
MY ROAD IS BEYOND THE BLUE SKY;  
THE CLOUDS NEVER MAKE ANY COMMOTION.  
IN THIS WORLD THERE IS A TREE WITHOUT ANY ROOTS;  
ITS YELLOW LEAVES SEND BACK THE WIND.  
AFTER SAYING THIS, HE PASSED AWAY.

Maneesha, before I enter into your tremendously significant anecdotes, I have to reply again to the old goat of Puri, the Shankaracharya. He is such a *nice* fellow. He goes on inventing such things that you cannot even imagine. Now he has come with the idea that I

lead a procession of naked women in the ashram every day. Do you think you could have imagined it?

Now these seven thousand people here are a witness, but who will tell this idiot?

(SARDAR GURUDAYAL SINGH IS LAUGHING LOUDLY IN THE BACK OF THE HALL.)

I have to send Sardar, because it is a question between Poona and Puri. Only Sardar can convince him, tapping three times on his head and saying, "Stop talking nonsense."

Another thing he has said is that he cannot bring an AIDS-negative certificate, because he is a celibate. Celibate or not, if he wants to discuss with me in this assembly of buddhas he will have to bring the certificate. And particularly because he is a celibate, the certificate is an absolute necessity.

It is out of celibacy that homosexuality has arisen, and AIDS is the final flowering of homosexuality. It is a very religious phenomenon. The Buddhist monks, the Christian monks, the Hindu monks, they are the originators of homosexuality. And the whole credit goes to these monks for bringing AIDS to the world. Celibacy is the cause of AIDS.

His idea that I lead a procession of naked ladies proves simply that he has really become a Hindu saint, because all Hindu scriptures are full of stories that whenever a Hindu saint reaches to his highest sagehood, God becomes afraid, because the saint may dethrone him. So he sends beautiful women to distract the mind of the sage. And obviously up to now they have been successful in distracting, because God has not been replaced.

But it certainly proves one thing, that the Shankaracharya of Puri is a sage. He has started dreaming naked processions of *apsaras*. *Apsaras* are heavenly prostitutes. But why should I enter into his dreams? To me he is a harijan, untouchable.

It reminds me of Sigmund Freud's great insight that people who remain celibate for a long time start dreaming of women, or if they are women they start dreaming of men. Now this idea of a procession is perfectly right as far as Hindu sages are concerned. But I am not the leader of the procession. Perhaps it is Swami Agnivesh, who goes on leading processions of harijans, and now has declared that he is going to lead processions in Bihar, in Karnataka and other states. But he is really afraid of me, not Agnivesh. I am his fear, because Agnivesh belongs to the same rotten tradition. They are just playing different roles to exploit the Hindus. One exploits the higher classes, one the lower classes; but their aim is the same. He must be afraid of me, if he has seen me in his dreams.

Sigmund Freud's insight was that you dream only if you suppress something. He must be suppressing a great anger against me, otherwise he cannot dream of me. But for his dream I am not responsible, he can dream anything he wants.

There was a pharaoh in Egypt who declared to the kingdom that if anybody entered into his dreams he would be beheaded the next morning. His whole court became very afraid because it is a very strange thing, nobody can enter into anybody else's dream. It is *his* dream, he is projecting something and throwing the responsibility on somebody else.

The Shankaracharya must be seeing naked women in his dreams. But the strangest part is that in his dreams I am leading the procession. He knows I will expose him. It is his fear and anger and repressed sex all together, that creates the dream. But for that, nobody except him is responsible.

He has also come with a new idea; he always comes with new ideas, he is such an original idiot! You cannot find any comparison in the whole world. He has come to the conclusion that men and women are not equal, and cannot be equal, because their sexual

organs are different.

This is a new criterion, never heard before. And has he ever wondered about breasts? Perhaps he has breasts also, just dry buttons!

If it has to be decided by genitals who is superior and who is inferior, then woman is going to be superior, because she is the mother. Just think -- if men and women had the same kind of genital mechanism how would idiots like the Puri Shankaracharya have been born? The world would have been very dry -- everybody moving here and there with his sexual organ hanging sad, weeping. The difference between man and woman does not mean that they are not equal. It simply means they are different; they have to be different, otherwise there will be no reproduction. But just because they are different you cannot condemn one of them as inferior.

Hinduism has been doing it for centuries, so I cannot blame the Shankaracharya. He is simply repeating like a parrot the old rotten scriptures, without even caring that he will be laughed at. He is very courageous, he does not care what the intelligentsia of the world will think of him and his religion.

I want the other seven Shankaracharyas -- because there are eight Shankaracharyas in India for the eight directions -- to meet together and dethrone this fool. He is doing immense harm to their religion, to their respectability; he is making Hinduism a laughing-stock. But all those seven Shankaracharyas are absolutely silent. Perhaps they also agree with him.

Obviously he is supported by Hindu scriptures. So a tremendous revolution is needed in Hinduism to get rid of all the nonsense that it has carried for thousands of years: that the woman is inferior, the sudra is untouchable; that the brahmin, whether he deserves it or not, has to be respected. All these obscurantist ideas should be thrown away. Hinduism needs a tremendous cleaning, a dry-cleaning. But because of these people who pretend to be heads of the religion millions of Hindus cannot even raise a question against it. Because I have raised questions against the Shankaracharya, letters have started coming to me saying, "You are insulting our head."

That man has any head? Do I have to insult a man who has no head at all? *He* has given the challenge to have a discussion with me on these matters, and now he is not talking about it. Seeing the situation he has stopped talking about discussion, rather he has started asking the government to arrest me. What crime have I committed that I should be arrested? Just because I have questioned a stupid man and called a spade just a fucking spade -- this is no crime!

Now let us be -- for the moment -- spiritual.

ONCE, A MONK ASKED JOSHU, "WHAT IS THE BODY WITHOUT ILLNESS?"

JOSHU SAID, "THE BODY MADE OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS AND FIVE SKANDHAS."

The questioner was asking, "Is there anything in the body that is without illness?" -- because as far as the body is concerned, it is full of illnesses, and then old age and finally death.

Joshu's answer was very subtle. He is saying that the body is made of chemistry and physics, but there is someone behind watching this; that it is made of four elements and five *skandhas*; that the watching one is without illness, without birth and without death.

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, UMMON ASKED A MONK, "WHAT ARE YOU?"

HE REPLIED, "I'M THE HEAD OF THE INFIRMARY."

"YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY SO!" SAID UMMON. "IS THERE ANYBODY NOT ILL?"

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND," REPLIED THE MONK.

"WHY CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?" ASKED UMMON.

THE MONK WAS SILENT, AND THEN UMMON SAID, "ASK ME THE SAME QUESTION."  
SO THE MONK ASKED UMMON, "WHO IS THE MAN WITHOUT ANY ILLNESS?"  
UMMON POINTED TO THE NEXT MONK.

Zen is so strange in its methods and devices that unless you are very silent and deep in meditation, you will not understand even these simple anecdotes. When the monk asked again, "WHO IS THE MAN WITHOUT ANY ILLNESS?" Ummon without saying anything pointed to the next monk, asking him, "Do you also have any question?"

This means that the question that the monk is asking is unanswerable. There is someone in you without illness; even when you are sick, your consciousness is as whole and healthy as it has always been. You may be a child, you may be young, you may be old, you may be dying, but your consciousness remains without any illness. And that is your reality, your existence.

To ask unnecessary questions is simply to waste the time of the master.

ONCE THERE WAS A MONK ILL IN THE INFIRMARY WHO ASKED TO SEE TOZAN. WHEN TOZAN WENT THERE THE MONK SAID TO HIM, "WHY DON'T YOU SAVE ORDINARY PEOPLE?" TOZAN ASKED HIM, "WHO IS YOUR FAMILY?" THE MONK REPLIED, "A GREAT ICCHANTIKA FAMILY."

Now this word, *icchantika*, comes from the Sanskrit *ekantika*. In the time of Gautam Buddha there were two schools of thought: one was the *ekantikas* who believed that there is only one consciousness, one existence. 'Ek' means one, and from 'ek' comes *ekant* and *ekantika* -- they believed in one cosmos only.

The other school was called *anekant*. Jainism is of that other school; they believe that there are as many souls as there are living beings. And these souls contain even in the final realization their individuality. Gautam Buddha is not an *ekantika*.

It is very difficult to understand, unless you understand the difference between your personality and your individuality. The personality will be lost. As you reach higher, the personality will disappear, it is just a paper bag. But that does not mean that your individuality, your center of being, will disappear. Yes, it will throb with the universe, it will dance with the universe, there will be no barrier between it and the universe; but it will remain as individual as it has ever been.

To attain this individuality, this aloneness, which is not against the universe, but is in absolute tune with the universe .... In a way it can be said that you have disappeared in the ocean, or it can be said that the ocean has disappeared in you. But one thing is certain; that there is no barrier any more, nothing divides you. But it is not a question to be discussed, it is something to be experienced. A dewdrop dropping into the ocean -- from the outside it seems to be disappearing, but from the inside it remains itself, though it loses all distinctions, all discriminations, all divisions, all separations. It has become one with the cosmos, but it still *is*.

The feeling of oneness is more acute and sharp in the ultimate realization. So when the monk said, "I come from a great *icchantika* family,"

TOZAN REMAINED SILENT FOR SOME TIME. THEN THE MONK SAID, "WHAT SHALL WE DO WHEN THE FOUR MOUNTAINS COME PRESSING ROUND US?"

TOZAN SAID, "I MYSELF CAME FROM UNDER THE ROOF OF A FAMILY."

THE MONK SAID,

"IS THERE RELATIVITY OR NO RELATIVITY?"

TOZAN ANSWERED, "NONE."

THE MONK ASKED "WHERE WILL YOU LET ME GO? -- you are closing all doors!"

Tozan was a man of great understanding. He said, "TO A RICE FIELD."

THE MONK HEAVED A SIGH AND SAID, "GOODBYE," AND DIED SITTING THERE.

TOZAN TAPPED HIM ON THE HEAD ...

That's what Sardar Gurudayal Singh has to do.  
TOZAN TAPPED HIM ON THE HEAD THREE TIMES WITH HIS STAFF AND SAID, "LIKE THIS,  
YOU KNEW HOW TO DIE, BUT NOT HOW TO LIVE."

The real thing is the art of living. If you know how to live, you will automatically know how to die. But knowing how to die is not enough, anybody can commit suicide. There are simple ways of leaving the body.

Even without poison there have been methods in Yoga, in Tantra, in Zen, by which you can stop your heart and your breathing. This may be a miracle to some, but it is not the way of an intelligent man, it is not the way of the buddha. First you have to learn to live rightly, with awareness, consciousness, love and compassion. Your life first has to become a dance, worthy to be offered back to existence. Death is a small affair, a single moment thing. In a split second you will die, but life is eternal. But if you know the grace and the beauty and the joy and the splendor of life, you will die joyously, laughingly, because you know death is a fiction, the greatest fiction. It has never happened, you simply move house.

I am reminded of Mulla Nasruddin. One night a thief entered his house. He was sleeping, but he opened one of his eyes, looked at the thief and then closed it. The thief was a little afraid -- "a strange man, he opens one eye, sees me and yet says nothing and remains completely still!" So he quickly gathered whatever he could, and as he was going out, Mulla Nasruddin took his blanket, covered himself, for it was a cold night, and followed the thief. The thief looked back, and said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "Nothing, we are moving house. You have carried everything, now what am I supposed to do? I am coming along."

A man of enlightenment simply moves house. When the body becomes too old and it is no longer a joy to be in the old dilapidated house, you leave it. But you can leave either consciously or unconsciously. If you leave unconsciously you won't know what has happened. You will open your eyes in some womb, not knowing where you came from or why you are here in this womb. You will be born, but you will not know why you are born.

If you cannot die consciously you cannot be born consciously; they are two poles of the same reality. A man who can die consciously, meditatively, moves either into another womb -- if his consciousness is not yet total -- or he moves into the formless sky; now he is no more in bondage. Except for unconsciousness there is no bondage anywhere.

WHEN SOZAN WAS ABOUT TO DIE, HE MADE A VERSE:

Now look at this strange kind of people; he is going to die and he is writing a poem! In Zen it has become a tradition that before dying you should write a poem, just to show your insight for the coming generations, to show that you have not died unconsciously, that you knew death was coming. Without knowing that death is coming, how can you write the last verse?

He wrote:

MY ROAD IS BEYOND THE BLUE SKY;  
THE CLOUDS NEVER MAKE ANY COMMOTION.  
IN THIS WORLD THERE IS A TREE WITHOUT ANY ROOTS;  
ITS YELLOW LEAVES SEND BACK THE WIND.  
AFTER SAYING THIS, HE PASSED AWAY.

What a way to die, and what a way to live!

Just today I received some information from Europe, that a famous astrologer, almost worshipped like a prophet, had declared years ago that at a certain date he would die. Now the date had come and he was in great difficulty. So he committed suicide.

This is not the way of Zen. They are not committing suicide, they simply see that this body needs rest, that this body has done its work. This life has ripened its fruits, this life has experienced all that was available, and now it is time to go on a pilgrimage. They call it 'cloud pilgrimage' -- moving just like a cloud, without creating any disturbance, without direction, knowing not where they are going, just enjoying the going itself.

A haiku reads:

IF YOU DO NOT BELIEVE,  
LOOK AT SEPTEMBER,  
LOOK AT OCTOBER;  
HOW THE YELLOW LEAVES FALL,  
AND FILL MOUNTAIN AND RIVER.

A man of awakening just drops like a dry leaf when the time comes. There is no grudge, no clinging, no desire to go on living in this body, but an absolute trust that life will continue. But this is possible only if you enter yourself and experience the continuum of existence.

Maneesha has asked,

BELOVED OSHO,  
WE MAKE LIFE A STRUGGLE AND DEATH A STRUGGLE. IS NOT GRACIOUSNESS SIMPLY THE ABILITY TO LIVE WHILE ALIVE, AND DIE WHEN DYING?

Maneesha, unless you are awakened to your innermost self, this grace will not be available to you -- to live gracefully while alive and to die gracefully while dying. The grace remains as a shadow of consciousness. The moment you are unconscious, you lose your grace, you lose your beauty; you lose everything that life is ready to give to you, because you are not ready to receive it.

We will try dying gracefully again today, and then let us see how many come back gracefully. A few come too quickly, they were just waiting for Nivedano. A few remain longer, enjoying the beautiful death, and then get up and start moving towards the canteen. Because here in Buddha Hall one is not supposed to die for ever. This is a place to live forever. If you want to die, you can move towards the canteen.

Caruso and his buddy, Leonardo, two Italian crickets, meet in the garden. Caruso is walking with a limp, and Leonardo notices that he has a bandage on his prick.

"What-a happened to you?" asks Leonardo.

"Last-a night," says Caruso, "I was feeling like-a making love. So I got on my best-a suit and brushed-a back my wings and went out into the city lights."

"But," asks Leonardo the cricket, "why you got-a the bandage on your salami?"

"Well," says Caruso, "I was-a walking along when suddenly I see this gorgeous firefly. So I-a come up slowly and silently, and then I jumped on-a her!"

"Wow!" exclaims Leonardo. "But what happened?"

"Mama Mia!" cries Caruso. "It was-a no firefly -- it was-a somebody's old cigar!"

Miss Whitewash, the prim young librarian, is, in her spare time, a Lieutenant in Christ's

Salvation Army. She moves into a new apartment, and does not know anybody else in the building. One day, she needs a screwdriver to hang up her picture of Jesus, but she does not have one. So, plucking up her courage, she decides to borrow one from her neighbor across the hall.

When the door is opened, she is shocked, but secretly impressed, to be confronted by a huge, Rambo-type guy, dressed only in his underwear.

She is suitably flustered by this smiling hulk in jockey shorts, but nevertheless manages to remember what she came for.

"Hi," she stammers. "I'm your new screw across the hall -- can I use your driver, neighbor?"

After checking into the hotel, Father O'Dilly finds a Bible on the bed-side table. He reads it for a couple of hours and then leaves his room and wanders into the lobby. There he strikes up a conversation with the pretty young receptionist.

After she has finished work, they share a few drinks in the bar and then retire to Father O'Dilly's room, but when the priest starts removing her clothes, she begins to have second thoughts.

"Are you sure this is alright?" she asks. "I mean, you *are* a priest."

"Don't worry, my dear," he replies, "it is written in the Bible."

She believes him and the two of them spend a very pleasant night together. But in the morning, as the girl is preparing to leave, she says, "You know, Father, I don't remember that part in the Bible you mentioned last night. Could you show it to me?"

So the priest takes the Bible from the bed-side table, opens the cover and points to the bottom of the title page, where someone has written in pencil, "The girl in reception screws!"

Now, Nivedano, give the first beat ...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent, close your eyes, no movement.

Just feel as if you are frozen.

In this silent space enter inwards.

Deeper, deeper, without any fear.

It is your own home.

Just go deep like a thunderbolt, like an arrow  
towards the center.

And the closer you reach to the center,  
the more you are in tune with existence.

This is the only prayer, the only worship.

When you settle down in your center,  
your heart is beating in tune with the universe.

This is the very meaning of life.

To get deeper, Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax, let go, die.  
Don't be worried.  
Let the body go on breathing,  
it will take care of itself, it knows its way.  
Concentrate your consciousness inwards.  
In this silent moment you become buddhas.  
Every day you become buddhas  
and forget again.  
At least this time don't forget,  
because who knows  
whether tomorrow will come or not.  
Go as deep as you can, don't hold back.  
Fully conscious, even death is a dance;  
Without consciousness even life is worthless.  
In this silence  
have blossomed all the great roses, lotuses.  
In this silence have emerged great grace,  
love, freedom.  
This silence is the source  
of all great poetry, art, music.  
Let this silence become  
your twenty-four-hour presence.  
I am saying it, because if it is possible for me,  
why is it not possible for you?

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Call all the buddhas back to life,  
and for few seconds sit silently  
in the immense treasure  
that you have discovered,  
in the great sky that has opened,  
the blue sky above the clouds.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate the thousands of buddhas assembled here?

Yes, Osho.

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# Zen: The Diamond Thunderbolt

## Chapter #5

### Chapter title: The great matter

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

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BELOVED OSHO,

TOZAN ASKED A MONK, "WHAT IS THE MOST MISERABLE CONDITION IN THE WORLD?"

"HELL IS THE MOST MISERABLE," ANSWERED THE MONK.

"NO," SAID TOZAN. "WHAT IS THE MOST MISERABLE IS TO WEAR THIS ROBE WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING THE GREAT MATTER."

THEN, ADDRESSING ALL THE ASSEMBLED MONKS, TOZAN SAID:

THE LATE MASTER, WU TZU, ONE DAY TOOK A BATH, BURNED INCENSE, SAT UPRIGHT AND SAID TO HIS DISCIPLES: "THE BODY OF REALITY IS PERFECTLY QUIESCENT, WHILE GIVING THE APPEARANCE OF GOING AND COMING. THE THOUSAND SAGES ARE FROM THE SAME SOURCE; MYRIAD AWARENESSES ARE ULTIMATELY ONE. I AM NOW A BUBBLE BURSTING -- WHAT IS THE USE OF SADNESS? DON'T TROUBLE YOUR MINDS; JUST MAINTAIN COMPLETE AWARENESS. IF YOU FOLLOW THIS ORDER, YOU ARE REALLY REQUITING MY KINDNESS. IF YOU STUBBORNLY GO AGAINST WHAT I SAY, YOU ARE NOT MY DISCIPLES."

AT THAT TIME A MONK ASKED WU TZU, "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" AND WU TZU SAID, "NOWHERE."

THE MONK SAID, "WHY DON'T I SEE?"

WU TZU REPLIED, "IT IS NOT VISIBLE TO THE EYE."

RELATING THIS INCIDENT TO HIS MONKS, TOZAN COMMENTED, "WU TZU WAS AN ADEPT."

Maneesha, perhaps Zen is the only path that has led thousands of people to the ultimate reality. And in a way, it is so simple. There have been arduous ways, there have been self-torturing systems of belief. There are religions which are nothing but moralities, which are very temporary, having no relationship to the ultimate values of existence.

Zen is not a morality. It never talks about right and wrong. It never talks about the saint and the sinner. It is so respectful of reality that nothing in the whole of history can be compared with this respectfulness. It is not only respectful to human beings, but to this cricket, to these cuckoos, to these crows. Wherever life is, the Zen experience is that it is the same life. There is no categorization; nobody is lower or higher, but just different forms of the abundance of existence. It blossoms in many forms, in many colors; it dances in many ways and in many forms, but hidden within it is the same eternal principle.

Zen does not belong to the ordinary category of religions either, because it has no theology, no God, none of the nonsense questions which have troubled people for centuries. It has reduced the whole of religiousness to a single point within you. These anecdotes again

and again reinforce the same point. Remember, the ultimate is within you but it is not within your mind. It is beyond the mind but within you.

Mind is a small corner in you, a small mechanism. It is useful, if you understand its ways of working; but it is otherwise dangerous, because it tends to take possession of you, to become the master, and to lead you into the ways of power, money and prestige. You are lost in a jungle of desires, longings; you live thirsty and you die thirsty, while the source of all fulfillment is within you.

Zen cuts all nonsense out. It is twenty-four-carat gold, no mixture. That makes it very simple and also very difficult. It is difficult, because the simple is the most difficult thing in the world to understand. It is simple because it does not require you to do anything at all. Just sit silently, settle within yourself, and you have arrived at the place which is your home and has been always your home. It is your very being.

Remember, whatever the anecdote, the basic principle is always the same.

TOZAN ASKED A MONK, "WHAT IS THE MOST MISERABLE CONDITION IN THE WORLD?"

Of course, the monk could not understand the question.

He said, "HELL IS THE MOST MISERABLE." That is a theological answer. But Zen is not a theology, there is no concern about hell or heaven. What master Tozan is asking is something else. "WHAT IS THE MOST MISERABLE CONDITION IN THE WORLD?" -- to be confined, to be enclosed, to be imprisoned, to be fettered; to lose your freedom, your joy, your blissfulness; to lose yourself in the mundane and forget the sacred.

"NO," SAID TOZAN. Hell is out of the question. "WHAT IS THE MOST MISERABLE IS TO WEAR THIS ROBE" -- the robe of a seeker, of a sannyasin -- "WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING THE GREAT MATTER." It is very easy to change clothes, but the question is about transforming your consciousness and it is called in Zen 'the great matter'.

Changing clothes is very ordinary, anybody can do it. But transforming your consciousness, throwing out all darkness from your inner world and making it radiate with the ultimate, with the absolute .... Time stops, mind becomes just a shadow; you are no more *you*, you have become the universe. Unless this happens, you are in misery.

THEN ADDRESSING ALL THE ASSEMBLED MONKS, TOZAN SAID: "THE LATE MASTER, WU TZU, ONE DAY TOOK A BATH, BURNED INCENSE, SAT UPRIGHT AND SAID TO HIS DISCIPLES: 'THE BODY OF REALITY IS PERFECTLY QUIESCENT, WHILE GIVING THE APPEARANCE OF GOING AND COMING. THE THOUSAND SAGES ARE FROM THE SAME SOURCE; MYRIAD AWARENESSES ARE ULTIMATELY ONE. I AM NOW A BUBBLE BURSTING -- WHAT IS THE USE OF SADNESS?'"

He was going to die, he was going to leave the body that he had used up to then. This was his last message to his disciples, "Don't become sad when I am no more, there is no use in being sad.

DON'T TROUBLE YOUR MINDS; JUST MAINTAIN COMPLETE AWARENESS. IF YOU FOLLOW THIS ORDER, YOU ARE REALLY REQUITING MY KINDNESS. IF YOU STUBBORNLY GO AGAINST WHAT I SAY, YOU ARE NOT MY DISCIPLES."

"AT THAT TIME," TOZAN CONTINUED, "A MONK ASKED WU TZU, 'WHERE ARE YOU GOING?' AND WU TZU SAID, 'NOWHERE.'"

The moment you leave the body, there are two possibilities: either your consciousness enters into another womb and again becomes imprisoned, or if you are fully aware, you don't enter in another womb, you simply enter into the universal vastness. You become one with the ocean of reality. That's why Wu Tzu said, "*Nowhere*. I will not be going anywhere. I will

simply disappear, as a dewdrop disappears into the ocean in the morning sun." It leaves no address, it leaves no footprints. It just slips silently into the ocean, without making any fuss, and then the whole ocean is the same.

Millions of buddhas have disappeared in the same ocean, but as far as going is concerned, you are not going anywhere. You are going to be here, without a body, in absolute freedom -- no confinement, no limits, the whole sky is yours.

THE MONK SAID, "WHY DON'T I SEE?"

WU TZU REPLIED, "IT IS NOT VISIBLE TO THE EYE."

The moment consciousness leaves the body, you cannot see it, it is not visible to the eye. But if you are an authentic disciple -- if your heart is not closed but completely open -- you will feel a tremendous energy exploding into the universe.

To be close to a master when he is dying is a great experience, because you know that in his death, you have touched the eternal. You know that nobody dies, that death has never happened and will never happen. Death is an ignorant standpoint. Awareness spreads all over existence.

THE MONK SAID, "WHY DON'T I SEE?"

WU TZU REPLIED, "IT IS NOT VISIBLE TO THE EYE."

You never ask, "Why can't I see from my nose?" The nose has a particular limitation, that it can only smell. Eyes cannot smell; they have their limitation, that they can only see. Eyes cannot hear; the most beautiful music is useless unless you have ears to hear.

All your senses are finite, limited, and you don't have any sense which can experience consciousness, unless you are also conscious enough. Then certainly, you will see the explosion, the light, the tremendous beauty of an invisible lotus opening its flowers. But for that your ordinary senses will not help. Only awareness will do, which is not your eyes, which is not your ears, but a totally different dimension -- being aware, inside. That awareness certainly realizes what is happening if somebody is dying.

Nobody is dying. The energy called 'soul' may enter another body -- and it enters into another body if its desires have remained unfulfilled, if it needs another life to attain maturity. If there is greed, lust, anger -- anything that demands a body for its expression -- it will enter into some womb.

But if all is fulfilled, if your contentment is absolute, there is no question of entering into another womb. You simply enter the universe itself.

RELATING THIS INCIDENT TO HIS MONKS,

TOZAN COMMENTED, "WU TZU WAS AN ADEPT."

'Adept' means a *siddha*, one who has arrived. Now, there is nowhere to go; you have found it, for which others are searching. The word 'adept' is not a good translation. In English, there is no word for 'siddha' just as there is no word for 'buddha'. Both are ways of saying the same thing. 'Buddha' means becoming absolutely aware, and 'siddha' means becoming absolutely contented. They happen simultaneously. The word 'adept' is very ordinary, it does not carry the heights and depths of the word 'siddha'.

But it is difficult to translate from one language to another language, and particularly with experiences which are not easy to put into words. Now, nobody in the West has ever used the phrase 'The Awakened One'; not for Pythagoras, nor for Anagoras, nor for Socrates, nor for Aristotle. That dimension is simply not opened up.

Aristotle is a great rational intellectual, and Socrates has the sharpest logic one can conceive, but as far as awareness is concerned, they are as far away as anybody else. They are not buddhas, and they are not siddhas. They are neither absolutely content, nor absolutely

awake. They are still functioning in the mind.

The West has never gone beyond the mind. It has remained inside the mind and the mechanism of mind. It has never gathered courage to take a step into the unknown. This is the basic difference between the Western and the Eastern approach. The West is continuously trying to improve the mind, refining, sharpening, educating it. And the East is doing just the opposite -- dropping the mind, finding every possible way to drop it so that the beyond can open, so that you can open your wings.

Tozan's saying that Wu Tzu was an adept means that he has come to be and he has come to know that he is. Now, the body is needed no more.

Ikkyu has written:

OUR MIND --  
WITHOUT END,  
WITHOUT BEGINNING,  
THOUGH IT IS BORN, THOUGH IT DIES --  
THE ESSENCE OF EMPTINESS!

Remember, the word `mind' is not the right translation. It should be `consciousness'.

OUR CONSCIOUSNESS --  
WITHOUT END,  
WITHOUT BEGINNING,  
THOUGH IT IS BORN, THOUGH IT DIES --  
THE ESSENCE OF EMPTINESS!

It remains; it comes and goes, but it never gathers any junk. It remains utterly empty and pure and innocent. The English translators of these poems have invented a way which is not appropriate. For our ordinary mind, they use mind with a small `m'. Mind with a capital `M', they use for consciousness, awareness, enlightenment. But it is very dangerous because people who are accustomed to reading the word `mind' will not even bother to look why one `M' is written in capitals and the other `m' is written in small letters. To them, mind is mind.

I would not support this kind of translation.

OUR CONSCIOUSNESS --  
WITHOUT END and

WITHOUT BEGINNING ... and remember, it is *our* consciousness, not mine, not yours. We are one, somewhere deep down, and to find that unity is the greatest rejoicing. There is nothing more ecstatic than to find the point where everything in existence has its roots, the very source.

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,  
NEED WE LOVE ENLIGHTENMENT -- "THE GREAT MATTER" -- FOR ENLIGHTENMENT'S SAKE?  
IS IT ENOUGH TO LOVE THE MASTER AND WANT MORE THAN ANYTHING TO "REQUIRE HIS  
KINDNESS"?

Maneesha, you cannot love enlightenment, you cannot hate enlightenment. These are not possible ways of approaching enlightenment. You can be enlightened or not, there is no question of loving enlightenment or not loving enlightenment. And it is not enough to love the master because that may become a consolation: that you are with the master, you love the master, what else is needed? Loving the master has only one meaning -- that you open up to

such a point that the master can hit, and cut like a sword all the barriers to your enlightenment.

You will not allow anybody to come too close without trust. To be with a master simply means to be defenseless; if he cuts off your head, you will still be graceful. And he has to cut off much more than your head. He has to cut all your mind activities, he has to cut all your heart feelings. Unless thoughts and feelings disappear, you cannot be absolutely silent.

If you love the master, this is not the end; it is just the beginning of a process. The master himself is a device. On your own, it will be very difficult. But if you trust someone -- and you can feel that he has arrived -- you can open your heart, there is no fear.

The master is pure love, not addressed to anybody in particular. You can open to the master, exposing yourself, not hiding behind thoughts, theories, philosophies or religions. Just open and expose yourself with all your wounds, with all your darkness, with all your misery, with all your anger and jealousy. You can open yourself without any fear, because a master never judges. A master has no judgment, he simply loves. And out of his love, he cuts all the barriers and leaves you alone like a flame. There is nothing that you have to do -- just your dancing flame is enough gratitude.

In your enlightenment, the master has again become enlightened. As each disciple becomes enlightened, the master becomes again and again enlightened; and with the sheer joy of a gardener when each of his plants start blossoming. Just watch his eyes -- all those colors, all those flowers dancing in the wind, in the rain, in the sun -- and how long he has been waiting! You are my garden. I will wait until you gather courage, and this courage means disappearing into the soil, losing yourself in complete let-go.

Enlightenment is not somewhere else. It is hiding behind your seed, inside you. You just have to trust. If you trust in yourself, the master is not needed. But because the society has created you in such a way that you cannot trust yourself, you are always divided -- to do it or not to do it, to be or not to be -- your mind is continuously wavering. You need someone unwavering. It is almost like surgery; you cannot do surgery on yourself, it will be very difficult, almost impossible.

You will need someone else and you will have to trust because he is opening your heart or opening your brain and who knows what kind of man he is. But ordinarily you do trust a surgeon even though you do not know him. The function of the master is far more deep. It needs a very conscious love and trust on the disciple's side because the master is going to tear down all your personality and shatter all your mind habits to bring out the hidden flame with all its splendor. You don't have to love it. You will rejoice, you will dance, you will sing, you will share, you will now love all that surrounds you.

Maneasha, even gratitude is not needed; it comes on its own. With your enlightenment your gratitude comes on its own accord. The West is absolutely unaware of why in the East disciples touch the feet of the master.

One day a man came and wanted to touch Gautam Buddha's feet and he said, "Wait. It is not yet time."

The man said, "What do you mean, not yet time?"

Buddha said, "Your hands are empty. Just wait a little until I can see that your hands are full of gratitude. But nothing has happened yet in you which will bring gratitude of its own accord. When it does -- without any effort -- your head will want to touch the feet of your master." The master has been working without any reward. You cannot pay him, you cannot do anything in response to all that has happened to you through him. Gratitude is a very helpless awareness: "At the most, I can touch your feet."

When Sariputta became enlightened, one of the great disciples of Gautam Buddha, he did not even touch his feet. He simply touched the dust near his feet. Buddha said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "To touch your feet seems to be too much. It is enough to touch the dust under your feet." Sariputta says this even though he is enlightened, but he also understands that nothing can be done in return. There is no way to repay it. All that we can do is show our gratitude.

Maneesha has asked another question:

BELOVED OSHO,  
SHOULD NOT WE POINT OUT TO THE SHANKARACHARYA OF PURI THAT ALL THIS RAIN HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH WOMEN COMMITTING SUICIDE, AS HE WOULD LIKE THEM TO, BUT IS BECAUSE YOU DEDICATED THESE DISCOURSES TO THE CLOUDS?  
HIS ENTICEMENT TO DEATH AND YOUR POURING LOVE ON THE CLOUDS -- DOES NOT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HIS ATTITUDE AND YOUR UNDERSTANDING SAY IT ALL?

Maneesha, it is unfortunate that for centuries all the religions have thought in terms of sacrificing; killing men, woman, animals, hoping that in this way the god will be satisfied. It is such a stupid attitude. Is the god a cannibal that he will be happy when you sacrifice? And everything has been sacrificed; even the Hindus, who have been fighting continuously that the government should stop cow slaughter, have been sacrificing cows for centuries before their gods and goddesses.

Those gods and goddesses don't eat the meat. Once sacrificed that meat becomes sacred, and then the Brahmins who are sacrificing it eat it. Nothing to say about cows, the Hindu VEDAS mention *narmedh yagnas* in which men were sacrificed -- young, beautiful men -- and then eaten.

This is such a primitive idea, that God will be happy with you sacrificing life -- life which is God itself. You are destroying life for some fictitious gods who will themselves be sacrificed. Rather than sacrificing these poor people .... There is no reason at all why clouds should come, but the Hindu primitiveness says in the scriptures that the god of the clouds is Indra and he loves sacrifices. So when you sacrifice, Indra sends clouds with rain.

It is unfortunate that even in this century this old stupid idea still continues. And it has not worked even once. Nobody bothers that there are proofs that gods don't bother about your sacrifices, they don't bother about your prayers. In fact, they don't bother because they *are not*. There is no one in the sky to answer your prayers, your sacrifices.

The one who is truly divine is within you, and unless you find it there, you will not find it in anything else. I can see the clouds as divine, I can see the roses as divine -- the universal brotherhood of divine beings. I can see you as buddhas, but you may not accept, you may say: "No, not now, I have to go home. Please wait, my daughter is getting ready to be married. My son is graduating and is going to open a shop. Just a few days more, let me remain ignorant. I will become a buddha when all other concerns are finished."

But those concerns are never finished. Do you conceive of a time when you will not have any concerns? When death comes, do you say to death, "Wait, I have to at least close my shop," or "Wait, I have invited a guest." Death comes without any concern about your involvements, and life goes on, undisturbed. A little stir, a little dust and the great wheel of life's chariot goes moving on. If you can be willing to die when death comes, I am bringing buddhahood to you.

There is no problem. You can be a buddha and still go back home. The idea has been

propounded for centuries that if you become a buddha, then what will happen to your wife and children? Nothing will happen to anybody, anything. You will just be more loving, more compassionate. Now you will help your children to grow in a new way, without conditioning them. You will help them to remain free, so that they can also find the same buddhahood.

The woman you have loved ... buddhahood does not mean that you have to drop loving her. In fact, you have never loved before. It was just so-so, lukewarm. After buddhahood, your love will be really overwhelming, and not only to your wife; anyone who comes close to you will feel suddenly showered with love. Old primitive conditionings are preventing you. Otherwise, there is no need to wait even for a single moment.

Anyway, before you become the buddha ... because after that you may not laugh. Buddhas are not supposed to laugh. They simply sit in the lotus posture with closed eyes, no smile; even laughter is too much. So before you become the buddha, a few laughs. Sardar Gurudayal Singh, laugh before the joke. Where you are hiding?

One tranquil afternoon in the deep forest, Doobedoo, the very handsome frog, is preparing to go for a little hop around the pond. He is feeling pretty good about things today, and a little 'out there,' so he puts on his flashy new white Yves Saint-Laurent swimsuit.

He goes out and takes in the beautiful morning. The sun is streaming softly through the tall pine trees. Doobedoo takes a big breath of fresh air and smiles. Then full of life, he says to a passing deer, "I am God!"

He hops on for a while, and when he comes across a family of dragonflies, he puffs out his chest and says, "I am God!"

A little further on, he comes to Doreen the duck. He makes big eyes at her and in a spiritual tone says, "I am God!"

Doreen looks at the frog and says, "What?"

Doobee says again, "I am God!"

"I have been watching you," says Doreen, "and you have been telling that to everyone around the pond. Are you serious, or is it just that flashy white Yves Saint-Laurent swimsuit?"

"I am God!" says Doobee again.

"Enough of your silliness," says the duck. "Away with you, you smart-faced jerk!"

At this, Doobee pulls down his white swimsuit and exposes his machinery.

Doreen looks in amazement and says slowly, "Oh my God!"

A group of male and female astronauts land on Mars and meet a friendly group of Martians. They chat for a while, and soon the topic of conversation turns to reproduction. One of the Martian couples agrees to demonstrate how it is done on Mars, and the astronauts look on with interest.

The Martians touch tentacles for a moment, and almost immediately a hump grows on the female's front. It grows for a minute and then opens like a flower, and a baby Martian jumps out.

Then the Martians want to be shown how it is done on earth. So two of the astronauts volunteer, lie down on the floor and make love. When the humans have finished, the Martian chief says,

"Very unusual, and I must say, very interesting. But where is the baby? Or was the demonstration a failure?"

"We don't know yet," replies the astronaut. "If it was successful, then the baby will arrive in nine months."

"Nine months?" cries the Martian. "Amazing! But if the child won't be born for nine months, why were you in such a hurry there at the end?"

Solomon Einstein owns a nail-manufacturing company called "Einstein's Nails." Business is very good so he decides to take a winter vacation in Miami. He leaves his son, Matzo, to run the business while he is away.

One sunny morning, Solly is reading the Miami Tribune at breakfast when he comes across a full-page color advertisement with a picture of Jesus nailed to the cross. Under it is written, "They Used Einstein's Nails!"

Solly jumps on the telephone immediately and calls Matzo.

"You idiot!" screams Solomon. "Don't ever say such a thing again!"

Matzo assures Solly that he understands and not to worry, he will do better the next time.

Two days later, Solly is lounging on the balcony of his deluxe hotel room, reading the newspaper. He turns the page, screams and swallows his cigar. There in full color, Jesus is lying in a crumpled heap below the cross, and underneath is written, "They Should Have Used Einstein's Nails!"

Now, Nivedano, give your beats.

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent, close your eyes.

Feel absolutely frozen, no movement.

Gather yourself inward.

Deeper and deeper,

and home starts coming closer.

This silence is so blessed.

In this silence, you are all buddhas.

It is another matter if you forget it again.

Remember it, remember it.

This has nothing to do

with what your life work is;

it is an inner light

which can remain continuously

through the twenty-four hours,

like an underground current.

It will change your whole life,

its style, its pattern, its approach.

Except this,

there is no way to a metamorphosis.

Except this,

there is no way to eternity.

In this moment,  
you are beyond life and beyond death.

To make it deeper, Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax, let go. Be almost dead.  
This will help you  
to go even more deeply into yourself.  
It is an eternal pilgrimage.  
This silence,  
this tremendously beautiful moment,  
has stopped happening in the world  
because people have forgotten  
how to go inwards.  
They can reach the moon,  
but they cannot reach to themselves.  
Rejoice that you are the fortunate ones  
who are moving  
deeper and deeper.  
This serenity,  
this blissfulness  
is your very nature.  
This is what makes one a buddha.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Call all the buddhas back.  
Sit down for a few seconds  
in deep gratitude to this great existence.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate all the buddhas?

Yes Osho.

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# Zen: The Diamond Thunderbolt

## Chapter #6

### Chapter title: The hidden road

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

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BELOVED OSHO,  
ONE DAY, UNGO DOYO WENT UP INTO THE HALL AND QUOTED TOZAN'S OLD SAYING,  
"HELL IS NOT REALLY PAINFUL. WEARING THIS ROBE, TO FAIL TO UNDERSTAND THE  
GREAT MATTER -- THAT LOSS IS MOST PAINFUL."  
ADDRESSING HIS MONKS, DOYO SAID, "YOU ARE ALREADY WITHIN THIS TRADITION. A  
HUNDRED PERCENT IS NOT FAR FROM NINETY PERCENT. YOU SHOULD EXERT A LITTLE  
MORE ENERGY. THEN YOU ELDERS WILL NOT TIRE OF YOUR PERPETUAL JOURNEY AND  
YET WILL NOT TURN AWAY FROM THE MONASTERY."  
HE CONTINUED: "AN ANCIENT HAS SAID, 'IF YOU WISH TO BE ABLE TO BEAR THIS MATTER,  
YOU MUST GO AND STAND ATOP THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN, AND WALK ON THE BOTTOM OF  
THE DEEPEST SEA. ONLY THEN HAVE YOU SOME POWER."  
DOYO SAID, "IF YOU HAVE NOT YET TAKEN CARE OF THE GREAT MATTER, FOR NOW YOU  
MUST TREAD THE HIDDEN ROAD."  
A MONK THEN ASKED, "WHAT IS ESTEEMED BY AN ASCETIC?"  
DOYO SAID, "WHERE MIND'S CONSCIOUSNESS DOES NOT REACH."  
ANOTHER MONK ASKED, "WHAT ARE THE GRADES OF BUDDHAS AND PATRIARCHS?"  
DOYO SAID, "BOTH ARE GRADES."  
A THIRD MONK ASKED, "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE COMING OF BODHIDHARMA FROM  
THE WEST?"  
DOYO SAID, "MEETING NO ONE ON THE ANCIENT ROAD."

Maneesha, the Western approach and the Eastern approach to the understanding of reality have been diametrically opposite. The West has believed in the body, in the outside world, in matter. Therefore a great science has arisen out of it, with all its branches: physics, chemistry, medicine. But the basic thing is that it denies the inner reality of man.

And the East is focused, totally and unconditionally, on the search for the inner: "Who is residing within me?" The body has always been taken just as a house, or like the clothes you wear. You are not your clothes and you are not your body, you are not even your mind. What is left? -- an utter silence. In this silence have arisen heights of consciousness like that of Gautam Buddha, and these heights are not unavailable to others. They are available to you and to everybody else, whoever is ready enough to take just a little turn -- from the outside to the inside. These anecdotes are concerned with this turning point.

ONE DAY, UNGO DOYO WENT UP INTO THE HALL AND QUOTED TOZAN'S OLD SAYING,

"HELL IS NOT REALLY PAINFUL. WEARING THIS ROBE, TO FAIL TO UNDERSTAND THE GREAT MATTER -- THAT LOSS IS MOST PAINFUL."

Now you have to understand the symbols and the metaphors of Zen. HELL IS NOT REALLY PAINFUL because there is no hell other than being outside yourself, and there is no heaven other than being within yourself. Hell and heaven are both just metaphors; they do not denote any reality.

All the religions have made much fuss about them. Their whole exploitation of man depends on two things: fear of hell and greed for heaven. It is such a contradiction that all these religions go on teaching against fear, against greed, but underneath, their whole teaching is based on the fear of hell. If you are not virtuous, if you are not a believer, you will fall into eternal hell; you will be tortured for eternity. If you are a believer, a faithful, virtuous, respectable person, then the doors of heaven are open for you.

It is a contradiction because hell is only a metaphor for fear, and heaven is another metaphor for greed, for lust. Zen does not consider them to be of any significance at all.

That's why Tozan says, "HELL IS NOT REALLY PAINFUL." Don't be bothered about hell. The real pain is that you are wearing the robe of a monk, a sannyasin; you have declared yourself as a seeker of truth, but still you are not going withinwards, you have not yet found the way. And your inner world is not very far away.

This turning in is called 'the great matter'. "WEARING THIS ROBE, TO FAIL TO UNDERSTAND THE GREAT MATTER ...." Science is only trying to understand matter -- what about the great matter? What about the scientist himself? Albert Einstein may have discovered great things about matter, but what about himself? He knows nothing at all. He has never even thought that there is another universe waiting to be explored -- and it is the real universe. The outer will be lost with your death, but the inner will continue. The inner is your ultimate pilgrimage. Hence it is right to call it the great matter -- the great and ultimate concern.

This is the most painful thing, according to Tozan: that your paradise is so close and yet you go on missing it. Your buddhahood is just a question of opening your eyes. If you can become just a little more alert than you are, a little more conscious, you will enter into the timeless reality of existence. Its splendor is great -- it has no beginning and no end.

This is the most painful part for anyone who has realized his own self -- he can see millions of people in suffering. What is there in the world except suffering, except misery, except pain? Every pleasure turns into pain and all your joy is so superficial -- it is not even skin deep. It can be disturbed by a single word uttered against you -- that is the depth of your joy.

What are your riches? They will all be taken away. What are your possessions? You have come into the world naked, and naked you will have to go out of it. If you don't search for who it is who comes and goes, but just become involved in the non-essentials of life -- this is the greatest pain possible. To live and yet to miss the source of life; to live only superficially, never going into the depths of your being or the heights of your consciousness; to just remain mundane -- this is the most painful thing according to the Eastern approach. And I absolutely agree with it.

ADDRESSING HIS MONKS, DOYO SAID, "YOU ARE ALREADY WITHIN THIS TRADITION. A HUNDRED PERCENT IS NOT FAR FROM NINETY PERCENT."

You are already ninety percent a buddha; and a hundred percent is not far away. But remember one thing -- that even ninety-nine percent will not be close enough. Even

ninety-nine-point-nine percent will still be distant. You have to be a hundred percent here and now at the very center of your being, and suddenly there arises within you a new, fresh, eternal consciousness that knows nothing of pain, nothing of death; it knows no beginning and no end. Your potential has blossomed into a lotus.

You must have seen Gautam Buddha's statues: he is sitting on a lotus. That lotus is symbolic of the blossoming of consciousness to its ultimate possibility and potentiality. "A HUNDRED PERCENT IS NOT FAR FROM NINETY PERCENT. YOU SHOULD EXERT A LITTLE MORE ENERGY. THEN YOU ELDERS WILL NOT TIRE OF YOUR PERPETUAL JOURNEY AND YET WILL NOT TURN AWAY FROM THE MONASTERY."

There is a Tibetan saying, that a hundred persons start to seek the truth, and perhaps only one reaches it. Ninety-nine get lost somewhere on the way. They either become involved in some other business or they go astray. There are thousands of ways of going astray and there is only one way of going into yourself.

Just a single inch's difference and you are lost; you will not find yourself. Every thought is trying to take you astray. Every feeling, every sentiment -- all the qualities of your mind are enemies as far as the discovery of your center is concerned, because they are all pushing you forward, outward: "Become a success, become prestigious, be more powerful." And your inner being remains starving. You go on pouring your energy into the outside world, which is not really your home, and your real being is starving inside, waiting, for hundreds of lives. It is hoping that one day you will turn back, wondering how long you can go on missing.

I am reminded of a great king who was a lover of archery. He himself was an adept, a master of archery. He was passing through a village and he saw, on every tree, an arrow stuck exactly in the middle of a circle. He could not believe his eyes, that in this village lives such a great archer.

He stopped his chariot and asked the people, "Who is this master archer?" They laughed and said, "Don't bother about him; he is the village idiot."

The king said, "Whoever he is, he is a great archer."

The villagers said, "You don't understand his strategy. First he shoots the arrow and then he makes a circle round it." Obviously, he is a hundred percent successful; he never fails.

In the inside world, you cannot deceive anyone in such a way. You know your center and then you simply become radiant and fragrant, a dance unto yourself. If you don't know it, you may pretend that you are happy, but it is all hypocrisy.

Have you ever thought about all the stories that end up with the marriage of the hero and the heroine, with the sentence, "Afterwards they lived happily"? Afterwards! In every story ... you cannot find a single story in which this "afterwards they lived happily" does not appear; but it is because afterwards is the hell, it is better not to talk about it. All the pleasure is before the marriage; by the time the honeymoon ends, everything is finished. You will be fortunate if your love can survive the honeymoon -- two weeks is too much! Two weeks together, just exploring the same geography ....

(SARDAR GURUDAYAL SINGH GIVES A HEARTY LAUGH, THEN EVERYONE ELSE LAUGHS.)

Look! You cannot defeat Sardar. He is really a nice fellow. He has lived many honeymoons; he is not laughing out of ignorance -- he knows it!

One becomes fed up. Just to ask human beings to be together more than two weeks is absolutely inhuman, because then comes misery and suffering; and this misery and suffering is perpetuated by all the churches and the religions. Because if there is no misery and no

suffering, who is going to go to the churches? The fellows you find in churches are those who are suffering and asking God, "Why you are so hard on me? Could not you give this woman to somebody else?"

An old Jew was dying on the road after an accident. A Catholic priest, passing by, went near to the old man out of great Catholic mercy, and said, "Remember God, his only begotten son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost."

The Jew opened his eyes and said, "At least at the time of my death, don't give me any riddle. Death is enough -- now don't torture me with riddles. God, the only begotten son, and the Holy Ghost ...?"

But the priest said, "You were praying -- I saw your lips moving."

He said, "Yes, I am praying. I am saying, `God, for four thousand years we have been your chosen people and we have suffered enough. Now you should choose somebody else.'"

Everybody is suffering more from his friends than from his enemies, because nobody marries enemies. Marriage is a contract between potential enemies. Within two weeks everything will be clear. But then the religions force people to remain together: "Suffer, be miserable, and pray to God." But by the way, God exists not, so all your prayers are just going into the empty sky -- there is no one to respond.

But everybody in the world is living in all kinds of miseries; and they have chosen those miseries.

There is an ancient parable in India about a very rich man, very successful; he was so rich that even the king had to borrow money from him. He had everything that was possible, but he was always very sad and miserable, always a long face. A young man used to come every day to give him massage, who was always happy. He had nothing to be happy about -- and that was the problem for the rich man. The poor fellow got one rupee per day. In those days, a rupee was really a rupee. The word `rupee' means `gold'. One rupee was enough for one day, to live happily. That poor man was not poor -- he was living so joyously, and playing on his flute in the middle of the night.

The rich man was worried because this fellow had nothing except one rupee every day. "Why is he always so happy, so smiling, so laughing, playing on his flute, singing, dancing?" The poor man lived close by, in a small room that the rich man had provided for him.

The rich man asked his friend, who was as rich as he was, "What could be the reason for this poor fellow's being so happy?"

His friend said, "I will give you the answer." And that night, suddenly, the poor fellow woke up. Somebody had thrown a bag from the roof containing ninety-nine rupees. That was the last day of his happiness. Now he started to think, "How can I save some money and make it at least a hundred?" He had never bothered -- one rupee per day was enough to live as richly as he wanted. But now he had more than he could use for the day; he had to save. When it became one hundred, the desire jumped up, flared up. If he went on collecting, soon he would have two hundred, three hundred, four hundred. And as more and more money started accumulating, he became more and more miserable, continuously thinking of money. The song disappeared, the dance disappeared; the flute was heard no more.

One day when the rich man was being massaged, he asked him, "What has happened to you? You don't look happy any more. Has some calamity happened?"

He said, "Yes, a calamity has happened. Somebody threw ninety-nine rupees into my house, and since that day I have not slept well, because the desire to have more and more has been aroused."

Once you have the desire for more of anything, life is misery. It may be knowledge, it

may be money, it may be power; you may start desiring anything, but you will become more and more sad. It is such a difficult world ....

The prime minister of the country was visiting a psychiatric hospital, and the superintendent of the hospital was explaining to him about every inmate. One man was just crying and crying and beating his head against the wall.

The prime minister asked, "What is the matter? What happened to this poor fellow?"

He said, "He used to love a woman but could not get married to her. His suffering is intense."

And in the next room, another man was doing the same act -- beating his head, tearing his hair. The prime minister said, "What happened to him?"

The superintendent laughed. He said, "He married that same woman."

Misery is bound to be there whether you marry the woman or you don't marry the woman, or the man; whether you go into this profession or into that profession. Everywhere you will find yourself miserable, because always you want more, and life is fleeting. Moment to moment, death is coming closer, and you have not achieved your goal.

Outside there is nothing but misery. We can try to put on masks, we can try to smile, but in fact we want to weep.

Friedrich Nietzsche has written exactly that sentence: "Don't be fooled by my smiles; I smile only when I want to hide my tears. I don't want to expose my wounds to anyone -- it is so humiliating."

And it becomes even more painful to see how close is the door of your paradise -- you are carrying it. A Sufi story makes it clear:

Mulla Nasruddin was carrying the door of his house. Somebody asked, "What are you doing?"

He said, "I am going into another town for some work."

They said, "You can go, but why are you carrying this door?"

He said, "You are absolutely unintelligent. If there is no door to my house, how can any thief enter? I always take my door with me."

It is a Sufi way of saying that the door of your paradise is not somewhere beyond the clouds; it is right within you. And except you, nobody else can enter into it.

HE CONTINUED: "AN ANCIENT HAS SAID, 'IF YOU WISH TO BE ABLE TO BEAR THIS MATTER, YOU MUST GO AND STAND ATOP THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN, AND WALK ON THE BOTTOM OF THE DEEPEST SEA. ONLY THEN HAVE YOU SOME POWER.'"

It looks contradictory: how can you manage to be on the highest top of a mountain, and at the same time at the deepest depth of the ocean? But inside it is not a contradiction, because on the inside the highest point of your consciousness is also the deepest point. It is as high as any Everest, and it is as deep as any Pacific; it is both together. And unless you have found this, you don't have any power -- you are just a miserable creature. You don't have even yourself, what to say about power?

DOYO SAID, "IF YOU HAVE NOT YET TAKEN CARE OF THE GREAT MATTER, FOR NOW YOU MUST TREAD THE HIDDEN ROAD."

The road, of course, is hidden, because it is not outside, like a highway; it is an absolutely private footpath inwards where nobody has ever traveled. You make it yourself at the same time as you move inside; it is not ready-made -- because nobody else can enter within you, only you can go there. But it is a question only of a single step -- the journey is not long. The

moment you close your eyes and start looking inwards, suddenly you are amazed that this is what you have been seeking for many lives, and it is hidden just inside you. The road is hidden, but it is not long -- just a single step.

A MONK THEN ASKED, "WHAT IS ESTEEMED BY AN ASCETIC?"

DOYO SAID, "WHERE MIND'S CONSCIOUSNESS DOES NOT REACH."

You must have heard the definition of an ascetic. In Zen they are not accepted, but in other religions the ascetic is one who tortures himself as a sacrifice to get God's blessings; he becomes a sacrificial lamb. He hungers, he starves himself, he beats his body; he remains naked in winter, in summer. By an ascetic is meant somebody who sacrifices his body and bodily pleasures in search of God.

Zen has a totally different approach, because this kind of ascetic is simply a psychological case; it is nothing to do with religion. How, even if God is there, will he be made happy by your starvation? By torturing yourself you are simply proving that you are a masochist, that you enjoy torturing yourself.

It is said that the perfect marriage is between a masochist and a sadist. A sadist is one who loves to torture and the masochist is one who loves to be tortured; it is the perfect marriage. But it is very difficult to find any perfection in this world; just once in a while it happens.

All the religions have been teaching psychological sickness to people. Zen has nothing to do with any psychological sickness, because it is not an exploitation of your sickness -- it is a sharing of joy and it brings you to your wholeness and health.

It even defines the word 'ascetic' as "WHERE MIND'S CONSCIOUSNESS DOES NOT REACH" -- that which is beyond mind, where no thought can reach, but only pure silence, serenity. In that silence, in that meditative state, you achieve your own innermost treasure.

ANOTHER MONK ASKED, "WHAT ARE THE GRADES OF BUDDHAS AND PATRIARCHS?"

Our mind always thinks in grades, in hierarchies, in bureaucracies: who is higher, who is lower. But the moment you transcend the mind you also transcend this tendency to categorize. Then whether you call the man who has gone beyond 'the buddha' or 'the enlightened one' or 'the awakened one' .... You can call him 'the master' or 'the patriarch' but there is no difference in their consciousnesses. They have all done a single thing -- they have left their mind and body behind and they have just centered their wholeness within, unmoving. This is the greatest blessing that is possible for a man. In this moment you become a buddha, a god, yourself.

Remember the difference: other religions are trying to pray to God; Zen is trying to discover God in you.

There is no other God than your pure consciousness, and your pure consciousness is not yours; it is simply consciousness. It covers every other consciousness, it joins hands with the universal consciousness. You disappear like a dewdrop -- the ocean remains. But this disappearance in the ocean is such a benediction, it is the only benediction there is.

A THIRD MONK ASKED, "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE COMING OF BODHIDHARMA FROM THE WEST?"

These are traditional Zen questions.

DOYO SAID, "MEETING NO ONE ON THE ANCIENT ROAD."

These small questions had been answered thousands of times by different masters in different ways, but they always brought a new light to it. Now Doyo is bringing a tremendous new insight: that Bodhidharma came to China from India, but wanted to meet no one; he

wanted to meet someone whose ego had died, who was no more a personality but just a presence, a fragrance. This is MEETING NO ONE ON THE ANCIENT ROAD. All the buddhas have been moving in search of those who are ready to disappear into the ocean.

This is what we are doing here: trying in every possible way to put aside the mind that is given by the society, and to bring our innocence -- the gift of nature -- and disappear into the silence of the sky and the trees.

If your thoughts stop, you stop; then what remains is the divine dance of consciousness. Hakuin has written a small poem:

YOU NO SOONER ATTAIN THE GREAT VOID  
THAN BODY AND MIND ARE LOST TOGETHER.  
HEAVEN AND HELL -- A STRAW.  
THE BUDDHA-REALM, PANDEMONIUM -- SHAMBLES.  
LISTEN: A NIGHTINGALE STRAINS HER VOICE,  
SERENADING THE SNOW.  
LOOK: A TORTOISE WEARING A SWORD  
CLIMBS THE LAMPSTAND.  
SHOULD YOU DESIRE THE GREAT TRANQUILITY,  
PREPARE TO SWEAT WHITE BEADS.

These small poems stress a single point: that you have to be so receptive -- with no obstruction to your eyes, to your ears, to your sensitivity -- that the whole of life becomes a music, a poetry. Then everything starts looking different: the green is greener, the rose is rosier. It is the same song, but with a new meaning, a new significance; the same mirror, but there is no longer any dust gathered on it.

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,  
I DO NOT FEEL THE PAIN OF BEING A DISCIPLE AND NOT UNDERSTANDING  
ENLIGHTENMENT, AS I DO THE HELL OF THOSE TIMES OF BEING CLOSED TO YOU.  
IN FACT, I SEEM TO ONLY BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND ANYTHING AT ALL IN THE CONTEXT  
OF YOU, THE MASTER. YOU ARE MY FRAMEWORK, MY TOUCHSTONE. IS THAT OKAY?

Maneesha, absolutely okay -- not only for you, but for every buddha who is present here. These seven thousand buddhas are here just to be awakened, and to look into my awakening as a touchstone.

Before we enter into our inner doors, a little laughter will be helpful, just to dust and cleanse your mind.

Two madmen, Goonski and Nutzo, are standing in a field within the grounds of the asylum. They are gazing in silence at a beautiful sunset when Goonski says with delight, "Oh wow!"

"Oh yes," replies Nutzo. "Really wow, oh, wow!"

After a while, Nutzo turns to Goonski and says, "You know, for a show like this, these guys must have spent plenty of money; but they won't even give us three dollars to go and see the gorillas in the zoo!"

Henry and Morris are partners in a tailors shop in New York. One summer, Henry goes on his first hunting trip. When he gets back to the shop afterwards, Morris cannot wait to hear

all about it.

"Well," begins Henry, "I go into the woods with the guide, but you know me, within five minutes I get lost. So I'm walking around in the woods, not knowing where I am, when all of a sudden I come face to face with the biggest goddamn bear you have ever seen. I turn around and run as fast as I can, but the bear is running faster.

"Just when I feel his hot breath on my neck, he slips and falls. I keep running, but the bear is catching up again. He is almost on top of me when he slips and falls again. Then I run into a clearing, with the bear close behind, and I see the other hunters and shout for help. Just then the bear slips and falls again, and the guide is able to shoot and kill him."

"Wow!" says Morris. "That is quite a story. You are a very brave man. If that had been me, I would have shit in my pants!"

"Use your brain, Morris," snaps Henry. "What do you think the bear was slipping on?"

The distraught young man is perched on the ledge, forty floors up, and he is threatening to jump. The police are pleading with him to return to safety, but he seems determined to commit suicide. A priest is called from the nearby church, and he hurries to the scene.

"Think, my son," he intones to the young man. "Think of your mother and father who love you."

"They don't love me," shouts the man, "I'm jumping!"

"No, stop!" cries the priest. "Think of the woman who loves you!"

"Nobody loves me! I'm jumping!" he shouts back.

"But think," the priest begs, "think of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph who love you!"

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph?" cries the man. "Who the hell are they?"

At which point the priest throws down his bible and screams back, "Jump, you Jew, jump!"

Now, Nivedano ... give a good beat and everybody goes crazy.

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent. Close your eyes.

Feel as if your body is frozen.

Gather your energy inwards.

Travel this ancient path

to your own center.

Deeper, deeper, deeper;

and as you go deep,

you start feeling

a totally different dimension

opening within you.

This is the great matter;

the door to the kingdom of God.

God is within you.  
Other than this,  
there is no God anywhere.

To make it absolutely clear, Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)  
Relax. Let go.

Completely die,  
as far as your body and mind is concerned.  
Just feel the beyond; it is your home.  
This beyond opens  
the lotus of your being.  
This beyond makes you  
a buddha.  
In a lightning moment,  
suddenly you are no more ordinary --  
you have become a sacred mountain.  
Simultaneously  
at the top of a great mountain  
and in the depths of a great ocean ...  
where these two meet,  
this is your very center.  
This is the center of the cyclone.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Call all the buddhas back.  
Sit down for a few moments  
to realize and recognize where you have been.  
Recollect the joy,  
the blissfulness, the ecstasy,  
so that it becomes part of your being,  
twenty-four hours.  
Whatever you are doing --  
carrying water from the well or chopping wood --  
you are a buddha.  
To be a buddha is the destiny  
of every human being.  
To miss it is really painful.  
To get it is to be blessed.

Okay, Maneesha?  
Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate all the buddhas present here?  
Yes, Osho.

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# Zen: The Diamond Thunderbolt

## Chapter #7

### Chapter title: Life is not a dictionary

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BELOVED OSHO,  
WHEN GANTO TOOK LEAVE OF TOKUSAN, TOKUSAN SAID, "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"  
GANTO SAID, "FOR NOW I AM TAKING LEAVE OF YOU, MASTER, AND GOING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN."  
TOKUSAN SAID, "AFTER THAT, THEN WHAT?"  
GANTO SAID, "I WON'T FORGET YOU, MASTER."  
"BY VIRTUE OF WHAT DO YOU SAY THIS?" INQUIRED TOKUSAN.  
GANTO SAID, "HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THAT WHEN A MONK'S KNOWLEDGE IS EQUAL TO HIS TEACHER'S HE HAS LESS THAN HALF HIS TEACHER'S VIRTUE; WHEN HIS KNOWLEDGE SURPASSES THE TEACHER'S ONLY THEN IS HE QUALIFIED FOR THE TRANSMISSION?"  
TOKUSAN SAID, "SO IT IS, SO IT IS. GUARD IT WELL ON YOUR OWN."

Maneesha, before I discuss the anecdote placed before me, I have few a urgent things to say.

First: one of my very intimate and ancient enemies, ex-Prime Minister Morarji Desai, has been thrown out of his home in Bombay by the Supreme Court. At his age -- he must be more than ninety .... He has been occupying the house, Oceana, on Marine Drive, for twenty-two years illegally. When he was in power the owner of the house could not do anything, but now he is no more in power. He is weeping before the news media, saying, "I have been made homeless."

I would like to invite him to be part of my ashram here, on two conditions. First, he has to undergo a test for AIDS and produce the negative certificate. Secondly, he has to drop the dirty old habit of drinking his own urine -- that is prohibited here. He can bring his spinning wheel, it is innocent; and we will not ask him to do anything else -- he can go on spinning his wheel day and night. We will provide him with every facility that is possible, even though while he was in power he tried constantly to destroy this ashram, not knowing that in the end only this ashram would provide him a home.

Life takes strange turns.

Secondly: all over India, the progressive and intelligent newspapers and magazines have supported my statements against the Shankaracharya of Puri. But a few Hindu chauvinists have criticized me and I have to answer them.

One criticism has appeared in many papers by a man called Sharma. It is hilarious to see

that people don't even understand the meaning of their surnames. Sharma comes from *sharman*, the name of the lowest brahmin class, who used to butcher cows in their religious rituals. `Sharman' means `the butcher'. Still, people go on writing under the name Sharma, not knowing that they are declaring their butcherhood and their forefathers' ugly violence.

He has been writing against me, that I should not ask for a negative AIDS test from the Shankaracharya because he is celibate. How does he know? Just because he is a religious head, that does not mean that he cannot have AIDS. In fact, there is more possibility of his having AIDS because he is a celibate and a religious head than there would be in any other profession.

It is now a proved fact all over the world that priests have been found to be homosexuals, and many priests are suffering from AIDS. We cannot make any exception for anybody. In fact, the Shankaracharya of Puri has declared himself a harijan. According to his scriptures, he should not enter into any temple -- his own temple included. And if he enters into any temple, that means that harijans can enter into any temple around the country.

People have been deceiving ... that just by changing names .... All the Hindu scriptures call them *sudras* -- untouchables -- but now suddenly they have become `harijans' -- `beloved of God'. And if they are beloved of God, who are all these other bastards -- five billion -- in the world? And only God's beloveds are not allowed to enter in the temples, and everybody else is allowed?

Religion and politics together have been the greatest calamity for humanity. Not a single politician has spoken against the Shankaracharya's statements because they are afraid that if harijans separate from Hindus -- although Hindus have for thousands of years kept them separate .... There is no need to keep them separate -- they *are* separate. The politician is worried, not about the temple, not about the scriptures -- but because the harijans have one fourth of the Hindu votes. If they go out of the Hindu fold, these politicians will be out of power.

They are completely silent on such an important issue, and rather than arresting the priests who were preventing harijans from entering Nath Dwara, the harijans have been arrested. And still these politicians and priests want harijans to remain part of Hindu society.

There is a limit to everything. This is too much -- too inhuman! They cannot read Hindu scriptures. They cannot touch Hindus -- not even with their shadow. They cannot remain in the city -- they have to live outside it. They cannot enter into any temple. On what grounds are they called Hindus?

And this fellow, Sharma, is blaming me, that I am trying to create a separation. I am not creating a separation, Sharma; it is you and your forefathers who have kept the harijans separate. I am trying to bring them into the temples. And if you want them to be part of your politics, then forget your scriptures and let them into the temples.

Even a man like Mahatma Gandhi lied. Although he has written an autobiography entitled MY EXPERIMENTS WITH THE TRUTH, he obviously does not know truth; he is still experimenting. And meanwhile he is using so many lies. He promised that the first president of India after the British left would be a harijan -- and not only a harijan, but a harijan woman. And as the British Empire disappeared, the person who became president was neither a harijan nor a woman. The person who became the prime minister .... The whole power went into the hands of those same exploiters who had been oppressing this country for centuries. From the British, it passed into the hands of the old exploiters, and India remains in slavery.

Because I am telling the truth, it hurts.

Mahatma Gandhi used to pray every evening and morning, "God is one. You can call him Ram, you can call him Allah." But it was just to keep the Hindus and Mohammedans together for political reasons. He never mentioned the KORAN; he always mentioned the GITA and called the GITA his mother. Although he is dead, I want it to be on record that the KORAN must therefore be his father.

His eldest son, Haridas, married a Mohammedan woman, and converted to Mohammedanism. It was a true test of Mahatma Gandhi's honesty, his integrity -- and he failed in it. He said to his wife, "Haridas cannot enter into my house again. And I don't want to see him even when I die." The tradition in India is that when a man dies, his eldest son gives fire to the funeral pyre. Gandhi's anger was so much that he willed it that Haridas would not be allowed to even come near his funeral pyre. He would be dead, but his anger ... and the whole world thinks he was a man of peace; the whole world thinks he was a mahatma, a 'great soul' -- my foot!

He had said that the country would be divided into India and Pakistan only over his dead body. But the country was divided with his consent, and he completely forgot that he had been saying continually: "While I am alive, the country cannot be divided." He was the one who was responsible for dividing the country.

He was also the one who gave the untouchables the name 'harijans'. But he himself never tried to allow harijans their dignity as human beings, because he could not offend the higher Hindu castes. Harijans are perhaps the longest-exploited group of people in the world -- they are utterly crushed. But not even the prime minister of India, Rajiv Gandhi, has spoken against the Shankaracharya. In fact, he will go and touch his feet just to gain the votes of the high-caste Hindus. Those two hundred harijans could not have been arrested without Rajiv's knowing. It will be good when the Shankaracharya gathers the courage to come here. Rajiv is also invited -- because these politicians and priests together are the cause of the poverty and the slavery of this country. But they are interested only in their power. I am not a politician, but they seem to be very much afraid of me.

It is a strange story but even Indians coming to the ashram are being harassed by the police; and these are police sent from Delhi, by the central government. And Indians are being asked for their passports -- in their own country. It is against the very constitution; it is against freedom of movement -- in your own country you have to carry your passport! I have never heard such a stupidity happening anywhere in the world; but India is really a genius in being stupid.

It is strange that although India is in such poverty, it is wasting 190 million dollars per year on advertising in other countries for tourists to come to India. And on the other hand, when my people come here they are harassed in every possible way. And my people are pouring ten million rupees per day into Poona's economy. If the government was a little intelligent, instead of there being seven thousand people here, there could be one hundred thousand sannyasins from all over the world. I wanted Poona to be the capital of the world. But because of these idiots ....

Rajiv is perfectly aware that it was me who proposed to Indira Gandhi to train him to be the prime minister. He is taking revenge on me because he knows I was the person. And he was afraid and Indira said to me, "What can I do? You try to convince him. He does not want to leave his service as a pilot in Indian Airlines."

And now that he is the prime minister .... When he was just a pilot, he was asking again and again to come here to see me, to ask my advice. And now he is the person in power who is trying all around the world, through the Indian embassies, to refuse to give visas to

anybody who is coming to Poona. Poona has become my personal property!

I want the whole world to know that if people are harassed because they are coming to Poona, then no tourist should come to India. Then let them suffer the whole loss, and stop your Department of Tourism -- the whole ministry is meaningless. They are doing contradictory things: they invite people to see the relics of Ajanta and Ellora and now they are advertising very heavily in Japan for the Buddhists to come to Bodhgaya where Buddha became enlightened. But they are preventing people from coming here where Buddha is still alive! He is not only alive -- he is ready to impart the same consciousness to anybody who is receptive. Bodhgaya can have no meaning at all, it is just a graveyard.

I want my sannyasins to be aware that they should not be in any way defensive in Indian embassies. Make them aware: "Your government is inviting us -- all these posters and advertisements on the television, on the radio, in newspapers -- and who are you to prevent us?"

Hundreds of people have been sent back from Indian airports, just on the suspicion that they may be my sannyasins. Perhaps many may not even have known my name. A few sannyasins who have come have had to deny that they know me at all. "Do you want us to know something about Osho before we can enter India?" They have to give a promise that they are not going to see Osho. What kind of fear is this? It is the fear of truth; because politics is the profession of lying, just as priesthood is.

We have to fight around the world against all kinds of priests and all kinds of politicians. It is a question of the very survival of freedom on the earth. Maneesha has brought:

BELOVED OSHO,  
WHEN GANTO TOOK LEAVE OF TOKUSAN, TOKUSAN SAID, "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"  
GANTO SAID, "FOR NOW I AM TAKING LEAVE OF YOU, MASTER, AND GOING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN."  
TOKUSAN SAID, "AFTER THAT, THEN WHAT?"  
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"BY VIRTUE OF WHAT DO YOU SAY THIS?"  
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GANTO SAID, "HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THAT WHEN A MONK'S KNOWLEDGE IS EQUAL TO HIS TEACHER'S, HE HAS LESS THAN HALF HIS TEACHER'S VIRTUE; WHEN HIS KNOWLEDGE SURPASSES THE TEACHER'S, ONLY THEN IS HE QUALIFIED FOR THE TRANSMISSION?"  
TOKUSAN SAID, "SO IT IS, SO IT IS. GUARD IT WELL ON YOUR OWN."

In translation, the most significant part is always lost. Tokusan is a great master. Ganto was a student, not even a disciple, because a disciple never takes leave of the master. A disciple becomes almost a part of the very being of the master. There arises an invisible connection between the two hearts. They dance together.

But Ganto must have been just a student, collecting knowledge from this master, from that master. He was not even aware of the distinction between the teacher and the master, nor about the distinction between the disciple and the student. A student is concerned with knowledge, a disciple is concerned with being; he just wants to be at the highest peak of his own potentiality. He does not want to carry scriptures unnecessarily on his back, he wants the lotus to blossom within his own being. A disciple is not a student. A disciple is a lover. The student is only collecting knowledge.

TOKUSAN SAID, "WHERE ARE YOU GOING? If you are really a disciple, there is no going, no coming anymore, because you have found the catalytic agent which is going to

transform your being. But if you are going, at least I can ask you where." It is out of compassion that Tokusan is saying to Ganto, "Please understand: going away from here is going away from yourself. By accident, you have come very close to the explosion, so where are you going now? When spring is about to come, you are going? When the flowers are going to blossom in all their colors, you are going? Where are you going?"

Ganto could not understand. A student is very poor as far as existential experience is concerned.

GANTO SAID, "FOR NOW I AM TAKING LEAVE OF YOU, MASTER, AND GOING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN."

He does not know the difference between master and teacher; he has no right to call Tokusan 'master'. In the dictionary it means the same thing, but life is not a dictionary. The master is one who can transmit his being to you, who can -- just by being present -- create a situation in which you become a fire. The teacher can only talk about what the scriptures say. The master is a presence, a silence. Even in his words, he is trying to help you to move towards the wordless.

But Ganto was in sheer confusion. He said, "FOR NOW I AM TAKING LEAVE OF YOU, MASTER ..."

If I had been in the place of Tokusan, I would have ordered Sardar Gurudayal Singh to take care of this fellow Ganto, to hit him three times. He cannot use the word 'master', he is making it synonymous with 'teacher'.

" ... AND GOING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN." TOKUSAN SAID, "AFTER THAT, THEN WHAT?"

What will you do down the mountain? From THERE, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"GANTO SAID, "I WON'T FORGET YOU, MASTER." There is no question of forgetting the master. The disciple carries the master in his heart, not in his memory. He is carrying the same flame within him, not in his thoughts.

GANTO SAID, "I WON'T FORGET YOU, MASTER."

Again and again, it is becoming clearer that he is simply a student.

Tokusan asked him, "BY VIRTUE OF WHAT DO YOU SAY THIS?" He is saying, "You have not even known me. On what grounds are you saying that you will not forget me? How can you forget someone you have not known either? Before you can forget, the basic requirement is at least to know. By what virtue are you saying this?"

GANTO SAID, -- and this is a quotation from ancient Buddhist scriptures -- "HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THAT WHEN A MONK'S KNOWLEDGE IS EQUAL TO HIS TEACHER'S, HE HAS LESS THAN HALF HIS TEACHER'S VIRTUE; WHEN HIS KNOWLEDGE SURPASSES THE TEACHER'S, ONLY THEN IS HE QUALIFIED FOR THE TRANSMISSION?"

He does not understand what he is talking about. This statement in the Buddhist scriptures has nothing to do with knowledge; it has something to do with knowing. That's how things change their color in translations. Knowing is an existential thing, knowledge is just memory. Even a computer has knowledge because it has memory. By memorizing scriptures, you don't prove your intelligence, you only prove that you are a good computer.

The scriptures certainly say this, "If the disciple's knowing is even half of his master's knowing, he also has half the virtue that his master has. But if his knowing surpasses the teacher's, only then is he qualified for the transmission."

In the translation, everything has become topsy-turvy. You cannot surpass the master's knowing because the master in the ultimate sense knows nothing. How can you surpass

nothing -- do you think there is any possibility? Something can be surpassed, but nothing cannot be surpassed. Nothing is vast and limitless, how can you surpass it?

But Tokusan is one of the great compassionate teachers. Rather than hitting Ganto, out of compassion he simply says, "Yes. It is so, SO IT IS. GUARD IT WELL ON YOUR OWN. I take back my responsibility for you, now you are on your own, be on guard." In fact what he is saying is, "Now I am no more concerned with you. You are breaking all the bridges between you and me. Whatever you think, whatever you have understood, guard it well and be on your own."

No master can force anybody to be enlightened. No master can create a fetter for the disciple. No master will say, "Remain with me." It is the disciple's heart that wants to remain. It is not an order from the side of the master, it is the love from the side of the disciple. It is a great love affair, 'the great matter'. You can understand it because you are not students and this is not a university. This is simply a gathering of seekers who have fallen in love with a master, who have recognized in their deepest heart that this is the place where they belong.

But it is not an order. From my side, you are absolutely free. If nobody comes here, I will still come every evening to talk to the bamboos. It is your decision to be here or not to be here. But Tokusan is compassionate, saying that, "If you are leaving, then just be on guard. You can go astray very easily. You have not understood anything."

A haiku by Boryu:

CLOUD ABOVE LOTUS --  
IT TOO  
BECOMES A BUDDHA.

I love this haiku particularly for this series. It is dedicated to the clouds. CLOUD ABOVE LOTUS -- IT TOO BECOMES A BUDDHA. To be a buddha is everybody's right. If you don't claim it, it is only your fault. Recognize it and live it and you will be suddenly surprised that everything in your life is changing -- just from the recognition that your inner being is already a buddha, already awakened. But you have not taken care.

The English word 'ignorance' is beautiful, but not in the sense that it is usually understood. To me it means ignoring your buddhahood. That is ignorance, the only ignorance. Ignoring your buddhahood -- the only ignorance; knowing your buddhahood -- the only knowledge.

Saigyo's verse runs:

WHAT IT IS  
I KNOW NOT;  
BUT WITH GRATITUDE  
MY TEARS FALL.

Just today, Leela has sent a question to me: "People who are doing the Mystic Rose meditation in the third stage, the watcher on the hills -- many start feeling tears coming for no reason at all. What has to be done about it?"

Leela, nothing has to be done about it. This is simply beautiful. These tears are not of pain. These tears of people in silence are of gratitude. These are just flowers, they are pouring unto the feet of existence itself. Rejoice in their tears. Remember this saying of Saigyo -- a great master -- WHAT IT IS, I KNOW NOT; BUT WITH GRATITUDE MY TEARS FALL. Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO, THE UNSURPASSABLE MAN,  
WOULD YOU AGREE THAT YOUR DISCIPLES WILL HAVE ONLY PROVED THEMSELVES WHEN  
THEY SURPASS YOU? OR DO WE NEED ONLY TO SURPASS OURSELVES?

The moment, Maneesha, you surpass yourself ... then there is no you and no I. When the disciple surpasses himself, there is a great meeting of consciousnesses; just as when lovers meet, it is at a lower status, a meeting of bodies. The master and disciple meet at the highest altitude -- as pure consciousnesses, as two clouds merging into each other. There is no question of surpassing the master, because when you have surpassed yourself, you will not find any master, you will not find any disciple. You will find only a pure consciousness which is one.

Before we enter into this one consciousness, a few small laughters, just to make the journey a little light.

Old Mrs. Bathead and Mrs. Kooch meet on holiday and are sitting on the porch of their Catskill Mountain hotel.

"Oh my God!" exclaims Mrs. Bathead. "Look at that boy. Did you ever see such a big twisted nose? And such a huge crooked mouth? And look -- he is cross-eyed too!"

"That," says Mrs. Kooch, "happens to be my son."

"Well," says Mrs. Bathead, "on him, it looks very becoming."

Kowalski and Nurdski stagger out of the bar, stumble over to a lamppost, unzip, take things in hand and start to pee.

A cop sees them standing there, walks over and says, "Hey, you two! Put those things away and stop what you are doing. Where do you think you are, India?"

The two Polacks zip up their pants obediently. But when the cop has gone, Kowalski starts to laugh.

"What is so funny?" asks Nurdski.

"I fooled that cop," says Kowalski, "I put it away, but I didn't stop!"

Jemima and Beulah are hanging out on the front porch.

"Did you hear about Mrs. Berrypatch having quadruplets?" says Jemima.

"Well what the hell are they?" cries Beulah.

"Dumb cluck!" says Jemima. "That's when you have four babies in one go. And I heard that it only happens once every sixty thousand times!"

"Glory Jeezus!" howls Beulah. "When the hell does that woman ever get her housework done?"

In this insane world, a few minutes of sanity now. Nivedano, give the beat and everybody goes crazy.

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent.  
Close your eyes.  
Let your body become almost frozen,  
no movement.  
Gather your consciousness inwards.  
Deeper and deeper,  
without any fear,  
because it is your own sky  
and there are no clouds, no obstacles.  
Just go like an arrow, in and in.  
At this moment you are the buddha.  
Remember it, guard it,  
because it is your ultimate treasure.  
This is your height, this is your depth.  
This is you in your eternity.

To make it more clear, Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax, let go.  
Be dead, so that you can feel the contrast  
between the body and consciousness.  
The body is only a temporary house,  
a caravanserai, an overnight stay.  
In the morning we have to go.  
But consciousness is the eternal pilgrim, a journey without any beginning  
and without any end.  
It is a journey of dances  
and songs and music and poetry,  
a festive journey,  
a ceremony without any reason.  
Just being is enough.  
At this moment, you make this place  
the holiest place in the world.  
So many buddhas,  
so many people  
centered in their being,  
the whole garden is full of roses.  
Drink it deep.  
It is the very juice of your immortality.

Nivedano ... call all the buddhas back.

(Drumbeat)

Sit down for few moments,  
remembering,  
rejoicing,  
recollecting where you have been.  
Keep on guard twenty-four hours.  
Remain a buddha,  
alert, aware, joyous;  
so blissful that even others  
can start feeling your blissfulness.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate the meeting of so many buddhas?

Yes, Osho.

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## Zen: The Diamond Thunderbolt

### Chapter #8

#### Chapter title: Let my name be traveler

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

Archive code: 8807195

ShortTitle: BOLT08

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BELOVED OSHO,  
WHEN HE WAS A MONK, MYOSHU CALLED ON MASTER EMYO, AT SAIJO, AND ASKED,  
"WHAT IS AN ENTRY FOR THE STUDENT?"  
EMYO SAID, "COME HERE!"  
THE MOMENT MYOSHU APPROACHED HIM, EMYO GRABBED THE MONK AND PUSHED HIM  
AWAY, SAYING, "THERE IS NO ENTRY FOR YOU HERE!"  
AS MYOSHU GOT UP, THE FEELING OF DOUBT SUDDENLY AROSE; AND DAY AND NIGHT HE  
COULDN'T PUT IT OFF.  
EMYO KNEW SECRETLY THAT MYOSHU WAS A VESSEL OF DHARMA, AND SUBSEQUENTLY  
DROVE HIM OUT OF THE TEMPLE ON THE PRETEXT THAT HE HAD BROKEN THE RULES.  
MYOSHU FELT NO RESENTMENT, BUT UNKNOWN TO ANYONE ELSE, BORROWED A ROOM  
NEAR THE MONASTERY AND HID THERE. FOR SIX YEARS HE WAS NEVER FORGIVEN, AND  
JUST SAT FACING A WALL DAY AND NIGHT. HIS MEDITATION WORK BECAME  
INCREASINGLY REFINED, UNTIL HE GOT TO THE POINT OF FORGETTING TO SLEEP OR EAT.  
ONE DAY AS HE STOOD BESIDE A COWPEN, HE SUDDENLY HAD AN INSIGHT; HE  
IMMEDIATELY WENT TO THE ABBOT'S QUARTERS WITH FULL CEREMONY.  
EMYO SHOUTED AT HIM, "WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO COME INSIDE THE TEMPLE?"  
MYOSHU SAID, "HERE, AN ENTRY IS WIDE OPEN."  
EMYO LAUGHED AND SAID, "A THIEF HAS BROKEN DOWN MY DOOR!" AND THE MASTER  
BOWED.  
THEREAFTER, MYOSHU SERVED AS EMYO'S PERSONAL ATTENDANT, GOING DEEPER INTO  
THE MYSTERY EVERY DAY.  
LATE IN LIFE MYOSHU BEGAN TO TEACH, AND BEFORE LONG HIS FAME SPREAD FAR AND  
WIDE, AND THERE WERE NEVER LESS THAN A THOUSAND PEOPLE SURROUNDING HIS  
TEACHING SEAT.  
ONE DAY, WHEN HE HAD A SLIGHT ILLNESS HE BEAT THE DRUM TO CALL THE COMMUNITY.  
WHEN EVERYONE HAD ASSEMBLED, THE MASTER SAID, "MY TEACHING IS COME TO AN  
END, I AM MAKING A BEQUEST TO YOU." THEN HE RAISED HIS STAFF, SHOUTED ONCE AND  
DIED STANDING.

Maneesha, these anecdotes belong to another dimension which the world has completely forgotten. It is a totally different language, a different understanding, a different kind of opening of the mysteries of existence. In these simple anecdotes you will see the world that we have lost, and the world that we want to create again. This is the man who has reached to the ultimate peaks of consciousness at a time far away in the past, and this is the man who is

needed again so that this whole stupidity of the world -- its politicians, its priests -- can all be dissolved and the world can again dance with joy and rejoice in love.

I am fortunate to have the right assembly; otherwise these anecdotes will not be of any meaning -- because you are also searching for the same door, you are all one in this search, dissolved into a deep silence. Only this silence can understand, because out of this silence these anecdotes have arisen -- this silence is their source. The clouds are the witness; the bamboos are the witness; you in your silence are the witnesses. These are your stories. So don't think that you are reading some fiction. It is simply a hint to show you the way into your own being.

A man is utterly useless, his life has no meaning, his love is futile, if he himself is not aware who is residing *in*. Of course, the body is not you, nor the mind; there is something else which is witnessing both the mind and the body. To provoke that witness is the whole art of any master, and these anecdotes are about great masters.

WHEN HE WAS A MONK, MYOSHU CALLED ON MASTER EMYO, AT SAIJO, where his monastery was, AND ASKED, "WHAT IS AN ENTRY FOR THE STUDENT?"

That is a wrong question to ask a master. The master does not waste his time for any students. His life is the last; he will not be back again. His time is more precious than anybody else's time. Those who are blind will be born again, those who are unconscious will enter another womb -- existence is very merciful, it gives you infinite chances to become a buddha -- but for those who become awakened, there is no need for another life, there is no need to enter into another body. They can float just like a white cloud.

Remember Basho: A cloud over the lotus ...

And the silence ...

This dance of rain around you, and your heart rejoicing ... the silence, the coolness.

You are not students; a student is interested only in accumulating information. Remember these two words: information and transformation. The student is seeking more information, collecting more knowledge. The world gives great respect to the scholarly.

The disciple has taken an absolutely contrary direction; he does not want to know, he wants to *be*. He does not want to gather knowledge; he wants eyes that can see and ears that can hear -- he wants absolute sensitivity. In other words, he wants his whole being to become a flame of awareness. In that flame all that is rubbish will be burned and you will come out twenty-four carat gold. That is your very nature in its utter purity.

Myoshu asked a wrong question from the very beginning: "WHAT IS AN ENTRY FOR THE STUDENT?" There is no entry for any student. There is no possibility of a meeting between a master and a student. The master will be speaking from the heights of the Himalayas and the student will be roaming somewhere around M.G. Road. The difference is even bigger, because the language of the heights is totally different.

EMYO SAID .... Look, this is how the language is different. This is not the answer to the question as far as modern education, logic, or intellect is concerned, but Zen is not at all worried about your logic, your Aristotles.

EMYO SAID, "COME HERE! -- don't ask stupid questions -- COME HERE! Here is the door. Don't ask for any entry; the doors are always open -- in fact, there are no doors."

I have told you about the Sufi mystic woman, Rabiya al-Adabiya. She is a rare woman, in the sense that very few women have reached to that height. She belongs to the category of buddhas. Naturally, she was thought to be a little outlandish, a little eccentric, a little insane.

She used to pass by on the road and she saw, every day, a Sufi who later became a great master -- Hassan -- praying outside the mosque near the steps. One day, Rabiya stood for a while to see what this man was doing there. And she heard that Hassan was saying, "God, how long do I have to wait -- when will you open the door?"

Rabiya hit Hassan on the head and said, "You idiot! The door is always open; in fact, there is no door -- just enter! Don't waste time here sitting on the road ... and people have started thinking that you are a great saint. Just go in!"

The woman and her authority were such that Hassan closed his eyes and stopped his prayer; he went in. Rabiya tapped on his back, and said, "This is the right way; just go in. I cannot stand here, I have something else to do."

By the evening, Hassan came to Rabiya to touch her feet, saying, "If you had not told me that there is no gate, there is no door, I would have remained for centuries praying, 'Open the door!'"

Emyo has not replied to the question relevantly, but existentially he has replied. It is only for those who can put the mind aside. He said, "COME HERE!"  
THE MOMENT MYOSHU APPROACHED HIM ...

Myoshu did not understand the meaning of 'coming here'. He thought the master wanted him to come closer. The master was using the word 'here' for 'this moment' -- "Just be *here*!" But he thought, "Perhaps he is asking me to come closer."  
THE MOMENT MYOSHU APPROACHED HIM, EMYO GRABBED THE MONK AND PUSHED HIM AWAY, SAYING, "THERE IS NO ENTRY FOR YOU HERE!"

It looks hard, but it was out of pure love that the master pushed him away, because he was not calling him to be physically close to him; he was calling him to be spiritually present *here*; and he misunderstood completely. For such a student there is no entry.  
AS MYOSHU GOT UP, THE FEELING OF DOUBT SUDDENLY AROSE; AND DAY AND NIGHT HE COULD NOT PUT IT OFF. EMYO KNEW SECRETLY THAT MYOSHU WAS A VESSEL OF DHARMA ...

The master, in the very first encounter, knows whether you can be a vehicle, whether you can be a messenger, whether you can become a message yourself -- is there the potentiality or not? He has pushed him just because he knows that he has the potential. But if he has the potential, he will have to prove it; he will have to pass through the fire test.

Emyo knew that this inquirer was a vessel of dharma, that he could become a flame -- you would think for this reason he should have accepted him, he should have welcomed him. But because of this, he drove him out of the temple on the pretext that he had broken the rules. The rules every master decides, they are arbitrary; they are just a test of whether a person is worthy of the master's showering his love and trust on him.

MYOSHU FELT NO RESENTMENT -- that is an absolute sign that he was the right person; otherwise anybody would have felt resentment. If you are pushed and thrown out of the temple and told that you cannot enter there, it is ordinary human consciousness to feel resentful. But Myoshu felt no remorse, no resentment. On the contrary, in the very push of the master he understood that this was the place where he had to remain. Whatever might happen, whatever the consequences, he was not going to leave this place. If not in the temple, he would live somewhere outside and wait for the right moment. Perhaps he was not yet ripe.

This is the difference between a student and a disciple. The student would have felt resentment, anger; he would have left in anger, never to return. The disciple does not make the master responsible but understands that perhaps he is immature; he has come before his

time.

MYOSHU FELT NO RESENTMENT, BUT UNKNOWN TO ANYONE ELSE, BORROWED A ROOM NEAR THE MONASTERY AND HID THERE. FOR SIX YEARS HE WAS NEVER FORGIVEN, AND JUST SAT FACING A WALL DAY AND NIGHT. HIS MEDITATION WORK BECAME INCREASINGLY REFINED, UNTIL HE GOT TO THE POINT OF FORGETTING TO SLEEP OR EAT. ONE DAY AS HE STOOD BESIDE A COWPEN, HE SUDDENLY HAD AN INSIGHT; HE IMMEDIATELY WENT TO THE ABBOT'S QUARTERS WITH FULL CEREMONY.

Dancing, he entered the temple.

EMYO SHOUTED AT HIM, "WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO COME INSIDE THE TEMPLE?"

MYOSHU SAID, "HERE, AN ENTRY IS WIDE OPEN."

Six years it took him to understand the word 'here'. Such inquiry, such devotion, has simply disappeared. Today's man is very poor compared to people like Myoshu. In six years of continuous meditation, he had blossomed into a flower. He himself had become the authority.

Dancingly, with ceremony, he entered the temple. The master EMYO SHOUTED AT HIM, "WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO COME INSIDE THE TEMPLE?"

MYOSHU SAID, "HERE," -- and this is the same thing that six years before Emyo had said to him: "Come here!" -- "HERE, AN ENTRY IS WIDE OPEN."

EMYO LAUGHED AND SAID, "A THIEF HAS BROKEN DOWN MY DOOR!" A very loving statement. It is said that unless a disciple is as courageous as a thief, he cannot enter into the heart of the master -- it is almost stealing.

EMYO LAUGHED AND SAID, "A THIEF HAS BROKEN DOWN MY DOOR!" -- this was the beauty of those old days -- AND THE MASTER BOWED down to this miracle; that Myoshu has understood the meaning of 'being here' and has also understood that there is no entry, no door.

THEREAFTER, MYOSHU SERVED AS EMYO'S PERSONAL ATTENDANT, GOING DEEPER INTO THE MYSTERY EVERY DAY.

LATE IN LIFE MYOSHU BEGAN TO TEACH, AND BEFORE LONG HIS FAME SPREAD FAR AND WIDE, AND THERE WERE NEVER LESS THAN A THOUSAND PEOPLE SURROUNDING HIS TEACHING SEAT.

ONE DAY, WHEN HE HAD A SLIGHT ILLNESS HE BEAT THE DRUM TO CALL THE COMMUNITY. WHEN EVERYONE HAD ASSEMBLED, THE MASTER SAID, "MY TEACHING IS COME TO AN END, I AM MAKING A BEQUEST TO YOU." THEN HE RAISED HIS STAFF, SHOUTED ONCE, "KWATZ!" AND DIED STANDING.

A man who understands life automatically understands death. A man who lives life to its totality knows that the moment when death knocks on the door, he will be prepared for the new journey.

Having his staff in his hand, standing, he died. Perhaps he is the only one who has died that way, signifying that he is going on another journey.

Basho wrote:

LET MY NAME  
BE TRAVELER;  
FIRST RAINS.

The first rains have come. Forget my name because all our names are nothing but writings on the sand. The first rains have come and the names will disappear.

Basho says, "Let my name just be traveler." More than that is getting identified with the vehicle on which you are traveling. You may be in a car, you may be in a bullock cart, you may be in a bus, a train or an aeroplane. It does not matter what the vehicle is -- you are the

traveler. A thousand times you have changed at many junctions. In many forms you have appeared in the world -- sometimes as a tree and sometimes as a rose bush and sometimes as an eagle.

The Eastern clarity arising out of enlightenment does not believe in evolution in the sense that it is understood by Charles Darwin. It gives equality to all that is living in existence. You are not superior to the rose bush. But there are idiots, like the Shankaracharya of Puri, who think that brahmins are superior. It is not only a question of humanity, who is superior and who is inferior.

Just the other day I received a letter from another idiot. I attract idiots. They never come here but they at least go on writing letters; they do not dare to come here. He has written to me ... he is a swami of the old Hindu tradition. He belongs to the same temple as the Shankaracharya of Puri, and used to be his secretary; he is very well-educated, is a postgraduate and has a D. Litt., but it makes no difference.

He writes to me, "Your proposition that men and women are equal is not according to the scriptures." Who bothers about your scriptures? Not even in my dreams have I mentioned your scriptures. All that I want is that they should all be burned.

He says, according to the scriptures, that women are earth, and the earth has forty qualities; and that the man has a hundred and eighty qualities. And of course, because it is written in the scriptures, in his eyes there is no question of any discussion. But for me it means that if this is so, then it is better that the Shankaracharya of Puri commits suicide to bring rains in Hyderabad -- because he has a hundred and eighty qualities. The poor woman has only forty qualities -- she is just the earth. So why kill a woman, just a little pile of earth, and put it on the funeral pyre?

That's what the harijans of Hyderabad have done; they have burned an effigy of Puri's Shankaracharya. But the rains have not come. Burning effigies or photographs won't help -- catch the *real* old goat.

And I say that even then the clouds won't listen. Here, they come to listen uninvited. They know that here there are people who will love their dance, their song. It is to be noted that in the past every season was absolutely fixed. At a particular date the rains would come, and at a particular date summer would start, and at a particular date winter would start. In India there are only three seasons; it is an equal division -- four months for each. And it has been so for thousands of years without any change.

Certainly, the people who lived on this land had a certain synchronicity with nature. They used to dance and sing when the first rains came. Just as the peacocks dance in colorful clothes, human beings used to dance when the first rains came, to welcome them -- they were their nourishment. Without them, there was no life. The people used to greet every season; all the festivals in India were devoted to seasons -- it was a totally different mathematics.

Basho is saying rightly, "Let me be remembered just as a traveler. I stayed in your caravanserai overnight. Thank you -- but don't remember my name." These people, who had no desire to be remembered, belong to a different consciousness.

Buson, another Zen poet, writes:

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING!  
THE SOUND OF THE DEW  
DRIPPING DOWN THE BAMBOOS.

Life is not confined to you.  
It is not your monopoly.  
A FLASH OF LIGHTNING!

THE SOUND OF THE DEW .... You can hear right now the sound of the dew dripping down the bamboos. All this is one life: to see it is to have authentic eyes, to feel it is to have the real heart.

My effort here is to bring this synchronicity between you and the lightning and the dewdrops and the bamboos. This whole existence throbs with one heart; there is no question of inferior or superior. Charles Darwin would not have understood it. Nothing is evolving; there are only travelers moving from one caravanserai to another, just enjoying the eternal pilgrimage.

Maneesha has asked,

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO SERVE? ARE WE SERVING YOU? OR IS IT NOT THAT THE MASTER IN FACT SERVES THE DISCIPLES -- AS JESUS SYMBOLIZED BY WASHING HIS DISCIPLES' FEET BEFORE HE DIED, AND AS YOU BATHE US IN YOUR PRESENCE BEFORE WE DIE AND RESURRECT EACH NIGHT?

Maneesha, it will be difficult to understand the word 'serve'. The disciple serves in the sense that he throws away all his defenses, that his master's life becomes his own -- he takes care of the master, he cooks his food. But the West has no understanding about serving the master. The West knows only one thing, and that is paying the teacher. Money is the only thing the student gives to the teacher.

In the Eastern context money has no place. Serving the master simply means making him as comfortable as possible; remaining close to him, alert, without bothering him, being just a shadow that does not make any sound. In this sense, the teacher cannot expect to be served. The teacher is a servant, he has to be paid. All the teachers in the world -- they may be great professors in the universities -- are just servants.

The master is served by the disciple's love, not his money; by the disciple's attentiveness, alertness, carefulness, by his watching continuously that the master is not in any difficulty. And the master certainly serves the disciples from his side -- sharing his whole heart, opening the doors of all the mysteries. What he has found he gives without asking for any return. It is a mutual love affair. The master loves all -- he *is* love. The disciple has to learn to love this pillar of love, who is radiating his love in all directions.

But don't bring Jesus into this discussion, because he was never a master. He claimed to be the son of God. All the masters in the East would simply laugh -- son of God? In the first place, God does not exist. In the second place, where has this son come from? To the Eastern masters the very idea of God is a fiction, and fictions are not reproductive; they believe in birth control.

Jesus is simply a psychological case, suffering from what psychologists call megalomania -- being too big, too great, and monopolizing the whole thing. The only begotten son -- not even another sister!

In fact, if you look at the whole story that Christians have been following, God comes to be the uncle at the most, not the father; because it was the holy ghost who made the poor Virgin Mary pregnant. And still you go on calling him 'holy' -- he is a criminal. If he is holy, then many people would enjoy to be holy. It would be a very simple thing: no need to pray,

no need to go to the church -- just find a poor girl and make her pregnant and your name will be printed in every newspaper as 'Holy Ghost So-and-so'. What kind of holiness is this?

And stupidity upon stupidity ... Christians say that the holy ghost is not separate from God. So what is he -- God's reproductive organ? As far as I can understand the story, the holy ghost is God's sexual machinery -- and out of this adultery is born Jesus.

All this nonsense, Maneesha, you should not bring. He was not a master, nor did he have any disciples. Those twelve fellows that moved around him, whom Christians call apostles .... Just the other day a research by Christian missionaries came out in the market, which raises the question of whether Jesus was homosexual; otherwise, why was he surrounded only by twelve men? It raises a question, certainly. It seems to be a gay company.

Maneesha, I am going to take Jesus to task sometime, in detail. Don't bring the poor fellow in your questions while we are discussing very significant things.

Another research work from the Christians shows that Jesus never existed, that it is only a mythology. George Gurdjieff used to say that it was an ancient drama -- this whole story of Jesus -- and the drama slowly, slowly became a reality. There was no Jesus, according to George Gurdjieff.

And now that even Christian missionaries are being found to be suffering from AIDS, they are exposing Jesus, that he must have been homosexual. It is a strange idea, that the vow of celibacy does not include homosexuality in it, that celibacy simply means you should not be in a heterosexual relationship. It is now the Christian missionaries' archbishops who are saying openly that celibacy does not prohibit homosexuality. And homosexuality has become such a great force that even politicians are now afraid to say anything against it.

I myself have been for two years continually discussed by the Dutch parliament, whether they should allow me into Holland or not. I have not even told those idiots that I want to come to Holland. And the reason for their insisting that I cannot be allowed, is that I have spoken against homosexuality. Can you believe that the whole parliament of Holland seems to be homosexual? Or perhaps they are afraid of a great majority of homosexual voters; otherwise, what is the problem? I had never thought that on the grounds of homosexuality, I should be prevented entry.

Homosexuality is now almost a religion. And homosexuals think that they are more progressive than heterosexuals because they have gone beyond nature, beyond biology. Great progressiveness! All kinds of bananas, but they are gathering more and more force.

Now they themselves are saying that if God himself is not celibate, why should Christian priests be asked to be celibate? It is relevant. It is true that God has broken his celibacy only once, but at least one chance should be given to every priest.

Don't bring such things, Maneesha. I am already condemned all over the world; I will be more condemned if you bring these things, because I am going to say exactly the truth.

She has asked another question:

BELOVED OSHO,  
JUST AS CERTAIN CHEMICALS ARE RELEASED WHEN MAKING LOVE, ARE CERTAIN OTHER  
CHEMICALS RELEASED DURING MEDITATION? -- BECAUSE THAT IS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE.

No, Maneesha -- absolutely no. Meditation simply means going beyond chemistry and physics, going beyond body and mind. It has nothing to do with chemicals. That idea has been perpetuated by very intelligent people like Aldous Huxley, who thought that by LSD, a

chemical, you could attain to enlightenment.

And now in the world market, the underground market, there is a chemical available called 'ecstasy'. You take it and for six hours at least, you will be in ecstasy. But these people are simply exploiting the great desire, the great longing, 'the great matter'.

Ecstasy is not a chemical -- it is a deep understanding, an awareness; and awareness is not made of chemicals. Otherwise things would be very easy; you just go to the hospital, take an injection and become a buddha. Why unnecessarily harass me?

Here it may take years for you -- every day you will become a buddha and every day you will fall down. I have to wake you up because I have to go to sleep myself. I can leave you all in a graveyard but that is dangerous. Somebody may really die and you may not know what to do then.

A few people die and their ghosts start moving around. I have to be present here, and I keep Sardar Gurudayal Singh alert and alive, so that no ghost -- holy or unholy -- can enter here. Poor Gurudayal Singh has to wait at the door to prevent ghosts. He is not to allow any ghost from outside to come in; nor is he to allow any ghost from inside to go out -- "just go back into your own body!" A few try to enter into somebody else's body. So I have to wait until Nivedano gives me the signal that now every ghost is in its place.

Before you enter into your death ... because without entering into your death, you cannot recognize the contrast of being alive; you cannot see the flame unless you are surrounded with darkness. In the day you cannot see the stars -- do you think they disappear? They are there, but because of the bright sun you cannot see them. The sun rays prevent you from seeing the stars.

And I have heard ... Nirvano was saying that I have started wearing sunglasses because a bright future is ahead.

Before that bright future comes, let us have a few laughs.

Paddy wakes up in hospital, after a day of unconsciousness, with his body wrapped in bandages. He only vaguely remembers that he was in the pub with Sean, and they got into an argument. But the rest is blank.

After a few days, Paddy has recovered enough to stumble back to the pub. He finds Sean, sitting in his usual place at the bar. "What the hell happened?" asks Paddy. "I remember starting a fight with you, but the next thing I knew, I was in hospital!"

"Ah," says Sean. "That is called karate. It is Japanese."

Paddy nods in understanding, and staggers out of the pub.

After ten minutes, Sean finishes his drink and gets up to leave. He opens the door and takes one step out of the pub. The next thing he knows, he is in hospital, covered in bandages, with multiple fractures.

A few weeks later, he hobbles into the pub on crutches. Sure enough, Paddy is there, sitting at the bar. "What happened?" croaks Sean. "I took one step out of the pub, and the next thing I knew, I was in hospital!"

"Oh," says Paddy. "That was also Japanese. My Toyota!"

Paddy decides to take up boxing, and goes into training for weeks. But in the first round of the first prize-fight, he is knocked to the floor by a crushing blow.

The referee starts counting and Paddy starts to get up.

"Stay down until eight!" shouts his manager.

"Okay," mumbles Paddy, in a daze, "what time is it now?"

Jayajit Samosa, the Poona condom salesman, gets on the bus with fifteen kids trailing behind him. The kids are all running around, jumping on the seats, taking people's things, asking for *paise*, and generally creating chaos.

Finally, old Grandma Brahmachapatti leans over and asks him, "Mr. Samosa, are all of these monsters yours?"

"Of course not," says Samosa, "I sell rubbers, and these are all complaints!"

Polly Pringle, the daughter of a very rich English family, is about to become twenty-one years old. The day before her birthday, she is walking past the kitchen, when she hears the cook say, "Oh, fuck it!" Polly does not know what this means, so she decides to ask daddy.

"Daddy," says Polly, "I was just passing the kitchen when I heard the cook say, 'Fuck it.' What does it mean?" Daddy chokes on his cigar, hums and ha's for a minute, and then says, "It is an old English expression, darling. It means `carving the turkey.'"

The next day, at Polly's twenty-first birthday party, following the family tradition, she gets up to make a speech. To finish up, hoping to impress everybody with her command of the language, Polly says, "And now, father will fuck the turkey!"

There is a deathly silence, until a little gentleman at the end of the table giggles and says, "By George, what a jolly good party. I think I will poke the pudding with my prick!"

Nivedano, this is the right time ...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent.

Close your eyes.

Feel your body frozen.

Just enter in.

There is no gate -- it is an open space.

Deeper, deeper,  
without any fear.

It is your own space, your own territory.

You will not meet anyone on the way  
except yourself.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax. Let go. Die.

Forget the whole world

and just be centered within.

This is the place from where all buddhas are born.

Drink it deeper.  
Drink it totally.  
Let yourself be soaked with consciousness.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back,  
but don't forget the experience.  
Sit down like buddhas  
for at least a few minutes.  
Just rejoice in this silence  
and the dance of the rain.  
Carry this consciousness twenty-four hours,  
like an undercurrent,  
and your every act will have a grace,  
a new joy, a spontaneity,  
an overwhelming love.  
You need not remain a dewdrop;  
your destiny is to be the ocean.  
You need not remain in any body;  
your destiny is to be a buddha --  
just pure consciousness.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes Osho.

Can we celebrate all the buddhas with the rain?

Yes Osho.

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## Zen: The Diamond Thunderbolt

### Chapter #9

Chapter title: The man of experience forgets the desire to condemn

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

Archive code: 8807205

ShortTitle: BOLT09

Audio: Yes

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Length: 76 mins

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BELOVED OSHO,  
KASSAN AND JOZAN WERE GOING ALONG, TALKING TOGETHER, WHEN JOZAN SAID, "IF, WITHIN LIFE-AND-DEATH, THERE WERE NO BUDDHA, THERE WOULD BE NO LIFE-AND-DEATH."  
KASSAN SAID, "IF THE BUDDHA WERE WITHIN LIFE-AND-DEATH, THERE WOULD BE NO DELUSION WITH REGARD TO LIFE-AND-DEATH."  
THEY ARGUED BACK AND FORTH, AND THERE WAS NO END TO IT. FINALLY, THEY DECIDED TO ASK DAIBAI. KASSAN SAID TO HIM, "OF THESE TWO OPINIONS, WHICH IS THE MORE FAMILIAR?"  
DAIBAI SAID, "ONE IS FAMILIAR, ONE IS DISTANT."  
"WHICH IS THE FAMILIAR ONE?" SAID KASSAN.  
"GO AWAY AND ASK ME AGAIN TOMORROW," RESPONDED DAIBAI.  
THE NEXT DAY KASSAN CAME AGAIN AND ASKED. DAIBAI SAID, "A FAMILIAR ONE DOES NOT ASK. ONE WHO ASKS IS NOT FAMILIAR."  
KASSAN AFTERWARDS SAID, "AT THAT TIME, WHEN I WAS WITH DAIBAI, I LOST MY BUDDHA-EYE."  
ON ANOTHER OCCASION, HOGEN ASKED HAKUYO, "WHERE IS THE DWELLING PLACE OF THE BUDDHA?"  
HAKUYO ANSWERED, "NO FIXED PLACE."  
HOGEN OBJECTED, "IF THIS IS THE ABSOLUTE BUDDHA, HOW CAN IT NOT BE FIXED, NO SPECIAL PLACE?"  
HAKUYO SAID, "IF IT WERE IN A SPECIAL PLACE, IT WOULD NOT BE THE ABSOLUTE BUDDHA."  
HOGEN AGREED.  
AT ANOTHER TIME, A MONK SAID TO KYOSEI, "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF 'THE BHAGAVAT IN THE TEN DIRECTIONS IS ONE ROAD TO NIRVANA'?"  
KYOSEI SAID, "IN A HOUSE, THERE ARE NOT TWO MASTERS."

Maneesha, in a world full of insanity, you few are fortunate to discuss the great matter of inner journey. These anecdotes contain so much, although they are so small. It is almost like a dewdrop containing the whole ocean. In fact, it does contain the whole ocean, because the taste is the same.

These anecdotes are not only to be heard, but to be lived moment to moment. As I go in, you also go in yourself. These are strategies of Zen to bring the unaware to awareness.  
KASSAN AND JOZAN WERE GOING ALONG, TALKING TOGETHER, WHEN JOZAN SAID, "IF,

WITHIN LIFE-AND-DEATH, THERE WERE NO BUDDHA, THERE WOULD BE NO LIFE-AND-DEATH."

A perfect statement. If in life and in death there was no consciousness, no buddhahood, there would be no life and no death. It is absolutely and categorically true. Our birth is the birth of the buddha and our life is the life of a buddha, whether we remember it or not. And our death is going to be the death of a buddha. But remember: although on the screen it appears that there is a beginning and there is an end, existence has no framework; it is not a window, it is not enclosed by death and life. The buddha within you just comes like a breeze from eternity and moves through your heart, again into eternity. From the outside it may appear that somebody is born, somebody dies. From the inside, if you are aware, nothing is born, nobody dies. Only forms change, but the center of all our activities remains the same forever.

To experience this center is the whole effort of all meditation, because once you know it you are relaxed; you cannot be miserable. Even if you try, you cannot be tense, you cannot be angry, you cannot be greedy, you cannot have a lust for power. Once you know your own center, you reach to heights from where even the clouds are far below. You have touched the blueness of empty space. This traveler is called by Kassan and Jozan 'the Buddha'.  
KASSAN SAID, "IF THE BUDDHA WERE WITHIN LIFE-AND-DEATH, THERE WOULD BE NO DELUSION WITH REGARD TO LIFE-AND-DEATH."

Right, but not perfect. There is nothing wrong in it, but even to say THERE WOULD BE NO DELUSION WITH REGARD TO LIFE-AND-DEATH, is unnecessary. Awakening to your buddhahood, all that is false disappears, just like when you bring a lamp into a dark room -- the darkness disappears. You don't say that the darkness has gone away, because nothing goes. The darkness was never there in fact; there was only an absence -- the absence of light. The moment you bring light in, of course, the absence of light cannot remain. Nothing has gone out, only light has come in. As the buddha is awakened within you, it is not that delusion or darkness or hallucination disappears. Your buddha is awake, and all around, from infinity to infinity, there is only consciousness and nothing else.

THEY ARGUED BACK AND FORTH, AND THERE WAS NO END TO IT. FINALLY, THEY DECIDED TO ASK DAIBAI, who was a great master. KASSAN SAID TO HIM, "OF THESE TWO OPINIONS, WHICH IS THE MORE FAMILIAR?" -- closer, more intimate, more approximate to the wordless experience?  
DAIBAI SAID, "ONE IS FAMILIAR, ONE IS DISTANT."  
"WHICH IS THE FAMILIAR ONE?" SAID KASSAN.  
"GO AWAY AND ASK ME AGAIN TOMORROW," RESPONDED DAIBAI.  
THE NEXT DAY KASSAN CAME AGAIN AND ASKED. DAIBAI SAID, "A FAMILIAR ONE DOES NOT ASK. ONE WHO ASKS IS NOT FAMILIAR."

What a great statement. "You ask only because you don't know. You ask only because it is not your experience. The one who asks is not familiar with the truth. It is not his experience, he is just repeating sutras, scriptures. Where is the other one, with whom you were discussing? He has not come to ask, because he knows.

"Knowing brings a silence where no question arises, because question is another name for doubt. One who knows simply knows it is so. The other one has not come back to ask -- he must be familiar. He knows, so what is the point of harassing the master? Because you have come, it shows that you don't know; you are very distant."  
KASSAN AFTERWARDS SAID, "AT THAT TIME, WHEN I WAS WITH DAIBAI, I LOST MY

BUDDHA-EYE."

What he means by this is that being with Daibai, the master, he lost all his knowledge, all his intelligence, all his mind -- he lost everything, including the Buddha-eye. He used to think that he knew. He used to think that he had got the Buddha-eye.

The Buddha-eye means the same as the expression 'the third eye'; it is just a symbol of looking inwards. Your two eyes open outwards; just between them there is a point where you look inwards. That point is symbolically called 'the third eye'. Remember, it is only a metaphor.

To be with a master it is absolutely necessary to lose your mind; to be so innocent that no question arises; to be filled with wonder, but not with knowledge; to be just trust and love, not a questionnaire.

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, HOGEN ASKED HAKUYO,  
"WHERE IS THE DWELLING PLACE OF THE BUDDHA?"  
HAKUYO ANSWERED, "NO FIXED PLACE."

Hogen must have been a very intellectual person.

He said, "IF THIS IS THE ABSOLUTE BUDDHA,  
HOW CAN IT NOT BE FIXED, NO SPECIAL PLACE?"  
HAKUYO SAID, "IF IT WERE IN A SPECIAL PLACE, IT  
WOULD NOT BE THE ABSOLUTE BUDDHA."

To be in a special place is to be imprisoned. To have an address is to be limited. To have a name is to be confined. And the very word 'buddha' means the unlimited, the unconfined, the overwhelming, the whole universe. It cannot have a special place.

But Hogen was not just an intellectual, because later on he himself became a great master.

Listening to this, Hogen agreed. But it is still agreement, it is not realization. To agree with me is one thing, to experience with me is another. Agreement is of the mind, experience is of the beyond, where I am no more and you are no more -- just a pure silence blossoms.

Two awakened persons cannot be in the same room for the simple reason that two awakened consciousnesses will immediately merge into each other.

AT ANOTHER TIME, A MONK SAID TO KYOSEI,  
"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF 'THE BHAGAVAT IN THE  
TEN DIRECTIONS IS ONE ROAD TO NIRVANA'?"

You have to understand first the meaning of Bhagavat. You have called me Bhagwan. The word 'Bhagwan' comes from 'Bhagavat'. Bhagavat means 'the blessed one', 'the blissful one'; and when somebody reaches to this blissfulness, the pure quality of being Bhagavat takes a form. That form we have called, in the East, Bhagwan. It has nothing to do with God. Anybody who has translated Bhagwan as God is absolutely wrong. Bhagwan is concerned with Bhagavat -- the infinite consciousness.

When you open up to the ultimate, immediately it pours into you. You are no more an ordinary human being -- you have transcended. Your insight has become the insight of the whole existence. Now you are no more separate -- you have found your roots. Otherwise, ordinarily, everybody is moving without roots, not knowing from where their heart goes on receiving energy, not knowing who goes on breathing in them, not knowing the life juice that is running inside them. And the moment this life juice goes out, you will be left an empty shell, a corpse.

It is not the body, it is not the mind -- it is something transcendental to all duality, that is called Bhagavat -- THE BHAGAVAT IN THE TEN DIRECTIONS.

Ordinarily, people talk about four directions. But some people became aware that between each two directions, there is also a possibility of another one. So -- north, south, east,

west: these directions are commonplace, accepted and agreed upon. Then there are four directions more, one between each two directions. Eight directions have been accepted by the philosophical people, but ten directions include something more, because one direction must go deeper, which is neither south nor north, which is not any out of the eight. And one direction should go upwards, vertical; that, too, is not included in the eight directions. These two directions -- the vertical height of Everest and the depth of the Pacific -- are, in fact, the spiritual directions. The other eight are geographical.

These two have nothing to do with geography. They are your inner experiences of heights and depths, and they come together. By the side of each great mountain, there is a great valley. The valley and the mountain are always together. Your inner being, when it opens, first experiences two directions: the height, the depth. And then slowly, slowly, as this becomes your established situation, you start looking around, spreading into all other eight directions. The Bhagavat *is* the ten directions ... still, it is said that it "IS ONE ROAD TO NIRVANA."

It seems to Kyosei that there is a contradiction: one road and ten directions? Obviously it is contradictory, but only for those who are just thinking about it. Those who are experiencing, they know that the road is one -- that it is of height and depth. And once you have attained to the point where your height and your depth meet, then you can look around to the very circumference of the universe. Then your consciousness starts unfolding in all ten directions, but the road has been one.

KYOSEI SAID, "IN A HOUSE, THERE ARE NOT TWO MASTERS."

There cannot be. You bring two nothingnesses and they will become one, because what will be dividing them? There cannot be any fence between two nothingnesses. Between two zeros ... how can you make them two? They will jump into each other and become one. The moment someone becomes enlightened -- it is not that, in the history of enlightenment, one more enlightened person is added -- he simply disappears in the ocean. Enlightenment simply means losing your number, your personality, your ego, your "I am," and just becoming part of a tremendous isness.

Kassan said to his monks:

FIND ME IN THE TIPS  
OF A HUNDRED GRASSES.  
RECOGNIZE THE PRINCE  
IN A NOISY MARKET!

These were Kassan's last words before he died: "Now you will not be able to find me here, in this body, but don't be sad -- FIND ME IN THE TIPS OF A HUNDRED GRASSES."

Just look silently and deeply and you will find your master everywhere. The whole existence will become suffused with your master. And of course the moment a master dies, he makes the whole existence sacred for his disciples. In the stones they will touch him, in the flowers they will see his colors, in the rainbows they will see his beauty. A disciple becomes so deeply immersed in the consciousness of the master, that when the master's consciousness spreads all over existence, the disciple at least can see it. That's why in Zen when a master dies the disciples dance; they make a ceremony of it, because their master is freed from all boundaries of body and mind. This freedom of their master is an indication of their own freedom. This freedom has to be respected, recognized, through their ceremony,

through their songs and dances.

Maneesha has asked one question:

BELOVED OSHO,  
OUR LIVES HERE, AROUND YOU, AND THOSE OF PEOPLE OUTSIDE IN THE WORLD, COULD  
HARDLY BE MORE DISPARATE -- OUR SILENCE, THEIR INSANITY.  
WHAT IS THE CONNECTION BETWEEN WHAT IS HAPPENING IN HERE AND OUT THERE?

Maneesha, the difference is very small, almost negligible. Those who are outside are sleeping buddhas. Those inside are just awakening. Outside it is night and people are fast asleep, snoring.

Here, in this moment of depth, of silence, you are awake -- this is the only difference. What is the difference between when you go to sleep at night and when you wake up in the morning? It is exactly the same difference -- they are not inferior who are outside, and you are not superior because you are inside. They have just decided to sleep a little more; and you are fed up with sleep and you want to wake up. It is everybody's choice.

As far as the buddha is concerned, he will eternally wait for you. Whenever you choose to open your eyes inwards, you will find him. He is there -- in your sleep, in your dreams, in your sanity, in your insanity. He is your very life. So even in the insane person, there is as much buddhahood as in the awakened, the enlightened. The quality of both is the same. The only small difference is that one has recognized himself, the other is postponing.

But this is not to condemn the outsiders as sinners, as religions have always done. Condemnation, in itself, is a non-religious attitude. A person is neither a sinner nor a saint; it is just that a few people are asleep and a few are awake. The people who are asleep have their joys, their dreams, their nightmares. The people who are awake have their blessings, their ecstasies. An awakened person cannot condemn the sleeping one, he can only be compassionate.

Because of this very point, I say unto you that all your religions have been committing a great sin in condemning people. I cannot condemn anyone, because I know who you are. Whether you are asleep or awake, that is your business; but I know that whatever is within me, the same consciousness is vibrating within you.

What does it matter if you are asleep, and drinking tea, and smoking cigarettes? These stupid things cannot destroy your buddhahood. But that is what religions have been saying: "Don't do this, don't do that." And the people who are saying this are simply quoting scriptures; it is not their own experience.

The man of experience forgets completely the desire to condemn. His compassion is great. His love is infinite. He knows that we are creatures of eternity, so what does it matter? There are only seven days in the week. Somebody decides to wake up on Monday, and somebody decides to wake up on Sunday. More than that, there is no difference. In my vision, these are the only two classes: a few people sleeping, a few people awake. But basically they are constituted of the same stuff, that we call buddhahood, and everybody is free to continue to sleep or to wake up.

The master, at the most, functions at the bedside like an alarm clock. The clock does not condemn you; it just reminds you that it is time, it is morning. If you want to take another turn and pull your blanket over, it is up to you -- the clock is completely unconcerned. It has done its work, it has made you aware that it is morning and time to get up. But you are free; if you want to get up late today -- perhaps last night's party's hangover ... so what? Just don't snore. Sleeping is okay, but snoring is absolutely interfering with other sleepers.

A strange event happened: one night I was in a train and in the compartment there were four sleeping berths. I could not believe it, that the three persons in the berths looked very alike. Later on, I came to know that they were triplets; and their snoring ... I tried hard to remember that the whole world is *maya*, illusion. But their snoring was such that no philosophy was of any help. They snored in such harmony .... First one would snore, and two would remain silent. Then the second would give the answer, more loudly. Then the third would come in ... and the round would go on. And I was caught in the middle.

In the middle of the night, when I became fed up with that music, I had to do something. I started snoring, fully awake. I woke up all the three fellows. They came down and looked at me, and because my eyes were open, they became afraid. They said, "What is the matter? You are awake and you are snoring so loudly."

I said, "If you don't stop your snoring, I am going to do this exercise the whole night."

They said, "At least, please close your eyes, because that makes our hearts tremble."

I said, "Then learn the lesson. I have been waiting for hours. Stop this symphony!"

They said, "What we can do? We are triplets, so whatever one does, the other does. All our habits are similar -- snoring too! We are helpless."

I said, "Then, remember: I will snore with open eyes so loudly that you will not be able to sleep, nor will anybody in the neighboring compartment."

They said, "It is better we should wake up and read something. You do whatever you want, but please, don't do two things together: snoring and open eyes. Either close your eyes and snore -- we are accustomed to it; or if you don't want to snore, you can open your eyes and do anything -- whatever you want. We will try our best not to snore, but do you understand our helplessness? In sleep one tends to forget all about one's decisions."

I said, "I know, but I am tired. I have been traveling for twenty-four hours; you have just started. So sit down and read something."

I supplied them books, saying, "These are the books you can read, and let me sleep. And remember, if anybody snores, I am going to do even nastier things. This was just a sample."

Those poor fellows, the whole night, had to read books which they did not understand at all.

In the morning when I woke up, I said, "Now you can sleep. I am going to the bathroom. Snore as much as you can -- the full quota. Condense! While I am taking my bath ... I will take as long as possible. Rejoice in your snoring!"

But there was no condemnation in it. I enjoyed it immensely. It was tiring, but it was hilarious, too.

Maneesha, never fall into the trap of the old religious approach. The religions have always condemned people for such small things, and still they talk about compassion! But the people who are doing small things are just doing them because they are unconscious of their own selves; and they are tired, utterly bored. Out of boredom, somebody becomes alcoholic; out of boredom, somebody starts taking drugs; out of boredom, people commit suicide. But they all need the compassion of those who are aware and alert.

This is a place to be conscious, and with consciousness comes compassion, never condemnation. From you, the whole world should be showered with love -- rain all over the world. Perhaps your joy, your dance, your consciousness may provoke the same in the sleeping ones. And it is a great joy to wake up a buddha.

I am having immense joy in waking you up. To my last breath, I am going to continue harassing you. What do you think all these discourses are? -- Just sheer harassment!

Before I begin the harassment, a few laughs, so that anybody who is asleep will wake

up. Laughter is simply a strategy, because when everybody is laughing, you cannot sleep. With seven thousand people laughing, it will be a miracle if you can sleep.

Kowalski is sitting around the kitchen reading the newspaper. His wife, Olga, is getting very bored and frustrated.

"Hey, Kowalski," says Olga, "will you take me to the zoo?"

"No, sweetheart," Kowalski replies, "anyone who wants to see you can come here."

Mr. Smith is not well at all, so he goes to Doctor Bones for some tests. The next day his wife comes in to pick up the results, but Bones is looking worried.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Smith, there has been a mix-up," says Bones. "I had *two* Mr. Smiths in here for tests yesterday: one has total loss of memory, and one has AIDS -- and I don't know which test belongs to your husband."

"My God!" cries Mrs. Smith. "How can I find out?"

"Simple," says Bones, "send your husband out for a walk, and if he comes back, don't fuck him!"

Olga Kowalski goes to the doctor in desperation. "You have got to help me, doctor!" she cries. "I have got twelve children and I just can't stand the thought of looking after any more of the little monsters. What can I do?"

"Well," says the doctor, "have you tried contraceptives?"

"I can't do that," says Olga. "My husband is a strict Catholic. But if I have any more kids to look after, I will go nuts!"

"Okay," says the doctor. "I have been experimenting with a new method. It is not one hundred percent safe, but you can try it if you like."

"Anything," cries Olga. "I will do anything!"

So the doctor takes out Olga's womb and implants a monkey's womb.

The operation is a success and the doctor tells Olga to come back for a check-up in a few months.

When Olga comes back, the doctor asks, "How is everything going?"

"Just great," Olga replies. "They come out, hop onto a tree, and off they go!"

Now, this is the right time ... Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent, close your eyes.  
Feel your body to be frozen,  
so that you can concentrate your life energy,  
your consciousness, within yourself.  
With this silence,  
you enter into a different dimension:

the dimension of your within.  
It is a vast opening into the inner sky.  
Open your wings without any fear,  
because you cannot meet on this way  
anyone other than yourself.  
Blessed is this evening.  
So many buddhas, and they have all disappeared  
into one consciousness.  
In this Buddha Hall  
there are no more seven thousand people,  
but a single silence, a single blissfulness,  
a single buddhahood.

To make it more clear and more deep, Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax. Let go of the body, as if you are dead,  
so that life energy can concentrate totally  
at the center.  
This is the source; the beginning, and the end.  
In this silence, thousands of roses have blossomed.  
In this silence, thousands of lotuses  
have opened their leaves.  
To go on deepening inwards,  
you will find the immortal element that passes  
from body to body, form to form,  
but is in itself eternal.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back.  
Sit down for a few moments,  
remembering the experience,  
because this experience  
has to become an undercurrent  
for twenty-four hours -- day in, day out.  
Then there is no birth and no death;  
you have found the traveler,  
the eternal pilgrim.

Religion is basically concerned with this;  
not with any church,  
or temple, or mosque, or synagogue.  
It is concerned with your awakening  
to your ultimate potential.

It makes you joyful,  
compassionate, loving,  
relishing your freedom  
and never interfering  
with anybody else's freedom.  
This will give you your dignity,  
and this will also give you  
a tremendous feeling of gratitude  
towards the whole.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate the meeting of so many buddhas?

Yes, Osho.

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# Zen: The Diamond Thunderbolt

## Chapter #10

Chapter title: The whole existence waits for the right moment

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

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BELOVED OSHO,  
ONE DAY EJO, MEANING SOLITARY CLOUD, CALLED ON THE ZEN MASTER, DOGEN. DOGEN CITED THE SAYING, "ONE HAIR PIERCES MYRIAD HOLES," TO QUESTION HIM CLOSELY. EJO TRUSTED IN DOGEN AND SURRENDERED TO HIM. AFTER THAT, HE HAD NO DESIRE TO GO ANYWHERE ELSE, SO HE CHANGED HIS ROBE AND STAYED THERE. BEFORE LONG, DOGEN MOVED TO ANOTHER PLACE AND EJO WENT ALONG WITH HIM. ONE DAY, AS HE WAS SETTING OUT HIS BOWL, HE SUDDENLY ATTAINED ENLIGHTENMENT, AND IMMEDIATELY WENT WITH FULL CEREMONY INTO DOGEN'S ROOM. DOGEN ASKED HIM, "WHAT HAVE YOU UNDERSTOOD?" EJO SAID, "I DO NOT ASK ABOUT THE ONE HAIR; WHAT ARE THE MYRIAD HOLES?" DOGEN LAUGHED AND SAID, "PIERCED." EJO BOWED. AFTERWARDS, HE ASKED TO SERVE AS DOGEN'S PERSONAL ATTENDANT, TAKING CARE OF HIS ROBES AND BOWL.

Maneesha, before we enter into the world of Zen I have to say a few absolutely essential things concerning this country, its politicians and its priests.

Nobody seems to be interested in the actual problems of the country, of today and tomorrow. Everybody seems to be concerned with such trivia. The priests are worried that the untouchables should not enter into the temples, as if that was anything very important to human existence.

A few friends from Delhi have reported to me that now Delhi looks almost as if it has been in a war or as if it is ready for a war. Rajiv Gandhi, the prime minister, has surrounded his home with machine guns, and with sand bags for the people holding the machine guns to hide behind. Those machine guns and those sand bags are not only at his home, but wherever he goes. If he goes to the club, or if he goes to the parliament -- all over the place, it is the same scene. It seems he is suffering from paranoia.

Not a single politician has raised the question, "What is the meaning of this? This is a war arrangement! Why are you so afraid? You can have a bodyguard, that's okay, but it does not mean you have to fill the whole city with machine guns. Is there any intention to kill thousands of people?"

There seems to be a tremendous fear. And he is concerned only with his own life. But I want this country to know the reality which every politician and priest is avoiding. The

priests are concerned that cows should not be slaughtered, as if that is the problem; that the untouchables should not enter into the temples, as if that will solve every problem.

A recent World Bank Report stated that by the turn of the century, fifty-four percent of the world's illiterate population would be in India.

Also by that time, sixty-two percent of India's women would not go to school, seventy-five thousand villages -- I repeat, seventy-five thousand villages -- would be without water, and forty percent of India's population would be living below the poverty line.

Within these coming twelve years, India's population is estimated, by very conservative estimators, to become one billion. But I suspect that more neutral observers would say that it will reach to double the population of today. When India became free, forty years ago, its population was only four hundred million. And just within forty years ... today it is nine hundred million. Five hundred million in forty years -- it has more than doubled.

It seems to be more accurate that by the end of this century India will not have just one billion, it will have one billion and eight hundred million, double the population that it has today.

But nobody is concerned about it. The politician is afraid because the Shankaracharyas are against birth control, the Jaina Acharyas are against birth control. And their fear is that if they talk about birth control they will be condemned as teaching immorality to the country. But without birth control -- a very strict birth control -- there is no way out.

It seems that nobody is concerned. Everybody is interested in becoming a chief minister, or a cabinet minister, or a chief of some other kind. Nobody seems to ... when half of the country will be dying by your side, how will you be able to live sanely? Five hundred million people dying -- the whole country will become a graveyard!

But it seems to be intrinsic to the human mind to always avoid the real problems and get involved with trivia. Knowing that the big problems need guts and intelligence to solve them, it is easier not to even talk about them, to keep people unaware of what they are going to face soon. Let them just fight over stupid things, whether this state should remain divided or undivided, whether this district should remain in this state or another state.

Forty years ago, India's constitution declared that Hindi was to be the national language, but they have not been able to implement it in forty years. And I say that even in four thousand years they will not be able to implement it. It will remain written in the constitution, because nobody wants to take the risk to say anything.

There are thirty languages in India. Hindi is the major language, and it is even understood by speakers of other languages, but as far as making it a national language there is great resistance from the other twenty-nine languages. If they are considered together Hindi becomes a minority.

There have been riots on stupid things .... In Madras you cannot write a shop sign or a restaurant sign in any language other than Tamil. Particularly in those places where Hindi was written -- on railway stations, on buses -- they were burned, they had to be changed. Now a train moves through many states; do you want it to change its boards at the border of every state? When it enters Gujarat it should have Gujarati and when it enters into Maharashtra it should have Marathi? -- and then it goes into Karnataka and then it goes into Tamil Nadu -- a train moves all over the country.

This is just trivia. Thousands of people have been killed because they resisted -- they would not change their signs; their houses were burned.

And just now in the assembly there has been a great turmoil, because so much has come to be revealed against the police forces, that they are behind many crimes. In North India they

have burned complete villages of harijans, raped their women, taken away their daughters and sold them for fifty rupees or a hundred rupees at the most.

Just in this state, Maharashtra, behind every crime there is the hand of the police. It seems that the police protect the criminal, because crime is paying -- those criminals bribe! And of course, only the poor suffer, because nobody is going to listen to them, they don't have any voice.

Their situation is so miserable ... just today Anando was reading about two districts in Maharashtra, where every man changes his wife at least ten times. The wife seems to be just a model of a machine; whenever he has money he purchases a new wife -- fifty rupees, sixty rupees, at the most a hundred rupees -- and sells his old wife. He has used the old wife for one year, that's enough.

We are taught in the schools and universities that this is a great civilization -- and women are being sold like cattle! The survey in these two districts has revealed that every man has changed almost ten times. And what happens to the children? Eight out of ten die, because the mother has been sold and a new woman has been purchased who has no concern for these children. By seven years of age almost eighty percent are finished.

These are the real concerns, not the political games! And particularly in a situation where war seems to be coming closer every day. Iraq and Iran have been fighting for eight years continuously and have killed one million people. Both are Mohammedan states, but a small difference in their theology ... it is so hilarious that in the fourteen hundred years since Mohammed, millions of people have been killed for that small difference.

The difference is that Mohammed had one son and one daughter; obviously, with one daughter there was one son-in-law. The son-in-law was more intelligent, more capable. The son was not so intelligent or capable, but traditionally he was the successor of Mohammed. So a division immediately happened on the grave of Mohammed. A few people remained with the tradition that the eldest son should be the successor and the others said, "It is unintelligent, seeing the situation. We have a better alternative, and he is close by, he is the son-in-law."

This difference has created two sects of Mohammedans and they have been killing each other. What do you want by killing each other, can you decide it now who was the real successor? And what does it mean, what does it matter who was the successor?

This trivia .... Just two days ago they came to a point of cease-fire. And within two hours, Iraq again attacked. The cease-fire remained for only two hours under the observation of the U.N., but what can the U.N. do? It has no armies of its own, no power of its own; at most it can send observers, and what can they do? They can go on observing, but at most they may be killed in the fight.

All the big countries need small wars to continue everywhere, because that is their market. Science goes on improving destructive weapons; every year new weapons are available. What are you going to do with the old weapons which you have piled up for years? Now they have become absolutely useless and you have wasted so much money. Almost seventy percent of every large nation's money goes into creating armies, destructive weapons, nuclear weapons. They need the small nations to go on fighting, because they purchase the old out-of-date weapons.

It is a strange economy. If all wars ceased America would lose its power immediately; the dollar would fall down to the earth, because it would lose its market. It is a good conspiracy, a great partnership with the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union goes on supplying one party with its old weapons and the other party gets weapons from America. Both have a good

market all around the world.

It seems to be unbelievable, but since the second world war there have been nearabout three hundred wars. They have been small wars, because big nations *need* them. Wars are their market; otherwise all the money is lost which they have invested in arms which have become out of date.

It became a strange situation when America a few days ago attacked Iran. It was not only foolish, it was also inhuman, because rather than attacking Iran, they attacked a jumbo jet airplane of civilians, two hundred and ninety people. And now they say that they could not recognize it. Among those people, there were about fifty children, and twenty small babies and old men and women. None of them were interested in any war, they were traveling; it is just that the plane belonged to Iran.

And in that fight with Iran, that lasted only two days, America had to step back for a very strange reason. America had sold its old weapons, not to Iran directly, but to Egypt, and Egypt had sold those weapons to Iran. Those old weapons -- the soldiers were absolutely familiar with how to use them. But American soldiers were not expert with the latest computerized mechanisms -- just a slight wrong button pressed and you explode yourself. Within two days America had to back off for the strange reason that they had better weapons but they did not know how to use them.

Meanwhile the old stockpiled weapons have to be sold. Somebody, somewhere has to continue to fight. It is a strange fact of history that people think that the Soviet Union and America are enemies. They are enemies on the surface, but underneath it is a partnership. Both use the market, one from one side, the other from the other side, and both are interested that wars should continue.

In Afghanistan, America was sending arms, and the Soviet Union was sending soldiers and arms. It seems that the whole earth is just a market for a few idiots who have collected unnecessary arms.

But nobody is concerned with the real problem. With this seventy percent of energy that is wasted on arms, we can make this whole earth more alive, more long-living, more intelligent, with better facilities in every direction. Science has brought us to a moment in history where this planet can be transformed into a paradise, but rather than turning it into a paradise, all our politicians and priests are trying to turn it into a hell fire. And perhaps hell fire will not even be nuclear; it will be an ordinary old-fashioned wood fire.

Up to now it was thought that India belongs to the Third World. Now the World Bank is saying that India has admitted itself to the Fourth World. And it will go on falling down and down, because those who are in power know nothing of economics, they know nothing about humanity and compassion.

The whole country and the whole world has to be made aware of the situation that is going to come. When it comes it will be too late to do anything, but right now a very small margin is still possible that things can change for the better.

I had to say this because this country contributed a new dimension to the world; it gave birth to buddhas, the highest peaks of consciousness. It deserves a certain respect in the sense that many mystics in this country entered into the most miraculous spaces of human consciousness and left keys, indications, footsteps pointing the way.

The rest of the world remains materialistic, but the present-day India is no more the same India in which Buddha was born. It is now more materialistic than any other country. And the reason is three hundred years of British rule, which destroyed everything that was India's genius and forced an education on it which was materialistic.

You will not believe it, but India used to produce the best garments in the world, particularly in what is today Bangladesh. They could make such thin material that you could cover a whole elephant with a piece of it and still it would pass through a small ring from your finger. Thousands of people's hands were cut off by soldiers of the British Empire, just because those craftsmen's skill was so great that machine-made cloth from Manchester could not compete. They had inherited their craftsmanship for centuries, but to sell British cloth in India these people's hands had to be cut off.

Such inhumanity to human beings! Rather than respecting these craftsmen, they were destroyed completely. And it was not new; you will not be aware of it, because these things are not mentioned -- whoever mentions them is condemned. The Taj Mahal was made in thirty years and almost ten thousand craftsmen worked continuously during that time. Generations changed; a man's father had come to work and now his grandson was working. And when it was completed, ten thousand people's hands were cut off by the Mogul emperor Shah Jehan. They created the Taj Mahal and this was their reward. Their hands had to be cut off so that they could not create another Taj Mahal, so that it would remain unique, a miracle in architecture.

It seems we are living in a very insane world. At least bring *yourself* to sanity -- and there is only one sanity, that arises with your awareness -- and spread it wide around the world. Perhaps this small commune of seven thousand people here can still save the world, because you come from all over the world. Just understand the responsibility of the time. If you can become a message ... but never a missionary, that is an ugly and dirty word. Become a message; your very being should radiate your meditation, your silence should touch people's hearts like a cool breeze.

These anecdotes happened in a very different climate. Man was reaching toward the stars, but the Western powers were able to stop it, because the East was never ready to fight, to be violent. So the Western powers -- English, French, Portuguese, Spanish, Russian -- they all spread over the East without any fight. The East was never thinking of fighting, it was thinking of meditation; it was thinking that if you conquer yourself, what is the point of conquering others?

So it was a good opportunity for all kinds of robbers, because I cannot consider these people -- Spanish, Portuguese, English, French, whoever have been involved in spreading their political or economic empires -- as anything more than robbers, to be condemned. But strangely enough they make the history, they become the heroes, their names are written in gold.

The Prime Minister of Greece, Andreas Papandreou, who was responsible for illegally forcing me to leave Greece, said that it was because my being there was dangerous to the morality of the country. And now he is known to be guilty of adultery, and his wife is suing him because he was unfaithful to her -- and this man was talking about morality.

And the Attorney General of America, Ed Meese, who said that they were determined to destroy the commune at Rajneeshpuram in Oregon, has been found to have done hundreds of crimes. He said that he wanted Osho's voice to be silenced. Now he has to retire, he is almost forced to retire. Retirement is just a show, he is being kicked out. Now he must know whose voice is silenced.

It is something very miraculous, that the whole of Oregon, which we had put on the map of the world ... otherwise who has ever heard of Oregon? No Socrates was ever born there, no Jesus was crucified there, they have had no Lao Tzu, no Confucius. The University of Oregon itself has come out with a survey showing that the Oregonians have only half the

intelligence of the people of Rancho Rajneesh. They have a mental age of seven and the people of the commune they destroyed had the mental age of fourteen.

It always happens, rocks can destroy roses. But nature has its own ways. Today now, the whole of Oregon is suffering from no rains, except Rancho Rajneesh, which they destroyed, where all the clouds have showered. Friends have sent pictures of it to me. When I went there for the first time, it was just a desert. It had long been a desert; for forty years it was for sale and nobody was ready to purchase it -- what will you do with a desert? -- although it was big, one hundred and twenty-six square miles. But my people managed to convert it into an oasis, with tremendous labor, with love, with dance. We have a certain affinity with that land. And certainly the clouds have proved that they would rather shower on this desert. It is a strange communication; existence always supports innocence, but it may be a little late.

ONE DAY EJO, MEANING SOLITARY CLOUD, CALLED ON THE ZEN MASTER, DOGEN. DOGEN CITED THE SAYING, "ONE HAIR PIERCES MYRIAD HOLES," TO QUESTION HIM CLOSELY. EJO TRUSTED IN DOGEN AND SURRENDERED TO HIM.

Do you see the strangeness that this series is dedicated to the clouds and this anecdote is about Ejo, which means 'cloud' -- and not only cloud, but 'solitary cloud'. A solitary cloud has a beauty, shining in the sun, moving in freedom.

Dogen was one of the most famous Zen masters.

DOGEN CITED THE SAYING to Ejo, "ONE HAIR PIERCES MYRIAD HOLES ..."

Anybody would have asked him what was the meaning of it. Ejo was also filled with the desire to ask, but this is how a disciple behaves. ... TO QUESTION HIM CLOSELY. EJO TRUSTED, because to ask a question to a master you first must be ready to receive the answer. It is a totally different process from what you have been taught in your schools and colleges and universities. In Zen you can ask the question only if you are ready to receive the answer. So first cleanse yourself.

He remained with Dogen, TRUSTED IN DOGEN AND SURRENDERED TO HIM.

This word 'surrender' is one of the difficult ones, because in the West it always means humiliation -- armies surrender, nations surrender -- it does not have a right connotation. In the Eastern languages it has nothing to do with armies or nations surrendering, it means that you have seen into the eyes of the master, you have felt his presence, he has touched your heart. Nothing is said, but he has overwhelmed you. You were just a stranger, but he opened his whole heart. Out of gratitude you bow down to him.

It is just a symbolic gesture that you are ready to receive; that you will not resist, you will trust; that it is not going to be a relationship between teacher and student. "I want to be a disciple, I am in search of a master and in you I feel the freshness, the breeze, the radiation. Although much has to be asked, and I have many questions, I surrender."

This is exactly the way you surrender to a surgeon; you don't inquire about his character, what kind of man he is.

I used to know a great surgeon in Nagpur. I have never seen a greater hypocrite, but he was certainly the best surgeon. Even in his old age, doctors from far away used to come to see his surgery. He had a miraculous hand. To be able to find the right spot in the brain -- he was a brain surgeon -- is not an ordinary phenomenon. And to cut anything in the brain you need a hand that does not waver. If it wavers, trembles just a little bit, you may cut many other nerves in the brain, because the brain is almost like Tokyo, there is no space anywhere.

One billion cells ... you have to be very careful, because when even one cell is cut it will affect something in your body. Your whole body is controlled by those one billion cells, so

only the cell that is disturbing you has to be removed. It needs the most careful craftsmanship.

He was certainly able to do it, but he was a cheat, a fraud. His fees were very high, only the richest people could afford them. And he would open someone's brain and then would ask the relatives waiting outside -- the patient is on the table, the brain has been opened -- for a few thousand rupees more, because he has found that the problem is more difficult than he thought.

Already they were giving him more than was right. But in such a situation, of course, whether they could afford it or not, even if they had to sell their houses and their lives, they would have to say yes.

I used to stay with him because of a common friend. I said, "This is absolutely inhuman. If you want ten thousand rupees, ask before. But this is absolute exploitation, that you ask for five thousand and then you come out and ask for five more."

He said, "It does not matter, you don't know my greed. If I ask ten in the beginning, that does not make any difference; I will again ask for ten in the middle. In the middle I have to ask, because that is the right moment, they cannot say no."

I said, "But do you consider humanity at all?"

He said, "Money is the god; people don't say it clearly, but I say it clearly. I will make every opportunity yield as much money as possible. It is just like milking the cow; I go on milking as long as even a drop of milk remains."

I said to him, "You have been educated in the West, in the most prominent medical institutions, but that does not mean that you have to forget completely the Eastern attitude that man is the ultimate value."

He said, "On that point I cannot agree with you. I agree with you on all points, but about money don't say anything to me."

And I know that it is not only him, but almost everybody has fallen so low that nothing matters in life except money. You can purchase anybody -- prime ministers are purchased, presidents of countries are purchased. You can purchase anybody, you just have to give the right amount of money.

These stories are of the time when man was dignified and was in search of his inner source.

AFTER THAT, HE HAD NO DESIRE TO GO ANYWHERE ELSE -- once you have found your master, the desire to go anywhere else disappears -- SO HE CHANGED HIS ROBE AND STAYED THERE. He took on the robe of Dogen's disciple. BEFORE LONG, DOGEN MOVED TO ANOTHER PLACE AND EJO WENT ALONG WITH HIM. ONE DAY, AS HE WAS SETTING OUT HIS BOWL, HE SUDDENLY ATTAINED ENLIGHTENMENT, AND IMMEDIATELY WENT WITH FULL CEREMONY INTO DOGEN'S ROOM.

Going with full ceremony is a little bit difficult to understand. Radiating the inner light -- in the eyes something new, in the gestures a new grace -- when a man becomes enlightened he is no more the same, he simply becomes a ceremony.

DOGEN ASKED HIM, "WHAT HAVE YOU UNDERSTOOD? Why are you appearing so ceremoniously? Why have you suddenly become a festival of lights, what has happened?"

EJO SAID, "I DO NOT ASK ABOUT THE ONE HAIR; WHAT ARE THE MYRIAD HOLES?" Years before, Dogen had said this quotation when Ejo came for the first time, and now he had been waiting so long.

We have forgotten how to wait; it is almost an abandoned space. And it is our greatest treasure to be able to wait for the right moment. The whole existence waits for the right

moment. Even trees know it -- when it is time to bring the flowers and when it is time to let go of all the leaves and stand naked against the sky. They are still beautiful in that nakedness, waiting for the new foliage with a great trust that the old has gone, and the new will soon be coming, and the new leaves will start growing. We have forgotten to wait, we want everything in a hurry. It is a great loss to humanity.

When he first entered into Dogen's temple .... Now years have passed and he has waited, meditated, remained silent, watched the master, and moved with him wherever he went. He just became a shadow, utterly surrendered, and he never raised a question. These are things to be noted down: that he never asked a question, although there was a question, but he waited. He knew that the master knew; the master knew that a certain question was there in him, and whenever the time was ripe he would answer it.

And the time came. These are the moments which our modern education makes us absolutely incapable of understanding. We cannot understand how ONE DAY, AS HE WAS SETTING OUT HIS BOWL, HE SUDDENLY ATTAINED ENLIGHTENMENT; we cannot understand it. The modern education gives us no clue. There is no reason for him to become enlightened; but enlightenment is not something visible -- it is his waiting, silently without asking, in deep trust, that has ripened. The bowl is not the cause of it. It is something inside, just like a small baby growing in its mother's womb.

In silence and waiting something inside you goes on growing, your authentic being. And one day it jumps and becomes a flame, and your whole personality is shattered, you are a new man. And this new man knows what ceremony is; this new man knows life's eternal juices.

Immediately after his enlightenment he went with full ceremony, with great dignity. For the first time he knew himself to be divine, for the first time he knew himself to be eternal, for the first time he was becoming part of the mystery of the whole. The roses had blossomed. He entered with a new breeze, with a new fragrance and with all ceremony. Dogen asked, "What has happened?"

At this moment he thought it was time to ask the question. He has waited long, he deserves ....

He said, "I DO NOT ASK ABOUT THE ONE HAIR."

Why is he not asking about the one hair? Because now he has seen that one hair himself. I have called it the diamond thunderbolt; just like a spear an awareness enters into your being.

Metaphorically Zen has called it 'one hair'. It is very thin, very quick, very sudden; in a moment you die and are born again. He said, "I DO NOT ASK ABOUT THE ONE HAIR -- that I have solved -- but WHAT ARE THE MYRIAD HOLES? That I cannot figure out yet." DOGEN LAUGHED AND SAID, "PIERCED."

Slowly, slowly you will become aware, because your spear head has already pierced all those holes; but it has been too immediate, so that you cannot see all the layers of your mind, personality, thoughts, emotions. They all have been pierced. So many holes have been made in you. Just wait a little more and you will understand.

EJO BOWED again. First he bowed in trust, now he is bowing in knowing. His trust has not been wrong, he has trusted the right feet, he has been around the right person. EJO BOWED. AFTERWARDS, HE ASKED TO SERVE AS DOGEN'S PERSONAL ATTENDANT, TAKING CARE OF HIS ROBES AND BOWL.

That shows the humbleness of the enlightened person. Ordinarily people think that the enlightened person should become very special, almost out of our reach. That is not true. If you find someone pretending to be high, superior, then you can take it for granted that he knows nothing. Enlightenment, awakening to your being, is also awakening to the being of

everyone. The man of enlightenment becomes absolutely humble, a nobody.

Since my childhood I have heard it so many times, from my elders, my father, my uncles, my other relatives: "The way you are growing up you will end up into nothing." Of course their meaning was not the same, but I have ended up in nothing. Without knowing it they have said the truth.

You are here just to learn how to be nothing, how to be nobody.

A poem runs:

A CRASH OF THUNDER  
OPENS THE CROWN OF THE HEAD,  
REVEALING ORIGINAL MAN.

And another poem:

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS;  
FLUTTERING DRIZZLE AND SNOW.  
SILENCE, SILENCE, SILENCE;  
A ROARING THUNDERBOLT.

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,  
IS THE "ONE HAIR" THE DIAMOND THUNDERBOLT?

Yes, Maneesha. That which pierces to your very innermost core -- that is the one hair, the diamond thunderbolt, because it transforms you into an eternity. It gives you the greatest blissfulness possible. It makes you one, in tune with the whole existence. There is no other religion than this small one hair, the diamond thunderbolt. In our meditations we are waiting only for this thunderbolt, this lightning, that will go on waking you up, making you aware, beyond your bones and beyond your brain.

You are an immense universe of consciousness.

She has also asked another question:

BELOVED OSHO,  
WHAT IS IT ABOUT THOSE TIMES WHEN YOU LAUGH THAT TOUCH ME SO MUCH AND MAKE ME FEEL SO SWAMPED WITH LOVE FOR YOU?

Maneesha, those are the moments when the thunderbolt touches you. It is a very fine experience, that's why they have called it 'the hair'. I have nothing to laugh at, there is nobody inside me to laugh, there is no situation absurd enough to make me laugh. But just to give you company, just not to be an outsider, I laugh once in a while with the permission of all the buddhas here.

Pope the Polack is about to travel by helicopter around Poland to visit his people. Leaving Warsaw for the rural areas, he boards the brand new helicopter for the first time.

The pope approaches the craft, bends down and kisses it. He gets in, sits down, looks around, and then turns to the pilot and asks, "Are you hot?"

"No," replies the pilot.

Then the pope turns to the co-pilot and asks, "Are you hot?"

"No, I am not," replies the co-pilot.

"Okay," says Pope the Polack pointing upwards, "then could we turn off the fan?"

Paddy and Seamus are sitting around the "Nag and Bitch" pub, discussing their wives.

"I have not spoken to my wife in weeks," says Seamus.

"Really?" slurs Paddy. "What is the matter, are you mad at her?"

"Hell no," replies Seamus, "I am afraid to interrupt her!"

It is the Last Supper. Everyone has finished their dinner, and the waiter brings Jesus the bill.

"Heavens above," says Jesus. "I can't afford this!" And he passes the bill to Peter.

"Holy Mackerel!" says Peter, passing the bill to Mark.

"Lord save us!" says Mark, and he passes the bill to Simon. This continues all down the table until at the very far end the bill is passed to Judas.

"Holy Moses!" cries Judas. "And where the hell am I going to get thirty pieces of silver?"

At four o'clock in the morning a drunk named Orvill staggers into the Bowery flophouse shouting, "I'm Jesus Christ! I'm Jesus Christ!"

The sleeping men are all awakened.

"I'm Jesus Christ!" screams the wino again.

"Ah, shut up!" yell the others. "Be quiet!"

"I tell you, I'm Jesus Christ!" slobbers Orvill more emphatically. "If you don't believe me, come downstairs -- and I will show you!"

A few other drunks get up and follow Orvill outside, where he walks up to a closed pub, and begins yelling and banging on the door.

The proprietor, who lives upstairs, hears the noise, and comes downstairs.

"Listen," slurs Orvill to the other drunks, "this guy is my witness."

The proprietor opens the door, takes one look at old drunk Orvill and says, "Jesus Christ, are you here again?"

Now, Nivedano, give the first beat ...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent, close your eyes.

Feel almost frozen,

gather your consciousness inwards.

Deeper and deeper,

because at the deepest point

the diamond thunderbolt passes through,

piercing all the layers of ignorance

that you have gathered  
in your millions of lives.  
Great is this moment in which  
seven thousand buddhas  
are joining at one center.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax, let go.  
Be dead, so you can understand  
absolutely clearly in contrast  
the living point in you.  
This silence, this peace, this centering  
is the language that humanity  
unfortunately has forgotten completely.  
It has to be reminded of it.  
Be soaked in its light,  
in its love, in its music, in its dance.  
Remain aware of it twenty-four hours,  
whatever you are doing,  
and your every act will be virtue.  
Your silence will be a song,  
your actions will be your devotion.  
Whatever you do,  
if you can remember this center,  
is an offering to existence.  
You can offer to existence  
only if you are a buddha;  
awakened, free,  
showered with all the ecstasy  
that the skies contain.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Now come back,  
sit for a few seconds,  
just to collect the memory,  
the experience,  
the space you have passed through.  
Remember,  
you are a buddha.  
To be a buddha is your birthright.  
To be anything else is to go astray.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate so many buddhas together?

Yes, Osho.

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# Zen: The Diamond Thunderbolt

## Chapter #11

Chapter title: Not looking, it becomes clear

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

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BELOVED OSHO,  
ONE DAY, WHEN MASTER KEIZAN GOT UP IN THE HALL TO SPEAK, A MONK CALLED GAZAN CAME FORWARD FROM THE ASSEMBLY AND ASKED, "WHY IS IT HARD TO SPEAK OF THE PLACE WHERE NOT A BREATH ENTERS?"  
KEIZAN SAID, "EVEN SPEAKING OF IT DOES NOT SAY IT."  
GAZAN HAD A FLASH OF INSIGHT, BUT AS HE WAS ABOUT TO OPEN HIS MOUTH, KEIZAN SAID, "WRONG."  
SCOLDED, GAZAN WITHDREW. AFTER THIS HIS SPIRIT OF DETERMINATION SOARED FAR BEYOND THAT OF ORDINARY PEOPLE.  
ONE NIGHT, AS KEIZAN WAS ENJOYING THE MOON ALONG WITH GAZAN, HE SAID, "DO YOU KNOW THAT THERE ARE TWO MOONS?"  
GAZAN SAID, "NO."  
KEIZAN SAID, "IF YOU DON'T KNOW THAT THERE ARE TWO MOONS, YOU ARE NOT A SEEDLING OF THE 'TO' SUCCESSION."  
AT THIS, GAZAN INCREASED HIS DETERMINATION AND SAT CROSS LEGGED LIKE AN IRON POLE FOR YEARS.  
ONE DAY, AS KEIZAN PASSED THROUGH THE HALL, HE SAID, QUOTING SEKITO, "SOMETIMES IT IS RIGHT TO HAVE HIM RAISE HIS EYEBROWS AND BLINK HIS EYES; SOMETIMES IT IS RIGHT NOT TO HAVE HIM RAISE HIS EYEBROWS AND BLINK HIS EYES."  
AT THESE WORDS, GAZAN WAS GREATLY ENLIGHTENED. THEN WITH FULL CEREMONY, HE EXPRESSED HIS UNDERSTANDING. KEIZAN AGREED WITH HIM.

Maneesha, speaking about Zen is perhaps the most difficult thing in the world, because it is saying something about something which is absolutely inexpressible. But every master has come to this point, to decide whether to say anything or to remain silent. Even Gautam Buddha, when he became enlightened, did not speak a single word for seven days, because he could not find a way to say what he had found.

Words don't exist for that experience. And whatever you say about it immediately becomes wrong. The moment the inner experience enters into outer expression, something goes dead. The living dance is no more there; the throbbing pulse is no more there.

Seven days after his enlightenment, Gautam Buddha was persuaded to speak. He had argued very hard on the point. He said, "For one thing, what I have found cannot be said. I can at the most indicate, just like a finger pointing to the moon; but it is not saying anything about the moon. The danger is that unconscious people may start clinging to the finger, rather

than looking at the moon; that has happened in almost all religions. They are holding their scriptures, their holy scriptures. They are only fingers pointing to the moon -- where is the moon? Everybody is looking into his holy scripture.

"Secondly," Gautam Buddha said. "Even if I manage somehow to figure out a way to express the inexpressible, there is almost a ninety-nine percent guarantee that it will be misunderstood.

"And a third point," he said. "I am willing even to speak for that one percent of the intelligentsia -- people of the heart, people who are open, not closed. But there is no certainty or guarantee that they will not misinterpret me. And once I have said something, I am no more master of it. I am master of it only while I am silent."

His arguments are valid. And the people who were persuading him felt that what he was saying was right, but somehow he had to be convinced to speak. It is very rare that a man comes to this highest peak of consciousness, and if he remains silent humanity will not be enriched by him. He could shower the whole world with his blessings; he could bring the whole world into a deep silence where understanding blossoms. No opportunity can be lost, and a buddha is a great opportunity for the transformation of the whole world.

So they insisted, "Your arguments are all right, we agree with you. But one thing we want to say to you is that if, after millions of people, a single person reaches to such heights, such depths ... even if he is misunderstood, misinterpreted, it does not matter. At least one percent, probably, will understand him -- and that is a big percentage as far as humanity is concerned. You cannot deny that one percent the great opportunity that has arisen in you. There may be a few people just on the verge of awakening -- a little push and they may be on the same height, as awake as you are. And even if you go on missing the target, what is the harm? People were unconscious, they will remain unconscious. But you have to be compassionate, at least for the one percent that you have accepted."

Out of his compassion, Buddha agreed. And as he had said, it happened. Very few people understood him, but those who understood him became transformed beings; they went through a metamorphosis. A new kind of light started shining through their being; a new aura of energy, like a cool breeze, followed them. But millions misunderstood, misinterpreted, and you can see the result. After Gautam Buddha's death, there was not a single buddha in the land where he was born, because the masses, with their ignorance, confusion and condemnation, distorted everything. Thirty-two schools arose after Gautam Buddha's death, interpreting things in their own ways and fighting amongst themselves. And the old Indian priesthood -- the Brahmins -- did not miss the chance.

The priest is always afraid of the awakened one, because he is the one who can destroy his whole profession. Jesus was not crucified by ordinary people; he was crucified by the very scholarly rabbis, and the high priests of the temple of the Jews in Jerusalem -- they insisted that he should be crucified.

Gautam Buddha was opposed by the priests of India; the reason was the same. The priest is exploiting people in the name of God, of which he knows nothing; in the name of the spiritual, of which he has no idea. But whenever a person comes, radiant with the experience, the priest becomes afraid. It is not a question of argument; you cannot argue with a buddha -- his very presence is convincing. He has not to utter even a word. If he utters some words, it is just to lead you towards wordlessness. He speaks so that you can become silent. His speaking is only a device.

These anecdotes are tremendously beautiful, and very symbolic of how masters function

in different ways, with different disciples. Sometimes they succeed, but even if they only succeed in awakening one human being, it is more than one can expect. The very experience is so valuable, so obvious, and so inner, that the ordinary humanity is not interested in it. They are involved in mediocre things, in things which ultimately mean nothing. The only thing that carries an ultimate meaning is the experience of your innermost being.

These anecdotes are all concerned with the interiority of humanity. You will not find logic in them, but you will find love. You will not find all the things that people in the world desire and long for, but you will find something superior: a great blissfulness, a peace that passeth understanding, a blessedness that becomes your very breathing, your very heartbeat. It all happens through meditation. Zen is another name of meditation.

ONE DAY, WHEN MASTER KEIZAN GOT UP IN THE HALL TO SPEAK, A MONK CALLED GAZAN CAME FORWARD FROM THE ASSEMBLY AND ASKED, "WHY IS IT HARD TO SPEAK OF THE PLACE WHERE NOT A BREATH ENTERS?"

He is asking, "Why is it hard to enter into the space of your own, where not even your own breath can enter?" Your consciousness does not breathe. Its life is not dependent on breathing or on your heartbeat -- it is life itself. It is not dependent on any causes. That is its freedom and its eternity.

The question was perfectly right, but such questions cannot be answered in the easy way.

KEIZAN SAID, "EVEN SPEAKING OF IT DOES NOT SAY IT. I can speak about it, but I have to remind you that nothing is said about it."

It remains always beyond words. In a certain fundamental sense, the moment the word leaves your lips, the meaning is left behind. On your ears fall words which have forgotten to carry any significance. They are empty envelopes; of course they are addressed to you, but inside there is nothing.

KEIZAN SAID, "EVEN SPEAKING OF IT DOES NOT SAY IT." GAZAN HAD A FLASH OF INSIGHT, BUT AS HE WAS ABOUT TO OPEN HIS MOUTH, KEIZAN SAID, "WRONG!"

The master can see that the disciple has touched the inner space, because it is such a revolution in being that you cannot keep it hidden -- it radiates. But out of old habit, Gazan was going to say something, and the master shouted at him, "*Wrong!* Whatever you say, it won't do. You have it, but don't say it. You are fortunate that you have got it, but don't allow it to be distorted. And you are too fresh, too young in the inner world. Just let things settle." SCOLDED, GAZAN WITHDREW. AFTER THIS, HIS SPIRIT OF DETERMINATION SOARED FAR BEYOND THAT OF ORDINARY PEOPLE.

He had seen a glimpse, and he had also seen that the master did not want him to say a single word unless the whole truth had penetrated his being, unless he was soaked with it like a rain cloud, and was ready to shower. Before that, he should keep quiet and not be in a hurry.

He started meditating, silently sitting, waiting for the moment when the small glimpse would become the great matter of realization.

ONE NIGHT, AS KEIZAN WAS ENJOYING THE MOON ALONG WITH GAZAN, HE SAID, "DO YOU KNOW THAT THERE ARE TWO MOONS?"

GAZAN SAID, "NO."

This is something immensely important. What he had seen on that day was just a reflection of the moon, and the reflection of the moon is a reflection, but it is not the moon.

Enjoying the full moon, the master asked Gazan, "DO YOU KNOW THAT THERE ARE TWO MOONS?"

GAZAN SAID, "NO."

KEIZAN SAID, "IF YOU DON'T KNOW THAT THERE ARE TWO MOONS, YOU ARE NOT A SEEDLING OF THE 'TO' SUCCESSION."

You have to understand it -- in a silent space you can get a reflection of the reality. If your silence is deeper and without any ripples, the full moon will be reflected in it, but don't be deceived by the reflection. That reflection should indicate towards the moon. That reflection in the lake of your consciousness is simply a milestone on the eternal journey to the moon itself.

There come many points in the seeker's life when he thinks he has arrived. It is the greatest function of the master to hit the disciple at those points, and push him ahead, because there is much more ahead.

I have told you a Sufi story: a woodcutter, very old and poor and alone, used to come to the forest where a mystic had made his small hut under a vast, spreading tree. The woodcutter passed every day, but he could manage only one day's livelihood from his wood. He was old, and it was difficult to carry it.

But the story belongs to a very different world and climate. Although he had nothing to do with the mystic -- whether the mystic was sitting there with closed eyes, or was inside the hut, or had gone out somewhere -- he used to touch the steps leading to his hut, every day coming and going.

One day the mystic said, "You are so old, and now it is not the right kind of work for you. Why don't you go a little ahead?"

The poor man said, "A little ahead? What will that do for me?"

The mystic said, "Just a little ahead, there is a mine of copper. If you carry copper for a day, it will give you at least seven days' provisions, instead of the one day that you are getting now."

The man was immensely impressed, and he went. Later he thanked the master, "I would never have gone ahead if you had not said it. And, my God, I wasted my whole life in cutting wood, and the copper was just nearby."

The master laughed and said, "Don't stop; just go on a little more."

He said, "For what?"

The master said, "Just a little farther, there is a silver mine."

And so the story goes .... Every time the master would say, "No, go a little farther and you will find something even more valuable."

The day he found diamonds, he came to the master, touched his feet, and said, "I am puzzled, because you know all the secrets of this forest, but you never go anywhere."

The master said, "I have gone a little farther ahead. To me, going to the diamonds will be going backwards."

An instantaneous illumination happened to the poor woodcutter. He threw down all his diamonds and said, "I am no more concerned with diamonds. If there is something beyond, and you know it, then introduce me to the beyond, because life is short and one never knows whether one will see the sun again tomorrow. I am not going to leave this door until you introduce me to the beyond."

The master said, "All this time I was hoping that one day you would ask -- and that day has come. Throwing away all the valuable diamonds has already cleaned your mind of clinging. You are ready to have a taste of something that is not material."

ONE NIGHT, AS KEIZAN WAS ENJOYING THE MOON ALONG WITH GAZAN, HE SAID, "DO YOU KNOW THAT THERE ARE TWO MOONS?"  
GAZAN SAID, "NO."

KEIZAN SAID, "IF YOU DON'T KNOW THAT THERE ARE TWO MOONS, YOU ARE NOT A SEEDLING -- you are not the seed of a buddha and you cannot succeed me. I have been hoping that you are a potential buddha, as everyone is. And you have come here, not to leave this place until you become a buddha yourself."

AT THIS, GAZAN INCREASED HIS DETERMINATION AND SAT CROSS LEGGED LIKE AN IRON POLE FOR YEARS.

ONE DAY, AS KEIZAN PASSED THROUGH THE HALL, HE SAID, QUOTING SEKITO, "SOMETIMES IT IS RIGHT TO HAVE HIM RAISE HIS EYEBROWS AND BLINK HIS EYES; SOMETIMES IT IS RIGHT NOT TO HAVE HIM RAISE HIS EYEBROWS AND BLINK HIS EYES." AT THESE WORDS, GAZAN WAS GREATLY ENLIGHTENED. THEN WITH FULL CEREMONY, HE EXPRESSED HIS UNDERSTANDING. KEIZAN AGREED WITH HIM.

Now, this is a little bit difficult. Why, at a certain moment ...? Anybody can read Sekito's statement. That does not mean that by reading it you will become enlightened. There is nothing much in it. He is simply saying that there is nothing to be worried about; sometimes one is asleep and sometimes one is awake. Even buddhahood should not become a concern; it should be a spontaneity. It will come in its own time, as spring comes with thousands of flowers.

All that you need is to learn waiting, and meditation is another name for a silent, patient waiting for the right moment. In that right moment, anything -- which may be absurd to outsiders, which may make no sense as far as reason and logic are concerned ....

Lao Tzu was sitting under a tree when an old leaf fell, just wavering; and he watched the leaf falling down from the tree, and he became enlightened. Now you can sit under any tree and you can watch thousands of leaves dropping, and you will come back home as much an idiot as you were before, because that falling of the leaf has nothing to do with enlightenment. Lao Tzu was meditating under that tree, and his meditation was ready -- any slight opportunity for opening the inner lotus, and the immense experience will explode.

What happened with this leaf? The leaf was falling with such grace and such beauty, although it was dead. Soon it would disappear into the earth, from where it had come. Instantly, a tremendous awareness, like lightning, flashed into Lao Tzu's mind, that our consciousness has also come from a source, just as this leaf has come; it has manifested, and is going again into unmanifestation. Our consciousness has come from the eternal source; one day it will move again to its source. There is no need to search outside -- everything that is of any significance is inside.

It is said that for days he remained sitting with closed eyes. His disciples used to laugh about him, "Nobody has ever heard that anybody became enlightened by seeing a falling leaf." But if you look into the history of enlightenment, there are strange situations ....

About Mahavira it is said that he became enlightened in a posture that, in India, is well known. It is called the cow-milking posture -- just as if somebody sits with a pot and milks the cow. I don't know what Mahavira was doing, whose cow he was milking; the scriptures say nothing. But he became enlightened in this posture. That does not mean that you should go and purchase a cow. Each enlightened human being has become enlightened in his own unique way.

When you become enlightened, only the master can recognize it. It needs the same experience. Others are almost blind; they have never seen that light. They may believe, but

they cannot recognize. One thing is certain: when anybody becomes enlightened, immediately a great, ceremonious lifestyle arises. He becomes festive, he becomes creative, he becomes a song, a dance. His life is no more of misery, suffering. In fact, even if the enlightened person tries, just to have a taste of what misery is, he is bound to fail.

I have tried my best -- in the middle of the night, sitting in my bed -- "Let us have a little misery. The whole world is having it; there must be something great in it." I have tried, this way and that way; on this side and on that side -- nothing happens! I have laughed, in my aloneness, in the depths of night, "My God -- what poverty! Neither can I suffer, nor can I be miserable -- no more life at all! Everybody is having a great life; I am the poorest man." But failing many times I dropped the idea. If I had known before, I would not have become enlightened. So I have warned you. Don't harass me afterwards, don't ask me afterwards, "Why did you make me enlightened?" Because you will lose all misery, all suffering, all great tragedies.

One of the mystic women, Meera, has a beautiful song, in which she says, "If I had known before, I would have gone from house to house to tell people not to reach these heights. These heights are dangerous -- they leave you utterly naked!"

But in this song she is dancing and showing that she is one of the most blissful women in the world. She is just joking to say that if she had known before she would have gone from house to house to tell people not to become enlightened.

I agree with her. I also knew nothing about it before it happened. That's why I am calling it a diamond thunderbolt. You don't know when the lightning will come and hit your heart and transform you.

If you are too much in love with misery, please never meditate; because I have suffered -- so many things have simply disappeared! There is just a pure space, so silent and so sacred. But everything else is gone. If you are ready to lose your misery, and your suffering, and your tragedies, then meditate. Otherwise, you will be angry with me -- I am warning you.

A Zen poem runs:

TO DISPLAY AT LAST  
MATURITY OF SPIRIT.

To the man of enlightenment, everybody else is simply retarded; they have not grown up. Everybody grows old, but that does not mean that everybody grows up. Growing old is a different direction, horizontal; from the cradle to the graveyard -- direct! You don't have to ask anybody where the graveyard is, you will get there. And everybody else is so ready. The moment you stop breathing, nobody bothers to wait; they immediately take you to the graveyard.

But to grow up is a totally different dimension: it is vertical. It has nothing to do with age. It has nothing to do with time. It has something to do with maturity, integrity, a centeredness. Chora's haiku reads:

MOON GAZING:  
LOOKING AT IT, IT CLOUDS OVER;  
NOT LOOKING, IT BECOMES CLEAR.

Zen has a very poetic way of expressing the inexpressible. Now Chora is saying that if you look at it, clouds are going to hide the moon, because the very desire to look at it creates

clouds. Whenever you are full of desires, you are surrounded by clouds. And the moment you don't want anything -- even if you don't want to open your eyes -- all clouds disappear, and the moon shines in an empty and silent sky.

Another Zen poet:

CLOUDS COME FROM TIME TO TIME --  
AND BRING TO MEN A CHANCE TO REST  
FROM LOOKING AT THE MOON.

In the world of Zen, there are a few symbols which are specially used by poets, painters, mystics. You will come across bamboos again and again, because the bamboos have a quality of Zen: they are hollow inside. Inside there is nothing, and because of this nothingness, they can become flutes. Because of this inner hollowness, songs can be born out of them. Every bamboo has the capacity to become a flute. For these strange reasons, certain things have become very much symbolic of Zen: the moon, because it reflects in the lake, in the ocean, in the river. There is one moon and millions of reflections, one consciousness and millions of manifestations.

So when you read Zen, remember, its symbols do not have ordinary dictionary meanings; they have a special quality to them. Clouds are used; you will come across many references to them. This whole series is devoted to the clouds, because the cloud is the symbol, in Zen, of freedom: no roots, nothing to tie it down, every direction available to move, with no map and no guide -- but with what dignity, and with what joy! The cloud goes on moving from east to west, from west to east. The whole sky is its territory; it knows no boundaries.

For certain reasons, Zen has picked up a few symbols. You have to understand them in the Zen way.

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,  
WHAT IS MEANT BY "MATURITY OF SPIRIT"?

Just awakening to your nothingness. This is the difficulty: maturity will never give you the idea of nothingness. But unless you touch your inner space, which is nothingness as silent and empty as the sky

... it is your inner sky. Once you settle down in your inner sky, you have found a home and a great maturity arises in your actions, in your behavior. Then whatever you do has grace in it. Then whatever you do is a poetry in itself. You live poetry; your walking becomes dancing, your silence becomes music.

By maturity is meant that you have come home. You are no more a child who has to grow -- you have grown up. You have touched the height of your potential. For the first time, in a strange sense you are not, and you are. You are not in your old ideas, imaginations, in your old comprehension of yourself. All that has gone down the drain. Now something new arises in you, absolutely new and virgin, which transforms your whole life into joy. You have become a stranger to the miserable world. You don't create misery for yourself or for anybody else. You live your life in total freedom, without any consideration for what others will say.

The people who are always considering others and their opinions, are immature. They are dependent on the opinions of others; they can't do anything authentically, honestly. They

can't say what they want to say, they say what others want to hear.

Your politicians say the things that you want to hear. They give you the promises you want. They know perfectly well that they cannot fulfill these promises, neither is there any intent to fulfill them. But if they say exactly, truthfully, what the situation is, and make it clear to you that many of the things you are asking for are impossible, that they cannot be done, they will be thrown out of power. You will not choose a politician who is honest.

It is a very strange world. It is almost an insane asylum. If, in this insane asylum, you become alert and aware of your being, you are blessed.

Before we enter into the insane world, just to have a look at what is happening outside ....

Old Priest Pooper dies, and leaves only unpaid bills behind. After the doctors, the hospital, and all the others are settled, there is no money left to bury the old guy. So Grandma Nutcan decides she will go around the town and ask those who knew the priest to help provide a decent burial. She finds it is not an easy task, but after many long hours of devoted work, her collection is only one dollar short for the funeral.

She looks around, but it seems she has asked everyone. Suddenly she spies a stranger sitting at the bus stop. Amazingly, it turns out to be Swami Deva Coconut.

Grandma approaches him and says in a tired and worried voice, "Would you give me a dollar to bury a priest?"

Coconut jumps up, pulls out his wallet, and hands her some money. "Lady," he says, "here are *five* dollars. Go out and bury five of them!"

Complaining of the distance between campus buildings, Velma, the vet's daughter, writes home for money to buy a bicycle. But by the time the money arrives, she has changed her mind and has purchased a pet monkey instead.

After a few weeks, Velma discovers that the animal begins to lose all its hair. Hoping that her father might know a cure, Velma writes, "All the hair is falling off my monkey -- what shall I do?"

Her father sends a quick telegram that says: "Sell the bicycle!"

Moe, Larry and Curly, three of Poland's top intellectuals, and their Jewish friends, Matzo, Bagel and Groucho, all take the train together from Warsaw to Geneva.

At the station in Warsaw, the Polacks purchase their three tickets, and then are surprised when they see the Jews only buy one ticket.

"Why did you guys only buy one ticket?" asks Moe the Polack.

"Just watch," says Matzo. "You might learn something."

They all board the train and get underway. Then, just before the ticket-taker comes, the three Jews take their one ticket and lock themselves in the bathroom. The ticket-taker punches the three Polack's tickets, then goes to the bathroom door. He knocks, and says, "Ticket, please." The bathroom door opens a little bit, and a hand gives out a ticket. The ticket-taker punches it, and goes on.

The Polacks watch this and are really impressed.

Later, returning to Warsaw, the three Polacks and the three Jews again board the train. This time, the Polacks have purchased one ticket, but they notice that the Jews have purchased none.

Then, just before the ticket-taker is about to come, the Polacks all dash into the bathroom

and lock it. Then Matzo, Bagel and Groucho go into the next bathroom, but before Groucho enters, he knocks on the door that the Polacks are in and says, "Ticket, please!"

Jimmy gets lost in the desert. He wanders around for two days, almost dying of thirst, when he comes to a nunnery. He knows the nuns won't let him in because he is a man, so he jumps over the wall. He finds the nearest bathroom and drinks to his heart's content. Then he decides to take a shower.

He has just taken off his clothes, when he hears two nuns approaching. They are coming into the bathroom, so he jumps, naked, behind the shower curtain.

When the nuns come in, one of them sees Jimmy's prick sticking out from behind the curtain. "What is that?" she says.

"I don't know," replies the other nun, and goes and gives it a pull. Thinking quickly, Jimmy throws out a bar of soap.

"Look!" cries the nun, "a soap machine!"

So the other nun pulls it and Jimmy throws out some more soap. Then the first nun pulls it again, but Jimmy has no more soap. So she pulls it again, and again, and again.

Suddenly she turns to the other nun and cries, "Look! Shampoo!"

Now, Nivedano, give us the beat.

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent.

Close your eyes.

Feel the body completely frozen;

no movement,

so that the energy,

your life force,

can become centered in.

Deeper and deeper.

At the deepest point,

you are the buddha.

This silence, this evening, is blessed;

because so many of you have touched,

for the first time,

your own reality,

your own eternity.

To make it more clear, Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax. Let go. Die.  
Become absolutely centered  
within you.  
Yes, this is the buddha  
we have been searching for.  
This is the buddha all the centuries  
have been searching for.  
Feel it deeply,  
drink it deeply.  
Let this consciousness spread  
all over your being.  
A day comes when it starts radiating  
all around you.  
That is the day of celebration.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back,  
and for a few seconds just sit silently,  
collecting your experience.  
It has to become every day deeper,  
more profound.  
It has to become an undercurrent  
in your twenty-four hour life.  
Waking or asleep,  
you are the buddha.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate seven thousand buddhas together?

Yes, Osho.

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# Zen: The Diamond Thunderbolt

## Chapter #12

Chapter title: Wanderers in the sky of freedom

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

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BELOVED OSHO,  
ONCE, HAKUGAN SAID TO YAKUSAN, WHO WAS READING A SCRIPTURE, "YOU SHOULD STOP FOOLING PEOPLE."  
AS HE ROLLED UP THE TEXT, YAKUSAN ASKED, "WHAT TIME OF DAY IS IT?" HAKUGAN REPLIED, "JUST NOON."  
YAKUSAN THEN SAID, "THERE IS STILL THIS PATTERN."  
HAKUGAN RESPONDED: "I DON'T EVEN HAVE NOTHING," TO WHICH YAKUSAN SAID, "YOU ARE TOO BRILLIANT."  
HAKUGAN COMMENTED, "I AM JUST THUS. WHAT ABOUT YOU?"  
YAKUSAN SAID, "I LIMP ALONG, UNGAINLY IN A HUNDRED WAYS, CLUMSY IN A THOUSAND; STILL I GO ON THIS WAY."  
ON ANOTHER OCCASION, YAKUSAN ASKED A MONK, "WHERE HAVE YOU COME FROM?"  
"FROM THE SOUTHERN LAKE," REPLIED THE MONK.  
"HAS THE LAKE OVERFLOWED ITS BANKS?" ASKED YAKUSAN.  
"NOT YET," ANSWERED THE MONK.  
THEN YAKUSAN SAID, "SO MUCH RAIN AND THE LAKE NOT YET FULL?"  
BUT THE MONK WAS SILENT.

These small anecdotes are the most precious treasure. No other language, no other religion has reached to such a subtle understanding -- that a small story, utterly naked, undecorated, can become a pointer to the ultimate truth.

Zen anecdotes are not something to read. As far as reading is concerned, they are worthless. They are something to be lived; that is the only way to understand them. Intellect is absolutely not needed. What is needed is innocence; what is needed is not knowledge, but humbleness, a humbleness that knows, "I know nothing."

With this understanding that you know nothing, these small dialogues among Zen masters become tremendously meaningful, but you have to listen not with your ears, but with your heart; not with your mind but with your silent being. Something very important is being imparted. Be attentive.

ONCE, HAKUGAN SAID TO YAKUSAN, WHO WAS READING A SCRIPTURE, "YOU SHOULD STOP FOOLING PEOPLE."

There is nothing more courageous than Zen. There have been Zen masters who have burned holy scriptures, there have been Zen monks who have burned even Gautam Buddha's

wooden statues because the night was too cold.

Hakugan is saying to Yakusan, "YOU SHOULD STOP FOOLING PEOPLE."

All your so-called knowledgeable intellectuals, pundits, rabbis, all are fooling people; because to let people get involved in scriptures is to take them away from themselves. You are not going to find yourself in the scripture. You have to come inwards, leaving all scriptures, philosophies and religions outside, howsoever true they appear to be, howsoever rational or reasonable is their logic. Logic cannot quench your thirst, and its source is not the same as the source of love.

Logic arises out of your mind, love arises out of your heart. But the love that arises out of the heart is just like Poona air -- polluted, utterly polluted. Poona is the world's fourth most polluted city. Mind's love is just a word, the heart's love has a little life, but it is very crippled. Fortunately you don't end at the heart, the road goes a little deeper.

There is another kind of love; just to make the distinction we will call it compassion. It is love without the desire to possess, love without the desire to power, love that wants simply to share its bliss, its grace, its joy, and asks nothing in return.

You can understand these anecdotes only out of your love. So while I am reading, listen to the very center of your being ... and I have been teaching you nothing else but getting into the center. From now onwards I would like you, even while I am reading, not just to be a listener, but a meditator. In absolute silence these flowers of eternity bloom.

Yakusan was puzzled, because the scriptures were holy scriptures. And Hakugan, who himself was known to be a great master, was saying to stop fooling people, "Throw away these scriptures. All your knowledge, reduced to reality, is nothing; because you don't know on your own, you are simply living on a borrowed theology, philosophy, religion. You can talk like a buddha, you can quote exactly every word of the Buddha, but if you are not a buddha yourself, you are fooling people."

It reminds me of the last day of Gautam Buddha's life on this earth. It was a full-moon night. It is a strange coincidence; he was born on a full-moon night, he became enlightened on a full-moon night and he died on a full-moon night. What a beautiful, symmetrical, harmonious life, where end and beginning and middle are all the same.

He died, but he had thousands of disciples, and the problem was that he had left nothing in writing. The disciples were concerned about the coming centuries, that people would never know the great height that Gautam Buddha reached, the depth of consciousness that he touched. Every word that he uttered in forty-two years had to be recorded for the coming centuries.

But it was a problem. For forty-two years he had been speaking, and the only man who had been continuously present was Ananda. Other disciples sometimes were with him; sometimes they would go away to preach, and sometimes they would stay with Buddha, particularly in the rainy season, when moving around was difficult. But nobody remained with Gautam Buddha all the time, except for Ananda. And Ananda's memory was unbelievable, but the trouble was that he was not enlightened himself.

Three hundred disciples who were enlightened gathered together in an assembly hall, but everybody said, "A few things I have heard, but I cannot say about his whole teaching, I have not been with him for all the time he was teaching." Those three hundred people were enlightened, and they said, "We can say what our experience is, but if you want Gautam Buddha's words you will have to let in Ananda, who is sitting outside the hall, on the steps." He had not been allowed in, because he was not yet enlightened.

And Ananda himself was not ready to say a single word unless he became enlightened,

because he didn't want to defile or misinterpret. He knew he was full of human frailties. "So you will just have to wait, I will do my best. I could have become enlightened before you, because I came in the very early days, but unfortunately I took Gautam Buddha for granted. Another misfortune was that I was a cousin-brother, elder to him, so I never deep down felt ... I touched his feet, but I knew that I was his elder brother. I listened to him, but I knew that in ordinary life he would have to listen to me, as I was elder to him.

"Forty-two years passed and I was constantly with him, day in, day out, and I missed him. I remember every word that he uttered, because I knew that nobody was constantly around him, and one day it would be needed. I have to write it down, but now I have only tears -- you will have to wait."

The three hundred enlightened ones waited for twenty-four hours while Ananda sat on the steps of the assembly hall with tears. He forgot to eat, he forgot to drink, he forgot the whole world. And after forty-two years of continuous insistence on being in, for the first time he tried it. He had heard it and heard it and heard it so much that it had become almost a commonplace, he would know when Gautam Buddha was going to say, "Go in."

But now Gautam Buddha was not there and he had to go in, otherwise the whole teaching would be lost. He was the only container. And within twenty-four hours he became enlightened. It was a tremendously concentrated effort. He sat down on the steps with this determination: "Either I become enlightened, or you will have to burn my corpse. I am not going to move from here."

With such totality and intensity one cannot avoid being enlightened. And as he became enlightened, the tears changed their quality. His whole being became radiant and the three hundred enlightened disciples started dancing; they opened the door and received Ananda. They said, "Without you the world will never know what kind of a man Gautam Buddha was."

Because of this, all the scriptures are the memories of Ananda. Every Buddhist scripture begins, "I have heard ...." It is such a humble beginning; Ananda could not say anything more, because at the time he heard it he was not enlightened. Now he knows that what he heard was right, but at the time it was only heard, it was not experienced.

You are here. I would not like you to be in the position of Ananda. I would like you to be in a position to say, "Yes, it is so" -- not that you have heard, but you have experienced.

The scriptures are dead, and the scholars who devote their lives to reading the scriptures and interpretations not only waste their own lives, they befool millions of people. They go on teaching, not knowing what they are teaching. They are like blind people teaching about light, blind people talking about the beauties of the full moon, blind people talking about the roses and their colorfulness. And because everybody else is blind, nobody prevents them.

It was a rare occasion when fortunately an enlightened person, Hakugan, just passed by when Yakusan was reading a scripture. Just passing by he said, "YOU SHOULD STOP FOOLING PEOPLE."

AS HE ROLLED UP THE TEXT, YAKUSAN ASKED,  
"WHAT TIME OF DAY IS IT?" HAKUGAN REPLIED ...

These are the subtleties, the delicacies of the world of Zen. It was a test question. Yakusan was a great scholar, and he could not leave Hakugan without checking if Hakugan was enlightened himself or if he was just humiliating him by saying, "YOU SHOULD STOP FOOLING PEOPLE."

He asked, "WHAT TIME OF DAY IS IT?"

A simple question, you will think; but it is not a simple question because those who know

meditation, know that the mind disappears and with the mind, time disappears. Time is a projection of mind. Without your mind there is no time. There is eternity, there is this moment, but you can't say what this moment is.

If Hakugan was also just a scholar, he would have been caught in the question. But he was a master. He replied, "JUST NOON." This moment it is just noon.  
YAKUSAN THEN SAID, "THERE IS STILL THIS PATTERN."

He is referring to the pattern of past, present and future; he is saying to Hakugan that his saying "Just noon," implies that there has been a morning and there will be an evening -- that there is still time.

That's why he says, "THERE IS STILL THIS PATTERN, this division -- morning, noon, evening, afternoon, night and day. Your mind is full of divisions. When there is no mind there is no division."

Hakugan replied that he didn't have anything,  
"I DON'T EVEN HAVE NOTHING," TO WHICH YAKUSAN  
SAID, "YOU ARE TOO BRILLIANT."

In any other context, it may seem that Yakusan is appreciating him by saying, "YOU ARE TOO BRILLIANT," but that is not appreciation in Zen, it is a very sophisticated condemnation: "You are still a great intellectual, don't pretend to be a master."  
HAKUGAN COMMENTED, "I AM JUST THUS.  
WHAT ABOUT YOU?"

He did not contradict him. On the contrary he simply accepted it: "This is my reality, I am just this, an ignorant man. I do not claim to be enlightened, I don't claim anything, I don't know even nothing. What about you?"  
YAKUSAN SAID, "I LIMP ALONG, UNGAINLY IN A HUNDRED WAYS, CLUMSY IN A THOUSAND;  
STILL I GO ON THIS WAY."

He is not ready to drop his scriptures, but he is not an egoist, he accepts himself.  
"I LIMP ALONG, UNGAINLY IN A HUNDRED WAYS, CLUMSY IN A THOUSAND, STILL I GO ON  
THIS WAY."  
ON ANOTHER OCCASION, YAKUSAN ASKED A MONK,  
"WHERE HAVE YOU COME FROM?"  
"FROM THE SOUTHERN LAKE," REPLIED THE MONK.  
"HAS THE LAKE OVERFLOWED ITS BANKS?"  
ASKED YAKUSAN.  
"NOT YET," ANSWERED THE MONK.  
THEN YAKUSAN SAID, "SO MUCH RAIN AND THE LAKE NOT YET FULL?"  
BUT THE MONK WAS SILENT.

What can he say? It is true, there is so much rain, but the lake is not overflowing.

These are symbolic statements. The master showers more than you can ever contain, but you are not even full; what to say about overflowing?

To be a disciple is a great opportunity to receive the rain that is showering continuously from the master's grace and experience. Unless you also start becoming an overflowing lake, you have not done the homework. You have wasted your time, you have wasted a valuable opportunity.

Yakusan is right when he says, "SO MUCH RAIN AND THE LAKE NOT YET FULL?"

The poor monk has no answer. But even in his silence there is great gratitude.

There are dialogues of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle; and in modern times Martin Buber revived the whole philosophy of Socrates, with the central point being the dialogue. But

Martin Buber was not aware -- and he could have been aware, because he was alive just a few years ago -- that his dialogues remained the same as those of Socrates, twenty-five centuries earlier.

This is a different kind of dialogue; it has no apparent reason, but inside there is so much insight.

A poet has written:

MINDLESS CLOUDS  
LEAVE MOUNTAIN CAVES;  
WATER FILLS HOLES AND FLOWS OVER.

And another poem runs:

CLOUDS, NO-MINDED,  
GO OUT OF MOUNTAIN CAVES;  
BIRDS, TIRED OF FLYING,  
WANT TO RETURN HOME.

These are statements about you.

Clouds without any mind leaving the mountain caves; tired birds longing to return home, just for a rest.

The clouds don't have a guide, they don't have a timetable, they don't have a map; they are wanderers in the sky of freedom. A man of Zen is just like a cloud, just like a bird, with a tremendous desire to reach the ultimate home.

Maneesha has asked,

BELOVED OSHO,  
"SO MUCH RAIN AND THE LAKE IS NOT YET FULL."  
WHAT DO WE DO THAT WE CONTINUOUSLY LEAK, AND SO LOSE ALL THAT WE ARE GIVEN?

Maneesha, it is not a question of anything leaking out of you, it is really that you are all great lakes and you are ready and receptive, but it will take a little time for you to be full. So much rain is not enough for you; your consciousness is such a vast lake that even so much rain disappears into it.

So don't be sad. Rejoice in the rain, and the more you rejoice, the more it will come. The more you rejoice, the more the clouds feel welcome. Dance in the rain and the time will come -- there is no need for any hurry -- when you will be full, and not only full but overflowing. All that you need is waiting, a silent waiting, not even worrying about whether your lake will ever be filled. I say unto you, it will always be filled if you wait long enough.

The time of waiting depends on your intensity. If the intensity is too much, it can overflow this very moment; if the intensity is not so great, just lukewarm -- just hoping that some day, perhaps in some life, you will also become a buddha ....

Your priests have been befooling you, because they have been telling you that buddhahood is not easy, you cannot become a buddha right now -- it will take time, it takes lives to mature.

In fact the whole idea of reincarnation arose out of this. In the West nobody was thinking about enlightenment, this life was enough; to have a house, a car, a garden, children, a good position -- what more do you want? One life, a good, respected, honored life, is enough; it is

more than enough.

In fact after the age of thirty-five, if you are intelligent enough, you will start getting bored. Up to thirty-five, you are childish, you can have romances. And if by chance you are from California, even up to the age of seventy people are having romances, falling in love and falling out of love.

This strange phenomenon happens only in California. Falling *in* happens everywhere, but falling *out* happens only in California -- there is a special quality to its climate. But anybody who falls in is bound to fall out, California or no California. Here, every day I see ... one day I am told that this is somebody's girlfriend, and another day the girlfriends have changed. The same boyfriends are here, the same girlfriends are here, but why not exchange?

(THERE IS A LOUD BELLY LAUGH FROM THE BACK OF THE HALL.)

Look, Sardar Gurudayal Singh never laughs without a very great reason. He is getting old, but he is still romantic. I don't go out of my room, but I always inquire what Sardar Gurudayal Singh is doing. And I am always informed that he has changed his girlfriend.

It is perfectly right to have new experiences, to have new territories to explore. But if you are intelligent, you soon become tired; it is the same geography -- a little bit of cotton wool here, a little bit of cotton wool there, and you have been so stupid pinching cotton wool! Sooner or later one matures. And if you cannot mature here, you will not mature anywhere else, because this much opportunity is not allowed in the world. I am condemned for this opportunity.

Once you are bored with the world the time has come to wake up; the world is your sleep. It is your interest in the worldly things that keeps you from letting your lake be filled with buddhahood.

Now look at Avirbhava who is sitting just here. A few days ago she dropped the idea of shopping -- she is the great shopper. Just every two or three weeks a great urge arises to go shopping, to Singapore, to Bangkok, to London; anywhere, you just say it and Avirbhava is really ready to go. But I hope she is getting mature and will drop all this nonsense, because what is shopping? -- collecting junk.

I know that every one of you is collecting junk. I am continuously being forced to receive your junk, so I know what you are collecting. Without entering into your rooms, I know what you are collecting, because you will not give me anything that is not great in your estimation. Then I go on giving that junk to others. What else to do? Because one needs some space to sleep, to sit ....

Now look, Avirbhava's urge is starting to think of Bangkok. This Bangkok is a very dangerous place. And you can get any kind of junk at a throw-away price and Avirbhava grabs everything. Whatever she can grab she grabs, and I am finally the victim.

I have never shopped in my life; I had no chance, no time, no space. But so many people are shopping for me. They even go on sending by post all the junk that they think is valuable.

But I hope that even Avirbhava will get out of this. If the urge arises, just go to your boutique. That boutique is just for this urge. It is not a shopping center, it is just to help you get rid of your shopping desire. Just wait a little.

And Maneesha, you are all going to become as enlightened as anyone has ever been. People could not conceive that in one small life they might be able to find time for meditation, because a wrong idea about meditation has been preached -- that you have to take a certain time every day, repeat certain mantras; and then by the grace of God, if he is kind,

but not by your effort, you may become self-realized. And for this, one small life is not enough. So people go to the temple, and you can see, they come out quickly.

In my village, just in front of my house was a beautiful sweet shop. The man was a little deaf and I used to enjoy his deafness, because you had to shout in his ear, and only then he would hear. So I would go and shout in his ear, "Uncle, aunt is calling you inside. "

And they were the only people in the whole house and it was a long house and he knew that to trust me was not right, because if he went in, I would take a few sweets without reason. But he was afraid of her also; she was a dangerous woman -- if she called, you had to come. I would say, "Go, otherwise you will be in trouble. Just for a few sweets you cannot trust me? I will take care of your shop, you go in!"

And as he would go in, I would close the door, enjoy whatever I wanted and he was knocking from inside, "Open the door!"

Except for that shopping I have never done any other .... But he loved me, because I opened the door and I said to him, "Don't be worried, no customer has come. I have been sitting here just watching that no dog or no animal enters in the shop."

And he would say, "You are a very good boy."

The last time I went to the village -- he had become very old, he is dead now -- I went in and he said to me, "Your aunt is dead."

I said, "That is a great loss to me!"

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "Now I don't live here anymore; otherwise it would have been a great loss."

The old man had always been understanding, but he used to wonder how many sweets I would eat. And when the wife said, "Again you have come in?" he said, "But you called."

She said, "This is too much, I have told you that if I want you I will come. Don't listen to anybody, it must be that boy."

I said, "Now that the old woman is dead, I cannot even say to you, 'Uncle, aunt is calling inside.'"

He had tears in his eyes and he said, "I have never told you, but I knew that you were stealing and I never believed that my wife was calling me, because she knows I am deaf; but just to give a chance to you I used to go inside."

I said, "You knew?"

He said, "You were deceiving me every day, and every day the same thing, 'Aunt is calling.' And finally after once or twice I was rebuffed by my wife, I would not go in, I would just stand behind the door, then let you do whatever you wanted. How much harm could you do? And then I would knock on the door. Do you think I was unaware of the fact? I also knew that you used to take some sweets in your pockets."

I used to have many pockets in my childhood; they were needed, but since then ....

I remember the old man, but other than his shop I have not entered into anybody's shop, I just became unfortunately enlightened.

Mad Melvin and his friend, Fruitcake, are sitting around the madhouse canteen eating peanut butter and ketchup sandwiches.

Suddenly, Mad Melvin leans over and whispers, "I am going to escape!"

"Really, how?" asks Fruitcake.

"I am going to run through the keyhole!" replies Melvin enthusiastically.

A few minutes later, Melvin returns rubbing a big, black-and-blue bump on his forehead.

"What happened?" asks Fruitcake.

"The guards were ready for me," says Melvin sadly. "They left the key in the lock!"

In the White House kitchen, Chef Eggbreath and his assistant, Beaver, are frying some onions. With tears from the vapors streaming down their faces, Eggbreath says, "You know, God gave us this vegetable to make us cry."

"Yeah, I guess so," Beaver says, wiping his eyes.

Just then, President Ronald walks by the kitchen wearing only his underwear and a hat.

"And you know," continues the chef, pointing at the president, "God gave us *that* vegetable to make us laugh!"

It is early morning at the Funnydale Mental Institute, and Nurse Brassboobs is inspecting the ward to see that everyone is properly dressed. But when she comes to George, she notices that he has his right shoe on his left foot, and his left shoe on his right foot.

"Come on, George," she says sweetly. "You have got your shoes on the wrong feet, dear."

Half an hour later, she comes back and sees that George still has the same problem.

"George, dear," she says, "why have you not put your shoes on the right feet?"

"But I have tried!" cries George. "I have looked everywhere, but I just can't find my other feet!"

The new priest, Father Finger, is so nervous at his first Mass that he can hardly speak. Before his second appearance in the pulpit, he asks the more experienced Father Fungus how he can relax.

"It is easy," says Fungus. "Next time, just pour a little vodka into your water pitcher. After a few sips, everything should go smoothly."

The following Sunday, Father Finger pours a whole bottle of vodka into his water pitcher, and proceeds to drink and preach up a storm. He feels great.

However, returning to his room, he finds a note from Father Fungus:

One. Next time sip, don't gulp.

Two. There are ten commandments, not twelve.

Three. There are twelve apostles, not ten.

Four. We do not refer to the cross as "the big T."

Five. The recommended grace before meals is *not* "Rub-a-dub-dub, thanks for the grub -- Yaa-hoo!"

Six. Do not refer to the last supper as "Good eats with J.C. and the boys."

Seven. David slew Goliath, he did not "kick the shit out of him."

Eight. The father, son and holy ghost, are not referred to as "Big daddy, junior and the spook."

Nine. You should always say "the Virgin Mary," not "Mary with the cherry."

Ten. Though the pope is a Polack, we do not refer to him as Pope the Polack, or as the Polack Poop.

Eleven. Last, but not least; next week there is a taffy-pulling contest at St. Peter's -- not a peter-pulling contest at St. Taffy's!

Now, this is a good time, Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent,  
close your eyes.  
Feel the body absolutely frozen,  
no movement,  
just remain centered in.  
This centering makes you a buddha,  
this centering is the very womb  
of all the buddhas.  
Deeper and deeper and deeper,  
just like an arrow,  
a diamond thunderbolt,  
which pierces  
to the very core of your being;  
and you will know the space,  
the sky,  
the infinite eternity of your being.  
To be a buddha  
is just to be a fully grown lotus,  
a lotus of consciousness.  
This is a great moment.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax, let go.  
Just be dead,  
but keep holding to the center.  
This center is your eternity,  
it knows no death,  
it knows only a blissful dance  
that goes on and on.  
The whole of your surroundings  
is celebrating you.  
This is the most precious gift  
that existence can give to you.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back,  
sit for a few moments,  
rejoicing in your experience,  
collecting the memory  
so that it can become a flame,  
burning twenty-four hours  
in the darkest period of your life.  
Even in death you will find it  
a flame dancing.  
For the buddha,  
there is no death,  
there is only life  
and life  
and eternal dance.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate seven thousand buddhas together?

Yes, Osho.

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## Zen: The Diamond Thunderbolt

### Chapter #13

Chapter title: Today the bird opens its wings

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

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BELOVED OSHO,  
ONCE, WHEN TOZAN WAS TRAVELING WITH ANOTHER MONK, THEY SAW A VEGETABLE LEAF FLOATING DOWN A VALLEY STREAM. TOZAN SAID, "IF THERE WERE NO-ONE IN THE DEEP MOUNTAINS, HOW COULD THERE BE A VEGETABLE LEAF HERE? IF WE GO UPSTREAM WE MIGHT FIND A WAYFARER STAYING THERE."  
MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE BRUSH AND GOING SEVERAL MILES UP THE VALLEY, THEY SUDDENLY SAW THE STRANGE-LOOKING, EMACIATED FIGURE OF A MAN. IT WAS MASTER RYUZAN. HIS NAME MEANT "DRAGON MOUNTAIN," AND HE WAS ALSO KNOWN AS YINSHAN, MEANING, "HIDDEN IN THE MOUNTAINS." TOZAN AND THE OTHER MONK PUT DOWN THEIR BUNDLES AND GREETED RYUZAN.  
RYUZAN THEN SAID, "THERE IS NO ROAD ON THIS MOUNTAIN -- HOW DID YOU GET HERE?"  
TOZAN SAID, "LEAVING ASIDE THE FACT THAT THERE IS NO ROAD, WHERE DID YOU ENTER?"  
RYUZAN SAID, "I DIDN'T COME BY CLOUDS OR WATER."  
TOZAN THEN ASKED, "HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN LIVING ON THIS MOUNTAIN?"  
RYUZAN SAID, "THE PASSING OF SEASONS AND YEARS CANNOT REACH IT."  
TOZAN ASKED, "WERE YOU HERE FIRST, OR WAS THE MOUNTAIN HERE FIRST?"  
RYUZAN ANSWERED, "I DO NOT KNOW."  
TOZAN SAID, "WHY NOT?"  
RYUZAN SAID, "I DON'T COME FROM CELESTIAL OR HUMAN REALMS."  
TOZAN SAID, "WHAT TRUTH HAVE YOU REALIZED THAT YOU COME TO DWELL HERE ON THIS MOUNTAIN?"  
RYUZAN SAID, "I SAW TWO CLAY BULLS FIGHTING, GO INTO THE OCEAN, AND UP TILL NOW HAVE NO NEWS OF THEM."  
FOR THE FIRST TIME, TOZAN BOWED WITH DEEP RESPECT FOR RYUZAN. THEN HE ASKED RYUZAN, "WHAT IS THE GUEST WITHIN THE HOST?"  
RYUZAN SAID, "THE BLUE MOUNTAIN IS COVERED BY WHITE CLOUDS."  
TOZAN ASKED, "WHAT IS THE HOST WITHIN THE HOST?"  
RYUZAN ANSWERED, "HE NEVER GOES OUT OF THE DOOR."  
TOZAN THEN ASKED, "HOW FAR APART ARE HOST AND GUEST?"  
RYUZAN SAID, "WAVES ON A RIVER."  
TOZAN THEN ASKED, "WHEN GUEST AND HOST MEET, WHAT IS SAID?"  
RYUZAN SAID, "THE PURE BREEZE SWEEPS THE WHITE MOON."  
TOZAN TOOK HIS LEAVE AND DEPARTED.

Maneesha, this is the last anecdote in this series, and you have chosen a very beautiful,

meaningful, and significant dialogue for any seeker. The words are from a great master, hence you have to be very silent to understand it, as silent as if you are not. You can sit silently like a Gautam Buddha, but your mind goes on weaving strange and unnecessary thought patterns. And those patterns become the barrier to understanding what we are trying to do. It is not a mere lecture, it is a search together for your innermost being.

Now yesterday, when I told you about the great urge of shopping, at that very moment Avirbhava was thinking where to go. And in her mind she was thinking, "Osho has mentioned Bangkok, Singapore, Hong Kong, London -- okay, I will go to L.A." On the surface she was laughing, and inside she was going to L.A. First she must have been going to Bangkok, but because I denied those places .... Now do you want me to name all the places of the world? But you won't drop shopping.

The question is not Bangkok or Singapore or Hong Kong; the question is that your mind is continuously .... She is sitting here and thinking of L.A. And it is not only her situation. This is the situation with almost everybody; everybody is going towards L.A. -- different L.A.'s.

Nobody is absolutely *here*, because the moment you are absolutely here, you disappear and the buddha appears in your place. You will find yourself dispersing like a cloud; and a new image, a new golden image of pure consciousness will start arising in you, just like a mountain peak. Each silent moment is the only moment when you live.

In a seventy-year life span, if you can live only seven minutes as a buddha, that is enough. But unfortunately, even in seventy years you cannot manage seven minutes. The mind goes on and on like a stuck record, repeating the same thing. The mind can never be original, it only knows how to repeat. Have you seen a buffalo chewing? That's exactly what the mind goes on doing. But all chewing is nothing but chewing gum; it is a stupid act. Even the bamboos are laughing. They know that although everyone thinks he is silent, underneath he is sitting on a volcano.

This anecdote can become a transforming force in your life. These few minutes here can create a new man out of you. Just a small thing has to be done: tell the mind to shut up, and be strong enough not to be involved or identified with the thinking process. It has become our habit. We have almost forgotten that we were born without any thinking. All thoughts are nothing but dust that has gathered upon you during the time you have been growing up, and this dust is preventing you from seeing yourself.

These anecdotes are small but very emphatic ways to remove the dust, to make the mirror clean, so that you can see your original face. It is the face that existence has given to you, not the face and the personality which the society has imposed upon you. Remember this, that your personality is an imposition by others on you. With all good intent, your parents, your society, your teachers have all been trying that you should not be yourself, you should be somebody else. And they provide the ideal -- who it is that you have to be.

But unfortunately it is impossible; you cannot be anyone other than who existence has intended you to be. But you can miss your destiny. You cannot be anybody else's destiny, but you can miss your own destiny. And the way to miss it is very simple: try to be somebody else, and slowly, slowly a personality, a false mask which is not you -- which consists of the expectations of others -- will arise and cover your innocence. And that innocence is your only treasure, your very eternity, your deathless life.

ONCE, WHEN TOZAN WAS TRAVELING WITH ANOTHER MONK, THEY SAW A VEGETABLE LEAF FLOATING DOWN A VALLEY STREAM. TOZAN SAID, "IF THERE WERE NO-ONE IN THE DEEP MOUNTAINS, HOW COULD THERE BE A VEGETABLE LEAF HERE? IF WE GO

UPSTREAM WE MIGHT FIND A WAYFARER STAYING THERE."

MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE BRUSH AND GOING SEVERAL MILES UP THE VALLEY, THEY SUDDENLY SAW THE STRANGE-LOOKING, EMACIATED FIGURE OF A MAN. IT WAS MASTER RYUZAN, a very famous name in the history of Zen. HIS NAME MEANT "DRAGON MOUNTAIN," AND HE WAS ALSO KNOWN AS YINSHAN, MEANING, "HIDDEN IN THE MOUNTAINS"

... because he was there in the mountains, far away from people, just sitting there doing nothing. The silent mountains ....

If you are not doing anything, how long can your mind go on persisting with things which have become out of date, which do not relate to you any more? As time passes the thoughts become thinner, and a moment comes when simply you *are*, without any thought. This moment when you arrive to the clearance, the opening of your consciousness, is the most precious moment, because it is your hidden nature. It is your splendor, it is your dance, it is your joy, it is your freedom. Once you have entered into it there is no way to be miserable, there is no way to be tense, there is no way to be in anguish -- you have simply passed all those things, which used to be your constant companions.

Ryuzan, in his answers, proves his great understanding.

TOZAN AND THE OTHER MONK PUT DOWN THEIR BUNDLES AND GREETED RYUZAN. RYUZAN THEN SAID, "THERE IS NO ROAD ON THIS MOUNTAIN -- HOW DID YOU GET HERE?" TOZAN SAID, "LEAVING ASIDE THE FACT THAT THERE IS NO ROAD, WHERE DID YOU ENTER?"

Now these are great dialogues; they are no more talking about ordinary roads. Ryuzan's question is not concerned with the ordinary road, but it appears on the surface as if he is asking, "THERE IS NO ROAD ON THIS MOUNTAIN -- HOW DID YOU GET HERE?" Tozan himself was a master. Anyone else in his place would have been a failure; he would not have understood the meaning that there is a place in our being which no road leads to -- but still you can reach there, without any vehicle, without any road, without any guide, without any map. There is a point in our being which we can reach because we are there already -- we don't have to come. We just have to withdraw our thoughts and imaginations, to drop all that is false, and just remain together in the deep solitude.

Tozan understood it exactly, that Ryuzan is not talking about ordinary roads. He SAID, "LEAVING ASIDE THE FACT THAT THERE IS NO ROAD, WHERE DID YOU ENTER? We can discuss the road later. For the moment ... if you can enter here, why cannot we enter here, leaving aside the fact that there is no road?" He is showing his Zen understanding very clearly; if you can reach here without any way, why can we not reach? He is making such a great statement that can be translated in a thousand ways, with a thousand implications.

It means that if even one person can become a buddha, in his buddhahood he declares everybody's buddhahood. His buddhahood means that man has the capacity and the potentiality of being a buddha. Whether you become the buddha or not, that is not the point; but your potential has been shown clearly, that this is the destiny of every human consciousness.

RYUZAN SAID, "I DID NOT COME BY CLOUDS OR WATER." TOZAN THEN ASKED, "HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN LIVING ON THIS MOUNTAIN?"

He dropped the subject because Ryuzan's answer makes it clear that there is no way to say ... all that he can say is that he did not come by clouds or water. There is no road, but he *did* come.

TOZAN THEN ASKED, "HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN LIVING ON THIS MOUNTAIN?"  
RYUZAN SAID, "THE PASSING OF SEASONS AND YEARS CANNOT REACH IT."

Time is not a measurement for consciousness. In your deepest being you have been always here, and you will remain always here; you never move from here. Everything else moves around you -- the whole world moves, all the stars move. There is not a single thing except your consciousness which does not move. But your consciousness is the center of the cyclone. It simply remains here.

Ryuzan's answer is so beautiful: "THE PASSING OF SEASONS AND YEARS CANNOT REACH IT." It is beyond time, so the passing of seasons and years ... don't ask stupid questions.

TOZAN ASKED, "WERE YOU HERE FIRST, OR WAS THE MOUNTAIN HERE FIRST?" From the point where he was rebuffed, he tried another way to bring time in, and to bring it in such a way that Ryuzan would be caught. He asked, "WERE YOU HERE FIRST, OR WAS THE MOUNTAIN HERE FIRST?"

RYUZAN ANSWERED, "I DO NOT KNOW who was here first. I live here without bothering about the mountain and the forest, or who came first and who came second."

It has been a question constantly asked by all theologians and philosophers: who came first? The Bible says that in the beginning was the Word -- it was first, and then came God; but seeing the foolishness of it, whoever wrote that statement immediately added that God and the Word are one. Because the question will be -- without anybody else, how can there be a Word? The Word needs somebody to speak it. But if you put God first, the question remains the same ... for centuries it has been discussed. Zen never discusses that question in the old way, with words like 'god', 'creation' ....

If God was there, from where did he come? He must have been here always. This much seems to be absolutely certain: that he cannot have come from anywhere because the creation had not begun yet. It is Monday morning. Where was he last night? And the day before? And for eternity, what was he doing? Because he created the whole world in six days. On the seventh he went on a holiday, and he has not returned since then. Strange holiday ... that long? And to finish this whole existence in six days does not seem to be possible.

Once I was going to travel and I told my tailor, "You know that I am very fussy about my clothes. They should be ready, without any flaw, by Saturday evening, and there is still the whole week."

He looked at me -- a very old man, a beautiful old man -- and he said, "Before asking me to finish your clothes in six days just look at the world, what happened. In six days God created this chaos, and you are asking me .... If anything goes wrong, don't say anything to me. In six days I cannot manage it; you will have to find God to make your clothes."

He was a very religious person. He said, "It is because of these six days that the world is in constant trouble. It is a chaos, it is insane, and the responsibility lies with God because he never returned to his office on Monday."

The atheists have also asked the same question, "What was the reason that God, at a certain point, decided to create the world? Why not a day before or a day afterwards? There must have been some cause, or else God is whimsical, eccentric. Just for no reason at all he created this whole chaos."

If you want God to be rational, then you will have to answer it. Christians, particularly, have even managed to count the years, the days, the time, the moment when he created the world. It was exactly four thousand years before Jesus Christ, or six thousand years before now. This is such a stupidity. We have found cities seven thousand years old, in Mohenjo

Daro and Harappa. We have found skeletons of animals in the Himalayas, ninety thousand years old. And it is so hilarious; when these things were pointed out -- that six thousand years seems to be a very short time, and how can you explain a ninety-thousand-year-old skeleton? -- one great Christian thinker came up with the idea that God created a skeleton that *looks* as if it is ninety thousand years old, just to test your trust.

If you begin with one stupidity, you will end with another. What is the need for him to test the trust of people who are not even created? It is in his hands to create people who can trust or not trust. But all the religions are so contradictory.

God creates man, but all religions praise celibacy; they don't allow man to reproduce, to bring life. God is the first criminal, in the sense that he started the world. And he is a criminal in that he has put inside you a system of hormones which cause you to reproduce. If he was against reproduction, if he was for celibacy, as all the religions preach, then he should have not put in those hormones.

The thing used to be so simple. But now psychologists, biologists and physiologists are all in immense trouble because they can see that even a murderer has a certain pattern in his mind, and that pattern is not created by him; it has come with his birth. He cannot avoid being a murderer. A man who commits suicide has that tendency in his very chemistry. If anybody is responsible, it is God.

And moreover, what was the reason to disturb the peace of this universe ... the silent stars? What was the need to create Adolf Hitlers and Ronald Reagans and Joseph Stalins? These poor fellows are also creations of God. If God created the world, he has to take the responsibility for everything: for Tamerlane, for Genghis Khan, for Nadir Shah -- for all the murderers. Genghis Khan alone murdered forty million people, and Adolf Hitler murdered thirty million. Their chemistry provoked them to murder and go on murdering.

Just today, Neelam has brought a picture from a newspaper, of a murderer who was a saint and a priest. He was giving poison in *prasad*. In every Hindu temple you are given *prasad* as a gift from God, in the form of some sweet. He was giving poison. Eleven people certainly died, and he confessed that more may have died. And he was not at all hiding the fact. He was sentenced to the gallows and was asked what was his last wish. It is a tradition, to ask a man before he dies if he has some wish. He said, "I have only one wish. I want to be seen on the television." And he was shown on the television. Perhaps just to be shown on the television ... a deep desire to be a celebrity.

He had no reason. He could not give any reason, because those people were not his enemies, they were worshippers. They worshipped him as a saint, but he was not becoming famous -- there is an ingrained desire, the lust for power. All these politicians who are running to be more powerful, the responsibility is not really on their own shoulders. Why should God create such a humanity which is only interested in death and destruction?

It certainly proves that there is no God who has made this world. It is a more rational, reasonable idea to accept that everything has been here from eternity. There was no one first and no one second.

Jesus was continually saying, "I am the last prophet of the Jews, as proclaimed by the OLD TESTAMENT. I have come; I am the one who has been predicted by the OLD TESTAMENT."

The Jews were angry. They could not accept a poor, uneducated carpenter's son who knows nothing, and is proclaiming that he is the only begotten son of God. Now, nobody has seen God. The very idea of God has created so much disease and sickness, and this poor fellow got caught in the idea ...

You can find, in every madhouse, people who are proclaiming that they are God. Even on lie detectors ... psychologists could not believe it. A madman was proclaiming that he was God, so they tried to persuade him to be reasonable: "You are just a human being." He said, "Don't try to persuade me."

So they put him on a lie detector. And because he was bothered continuously by the psychologists always asking the same question, "Who are you?" -- he finally decided that if anybody asked, he would say, "I am not God."

So when he was connected to the lie detector machine .... It is just like a cardiogram; it makes a graph out of what the man is saying. If he is telling the truth, the graph is symmetrical. The moment he tells any lie, there is a jerk in the graph. Just as a small jerk comes in your heart when you lie, that same jerk is printed on the graph. When he was asked, "Are you God?" he said, "No!" And the lie detector said that he was lying. He *was*!

Now, what to do? It is so deep .... Poor fellow, he himself is saying, "I am not," but the lie detector does not listen to what you are saying; it listens to your heart. Because even when he is saying, "I am not," he knows that he *is* -- his heart knows. There is no break in the symbolic graph; it continues.

When Winston Churchill was prime minister, there were at least twelve Winston Churchills in the madhouses of England. When Jawaharlal Nehru was prime minister there were many Jawaharlals, but at least about one there is a record; he was in a madhouse in Agra. And after three years of continuous treatment, he finally relaxed and said, "Okay, I am not Jawaharlal. Finished! -- Just let me go. Don't harass me any more."

By chance -- it was just a coincidence -- Jawaharlal was in the city and he was coming to visit the poor mad people. The superintendent thought that it would be a good opportunity to let Jawaharlal release this man who was cured. They had been watching, and he had been behaving absolutely normally. So Jawaharlal shook hands with the madman and told him, "Congratulations. I am very happy that you are healed."

The man looked at Jawaharlal and said, "Don't be worried; if what was done to me was done to you for three years, you would be healed too. You would forget that you were Jawaharlal Nehru. I used to be him, myself."

So many religions have arisen with different concepts of God. Nobody bothers about where God is. And they have been killing each other down the ages, just because *their* concept of God is right. A concept has been more valuable than millions of lives!

Mohammedans are killing, Jews are killing, Christians are killing -- because *their* concept is the right concept! And even a single religion becomes divided into different branches, because the lust for power is such a thing.

Martin Luther wanted to be the pope, but he could not see any possibility of it. It is a very secret election, and first you have to move from being a priest to becoming a bishop; then from a bishop you have to become a cardinal. There are only two hundred cardinals around the world, and when a pope has to be chosen, they all come to the Vatican. They are enclosed in a meeting place where there are two hundred small cells. Each one has to sit in his cell and write down the name of some cardinal -- only a cardinal can be a pope. And he cannot promote himself like the politicians; he cannot go from cell to cell telling people, "Just remember, don't forget ...." No propaganda is allowed.

And because Martin Luther could not see any possibility of becoming a pope, he declared that the pope and the whole of Catholicism was wrong; it was not real Christianity. Real Christianity was what he was saying. And it created a division; Christianity was divided into two, and Martin Luther became the high priest of the Protestants.

And the differences are negligible. But Protestants and Catholics have been killing each other. It has happened in every religion, and it goes on happening in the name of God.

Zen does not talk about God. It is the only religious phenomenon which has no God, no prayer, and yet has attained to the highest peaks, unavailable to any other religion in the world.

This question, "WERE YOU HERE FIRST, OR WAS THE MOUNTAIN HERE FIRST?" was asked to Jesus also. "If you think you are the son of God, were you here before Abraham, the father of the Jews? Were you before him? If you are the son of God, you must have been."

Jesus said, "Yes, I have been before Abraham."

This is the difference between other religions and Zen. When Tozan asked, "WERE YOU HERE FIRST, OR WAS THE MOUNTAIN HERE FIRST?"

RYUZAN ANSWERED, "I DO NOT KNOW."

Only a man of great understanding and realization can say innocently, "I DO NOT KNOW."

TOZAN SAID, "WHY NOT?"

RYUZAN SAID, "I DON'T COME FROM CELESTIAL OR HUMAN REALMS."

I don't come from gods -- the celestial realm -- and I don't come from human realms. My consciousness has no designation, no categorization, it is simply universal. I really don't come from anywhere, I have been here.

TOZAN SAID, "WHAT TRUTH HAVE YOU REALIZED THAT YOU COME TO DWELL HERE ON THIS MOUNTAIN?"

RYUZAN SAID, "I SAW TWO CLAY BULLS FIGHTING, GO INTO THE OCEAN, AND UP TILL NOW HAVE NO NEWS OF THEM."

In a very symbolic way, he is saying, "I saw, amongst humanity, that people are fighting over clay bulls." What are your gods, except clay bulls? Seeing that everybody is fighting about thoughts and concepts and scriptures and statues and temples, Ryuzan said, "Seeing that ... and they have not yet settled. I have heard no news about them."

FOR THE FIRST TIME, TOZAN BOWED WITH DEEP RESPECT FOR RYUZAN, seeing that he cannot be entangled in any controversy, he cannot be forced to say things which should not be said. He knows; that's why he can say "I do not know."

Ordinarily, people who know nothing go on claiming their wisdom. All your Shankaracharyas and all your popes -- not a single one is enlightened, but they are religious heads. Now what kind of guidance will these people give? They are going to poison people's minds.

But Ryuzan, a man who has the dignity and courage to say, "I do not know," is declaring his innocence, his childlike purity. This made Tozan bow down with deep respect to Ryuzan.

THEN HE ASKED RYUZAN, "WHAT IS THE GUEST WITHIN THE HOST?" These are traditional Zen questions, which decide whether the master is really a master or just a teacher, a man of realization or just a man who has gathered knowledge from others, from scriptures.

"WHAT IS THE GUEST WITHIN THE HOST?"

RYUZAN SAID, "THE BLUE MOUNTAIN IS COVERED BY WHITE CLOUDS."

The white clouds are the guests. The blue mountain is the host, because it will remain, and the clouds will come and go. That which comes and goes is the guest, and that which

remains is the host. But he said it in a very beautiful poetic way. Zen is sheer poetry: "THE BLUE MOUNTAIN IS COVERED BY WHITE CLOUDS."

TOZAN ASKED, "WHAT IS THE HOST WITHIN THE HOST?" That is another traditional question.

Ryuzan answered very beautifully. He said, "HE NEVER GOES OUT OF THE DOOR." The host never goes outside the door. That which goes outside is the mind; it goes around everywhere, Bangkok ... where are you going right now, L.A? It is the mind that goes, but Avirbhava remains here. In you, in everybody, the consciousness always remains in; it never goes out of the door. The mind travels around the world. The moment the mind stops traveling, you come to a great realization: that you are not the one who has been traveling. You are the one who has not moved even a single inch, who is always inside you at the deepest center, never leaving that place.

In our meditations we are searching for the host. We have all become guests, and gone too far away from our own beings. In our meditations we are trying to come back and let the guest merge into the host. The moment you enter into your very interiority, there is a great explosion of light. You are no more a human being; you have become a buddha. You have become pure awareness, unconfined, unlimited.

Ryuzan's answer is so beautiful:

"HE NEVER GOES OUT OF THE DOOR."

TOZAN THEN ASKED, "HOW FAR APART ARE  
HOST AND GUEST?"

RYUZAN SAID, "WAVES ON A RIVER."

He must be a great master, of tremendous understanding. He is saying that just as a river has waves, those waves are the guests. And when the waves have disappeared, the guest has disappeared in the host. The river remains; the waves come and go.

RYUZAN SAID, "WAVES ON A RIVER."

TOZAN THEN ASKED, "WHEN GUEST AND HOST MEET,  
WHAT IS SAID?"

RYUZAN SAID, "THE PURE BREEZE SWEEPS  
THE WHITE MOON." Nothing is said.

"THE PURE BREEZE SWEEPS THE WHITE MOON."

Just a tremendous beauty, a blissfulness, a benediction arises. Nothing is said, not even a hello.

TOZAN TOOK HIS LEAVE AND DEPARTED.

Hakuyo has written:

OVER THE PEAK-SPREADING CLOUDS,  
AT ITS SOURCE THE RIVER IS COLD.  
IF YOU WOULD SEE,  
CLIMB THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

If you want to see you will have to climb the mountain top. If you want to see you will have to reach to the highest point of your consciousness.

Another Zen poet:

FOR LONG YEARS, A BIRD IN A CAGE,  
TODAY, FLYING ALONG WITH THE CLOUD.

These small statements defeat the great scriptures of other religions. In what a beautiful way he says everything that needs to be said!  
FOR LONG YEARS, perhaps many, many births,  
A BIRD IN A CAGE,  
TODAY, FLYING ALONG WITH THE CLOUD.

Freedom is the ultimate goal. We are all living in cages, not only of body and mind, but of all kinds of concepts, superstitions. Unless we drop all these cages, scatter them, burn them, and become free -- just like a bird on the wing, flying away with the clouds -- we will not know what is possible. We will not know what our destiny is. We will not be able to realize the joy, the ultimate experience of truth.

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,  
NEED I DROP NIETZSCHE, ALONG WITH JESUS? I CAN'T HELP BUT IMAGINE NIETZSCHE UP THERE IN THE MOUNTAINS WITH RYUZAN -- BECAUSE HE REGARDED THE MOUNTAINS AS A PLACE TO EXAMINE ALL THAT HAS BEEN "EXCOMMUNICATED BY MORALITY."  
AND WHAT NIETZSCHE SAID OF HIS OWN WRITING SOUNDS AS IF IT MIGHT BE SAID OF THESE EVENINGS WITH YOU:  
"HE WHO KNOWS HOW TO BREATHE THE AIR OF THESE DISCOURSES KNOWS THAT IT IS AN AIR OF THE HEIGHTS, A ROBUST AIR. ONE HAS TO BE MADE FOR IT; OTHERWISE THERE IS NO SMALL DANGER ONE WILL CATCH COLD."

Maneesha, you don't have to drop Nietzsche or Jesus -- you have only to drop yourself. Your dropping Nietzsche will not do. Now you will carry a new idea, "I have dropped Nietzsche, I have dropped Jesus, I have dropped Krishna, I have dropped ...."

But I am here, and these people are not your fetters. You are the only imprisonment, the only cage. Drop your "I" and with your "I" everything else will be dropped. And whatever remains will be simply a cool breeze touching the white moon.

Before we enter in search of the host, just to make the guest a little light, not heavy, not serious .... Because this is my absolute and categorical understanding, that the serious will never reach to the host. It is only the non-serious, playful child who can reach to the innermost. The serious remains always outside. The more serious, the bigger is the distance. I want to teach you to love and to laugh, so that you can enter into the host.

Nancy Reagan is seriously ill, so Ronald sends for the doctor. The doctor dashes into the sick-room and comes out a minute later, asking for a screwdriver. Reagan is stunned, but too anxious to ask any questions, so he finds a screwdriver.

Ten minutes later, the doctor pokes his head out and asks, "Have you got a hammer?" Reagan is puzzled, but rushes around frantically and finds a hammer. Five minutes later, the doctor comes out stripped to the waist, sweat pouring from his body, and says, "Have you got a hacksaw?"

By now, Reagan is going nuts. "For God's sake!" he screams. "First you wanted a screwdriver, then a hammer, and now a hacksaw. What the hell are you doing to Nancy?" "Nothing yet," says the doctor. "I can't get my bag open!"

A Frenchman, an American, and Kowalski go bear hunting together. On the first evening, the Frenchman comes back to camp with a big bear. His companions ask how he managed it.

"Simple," replies the Frenchman. "I saw ze tracks. I followed ze tracks. And -- BANG! I shoot ze bear!"

The next evening it is the American who drags a big bear into camp. "I saw the tracks just like Frenchy," he says. "I followed them. And -- BANG! I got the bear."

The next evening, Kowalski drags himself into the camp, covered in blood and bruises. "What the hell happened to you?" ask the other hunters.

"I saw the tracks," moans Kowalski. "I followed the tracks. And -- BANG! I got hit by a train."

Bernie Badorsky is drunk as he walks into court.

The judge looks sternly at him and says, "My good man, you have been brought in here for drinking."

Bernie wobbles and slurs, "O.K. judge, let's get started."

Prince Abdullah, a wealthy Arab oil millionaire, is being entertained at the White House by Ronald and Nancy Reagan.

After he has been shown to his room, Abdullah calls Ronald on the phone and says, "Hey, Ronnie, send me up a whore!"

Nancy hears this and is shocked, and she demands that Ronald throw him out of the house. But Ronnie is afraid, so Nancy screams, "Then *I'll* throw the bastard out!"

In a few moments, Ronald hears the sounds of furniture breaking and screams and curses. Finally, Prince Abdullah walks into Ronald's office; his face is scratched and his shirt torn.

"Wow!" says the Prince. "That was some tough old bitch you sent me, but I screwed her anyway!"

Now, Nivedano, give the beat ...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent, close your eyes,  
feel as if your body is frozen.  
Let the guest move towards the host.  
Your innermost center is not far away,  
just one single step.  
Don't be afraid, you are entering  
into your own house.  
You have forgotten the way,  
you have forgotten the language,  
you have been outside long enough.  
The bird has been in the cage  
for many, many years, but today  
the bird opens its wings

and moves in freedom in the inner sky  
that is your real home.  
In this silence you are a buddha.  
Remember it.  
Let this remembrance follow you like a shadow  
around the day.  
Slowly, slowly it will become  
your very breathing, your very heartbeat.  
Buddha is not to be worshipped,  
one has to become a buddha.  
Except for that, there is no worship, no prayer.  
You don't need any priest,  
you don't need any scriptures,  
you don't need to be in any religious organization,  
you have to be just yourself --  
silently, peacefully settling within your home.

To make it more clear and more transparent,  
Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax, let go, as if the body is dropped,  
the mind forgotten.  
There is only the beyond,  
only the cool breeze touching the white moon.  
You are the blessed ones of this earth  
at this moment.  
This silence, this moment, here and now,  
you become innocent;  
you can say, "I do not know."  
You become so grateful that your whole life  
becomes a simple gratefulness:  
gratefulness towards the whole -- to the rivers,  
to the mountains, to the ocean, to the clouds,  
simply gratefulness without any object.  
This is the existential message of Zen,  
this is the diamond thunderbolt.  
You have come home.  
The guest is meeting with the host.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back, but don't lose  
what you have experienced, remember it.

For a few seconds just sit like a buddha,  
reminding yourself  
of the space that you have touched,  
the lotuses that have opened within you,  
the skies that have become your home.  
Rejoice in it, and then this very moment  
becomes your eternity.  
Except for this experience there is no God,  
there is no religion.  
One who knows this has come home,  
he has blossomed in thousands of ways,  
because everyone has to blossom  
in their own unique way.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate so many buddhas?

Yes, Osho.