
Zen: The Special Transmission

Talks given from 01/07/80 am to 10/07/80 am
English Discourse series
10 Chapters
Year published: 1984

Zen: The Special Transmission

Chapter #1

Chapter title: Here it is...

1 July 1980 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 8007010
ShortTitle: SPCIAL01
Audio: Yes
Video: No

CHAO CHOU ASKED NAN CHUAN, "WHAT IS THE TAO?"
NAN CHUAN ANSWERED, "THE ORDINARY MIND IS TAO."
CHAO CHOU THEN ASKED, "HOW CAN ONE APPROACH IT?"
NAN CHUAN REPLIED, "IF YOU WANT TO APPROACH IT, YOU WILL CERTAINLY MISS IT."
"IF YOU DO NOT APPROACH IT, HOW DO YOU KNOW IT IS THE TAO?"
"THE TAO IS NOT A MATTER OF KNOWING, NOR A MATTER OF NOT KNOWING. TO KNOW IS A DELUSORY WAY OF THINKING, AND NOT TO KNOW IS A MATTER OF INSENSIBILITY. IF ONE CAN REALIZE THE TAO UNMISTAKABLY, HIS MIND WILL BE LIKE THE GREAT SPACE -- VAST, VOID, AND CLEAR. HOW, THEN, CAN ONE REGARD THIS AS RIGHT AND THAT AS WRONG?"
UPON HEARING THIS REMARK, CHAO CHOU WAS IMMEDIATELY AWAKENED.

We enter today into the very special world of Zen. It is very special because it is the most ordinary state of consciousness -- that's its specialty. The ordinary mind always wants to be extraordinary; it is only the extraordinary mind who relaxes into ordinariness. It is only the exceptional who is ready to relax and rest into the ordinary. The ordinary always feels inferior; out of that inferiority complex he tries to be special. The special need not make any effort to be special -- he *is* special. There is no inferiority complex in him. He is not suffering from any emptiness. He is so full, overflowing, that he can be just whatsoever he is.

The world of Zen can be called the most special and also the most ordinary. It is a paradox if you look from the outside; if you look from the inside there is no paradox at all. It is a very simple phenomenon. The rose flower, the marigold, the lotus, or just the very ordinary blade of grass, they are not trying to be special at all. From the blade of grass to the

greatest star, they are all living in their suchness. There is no effort, no striving, no desire. There is no becoming. They are absolutely blissful in their being. Hence there is no comparison, no competitiveness. And there is no question of any hierarchy -- who is lower and who is higher. Nobody is lower, nobody is higher. In fact, the person who is trying to prove himself higher is lower.

The person who accepts whatsoever he is with joy -- not with resignation, mind you, not in despair but in deep understanding, and is grateful for it, grateful to the existence, grateful to the whole -- he is the highest.

Jesus says it: Blessed are those who are the last in this world because they shall be the first in my kingdom of God. He was speaking a different language because he was speaking to a different kind of people, but the statement has the quality of Zen in it. Those who are the last... But if you are trying to be the last you are not the last, remember.

That's what Christians have been doing for hundreds of years: trying to be the last in order to be the first in the kingdom of God. They have missed the whole point. To be the last -- not by effort, not by striving, but just by simple understanding that "Whatsoever I am, I am; there is no other way for me to be. I cannot be anybody else, I need not be anybody else. This is how the whole wants me to be and I relax in it. I surrender to the will of the whole..."

A Zen Master will not say that "You shall be the first." That is because Jesus was talking to people who were not at all acquainted with Zen. Jesus had known what Zen is. He has been to India, to Ladakh, to Tibet, and there are stories that he had even been to Japan. There is a place in Japan where people think he came and visited. It *is* possible, because for eighteen years he was traveling, moving from one mystery school to another mystery school. But he had to speak in a Jewish way.

The Jews are very goal-oriented people, always trying to reach somewhere. Even Hindus are very goal-oriented people; that's why they could not understand Gautam the Buddha, they misunderstood him. Buddha was better understood by the Chinese, and even far more better by the Japanese, for the simple reason that the Chinese are not so spiritualistic -- because whenever somebody is spiritualistic he has a goal, the other-worldly goal. He wants to be special somewhere, if not in this life then in the next, if not here then after death if not on the earth then in paradise.

The paradise is just the imagination of the people who live a goal-oriented life. They cannot be religious unless there is a goal beyond death. Once there is a goal they are ready to sacrifice everything for it. They cannot be simply religious -- religion is not their understanding, religion is not their joy, religion is not their way of being; it is their desire, it is again deep down an ego trip. It is the ego that creates the paradise.

Chinese have never been spiritualists in the sense Indians have been spiritualists. They have never been very goal-oriented in the sense Jews have always been goal-oriented, always searching for the promised land. The promised land is herenow, and for three thousand years they have been searching and searching. The search started with Moses and it still continues, and it is going to continue. They are always waiting for the Messiah to come. It is because of their waiting and searching that they could not accept Jesus as the Messiah, because if he is the Messiah then what will happen to their waiting and searching? If he is the promised Messiah, then what? Then what they will do? Their whole life pattern is rooted in the search of a promised land, in the search for a savior. If he is the savior then their whole joy disappears. They cannot accept for the simple reason that they want to continue their desiring and their dreaming and their becoming.

Chinese, in a way, had been very different people. Buddha appealed to them immediately;

he became immediate success in the Chinese consciousness. And in Japan even he penetrated deeper because the Japanese have been always very earthly; they live here and now.

Zen, the very word, comes from a Sanskrit root dhyana. It is a mispronunciation of another mispronunciation of another mispronunciation of another mispronunciation. So I am not the only one who goes on mispronouncing words! This is an ancient habit of the awakened ones. The Sanskrit word is dhyana. Buddha pronounced it as jhana -- the first mispronunciation started with Gautam the Buddha. When it reached China, the Chinese Masters, Hui Neng and others, pronounced it as chana, and finally chana became shortened into chan. When it reached Japan, Rinzai and other Masters pronounced it as Zen. It is the same Sanskrit word, dhyana, but with each change it has taken a different flavor; with each change of climate it has taken a new perfume. It has become more and more beautiful. Now it is far more beautiful than it was ever before, and it has traveled a long way.

From dhyana to Zen there is tremendous evolution; unimaginable new dimensions have appeared, so much so that if ancient Sanskrit, Vedic seers come to know about Zen they will not believe that this is what has happened to their dhyana. It has moved almost to the opposite polarity, but it has become far more beautiful, far more aesthetic, far more graceful, far more feminine. It has not lost anything.

Ordinarily just the reverse happens: as time goes by things deteriorate. This has not been the case with Zen. With each passing age and with new conquest of a new country and climate, of new people. Zen was so capable it absorbed new qualities; it became enriched. It started growing new flowers with new colors.

It is the meeting of the whole genius of Asia because the Indian genius, the Chinese genius and the Japanese genius -- these are the three main currents of Asian genius -- they all have contributed to Zen.

The first thing to be understood about it is: it is not goal-oriented. It is a way of life herenow; it has nothing to do with a future life, with any paradise. It is not in the ordinary sense another branch of spirituality. It is neither spiritual nor material; it is a transcendence of both. It is not other-worldly, it is not this-worldly either, but it is a great synthesis.

The Zen Master lives in the ordinary life, just as everybody else, but lives in an extraordinary way, with a totally new vision, with great exquisiteness, with tremendous sensitivity, with awareness, watchfulness, meditateness, spontaneity. There is nothing as sacred in Zen, there is nothing as mundane. All is one, indivisibly one; you cannot divide it as mundane and sacred.

Hence you will find Zen Masters engaged in very mundane activities; no Hindu saint will be ready to do such things. He will call them worldly things. No Jain saint can conceive himself cutting wood or drawing water from the well or carrying water from the river -- impossible! These are mundane activities; these are for the worldly people. But Zen Masters make no distinctions. You can find the Zen Master chopping wood, cooking food, carrying water from the well, digging a hole in the garden, planting trees -- all kinds of ordinary activities. But if you watch him you will see the difference.

The difference is tremendous, but it is not of quantity: it is of quality. He works with such awareness, with such silence, with such joy and celebration that he transforms the whole activity.

The Jain, the Hindu, they escape from the world. The Zen Master lives in the world and transforms it. There is a great message for the future of humanity -- this is going to be the way of a future religiousness. The old idea of renouncing the world has totally failed, entirely failed. It is basically wrong and impractical too. How many people can renounce the world?

-- only a very minor proportion because they have to depend on the world. The Jain monk may not do anything; that simply means other people are doing things for him. The Hindu saint may live in a cave far away in the Himalayas but somebody carries food for him from the village, clothes come to him and everything that he needs.

If the whole world lives like monks and nuns, who is going to take care of these people? That will be a global suicide! They will starve and die. That is a very impractical idea for transforming the world into a religious kind of living.

Zen is very pragmatic, practical. It says that is stupid; renouncing is simply unintelligent -- transform! Be wherever you are, but be in a new way. And what is that new way? Be non-competitive. To be competitive is to be worldly. Remember the emphasis: it is not a question of living in the world or going to the mountains -- *to be competitive is to be worldly*. You can go in the caves, but there are other saints living in other caves and there will be competition; then you have created another world. Then they will be talking who is achieving new *siddhis*, new powers, who can fast more, who can torture himself more, who can lie down on a bed of nails, who can live without clothes in the cold winter who can sit in the burning hot sun with fire all around him -- who is the topmost saint. There will be a hierarchy.

Once I was invited by a *shankaracharya*... there must have been some mistake. He was not aware of my way of thinking. He invited me. I was overjoyed. I said, "This is a good opportunity!" So I went there, and of course there was great trouble.

The first trouble started when we were introduced to each other. The *shankaracharya* was sitting on a golden throne and just by the side of him there was a smaller golden throne on which another Hindu monk was sitting, and there were other monks who were sitting on the floor.

The *shankaracharya* told me that, "You must be wondering who is this man who is sitting by my side on the smaller throne. He has been chief justice of the high court, but he is such a great spiritual man -- he renounced it. He renounced the world, his high salary his post, his power. He became my disciple. And he is so humble that he never sits on the equal platform with me."

I said, "I can see that he is very humble -- he is sitting on a smaller throne than you -- but then others are sitting on the floor! If he is really humble he should dig a hole in the floor and he should sit there -- if he is really humble! He is only humble towards you and about others he is very arrogant."

And I could see the anger... Both the persons became very angry. They were at a loss for a moment what to say, what not to say. I said, "You see your humbleness -- you both are angry! And this man is still sitting! If he is humble he should get down. Dig a hole immediately! Don't cling to the throne. And then there will be a competition, of course. Others will dig bigger holes... Then there is a well outside in the garden -- he should jump into the well to be the most humble person!"

All these stupid ideas have been propounded for centuries, but new competitions arise.

And I told the *shankaracharya* that, "He is simply waiting when you should die, and immediately he will jump on your chair, he will sit there. He is just waiting; he is already half way. He is praying in his heart that, 'You old fool -- die soon!' so that he can tell somebody else to sit on the smaller throne and he will introduce him as a very humble person. Neither you are humble nor he is humble. If he is humble by sitting on a smaller throne, then who are you? You are sitting on a higher throne than him. And if it is only a question of sitting higher and lower, then what about the spider on the ceiling? He is the highest! He is the greatest,

because he is higher than you; you cannot go higher than him. And what about the birds who are flying in the sky?

"If this is the way then you have not renounced anything. You are carrying the same old stupidity in new names."

Only the names have changed, the old dreams continue. The old desires, the old egos are still being strengthened. You can go to any monastery and you can see -- the same competition persists.

Zen has a different approach. It says: Be in the life -- life is not wrong. If something is wrong it is wrong in your vision. Your eyes are clouded, your mirror of consciousness is dusty. Clean it! Create more clarity.

If competitiveness disappears, you are in the world and yet you are not in the world. If ambition disappears, then there is no world left. But how the ambition and the competition can disappear? We go on creating new ways. Somebody is trying to have more money than you and somebody else is trying to be more virtuous than you. What is the difference? Somebody is trying to be more knowledgeable than you, somebody else is trying to have more character than you. It is the same desire, the same dreaming, the same sleepiness. And people go on and on in their dreaming. Their dreams change, but they never wake up.

A man goes to a prostitute. They are enjoying the lovemaking and he is going deeper and deeper. Then before he is aware of it, one of his legs slips inside the woman, and then his other leg, and before he can hold onto something his whole body disappears inside the woman.

"My God!" he mumbles, lost in the dark. Above his head he feels a boot. He grabs it and pulls it down; along with the boot comes a leg, then another boot and another leg, and finally, behold! another man.

"Oh," the man says, "what are you doing here? Did you sleep with this prostitute too?"

"Yes I did," answers the man impatiently, "but I have no time for answering questions right now. I have lost my horse! Have you seen my white horse anywhere?"

Dreams change, but you go on falling into this dream or that dream, and you go on losing yourself in darkness. The question is of awakening, not of changing your dreams, not of substituting another dream for the old one, not of creating a new dream instead of the old.

A man was sitting in the middle of the road waving his arms as if he was rowing a boat, holding up the city traffic.

An impatient car driver gets out of his car and strides up to the man. "Hey, are you crazy or something? What are you doing?"

"I am rowing a boat," replies the man. "Do you want a ride?"

"But where is your boat?"

"What? No boat?" the boatman cries in alarm. "Then we had better start swimming!"

If somebody tells you that this is a dream, that this is all illusion, you immediately start another dream, another illusion.

The play was a flop and as the second act got going, so did the audience. Finally, after the hero had saved his sweetheart from a band of robbers, he turned to her and said with a majestic sweep of his hands, "There, darling, I have driven them all away!"

The heroine's words of gratitude were cut short by a terse voice from the last row, "Not yet, young man! There's still ten of us who are sleeping here!"

Everybody is asleep in different ways, in different postures, dreaming different dreams. Christians are dreaming different dreams; that's why their paradise is different. Hindus are dreaming different dreams, Jains are dreaming different dreams, Mohammedans are dreaming

different dreams, communists are dreaming different dreams. Their paradise is not beyond the grave; they are hoping to have here some day -- but some day, not now, not for you. In future there will come a time when society will become classless, when there will be no exploitation, when there will be no oppression, when there will be no poor, no rich, when there will be no state. Even the state will wither away because there will be no need to govern -- people will be so good, so nice. There will be no need for any government at all. Now that too is a dream. It is as much a dream as the old paradise and old heaven and old *firdaus*; there is nothing much different in it.

You can change the Bible with Das Kapital or with Gita or with Koran, but you are the same person. Zen insists that unless your consciousness goes through a radical transformation, nothing changes. You will remain mechanical, your life will remain mechanical.

One night Stalin is walking in front of the Russian Hotel in Moscow. Suddenly he hears a thud, looks down and sees at his feet the dead body of a young Russian. He looks up and sees a light coming from a room on the tenth floor. He runs up, bursts open the door and sees an Englishman.

"Did you throw him out of the window?" asks Stalin.

"No," answers the Englishman. "We took this room together. Before going to bed I hung my jacket on the hanger, as is the English habit; he put his on the chair, as is the Russian habit. I put my trousers in the closet as is the English habit; he put his under the mattress, as is the Russian habit. At midnight someone knocked furiously at the door. I went to open it, as is the English habit, and he jumped out of the window, as is the Russian habit!"

Habits differ, and sometimes some habits can prove dangerous, but people live through habits not through consciousness; people live mechanically. And you can tell them to renounce the world and they will renounce the world -- as mechanically as they were living in the world. You can tell them to be naked, to renounce even clothes; they will renounce it as mechanically as they were every day putting their clothes on.

The question is how this mechanicalness can be dropped. The question is far more deeper than outer symptoms -- the root has to be changed.

On his return to earth an astronaut described Mars and its men and women inhabitants. "The Martian women have an amazing peculiarity: their asses are at the front and their tits are at the back," he stated seriously.

"But that is horrible!" exclaimed the reporter.

"To look at, yes," replied the astronaut, "but it is wonderful for dancing!"

A guy was walking down the street very upset. He was so upset that he passed a friend who said, "Hello!" to him. He did not even notice. So the friend turned to him, grabbed him by his tie and said, "What's wrong, man? Did not you see me?"

The first guy pushed the hand away from his tie and said, "Don't pull my tie again -- don't pull it! I am so full of shit today that if you pull it again I am going to flush!"

These are the people -- you can make them religious, they will go to the church full of shit! They will go to the temples, they can become Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians, whatsoever you want... a little more shit! They are carrying so much, they can carry a little more. In fact, when they are not having enough they feel empty!

Zen is a radical transformation of consciousness. It cleanses you totally and its method of cleansing is unique; it has never been tried before. It is the greatest contribution to human consciousness.

CHAO CHOU ASKED NAN CHUAN, "WHAT IS THE TAO?"

Now this question is not answerable. There are questions which can be answered and there are questions which cannot be answered. The questions which can be answered belong to science and the questions which cannot be answered belong to religion. The unanswerable questions are the real questions because they are rooted in the very mystery of existence -- hence they are unanswerable.

This question looks very innocent.

CHAO CHOU ASKED MASTER NAN CHUAN, "WHAT IS THE TAO?"

The question looks simple, but it is the most impossible question. To ask it shows that you don't understand at all what you are asking. Tao is another name of "isness". You cannot ask, "What is isness?" You can only experience it. How can you ask, "What is isness?" It can be experienced -- and right now it can be experienced, not tomorrow. It surrounds you, you are breathing in it, you are part of it. It is the very heartbeat of your existence. It pulsates in your blood. It is your consciousness.

Listen to this silent moment... this is it! But there is no way to answer it. Yes, it can be indicated.

Hence Zen Masters say: "Buddhas only show the moon -- don't cling to their fingers. They are just fingers showing the moon -- look at the moon. The fingers are not the moon. Fingers pointing to the moon are not the moon themselves."

Tao is only a word, very arbitrary, it means nothing. It is just a finger pointing to the isness of existence. The birds chirping, the trees standing silently, and you all sitting in a deep communion here with tremendous love in your hearts... THIS is it! But this is not an answer.

CHAO CHOU ASKED, "WHAT IS THE TAO?"

NAN CHUAN ANSWERED, "THE ORDINARY MIND IS TAO."

One of the greatest answers ever given, and one of the answers that contains the ultimate truth -- so simple yet so pregnant:
"THE ORDINARY MIND IS TAO."

What is the ordinary mind? When there is nothing in the mind when you are not desiring anything, when you are not asking for anything, when there are no questions in your mind, no queries, no curiosities, when there are no dreams stirring in your mind, no thoughts, no memories, no projections, no past, no future... then the mind is absolutely ordinary.

In that ordinary mind you will experience Tao because you will experience the isness. It is because of your desires, dreams and your drunkenness with your dreams that you go on missing that which is always available, that which is always confronting you, that which is without and within, that which you have never lost for a single moment even, that which even if you want to lose you cannot lose -- it is your very intrinsic nature. But so many thoughts in the mind create a cloud around you, and the traffic is always there.

Watch the traffic of the mind and you will be surprised: not for a single moment there is a gap. And whenever there is a gap there is a taste of Tao. A distant call of the cuckoo... and for a moment you forget all your thoughts. The call of the cuckoo is so beautiful, so penetrating; it goes like an arrow into your heart. For a moment everything stops... and suddenly you have a taste of Tao. You call it beauty because you don't know what it is. Yes, beauty is one of its aspects. A sunset, and the clouds are all gold and the sun is just to drop into the ocean, and the whole ocean has become red, and even your breathing stops for a moment. The awe of it is such! You call it awe because you don't know what it is; that is another aspect of Tao. You see a beautiful woman or a beautiful man, and for a moment you forget everything else. Your eyes remain focused, unblinking; you forget even blinking. You may call it physical beauty,

form, proportion -- all are aspects of Tao. This night full of stars, you Lying down on the grass looking at the sky, struck by the splendor of it -- you call it splendor -- that is another aspect of Tao.

Listening to music, something stirs very deep in your being; a synchronicity happens. You have become attuned with the music, a subtle dance arises in you. You call it music? You call it poetry? It is Tao, another aspect of Tao.

Tao has multidimensional reality. Tao is the richest experience in the world. The person who knows Tao is the richest man in the world; he has the greatest inexhaustible treasure. Even Alexanders are beggars compared to him. Knowing all the aspects of Tao one becomes Tao himself, because when you become acquainted with these aspects of Tao, slowly slowly you become acquainted with yourself -- because that too is the inner dimension of Tao. The sunset is part of the outer dimension, the music is the part of outer dimension. And the witnessing, the watchfulness, the experience of awe, beauty, wonder, joy, love, they are aspects of the inner dimension. Then there is only isness.

Buddha used to call it suchness -- tathata; tathata exactly means Tao. You can call it isness; isness will make it more clear to you because "Tao" seems to be an alien word. But don't translate it as God; it can be translated as God, but then immediately you become a victim of many many associations that have become part of the word "God." God also means Tao, but in the hands of the priests and the missionaries and the theologians the word has become corrupted; they have poisoned it.

Friedrich Nietzsche says, "God is dead." He is not dead, he has been murdered -- murdered by the priests, by the theologians, by the politicians, murdered by the so-called saints, the so-called holy people. The word "God" is as beautiful as "Tao" if it can be taken out of these ugly hands in which it has fallen.

Tao never became part of any priesthood. No temple was made for Tao, no statue was carved. The followers, the lovers of Tao remained very alert -- no prayer, no worship, no ritual. That's how they have saved its purity, its innocence, its beauty. It is still virgin.
CHAO CHOU ASKED NAN CHUAN, "WHAT IS THE TAO?"
NAN CHUAN ANSWERED, "THE ORDINARY MIND IS TAO."

Don't try to be extraordinary in any way -- and everybody does that. We are brought up in such a way, we have been told again and again by parents, teachers, everybody that, "Be the first, be special, be outstanding!"

I loved my father for many reasons. One of the reasons was this: that he never told me or my other brothers and sisters to be competitive. Never I can remember him saying to us that, "You should come first, that you should make every effort to top the class." In fact, he was never certain in what class I am reading in the school. Whenever somebody will ask, "In what class your son is reading?" he will ask me, "In what class you are reading?" He never asked after the examinations and the results, whether you have passed or you have failed, as if that was not his concern at all.

He had many beautiful qualities, but this quality I loved in him most. He was not poisoning our minds by becoming competitive.

If my teachers will come to him and they will say, "Your son is not attending the schools, is mischievous, creates trouble, is never attentive, always goes on looking outside the window, is continuously punished but never learns anything... Out of seven days at least five days he is standing outside the class because he is being punished to stand outside -- he enjoys it there!

If we give him any punishment, we say to him, 'Go and run around the school building

for seven times,' he goes around seventeen times. We look foolish, and if we say to him that, 'This is a punishment,' he says, 'For you it may be, but today I have not done any exercise so it was good. Many many thanks!' Not a single day goes when he is not being sent to the principal. The principal has become so tired of him that he never asks what he has done; he simply punishes him and sends him back; that has become a routine. And he is bound to fail."

And my father will say, "So what? So let him fail! Few students are bound to fail; the whole system is such all cannot pass, so somebody is bound to fail. So what if he is one of those who fail? And I don't know in what class he studies, so whether he fails or passes I will never know."

He never looked at my certificates. Whenever I will bring he will say, "You just sign yourself, you can manage well!" So I will sign it for him.

When in the university I topped the list and when I got the gold medal, he looked a little angry. He said, "This is not good, because to you it doesn't matter -- I know you -- but to somebody else the gold medal would have been something very valuable!"

I loved him for these qualities. These are the qualities which should be given to each child: non-competitiveness, non-ambitiousness.

When I came from the university back home, he never asked me, "What you want to do now?" The whole village was asking, "Now what you are going to do? Are you going to become a collector? Are you going to become a professor, or this and that, because you have topped the list? You can get any service, whatsoever you want." He never asked anything about it.

When I became the professor in a university he asked me, "Why bother going to the university? Why can't you be just a teacher in the primary school? It is just in front of us!"

When I left the university, everybody, whosoever knew me, came to tell me, "Don't resign such a beautiful post. And you have great possibilities -- sooner or later you will be the vice-chancellor of the university. You wait!" He was the only person who was happy, who said, "Good! Don't be worried. If you need some money or some trouble is there, you tell me. I am still alive, I can support you. If you don't want to work, don't work; or if you want to do some small thing you can do some small thing. If you want to become a potter, become a potter. Or if you want to become a weaver, become a weaver. If you want to spin, I have got a beautiful spinning wheel; I will give it to you. And if you don't want to do anything, don't be worried -- I can manage, I am still working. While I am alive you need not worry."

He was the only person... Even my enemies told me that, "This is not right -- you should take your resignation back." Even the Education Minister called me personally and asked me to take the resignation back. 'You may have given in some moment and you may repent later on."

One day he saw my certificates. He said, "You have left the university, you have dropped the service -- why not burn these certificates?" He was the one who suggested me the idea and I burned them immediately. I said, "That's perfectly good!..."

We bring our children from the very beginning with it -- jealousy, envy. We make them fight, struggle. Our whole idea of life is based on survival of the fittest, and the fittest means the strongest, the most cunning. So whatsoever the means, nobody cares about the means. You have to achieve some end, you have to prove your mettle. You have to show to the world that you are not an ordinary person.

And the ordinary mind is Tao. That's why the world is missing joy, bliss, benediction -- because we are driving everybody crazy. Our whole educational system creates a kind of neurosis, and whosoever is ahead in that neurosis becomes very famous. Now people who

become presidents and prime ministers, world-famous people, powerful people, if you look in their lives you will find nothing but neurosis. You will find nothing but anxiety, anguish, madness. They are boiling within, somehow managing a face -- not even a face, it is just a mask.

This is the greatest alcohol that is affecting human consciousness. We cannot see rightly because we are in a state of drunkenness. Whatsoever we are seeing is not there and whatsoever is there we are not seeing. And if our whole life is upside down there is no wonder in it.

A drunkard was walking round the statue of Joseph Stalin, sobbing desperately. A policeman, curious, approached him and heard him saying, "I swear I will never drink another drop, I swear!"

The policeman took pity on him and asked why he was in such a despair. And the drunkard replied, "I see two of him!"

Now, one Joseph Stalin was enough... two of him!

One man went to a psychoanalyst. He was suffering from double vision: he was seeing everything as two, not as one. He will look at a pillar and he will see two pillars, and of course there was difficulty -- which one is the real one? But somehow he was managing: he will have to grope and find out which is the real one. He will look at the door and there will be two doors: now which one is the real one? And there was every danger that he may try to pass through the unreal one, then he will hit into the wall.

One day he had to go to the psychoanalyst because he came home and he saw his wife -- not one but two -- and he confided into the wife. He had not told anybody; somehow he was managing. It was getting more and more difficult. Even walking on the road was very difficult; he had to be consciously on guard. And he told the wife that, "Now I have to confess that I have started seeing two things instead of one. Right now I am seeing you two!"

And his wife said, "That's good. So one you keep and I am going with somebody else!"

That was too much! So he rushed, he said, "Wait, wait a little! I will go to the psychoanalyst. Now it is time, I have to go."

And he went to the psychoanalyst. And the psychoanalyst looked at him -- not at him, really, but around the room -- and said, "So you say you see double things -- all four of you?" He used to see four things instead of one!

Our psychotherapists, our psychoanalysts are ever far more madder than the mad people. This is really a big madhouse, our earth! And we have made it a madhouse.

A wife called the psychiatrist in great agitation. "Doctor, doctor!" she cried. "Since this morning my husband is convinced he is a horse!"

"Don't worry," answered the doctor, "your husband is a jockey. This could just be a momentary professional deformation. Bring him to me -- I will be here for the next two hours."

"Thank you, doctor!" exclaimed the woman, relieved. "I will be there in a minute. I just need to saddle him and we will come at a gallop!"

Because all are mad, not to be mad becomes very difficult. That's why Jesus suffered, Socrates suffered, Buddha suffered. These are the people who are not mad.

Now this man, Nan Chuan, is bound to suffer in a world which lives for goals, for great ideals. Such a man is bound to suffer because he says:

"THE ORDINARY MIND IS TAO."

The very effort to be extraordinary is the effort to become insane. Sanity is Tao. To be sane is to know what Tao is, to be sane is to be in Tao. If you are not experiencing Tao, that

simply means in some way or other you are insane. But because everybody else is also like you, you will not feel it. To become sane amongst these insane creates trouble. Suddenly you become alone, suddenly the crowd is against you. Suddenly you see nobody agrees with you, everybody disagrees with you. You are bound to be killed, murdered, stoned, poisoned, because the crowd will not tolerate your existence.

But all these people who have known truth have seen this simple fact: that just to be ordinary is enough, nothing else is needed.

That's my approach here. I am not giving you great ideals.

Just the other day Akam had a question that some of my sannyasin has dropped sannyas in Holland and has become a follower of a Hindu mahatma who claims that he knows the secret of immortality -- physical immortality. The way Akam has written the question is such that I feel that Akam also feels attracted.

Akam, you also do the same. You drop sannyas and you also become the follower of the mahatma -- because I want to get rid of all kinds of fools. And these mahatmas are good: they help me to get rid of stupid people. Physical immortality... Now for millions of years man knows that everybody has to die and everybody dies. Buddha died, Mahavira died, Krishna died, Lao Tzu died, Jesus died, Mohammed died -- *everybody* dies! Some foolish mahatma, some insane man still can attract people. That simply means people are mad. And this is not new -- this type of people have always been around. One thing is good about these people: that while they are alive you cannot prove that they are wrong, and when they are dead, what can you do?

Sri Aurobindo used to say the same thing, that he has come to know the secret of physical immortality. When he died it was a shock, because he had thousands of followers. Few of my friends were there in his ashram and they reported to me that for twenty-four hours the news was not released outside the ashram because nobody could believe that Sri Aurobindo can die: "He knows the secret of the physical immortality, so he must be fast asleep or may have gone into deep SAMADHI." But how long you can wait? After twenty-four hours it became absolutely clear that he was dead. But fools are fools -- still they waited for two days more! Of course the news got leaked out, but still they waited for three days. When the body started stinking, when there was every proof that now keeping this body is absolutely absurd, they buried the body -- still with the desire that he will come back in a new body. And they are still waiting.

And then they started thinking that The Mother who was the succeder of Sri Aurobindo, she will live forever. Accidentally she lived very long, so their hopes were getting more and more bigger that: "She certainly knows the secret of physical immortality!" But then one day she died. Again the shock...

And this has been happening again and again. But one thing is good: you cannot do anything when a person is dead. You cannot argue with him, you cannot say, "What about your theories? What happened to your theories?" While he is alive of course you cannot disprove him. And there are fools always who will become interested in all kinds of stupid things.

Only very intelligent people can understand this statement:
"THE ORDINARY MIND IS TAO."

To be absolutely ordinary, to live an ordinary life, eating when feeling hungry, drinking when feeling thirsty, sleeping when feeling sleepy, young when you are young, old when you are old and dead when you are dead...! Don't try to force on walking even while you are dead. Don't try to live a posthumous existence. Don't try to be a ghost!

I have heard one ghost saying to another ghost that, "Whatever you say, but I don't believe in people!"

Even ghosts don't believe in you, but you believe in ghosts! Even ghosts are not so foolish to believe in you, but your stupidity knows no limits.

Zen can attract only very intelligent people. Any fool can be attracted by the idea of physical immortality or *siddhis* like... Now Maharishi Mahesh Yogi has found the *siddhi* of flying. Now what you will do by flying? Mm? You will look simply stupid! Just think of yourself flying in this Buddha Hall... and if your pajamas slip down... so holding your pajamas and trying to fly! And everybody will be pulling on it! What is the point of it all? Even if you can fly, where are you going to land?

But all kinds of nonsense continue in the name of religion. The more nonsensical, the more impossible it looks, the more it attracts the neurotic people. Simple truths don't attract the neurotic people.

What I am doing here is very simple, very ordinary, nothing spiritual in it, nothing sacred. I am not trying to make you holy persons, I am simply trying to make you sane, intelligent, ordinary people who can live their lives joyously, dancingly, celebrantly. And that is Tao. CHAO CHOU THEN ASKED, "HOW CAN ONE APPROACH IT?"

That's the logical mind always asks: "How?" If you say, "It is the ordinary mind," still the logical person will ask, "How one can approach it?" The logical mind goes on missing the point. If it is the ordinary mind, then there is no question of approaching it; it is already there. You *have* it, it is already the case. But your mind goes on and on, again and again, in roundabout ways, to the same point. You have always asked, "How to achieve it?" If somebody was saying that you can achieve *siddhis*, powers, you immediately asked, "How?"

Now, Nan Chuan is not saying about anything special. He is saying: The ordinary mind which you already have... there is no questions of "how" and there is no question of approaching it. You have never lost it, you have simply forgotten about it. It has become covered; you have only to uncover it.

NAN CHUAN REPLIED, "IF YOU WANT TO APPROACH IT, YOU WILL CERTAINLY MISS IT."

If you want to approach it, that is a sure sign that you are going to miss it because we approach things which are far away, we approach things which are not available, we approach things which are objects in the outside world.

The ordinary mind is your subjectivity; you cannot approach it. Who is going to approach it? You are it! There is no separation between you and the ordinary mind. You are creating now a new illusion of separation, hence the question, "How to approach it?" Now you have divided the subject -- the one who will approach -- and the object -- the one which has to be approached. Of course, then the question arises, "What means have to be employed?"

And the whole thing is meaningless. No means has to be employed, no methods are needed. A simple understanding that you are born with it is enough. But the logical mind persists. The disciple goes on asking, "If you do not approach it, how do you know it is the Tao? We have to approach it, study it, understand it, find it, then only we can know that this is Tao."

Nan Chuan says:

"THE TAO IS NOT A MATTER OF KNOWING..."

It is the knower, hence it cannot be a matter of knowing. The knower cannot be known; you cannot reduce it into a known. It cannot be reduced into an object. It is always the knower, the witness; it never becomes the known.

"IT IS NOT A MATTER OF KNOWING NOR A MATTER OF NOT KNOWING."

"But don't misunderstand me," Nan Chuan is trying to say, because the logical mind immediately jumps to the opposite: if it is not a matter of knowing, then it must be a matter of not knowing. He makes you aware from the very beginning it is neither a matter of knowing nor a matter of not knowing, because that which is a matter of not knowing can be made a matter of knowing. That which is unknown today can be made known tomorrow. Many things were unknown before, now they are known. Many things are unknown today, will be known one day.

Science believes in only two categories: the known and the unknown. And the unknown is being transformed into the known every day. The ultimate idea of science is that one day will come when there will be no more unknown left; all unknown would have become known. That is the goal of science.

Religion begins with the third category: the unknowable. It is neither a matter of knowing nor a matter of not knowing. You are not ignorant of it and you are not knowledgeable about it. It transcends both, it stands behind both. It stands behind all divisions and dualities. "TO KNOW IS A DELUSORY WAY OF THINKING..."

If somebody says, "I have known Tao, I have known truth, I have known God, I have known Dhamma," know perfectly well that he has been living in an illusion, because it is the knower and can never become the known. "TO KNOW IS A DELUSORY WAY OF THINKING AND NOT TO KNOW IS A MATTER OF INSENSIBILITY."

Those who think "We don't know," are simply insensible, and those who think "We know," are only egoistic. You have to drop both -- you have to drop your egoistic ideas of knowing and you have to drop your insensibilities. You have to become more sensitive and more egoless. And then happens a transcendence. Then life becomes way simple uncomplicated, but tremendously mysterious. "IF ONE CAN REALIZE THE TAO UNMISTAKABLY..."

Remember, Nan Chuan says, "If one can realize..." It is not a question of knowing or not knowing but a question of realizing that "I am it!" It is a recognition. If one can recognize... "IF ONE CAN REALIZE THE TAO UNMISTAKABLY..."

If you have any suspicion, if there is some wavering, if you are still doubtful whether this is so or not, that simply means you are still in the world of duality. When one transcends the dual there is no doubt left. Doubt is the shadow of duality. So when one recognizes one's nature it is indubitable, it is unmistakably so. There is no question that whether it is right or wrong: it is self-evident. "IF ONE CAN REALIZE THE TAO UNMISTAKABLY, HIS MIND WILL BE LIKE THE GREAT SPACE..."

Like sky, unbounded, open on all the sides, infinite. It will be vast, immeasurable. It will be void -- it will be absolutely empty of all content. It will be just a mirror reflecting nothing, just a silent lake, absolutely silent and absolutely clear. In that clarity is Buddhahood, in that clarity is awakening. That clarity is awakening. "HOW, THEN, CAN ONE REGARD THIS AS RIGHT AND THAT AS WRONG?"

There is nothing left. There is no question of this and that, so one cannot have any doubt. It is unmistakably so. There is only void, vast clarity and infinite sky. And all is silent: all duality gone, the knower gone, the known gone, the seer gone, the seen gone, the observer

gone, the observed gone, the objective, the subjective... all are gone. There is only a pure clarity, a silent witnessing. In this there is no content so you cannot mistake that this is right or that is right. There is nothing left, there is no content. Hence it is unmistakably so, it is indubitably so, it is self-evidently so.

UPON HEARING THIS REMARK. CHAO CHOU WAS IMMEDIATELY AWAKENED.

If one knows how to hear... Chao Chou was living with Nan Chuan for many years, so don't think that it was the first encounter with the Master: it was the last encounter, in fact. After that there was nothing left. But he was living with the Master meditating, sitting silently, listening, just being with the Master, for years -- as if the fruit was absolutely ripe and just a little breeze and the fruit falls to the earth. It would not have happened if the fruit was not ripe, remember.

UPON HEARING THIS REMARK...

The remark is tremendously significant, but it will penetrate to your heart only if you have been in deep communion with the Master. It was the last effort of the mind, the last effort of logic. He was just on the borderline when this remark was made, when Nan Chuan said:

"IF ONE CAN REALIZE THE TAO UNMISTAKABLY, HIS MIND WILL BE LIKE THE GREAT SPACE -- VAST, VOID, AND CLEAR. HOW, THEN, CAN ONE REGARD THIS AS RIGHT AND THAT AS WRONG?"

UPON HEARING THIS REMARK, CHAO CHOU WAS IMMEDIATELY AWAKENED.

This immediate awakening, this sudden awakening is one of the great problems for others, for those who don't understand Zen and its approach. For them realization means a gradual phenomenon, but for Zen it is always sudden, it is always immediate. And it should be immediate for the simple reason because it is your nature that opens up. Any remark that you can allow to penetrate inside you will be able to do the miracle. It is not the question of whether the remark is very significant or not; sometimes a very insignificant remark or sometimes just a slap from the Master or sometimes when the disciple asks the Master and the Master remains silent without answering him... the silence! Or sometimes the disciple is sitting under the tree and a dry leaf falls from the tree... and the falling leaf. Now there is no remark, the tree is not aware of the disciple, the leaf is not falling for him, but just the falling leaf -- and something transpires.

All that is required is a state of silence, of meditative awareness. Then anything can trigger the process, anything trivial can trigger the process.

Enlightenment is bound to be sudden; it cannot be gradual because it is not an achievement. It is simply a discovery of something forgotten. It is a remembrance, a recognition.

This is called the special transmission. Nothing is transmitted and yet something has transpired. This is the miracle of the relationship between the Master and the disciple. This is the greatest miracle in existence; there is nothing compared to it, it is incomparable.

It can happen here -- it is going to happen here to many people. As you will become more and more imbued with me, as you will be able to put your logical mind aside more and more, any day, any moment -- one never knows, it is unpredictable... and something can transpire. And suddenly all is light, suddenly the sun has risen.

Try not to be special. Just be ordinary, and wait in silence for the special transmission. It happens. It has happened before, it can happen now. It is the easiest way to God, to Tao, to the ultimate truth.

Zen: The Special Transmission

Chapter #2

Chapter title: Come and Get It!

2 July 1980 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 8007020

ShortTitle: SPCIAL02

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

The first question

OSHO,

WHAT IS UNDERSTANDING AND WHAT IS MISUNDERSTANDING?

Dharmaraj,

Mind is misunderstanding -- any kind of mind, good or bad, educated or uneducated, cultured or uncultured, Christian or Hindu; it does not matter what kind of mind it is. Mind as such is misunderstanding. Mind means you are carrying *a priori* conclusions; you are not seeing that which is, you are seeing that which you want to see. You are not seeing but projecting. Your mind is a projector; it uses everything as a kind of screen, it projects itself on the screen.

In the dim light you can see a rope as a snake. the snake does not exist; it is your fear projected, the rope becomes a screen. But for you the snake becomes as real as if it was really there. It can affect you -- it *will* affect you. You may start trembling, you may start running, you may slip on a banana peel, you may fall down, you may have a heart attack -- and all these things will be real. One can even be killed! And there was no snake at all. You created the whole thing, you invented it, you projected it.

The world that we know is not actually the world that is; it is the world that we are projecting. This is a misunderstanding. That's why the eastern mystics have called our world nothing but a maya, an illusion. It does not mean that the rocks are not there, that the walls are not there and you can pass through them. It does not mean that the matter does not exist. It simply means that what exists is not known by you, and what is known by you is something else. Something certainly exists, but it remains unknown to the mind.

The mind is a barrier. It does not allow you to see, to feel, to know, to understand. It goes on creating misunderstanding, it is the source of all distortions. Hence, unless mind is put aside, understanding does not arise.

Understanding means a state of no-mind. That's what meditation is all about. Meditation is the art of putting the mind aside, not allowing it to interfere, not allowing it to stand between you and the real. When you face the real without any interference of any kind -- philosophical, political, religious -- when there is no idea between you and the real, when the real is simply reflected in you like a tree is reflected in the lake or the face is reflected in a

mirror, then there is understanding.

Understanding is a byproduct of meditation; misunderstanding is a shadow of the mind. And these are the only two ways a man can live: either one can live as a mind or one can live as meditation. If you live as a mind you will be living in misunderstanding. But because millions of people around you are living also in the mind you never become aware that what you are doing to reality, how you are distorting it, how you are continuously avoiding it.

Rather than getting acquainted with it, how your mind is functioning as a barrier... it is not a bridge. But if you live with people who have the similar minds like you... A Christian living among Christians will never feel that there is anything wrong in Christianity. The Hindu can see it very easily because he does not have the same projection. The Jew can see very easily; there is no problem in it. In fact, the Jew cannot understand how so many people are befooled by stupid doctrine. The Christian can see the foolishness of the Hindu -- it is so obvious. The Hindu can see the mediocre ideology of the Mohammedans; not much intelligence is needed to see it. The Mohammedan can see the same in Hindus, Christians, Jews. They all go on quarreling with each other trying to prove that the other is wrong, but the reality is that mind *is* wrong.

That's the difference here. I am not telling you Hinduism is right or Christianity is right or Judaism is right. I am simply telling you *mind* is wrong and no-mind is right. Now, no-mind cannot have any adjective: it cannot be Hindu, cannot be Mohammedan, cannot be Christian. Mind can have an adjective. Mind will have an adjective, is bound to have an adjective. It will have a certain definition, a certain limitation. No-mind is vast like the great space; it is void, it is clear. It is clarity, it is transparency.

But we all live in our prejudices because we are all past-oriented. Whatsoever had been taught to us we go on repeating, whatsoever has been told to us we will go on telling to our children. That's how diseases are transferred from one generation to another generation. We call it heritage, we call it culture, religion, we call it our great past. Past is dead and to carry the dead is to become dead yourself.

To live in the present is the only way to be really alive and to be in tune with reality. God is always present, never past, never future. You cannot say "God was," you cannot say "God will be" -- you can only say "God is."

No-mind is: mind never is. Either it belongs to the past... You can look in, you can just try to find out. I am not talking about any abstract theory, I am simply stating a fact. You can experiment with it. You can look into each of your thoughts and you will see from where it comes; it belongs to the past. Or maybe you have some desire for the future; that too is nothing but a modified past, a refined past. But mind is never present.

And understanding means to be in tune with that which is, to be totally in tune, in accord with Tao, with God, with *dhamma*, with truth.

My sannyasins don't belong to any religion; they cannot belong. They belong to reality. They belong to the reality that is without and the reality that is within, and they live in a harmony between the without and the within. That harmony is the ultimate in understanding.

Buddha has called it wisdom, *prajna*. Buddha has said meditation is the means and wisdom is the end. Meditation is the tree and wisdom is its flowering. But people who go on carrying their prejudices, their ideologies, their political doctrines, their theologies, their nationalities, their pasts, remain stupid.

If you want to remain stupid, cling to the mind. The mind can become very sophisticated, but it is nothing but stupidity sophisticated. It is stupidity pretending to be intelligent; that's what we call intelligentsia, the so-called intellectuals. They are not really intelligent people,

they are only pretenders. Professors, authors, philosophers, scholars, these are not intelligent people, otherwise they would have been Buddhas; they are only intellectuals. Their mind is stuffed with great information -- and mind is capable of collecting great information.

The psychologists have found that a single mind-system has such potential, almost unimaginable potential of collecting information, that it looks that it cannot happen. How it can happen? The psychologists say that each single mind can contain all the information contained in all the books of the world. Of course then the person will look as a great intellect. Yes, he has a great deal of information -- he has become a computer -- but if you look into his life, if you look into his ordinary life or in moments when his information is of no use, where he has to face life and respond spontaneously, you will immediately see his mediocrity, his stupidity.

And it is a well-known fact that scholars, professors, philosophers, behave very stupidly in situations where spontaneity is needed. If you ask something that they know already, about which they have enough information, then they will look very great, intelligent persons. But just a small situation will be able to expose them.

A great scholar is staying in a hotel. He is very upset and complains to the clerk at the reception of the hotel. "What kind of hotel is this?" he cries. "There is no toilet paper in the bathroom."

"We are very sorry, sir. It must have been a mistake."

"This is too much! Last night I could not clean myself because there was no paper. You are a bunch of incompetents!"

The manager came to the rescue of the clerk. "Sir, you should have called room service. Don't you have a tongue?"

"Sure I have, but I am not a contortionist!"

A professor with a wooden eye stood alone in a corner at the dance. He was so self-conscious about his wooden eye that he hardly ever mixed with people. He was very sad and lonely. Then he spotted a girl across the room who was also alone. She had a huge wart on her nose.

"Well," he thought to himself, "she is no beauty with that wart and all, but never mind -- maybe she would dance with me."

So he gathered up all his courage and walked over to her. "Would you... would you like to dance with me?" he stammered.

Her face brightened. "Would I! Would I!" she cried.

Offended, the professor yelled back, "Wart nose! Wart nose!"

Any small situation in which his information is not applicable, in which his scholarship has nothing to say, will be enough to expose his stupidity.

Dharmaraj, as far as Zen is concerned, mind is misunderstanding and no-mind is understanding. If you want to have understanding, move from mind to no-mind. Don't go on polishing the mind. That's what people are doing. You can go on polishing it your whole life; you will have a very polished mind in the end, but that will simply mean a very polished misunderstanding. It will be difficult for people to see -- your stupidity will be very much hidden -- but if you come across a Buddha then you will be exposed. Then his X-ray eyes will immediately see that you are just stupid and nothing else.

When Maulingaputta, a very great and famous scholar of Buddha's days, came to see him, he had come really to argue with him. He had come with his five hundred followers. These kind of people can always gather other stupid people who are impressed by their information. There are always enough fools in the world. If you are a fool don't lose heart -- you can still

become a guru because there are greater fools than you! And there is no end to it. You have just to gather courage and start bragging about your knowledge of the Vedas and the Bible and the Koran, and you will find many fools coming around you. They may not understand a Buddha -- in fact they will not understand a Buddha -- but they will understand you. Buddha will seem to be too far away, too far removed, almost as if living on some other planet. But you are very close to them; deep down you are the same person, of the same quality, only you have a greater quantity of information than they have. And people become very much impressed by quantity. To see quality one needs understanding; to see quantity no understanding is needed. Any fool can see quantity.

Five hundred fools were following Maulingaputta and he was traveling all over the country defeating other scholars. Now only Buddha was left; he thought he had conquered everybody. That was a routine phenomenon in India, that scholars used to roam about in the country, discussing, arguing, debating, defeating, conquering. It is the same as others do with swords -- they were doing with their sharpened minds. They were using their minds like swords, cutting each other's throats.

He came to Buddha, very arrogant, obviously, because he knew all the Vedas and all the Upanishads and he knew all the ancient lore. He was well-educated, well-cultured. He belonged to a very famous family of scholars; for generations they had been famous. And his name was spreading like wildfire -- and, of course, five hundred disciples coming with him.

Buddha looked at him, and the first thing he did -- he laughed.

Maulingaputta was offended. He said, "Why are you laughing?"

Buddha said, "I am laughing because once I had stayed in a village for the rainy season..."

In the rainy season Buddha used to stay for four months because traveling was impossible. You can think of the roads twenty-five centuries before -- Indian roads! Even now in the rainy season they are not worth traveling, and Buddha was traveling on foot and it was difficult, almost impossible. So he used to stay for four months in one place; eight months he will travel to spread his word.

Buddha said, "Once I was staying in a village for four months. Every day I used to see a man sitting in front of his house counting all the cows and the buffaloes and the bulls going to the river to drink water and coming back from the river. I became interested that why he goes counting every day how many cows, how many bulls, how many buffaloes, have gone to the river. So I asked him, 'What is the matter? Do these cows and the bulls and the buffaloes belong to you? Why you go on counting?'

"He said, 'No, they don't belong to me -- they belong to the people of the village.'
" 'How many cows belong to you?' I asked him.

"He said, 'Nobody had ever asked me this. I am a poor man. I don't have even a single cow.'"

Buddha said, "Then why you go on counting? And you look so happy counting others' cows and bulls and buffaloes. Are you a fool? Why are you wasting your time? And every day! It is better to have one's own cow, even if one has only one cow, because that will give you milk and nourishment.

"Seeing you I remembered that man, Maulingaputta."

Maulingaputta said, "How am I related to that man? Are you mad or something? Why should you remember that man?"

And Buddha said, "I am remembering that man because whatsoever you know does not belong to you. These are other people's cows -- the Vedas, the Upanishads. I can see your head is full of all kinds of things, beautiful sayings, wise sayings. They have made you look

wise, but you are not a wise man. You tell me one thing: do you know or you are simply repeating the scriptures?"

The question had come in such a sudden way. Nobody had asked it before because Maulingaputta had never come across a Buddha. He was meeting other scholars who were counting also the same -- others' cows and bulls and buffaloes -- and of course he had counted more than they had counted.

And Buddha looked deep into him and he said, "Come close to me, let me look into your eyes and answer me honestly -- is this your experience? Have you experienced God? Have you experienced *samadhi*? Have you experienced the truth?"

Maulingaputta felt ashamed, started looking down, could not raise his head in front of Buddha.

And Buddha said, "At least you are a sincere person, an honest person. I respect your sincerity -- you cannot lie. Do you want to experience truth, or do you think it is enough that others have known and you can go on just repeating their words like a parrot?"

Maulingaputta said, "Yes, sir, I would like to know."

Then Buddha said, "Sit by my side and for two years remain absolutely silent -- no talking, no questioning, no argumentation, no studying. Throw all your scriptures and for two years sit in silence by my side. After two years you can ask whatsoever you want to ask."

After those two years Buddha asked Maulingaputta, "Now do you want to ask anything?"

Maulingaputta bowed down, touched his feet and said, "I am grateful. The silence has taught me everything, that two years' silence sitting by your side. I have experienced. Now there is no need to say anything to me. I am yours, at your service. You have not argued, but you have conquered. You have not defeated me and yet you have defeated me."

Understanding arises out of silence; silence means no-mind. Misunderstanding is all kinds of noise in your mind. Dharmaraj, move from mind to no-mind, from noise to silence. The second question

OSHO,

I AM A HYPOCRITE. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Narayandas Diwari,

IT IS GOOD, it is beautiful that you recognize, that you confess that you are a hypocrite. This is the beginning -- the beginning of sincerity, the beginning of truth. Hypocrisy cannot remain long now any more. Hypocrisy can remain only if it goes on pretending that it is not hypocrisy. It exists by pretending to be that which it is not.

Once you recognize that you are wearing a mask, the mask has already started slipping. You have become aware that this is not your face. The mask can remain on your face only so long as you go on believing, pretending, deceiving others and yourself that it is your real face. And the problem is: if you deceive others you will start deceiving yourself finally. The person who goes on being cunning with others sooner or later starts being cunning with himself. He forgets the language of sincerity, authenticity, truth. He has been lying so long that all he knows now is lying; he goes on lying. And if others start believing in his lies -- because he becomes very clever in lying -- seeing that others are believing in his lies he starts believing in those lies himself; naturally, when so many people are believing, there must be some truth in it. How can you deceive so many people? People are not such fools!

This is the greatest problem of wearing masks: they become your faces. Slowly slowly the distance between the original face and the mask disappears, they become glued together, almost welded. In fact, to separate them will feel as if you are peeling your skin -- it is

painful, it is surgical.

But to be with a Master is to be on a surgical table. It is surgery because much that has accumulated around you which is false has to be cut, chunk by chunk. It hurts. It has become almost your second nature -- your originality is completely forgotten -- it has become far more important than the original.

Hence, the first thing I would like to say to you, Narayandas, is that this is good, tremendously good, that you accept. Otherwise it is very difficult, particularly for Indians, to accept that they are hypocrites. They are *all* hypocrites. For centuries they have lived in hypocrisy; that has become their way of life. Their mahatmas, their saints, their so-called great men, they all live in hypocrisy; and the smaller people naturally follow the so-called great. The hypocrisy has gone into the blood, into the bones, into the marrow.

It always happens to an ancient culture, and India is one of the most ancient cultures alive -- not very much alive, of course, but still breathing; vegetating, almost in a coma, but still breathing. It has not died yet. That is a misfortune that it has not died, because if it had died something new would have been born.

There have been other great cultures which have disappeared from the world. Where is Babylon, Assyria? Gone, absolutely gone. Where is the ancient civilization of Egypt? The civilization that made the pyramids has disappeared completely. The ancient Chinese civilization is no more there. Where is Greece and its great civilization, and the Roman culture? They all have disappeared.

If you look around the map of the world, the only ancient culture somehow still dragging is the Indian culture. It is so old, so crippled, so paralyzed, that it can only pretend. It has lost all courage to be true, to be adventurous, to be inquiring. It has become almost fossilized, it is a big graveyard. But somehow the people who are in the grave are not completely dead; that is the trouble. If they were dead one is finished with them. They are somehow alive and they have gathered many lies meanwhile.

Have you watched this fact? -- that children are never hypocrites, they cannot be! They simply say whatsoever is the case. As they grow they start telling lies; they have to, just to survive with the grown-up people, because the all grown-up people are Lying. And slowly the child starts seeing the fact that if you want to survive you have to lie.

My own approach about it was always this: whenever my father will ask me anything I will ask him another question immediately: "Do you want the truth? Are you ready to listen to the truth? Or you want something sweet? You decide!" If he asked me, "Have you done this? Had you jumped into somebody's well and were you taking bath in the well?" I will ask him immediately, "You just tell me one thing: do you want the truth? Are you ready to hear the truth? Are you ready not to punish the truth? Otherwise I was not in the well -- somebody else -- then you will have to prove!"

He was a very beautiful person. He will always tell me, "You can tell the truth and you will be protected." And I will tell him the truth, whatsoever it was. But sometimes he himself used to get into trouble because of me.

One day he said to me that, "You are sitting outside in the sun..." It was a winter cold morning. "Some person is going to see me and I don't want to see him today. He is such a bore and he will destroy my whole day, and it is very difficult to get rid of him. So you simply say him that, 'My father is not at home.' "

And the bore came and he asked me, "Where is your father?"

I said, "He is in, but he has told me to tell to the bore, because he is going to destroy his whole day, that he is not inside the house."

He became very angry. He went inside the house, found my father and said, "What is the matter? What is your son saying?"

I went in and my father was in trouble because that bore was one of the richest men of the town and he could do harm in many ways.

My father said, "What have you told him?"

I said, "Do you want the truth?"

For a moment he hesitated because now it was going to cost him, but finally he decided. He said, "Yes, whatsoever he has said I had told him. Just I had forgotten to tell him not to tell it to you! But he did exactly the way I had told him. Now I am sorry, it was my fault. He has nothing to do with it."

Many times he was in difficulty because of me, but never he punished me for being true. Then there was no need for me to be untrue.

The same was my approach with my teachers, but they were not so courageous. Then I would tell them lies and I would say, "These are lies! But you want to listen lies and you protect lies and you support lies. You are creating a hypocrite in me!"

But that's how older people become: older they are, more cunning they become. And the same happens to a civilization: the older it is, the more cunning.

For example, Americans are more honest than any country for the simple reason because they are the newest people in the world, only three hundred years of history; it is nothing compared to the Indian ancient past. Even the very realistic historians say India has existed at least for ten thousand years; about that there are enough proofs. But there are other historians, who are not so accepted, who say that India has existed at least for ninety thousand years. And there is a possibility, because in the Vedas the description of a star is such that it had happened only ninety thousand years before. The description is so exactly true that it cannot be just imagination, poetry. It is so scientifically true that it seems that the record is at least ninety thousand years old. And if the record is ninety thousand years old then the people whose record it is must have lived more than ninety thousand years. Now what is three hundred years? America is just like a small child; hence the truth, the authenticity.

You can ask an American girl, "how many times you have made love before you got married?" and she will answer. But no Indian woman will answer; it is impossible. Her whole life will be destroyed. You can collect such data only in America, not in India. And Indian saints go on saying, "Look! In our country no girl ever loses her virginity" -- because there is no data for it. You cannot collect data for the simple reason -- not that it is true -- for the simple reason that nobody is ready to say the truth. Only in America you can find such data.

You can ask all kinds of questions to people and people are willing to answer sincerely, for no other reason than just to help the scientific survey. They are ready to risk their own personal lives. You can ask American husbands how many extra-marital relationships they are having, but you cannot ask an Indian husband. He will say, "What? Extra-marital relationships? Never thought about it, never dreamed about it!"

In the sweet young thing's opinion the bench was far too public. Her gallant immediately suggested that they change their seat to one some distance away where it was more discreet and darker too.

"And you will promise not to hug me?" she asked coyly.

Her lover nodded acquiescence.

"And you will promise not to kiss me?"

Again her lover nodded.

"Then what on earth's the use of going over there?" demanded the girl angrily.

This is how hypocrisy goes on working: it pretends one thing, it hides just the opposite of it.

A man arrived at his local pub for a Friday night drink. Just as he was about to open the door, a nun jumped out from the shadows and said fervently, "My son, stop before it is too late! This pub is the House of the Devil! Repent your sins and forget the demon drink!"

The man had a bright idea and said to the nun mischievously, "How can you condemn something that you have never experienced? Have you ever tried alcohol? Have you ever felt it is health-giving and has many good properties in it?"

"Never!" she cried. "I am a nun!"

After some very serious persuasion the drinker convinced the nun to try a little. "But wait," said the nun, "in these clothes I will be recognized. Why don't you bring some drink out to me in this old china cup?"

So the man entered the pub, walked up to the barman and said, "Evening, Jim. Give me a pint of your best and a large gin and tonic in this cup, please."

"By Christ!" exclaimed the barman. "Is that old nun hanging around outside my pub again?"

It is good, Narayandas Diwari, that you say:

I AM A HYPOCRITE. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

First see it clearly, watch it, all its subtle ways, its whole mechanism. It must have gone deep. You will have to be very aware of it. And nothing else is needed to be done -- because if you do something, that will create repression.

I am not in favor of much doing. My whole effort here is to help you become more aware of things. And the miracle of awareness is that whatsoever is wrong, the moment you become fully aware of it drops on its own accord, and whatsoever is right, when you become fully aware of it, it becomes your very being.

Awareness is the most alchemical phenomenon in the world.

And it is good that a recognition has happened; this is a good beginning. The seed has fallen in the soil. Just go on becoming more and more aware. Watch each act, each thought, each dream. And don't do anything -- don't be in a hurry to do something. Just simply go on watching, taking notes what is happening inside you, how you are living your life. And slowly you will become aware of a change happening on its own accord. And when any change happens by itself it has a beauty of its own.

The third question

OSHO, BEING HERE WITH YOU, MY LIFE HAS BECOME SO SIMPLE AND ORDINARY. NOW WHEN I AM HUNGRY I SLEEP, WHEN I AM TIRED I EAT. AM I NEARING ENLIGHTENMENT?

Dharmamurti,

Obviously!

The fourth question

OSHO, PLEASE TALK ABOUT THE FEAR OF GOING MAD, WALKING ON A RAZOR'S EDGE.

Anand Eti,

Please don't be afraid of madness -- for the simple reason because you are already mad! This world is such a vast madhouse. Every child is born sane, but cannot live sane long; it is impossible. He is brought up by other mad people, taught by other mad people, conditioned by other mad people. He is *bound* to become mad; just to survive he has to become mad.

Only once in a while there has been a sane person -- a Buddha, a Zarathustra, a Lao Tzu, a Jesus. And the strangest thing is that these sane people look mad because the so-called mad are not really mad. The really mad are the so-called sane. The people who are put in the madhouses are simply very sensitive people, vulnerable people, delicate people, not so hard as the others who live in the marketplace. They are not so thick-skinned, that's why they break down. The thick-skinned go on living amongst all kinds of madness; they go on adjusting.

Man has infinite capacity to adjust himself, and each child learns to adjust with all kinds of things. Just look in your own being, how many superstitions you have become adjusted to, how many stupid beliefs you are carrying. And it is not that there are not moments when you become aware of their stupidity, but those sane moments you put aside because they are dangerous moments. Yes, once in a while the window opens, but you immediately close it. You have to close it -- you are afraid the neighbors may see that your window is open. You don't want to show your sanity to anybody.

Jesus says: Unless you are like small children you will not enter into my kingdom of God. What does he mean? He means: Unless you become again sane, as sane as every child is, you will not enter into my kingdom of God.

Anand Eti, don't be afraid of going mad -- you cannot. It has already happened! Now if you really want to be afraid of something it is of going sane. That's what can happen here. If you can go on hanging around here long enough, then you can become sane. But that sanity will be looked by others as insanity.

Kahlil Gibran has a beautiful parable about it:

A witch entered into a village. She said some abracadabra, threw some magical potion in the well of the village, and told to the people who were there, "Whosoever drinks the water of this well will go mad!"

Now in the village there were only two wells: one was for the public, for the common people, and the other was in the palace for the king and his queen and his vizier. The king was very happy: "It is good that we are saved." But by the evening he became aware that it has not been a fortune. He asked the vizier, his old, wise counselor, "Something has to be done immediately," because by evening the whole village had gone mad. They *had* to drink the water. How long can you remain thirsty? And there was no other water except that well. By evening the whole village became mad.

But by the evening a rumor started spreading in the village that the king, the vizier and the queen have become mad. The king's army has also gone mad, his bodyguards had gone mad, so he was absolutely unprotected.

And as the sun set, the whole village gathered around the palace shouting, "We don't want this mad king any more! We want to change him!"

The king asked his old, wise counselor, "What to do?"

He said, "Now there is only one thing that can be done. I will somehow keep them engaged -- you run from the back door, drink the water from the well and come back."

The king and the queen ran from the back door. The vizier kept the people talking, kept them engaged. And he was waiting that the king and queen will come from the back door, but they didn't come from the back door. Why they should come from the back door? They had gone mad! They came from the front door -- dancing! He saw them in the crowd; he could not believe his eyes. They were dancing with the people and the people said, "Look! Our king and our queen have become sane again!" And they celebrated the whole night.

The vizier had to run and drink the water. The whole night was a great festival. Of course

they were happy that their king, their queen, their vizier, they all had become sane again. Now the whole village was sane again.

Buddha looks mad, Jesus looks mad. Now mad people like Sigmund Freud think that Jesus is neurotic! ~ n~ nd Freud is neurotic, but he thinks Jesus is neurotic and he tries to prove it and he convinces many people. He has convinced almost the whole contemporary mind.

You ask me, Eti:

PLEASE TALK ABOUT THE FEAR OF GOING MAD.

The whole fear is absolutely unbased. You have *already* gone mad, otherwise you would not have been able to exist in the society. Whatsoever society you belong to, you have already become distorted. You are no more innocent; you are already corrupted and poisoned -- by the priests, by the politicians, by the pedagogues. They have done the work; my function here is to undo it.

And there is no need to ask for proof. When I say the whole world is a madhouse, there is no need for me to prove it. You can just look around and you will find thousand and one proofs.

Mulla Nasruddin was saying to one of his friends the other day, "I gave a man one *rupee* note for saving my life."

"My goodness!" said the friend. "What did he do?"

"He gave me back seventy-five *paise*."

Dave and Mabel are sitting on the porch. Mabel says, "Jeez, you are a nice bloke, Dave. You love me? Do you really love me?"

"Yeh, I love you, Mabel."

"Would you die for me, Dave?"

"No, Mabel, mine is an undying love!"

Mulla Nasruddin was trying to hang himself. A friend was watching. He said, "Look, Nasruddin, if you want to hang yourself you have to put the rope around your neck, not under your arms!"

"Well," said Nasruddin, "I tried, but then I feel suffocating!"

An Australian ocker staggers out of a pub pissed to the gills, and spying a young woman standing on the street corner staggers up to her. "Wanna make love?" he asks.

She looks him up and down. "Nah," she replies, "not really."

"Well," he says, "how about lying down while I do?"

There were four blacks in a car going ninety miles an hour. The car careens out of control crashes into a brick wall. The auto's four occupants are strewn about the ground. By some miracle none is hurt, but all are still in a daze.

A policeman approaches the group and shouts, "All right! Who the hell was driving?"

"Nobody," said one of the men. "We was all in the back seat turning on!"

When Fidel Castro visited the United States, the security people were warned to only allow in people with Cuban credentials. When they asked what the Cuban credentials were they were told, "A beard and a cigar."

So first came Fidel Castro and behind him the others followed. The man behind him was wearing a beard and smoking a cigar and said, "Public relations," so they let him in.

Next came another man with a beard, smoking a cigar, who said, "Chief of Police."

"Come in," was the reply.

Next approached a man with no beard and no cigar. When he was stopped at the entrance, to identify himself he pulled at the front of his pants and said, "Secret Police!"

A Jewish army captain walks into a prostitute's parlor, marches up to the Madam and says, "How much would you charge for the pleasure of my company?"

"Twenty dollars, sir," she replies.

"Jolly good!" he says and walks across to the window, opens it and shouts, "Company, forward march!"

A man was badly injured in a car crash and had to be taken to hospital. When he opened his eyes, the doctor was standing by his side with a serious look on his face.

"Well," stammered the doctor, "I have some good news and some bad news for you. What do you want to hear first?"

"Give me the bad news first," replied the injured man.

"We had to remove one of your legs."

"Well," said the man, "I expected it. It was a bad accident."

"Yes," said the doctor, "but unfortunately we removed the wrong one!"

With tears rolling down his cheeks in a croaking voice the man asked, "So what is the good news?"

"Well," the doctor said cheerfully, "there is a guy in the bed next to you who wants to buy your slippers!"

And, Anand Eti, you think you can go mad in this world? You *belong* to this world, you are part of it! You are already mad! Hence all fear is unfounded. Drop all fear.

Now try to understand the mechanism of your madness. Once you accept that you are already mad there is a possibility to go beyond it, but if you simply remain afraid of going mad then there is no possibility. That fear won't help you; that fear will go on driving you more and more mad. Fear itself is part of madness, otherwise there is nothing to fear. Death is absolutely certain; if there is anything certain in life that is death. Everything else is uncertain, only death is certain, so nothing to be worried about death. Old age is bound to come. Everything in life changes. The friends of today may be enemies tomorrow; the enemies of today may become friends tomorrow. The person you love most you may hate most; the person you hate today you may fall in love tomorrow. Life is a flux and you cannot hold anything static. So what is the point of fearing anything? One should simply live moment-to-moment, enjoying whatsoever is available.

Fear does not allow you to live totally; it always holds back. It never allows you intensity, passion, totality, wholeness; it keeps you divided. You love a woman and you love half-heartedly because you are afraid. Who knows where the love will land you, where it will lead you? You are always partial, fragmentary, and because you are partial and fragmentary nothing gives you the joy that it can give. Fear is not going to help. Fear can drive you more and more crazy.

Rather than being afraid, become cool, calm. Drop this feverish state and become watchful. Once you accept a fundamental fact -- that the society has already driven you mad -- now the work to be done is how to get out of this unnatural state that society has forced upon you. And it is not difficult then, it is very simple. It is as simple as the snake slipping out of its old skin. Once you understand the mechanism of madness...

For example, these are the causes of madness; ambition is the root cause. Try to understand your ambitiousness; your effort to be somebody in the world will drive you mad. Just be nobody and then there is no problem. Drop ambitiousness and start living, because the ambitious person cannot live; he always postpones. His real life will always be tomorrow -- and the tomorrow never comes. The ambitious person is bound to be aggressive and violent, and the violent person and aggressive person are bound to go mad.

The non-ambitious person is peaceful, loving, compassionate. The ambitious person is always in a hurry, running, rushing towards something which he vaguely feels is there, but he will never find it. It is like the horizon; it does not exist, it only appears. The non-ambitious person lives herenow, and to be herenow is to be sane. To be totally in this moment is to be sane.

Sanity means a state of peace, harmony, joy, blissfulness, benediction.

The fifth question

OSHO,
I WISH I HAD BEEN BORN IN THE DARK AGES.

Reverend Banana,
SO DO I! You look terrible in the light!

The last question

OSHO,
HOW NOT TO BE A JEW?

Gyan Deva,
IT IS REALLY DIFFICULT not to be a Jew because to be a Jew is not only to be part of a certain culture, religion, tradition -- there are Jews everywhere, in Hindus, in Mohammedans, in Christians -- to be a Jew is more a psychology than a religion. Calculativeness is Jewishness, always to be calculating about life, always thinking in terms of business, in terms of money, in terms of profit. That's what I call Jewishness.

All Jews are not Jews and all non-Jews are not non-Jews either. Jewishness is a far wider phenomenon. Hindus are confined to the Hindus, Mohammedans are confined to the Mohammedans -- Jews are spilled all over. It is something psychological, far more psychological than cultural. It is easy not to be a Hindu; you have just to get rid of your concepts. It is easy not to be a Christian, not to be a Mohammedan, not to be a Buddhist, but not to be a Jew is certainly difficult. It is something that has entered in everybody's very lifestyle.

We are all brought up to earn more, to achieve more, to snatch more. To give less and to get more -- that is Jewishness. And it is really difficult to drop the idea, because that will mean a total transformation; it will be really a conversion. It will be something very fundamental, very basic. It has to do with dropping all our valuations.

For example, we value things which have some utilitarian purpose, we don't value things which serve no utility. We will have to shift our whole consciousness from the utilitarian to the non-utilitarian. A flower is far more valuable than a bayonet. This rain falling on the roof and the sound of it is far more valuable than all the money in the world. These green trees are far more valuable than having any worldly conquest -- becoming Alexander the Great or Adolf Hitler, becoming a president of a country or a prime minister of a country. Just to enjoy a beautiful sunset is far more valuable than having a world-famous name. Being able to experience the wonder of nature or the splendor of existence is far more valuable than getting the Nobel prize.

We have to shift the whole system of valuation. We have to unlearn the achieving mind, the ambitious mind, and we have to learn a totally new way of life, of enjoying, of rejoicing.

And that's exactly what Zen is. Its basic, most essential quality is the capacity to enjoy the ordinary, the very ordinary, with extraordinary perceptiveness. If somebody gives you the Kohinoor diamond of course you will appreciate it; but if somebody gives you just a marigold flower, you will say thank you but you don't mean really; it will be only a formality.

You will not really feel grateful.

This is to be learned, this spirit has to be imbibed Your whole world vision will change. Then you cannot be achievers; then you will have to remain contented wherever you are, whatsoever you are. Nobody wants to remain where one is, whatsoever one is. Even it in the world, you start feeling contented, you start a new kind of desire, ambition for the other world. You start looking for heavenly pleasures, for paradise. It is the same game, it is the same mind!

Your saints are all Jews, all mahatmas are Jews, for the simple reason because they are trying to achieve something in the other world. They are gaining virtue, they are doing meritorious acts in order to gain something in the other world. They are really far more Jewish than the ordinary people. The ordinary people are asking for ordinary things -- money, power, prestige -- your mahatmas condemn them as momentary. They are asking for eternal joy for eternal bliss, for non-ending bliss. They are not going to be satisfied by small things. They call things of this world "toys"; real things belong to the other world. They are far more greedy -- and greed is Jewish.

To be non-greedy simply means you have to live each moment for no motive at all, for the sheer joy of living, for the sheer joy of dancing, for the sheer joy of singing. Just as the flower blooms and the birds sing and the rivers flow, in the same way when you are also living moment-to-moment, for no reason at all, for no purpose at all, with no motivation, with no end, as if this is the first and the last moment and you are utterly contented with it, then Jewishness disappears.

Gyan Deva, you ask:

HOW NOT TO BE A JEW?

Be of the moment, live in the moment. Learn the art of remaining in the present. Neither the past exists nor the future. The past is no more, the future not yet; only the present is. Enter into the present with your totality, unmotivated.

And the miracle is, tremendous is going to be your joy. Yes, eternal is going to be your bliss. But remember, let me remind you, I am not saying that live in the moment so *that you* can attain to eternal bliss. If that is your idea then again you fall back into the old trap. It is a consequence, it is not an end. You cannot ask it. It is a byproduct, it comes by itself You need not bother about it.

I loved swimming in my childhood days, so much so... and particularly in the rainy season when the river of my village becomes almost oceanic, it swells and becomes so big. It is a wild river. All the mountains pour their water in it. In the rains I was almost the whole day in the river.

Other friends used to ask me, "There must be something in it -- why you go on swimming in the river for hours?"

And I used to tell them, "It is the greatest bliss I have known." And just in order to taste something of it they will come with me. And after a few minutes they will say, "We don't get anything at all, so we are going and we are shivering and we don't see any bliss anywhere. And the danger is there -- the river is so wild you tell us to cross it, to go to the other side."

And the torrents were so strong that it used to take almost one mile for me to reach the other shore and then walk one mile up, then I will reach to the point from where I can jump again back in to reach my home.

They said, "This is all dangerous. And so much mud is there and so many thorns, and life is in danger, and we feel almost that the river is going to kill us And we don't see any bliss."

And when one young man really lost his life... he had also gone there to find bliss with

me. His name was Hari. When Haridas came to me I gave him the name Haridas in remembrance of him, because he looked almost like Haridas. And whenever I look at Haridas I always smile -- I remember him. He simply got lost into the river. We tried hard for two, three days; we could not find even his corpse.

Since that time I was there alone; then nobody will come to find bliss in the river. And they will say that I am mad, and they were right in a way, because they were coming only to seek bliss and my joy was to swim in the river, to be in the river, to flow with the river, to go with the river wherever it was taking me. And bliss was just a byproduct. Bliss is always a byproduct.

Ask the dancer; he will say there is great bliss. But if you dance to gain bliss you will simply get tired; you will not find any bliss. Ask the singer, ask the musician. And you will simply perspire and you will simply feel tired in the throat. There is bliss only for those who are singing for singing's sake, who are not looking for anything -- they get it.

This is one of the most fundamental laws of life. *Ais dhammo sanantano* -- this *is* the fundamental law -- Buddha says that you cannot directly find bliss; it comes always as a byproduct, as a shadow. You love, and there will be bliss; but don't seek bliss in love, otherwise bliss will not be found and love will disappear.

So when I say that live in the moment and all bliss will be yours, don't misunderstand me. I am not saying live in the moment *so that* you can get bliss. I am not saying live in the moment because that is the way to get to bliss. If that is your argument you will miss and then you will say that I was not right. I am saying live in the moment and you will suddenly find, from nowhere, bliss descending on you.

And once you have tasted then all Jewishness disappears, all greed disappears, because it comes and fills you so much that there is no place for anything else -- for greed, for jealousy, for competitiveness, for ambition, for future, for past. It fills all the nooks and comers of your being. It overfills you, it starts overflowing you.

Gyan Deva, learn to live in the moment for its own sake, for its own joy, and you are in for a great surprise. You can call that surprise Tao, *dhamma*, God, *nirvana*, enlightenment, bliss, or whatsoever is your choice of the word. It has no name; it is a nameless experience.

Zen: The Special Transmission

Chapter #3

Chapter title: The Empty Door is Open Wide

3 July 1980 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 8007030

ShortTitle: SPCIAL03

Audio: Yes

Video: No

ZEN MASTER SHEN TSAN GAINED HIS ENLIGHTENMENT THROUGH PAI CHANG. HE THEN RETURNED TO THE MONASTERY IN WHICH HE HAD BEEN ORDAINED BY HIS "FIRST TEACHER", THE MONK WHO HAD BROUGHT HIM UP FROM CHILDHOOD AND WHO, AT THAT TIME, WAS A VERY OLD MAN.

ONE DAY SHEN TSAN WAS HELPING HIS OLD TEACHER TO BATHE. WHILE WASHING THE OLD MAN'S BACK, HE SAID TO HIM, "THIS IS SUCH A FINE TEMPLE, BUT THE BUDDHA IN IT IS NOT AT ALL HOLY!" HIS OLD TEACHER THEN TURNED ROUND AND LOOKED AT HIM, WHEREUPON SHEN TSAN COMMENTED, "THOUGH THE BUDDHA IS NOT HOLY, HE CAN STILL RADIATE THE LIGHT."

AGAIN, ONE DAY, WHILE THE OLD MAN WAS READING A SUTRA NEAR A PAPER-COVERED WINDOW, A BEE TRIED DESPERATELY, WITH ALL ITS STRENGTH, TO FLY OUT OF THE ROOM THROUGH THE PAPER BUT WAS UNABLE TO GET THROUGH. SHEN TSAN, SEEING THIS, SAID, "THE WORLD IS SO VAST AND WIDE THAT YOU MAY EASILY SET YOURSELF FREE IN IT. WHY, THEN, DO YOU FOOLISHLY BORE INTO OLD, ROTTEN PAPER?"

"WHILE THE EMPTY DOOR IS OPEN WIDE

HOW FOOLISH IT IS TO TRY AND GET OUT BY THRUSTING AGAINST THE WINDOW!

ALAS! HOW CAN YOU, MASTER, RAISE YOUR HEAD ABOVE THE SLOUGH BY PUTTING YOUR NOSE AGAINST OLD, ROTTEN PAPER FOR A HUNDRED YEARS?"

HEARING THIS REMARK, THE OLD MAN LAID DOWN HIS BOO1Z AND SAID TO SHEN TSAN, "FOR QUITE A FEW TIMES NOW, YOU HAVE MADE UNUSUAL REMARKS. FROM WHOM DID YOU GAIN YOUR KNOWLEDGE WHILE YOU WERE AWAY FROM HOME?"

SHEN TSAN REPLIED, "I HAVE REACHED THE STATE OF PEACEFUL REST THROUGH THE GRACE OF MASTER PAI CHANG. NOW I HAVE COME BACK HOME TO PAY MY DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO YOU."

THE OLD TEACHER THEN PREPARED A GREAT FESTIVAL IN HIS YOUNG DISCIPLE'S HONOR, SUMMONED THE MONKS IN THE MONASTERY TO THE ASSEMBLY HALL, AND BESOUGHT SHEN TSAN TO PREACH THE DHARMA TO ALL. WHEREUPON SHEN TSAN ASCENDED TO THE HIGH SEAT AND, FOLLOWING THE TRADITION OF PAI CHANG, PREACHED AS FOLLOWS:

"SINGULARLY RADIATING IS THE WONDROUS LIGHT
FREE FROM THE BONDAGE OF MATTER AND SENSES.

NOT BINDING BY WORDS AND LETTERS,

THE ESSENCE IS NAKEDLY EXPOSED IN ITS PURE ETERNITY.

NEVER DEFILED IS THE MIND-NATURE;

IT EXISTS IN PERFECTION FROM THE VERY BEGINNING.

BY MERELY CASTING AWAY YOUR DELUSIONS

THE SUCHNESS OF BUDDHAHOOD IS REALIZED."

AS SOON AS THE OLD TEACHER HEARD THIS STANZA, HE WAS IMMEDIATELY AWAKENED.

A man phones up the mental hospital and asks, "Can you tell me who is in room number 12, please?"

"There is nobody in that room, sir," comes the reply.

"Ah good, that means I have escaped!"

Man is absolutely unaware of his own being. He knows everything else, he tries to know everything else -- except his own self, for the simple reason that he takes himself for granted. He thinks as if he knows himself. And there is the fundamental error, the most fundamental mistake one can commit.

We are, but we don't know who we are. Our names deceive us: they give us a certain feeling as if this is what we are. Our bodies reflected in the mirror, our faces reflected in people's eyes, go on giving us a certain idea of our identity. Slowly slowly we gather all this information and create an image of ourselves which is utterly false. This is not the way to know oneself. One cannot know oneself by looking in the mirrors because the mirrors can only reflect your body -- and you are not the body. You are in the body, but you are not the body. Your behavior, your character, your actions can show your mind, but not you.

There is a school of psychologists, one of the most important schools, called the behaviorists. They think man is his behavior: you are nothing but the totality of your actions, so if your actions can be understood you are understood. Man is more, much more than the sum total of his actions; man is not only his behavior. Man is the innermost consciousness of his body, of his mind, of his actions.

Unless you become conscious of your consciousness, unless you become aware of your inner light, you go on living in illusions. And we perpetuate illusions because they are cheap, easily available; they cost nothing, and they can be handed over to us by others.

Discovering oneself is arduous: it is going on the greatest exploration. It is easier to go to the moon, easier to go to the Everest. It is far more difficult to go to one's own center -- for the simple reason that you will have to travel alone, all alone. As one of the great Greek mystics, Plotinus, says, "It is a flight of the alone to the alone."

That's why very few people have become enlightened, when it is really everybody's birthright to become enlightened. And even if sometimes, by some accident, people become interested in knowing about themselves, they immediately become victims of words -- theories, philosophies, ideologies. They become victims of scriptures, doctrines, dogmas; again they are lost in a jungle of words. Yes, you will find beautiful sayings there, immensely pregnant with meaning, but that meaning will remain hidden to you; you will not be able to discover it. You have not been able to discover yourself; you cannot discover the meaning of the words of Gautam the Buddha or Jesus the Christ or Mahavira the Jain -- impossible. You can understand only that much which you have experienced; understanding never goes beyond your experience. Words you can accumulate, you can become scholars, great scholars. And again you will be in a new kind of illusion: the illusion that information creates. The more information you have, the more you start feeling you know.

Information is thought to be synonymous with knowing -- it is not. Knowing is a totally different affair. Knowing is experiencing; information only accumulates in the memory system. A computer can do it, there is nothing special about it; there is nothing specially human about it.

Two large rats walked into a movie house one day and went straight to the projection room. Once inside they ate the entire reel of film. After eating, one rat looked at the other and asked, "Did you like the movie?"

To which the other replied, "No, I liked the book better."

These are the scholars -- the rats! They go on eating words, they go on accumulating words. They can have mountains of words and they become very articulate about words. They can deceive others; that is not so bad because they can deceive only people who are already deceived; you cannot do much more harm to them. But by deceiving others, slowly slowly they become deceived themselves, and that is the greatest problem.

Ninety-nine percent so-called religious people -- saints, mahatmas -- are just scholars. As far as words are concerned they are very clever, but if you look deep into their eyes you will find just the same stupid human beings. Nothing has changed.

The other day I was reading a statement of Abdul Ghaffar Khan; he is known as the Frontier Gandhi. He is thought to be one of the closest disciples of Mahatma Gandhi. He is ninety-four years old. He has devoted his whole life to the philosophy of nonviolence -- and the statement that he gave is so violent that even I was taken aback. I was not thinking that he will do such a stupid thing at such an old age. And the statement was made in front of Vinoba Bhave; they were meeting and there was a press conference. Now both are the greatest followers of Mahatma Gandhi and preachers of nonviolence in the world.

The Frontier Gandhi was asked by the journalist, "What do you say about Z.A. Bhutto who has been sentenced to death? Did not you try to save him? -- because you believe in nonviolence?"

He became furious. His eyes became red with anger and he said, "That man was a sinner! He needed to be burned alive in public!"

He completely forgot all about the philosophy of non-violence. He is not happy just by killing him; he wanted him to be burned alive, in public. Not killed on the gallows or shot -- that is too merciful -- burning alive, because he was a sinner.

Now, is this man a man of nonviolence? Then Jesus must have been wrong when he prayed to God: "Abba forgive all these people, the people who are crucifying me, because they know not what they are doing. They are unconscious people; they are doing it very unconsciously."

Jesus is a man of nonviolence, not Abdul Ghaffar Khan. Where he has missed? He became full of beautiful words, but they have not transformed his consciousness. And Vinoba Bhave did not object at all; that means agreement. He was present there; he could have said, "What are you saying? It is not Gandhian at least." He did not object to it. His silence shows his agreement.

This is what has happened to millions of people all over the world. Christians have been killing thousands of people in the name of Christ, with Bibles in their hands, murdering, butchering. Mohammedans have done the same, Hindus have done the same.

It is difficult to know how many Buddhist monks were burned by Hindus in India because Indian history does not exist at all, nobody has bothered to write history. But thousands of Buddhist monks were burned alive, just the way Abdul Ghaffar Khan wanted to burn Z.A. Bhutto. Thousands of Buddhists were burned alive -- otherwise how they all disappeared from this country? Buddha's impact was so great, millions of people had turned into Buddhists. Then what happened to all of them? Then why they ran out of the country? And whosoever remained behind was killed.

And Hindus talk about nonviolence, love, friendship, universal love, divine love. As far as words are concerned, people are very clever and they can go on elaborating on these words, philosophizing. They can go in deep subtleties; they can make very subtle distinctions, but their consciousness remains unaffected.

A young nun arrived at the nunnery, panting and crying, "Mother, Mother, something terrible has happened!"

"What is it, my daughter?" the Mother Superior asked, concerned.

"A maniac, Mother -- a sex maniac raped me!"

"Ah no, daughter, ah no! When did it happen?"

"Yesterday, the day before, and again today!"

You can impose character on people, but you cannot imagine consciousness. Consciousness has to be discovered. These people can even reach to heaven, but they will create a heaven of their own, they will live in a world of their own. They will repeat the same kind of world there. If these people -- these Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians, these monks and nuns and these mahatmas and saints, Catholics and Protestants -- if these are the people who are going to heaven, heaven cannot be any different from this earth. The same crusades, the same wars, all kinds of stupidities will go on, will continue. It will be only a repetition, maybe on a wider scale, bigger scale, more sophisticated, but it cannot be qualitatively different.

Young Barrington-Smythe had just reached the Pearly Gates. St. Peter was welcoming him and telling him about the social life of heaven. "We play a lot of sport here, young fellow me lad" said St. Peter. "On Mondays and Thursdays it is polo, and Tuesdays and Fridays cricket."

"Well, actually, sir," answered the young man, "I don't enjoy sport very much."

"Well, then perhaps you will enjoy Wednesday nights," suggested St. Peter. "There is a big dinner. After the meal when the port has been passed around a few times, we really let our hair down, I can tell you!"

"Actually, sir, I don't enjoy drinking," replied the young man.

"Ah," said St. Peter. Then after a short silence he suggested, "Then you will enjoy Saturday nights. We have a dance with a lot of the young ladies from hereabouts. Plenty of goings-on, if you know what I mean!"

"Actually, sir," said the young man again, "I don't really enjoy the company of young ladies."

After a long pause St. Peter asked, "Barrington-Smythe, you are not a homosexual by any chance?"

"Oh no sir!"

"Pity," said St. Peter, "you won't enjoy Sunday nights either!"

The same people will be transported to heaven, to paradise; it is not going to be any different at all. The question is not of going to heaven, the question is not at all of finding God. The question is knowing "Who am I?" From there real evolution starts -- only from there and from nowhere else.

Zen is the most beautiful method ever discovered to enter into the innermost core of your being. It does not believe in character, it only believes in consciousness. By changing your consciousness, your character is changed automatically, but by changing your character your consciousness is not changed in the same way. In fact, your consciousness becomes repressed if you change your character. There is created thereby a duality, a split. Your consciousness remains of one type, your character of another type, and they become unbridged. You become two persons or many, even. You become polypsychic you become a crowd. Rather than coming to a rest, rather than coming to deep silence, rather than experiencing peace, you become more neurotic, more noisy. You lose all inner harmony, all accord.

That's what happens to the so-called moralists: they simply go on doing a patchwork from

the outside; they go on whitewashing people. Jesus has called this whitewashing 'whitewashing the graves'. Inside is a stinking corpse and outside you have whitewashed it. From the outside the grave looks beautiful; you can even put roses on it, you can grow flowers on the grave, grass. You can make it look beautiful, but inside it is just a grave.

And that is the situation of man. And the whole thing has happened because we have believed too much in character. We may know, we may not know. Ninety-nine point nine percent people of the world are behaviorists -- whatsoever they say does not matter. If you look deep down they belong to the school of Pavlov and Skinner; they all believe in behaviorism. They all believe that your behavior can be changed, then you are changed because you are nothing but your behavior. They may not say so, they may not even be aware of their fundamental belief, but that's how society has lived up to now. This society is not religious.

Religious man has yet to arrive, a religious society has yet to happen, a religious culture is yet in the future -- on the horizon, but we have to bring it; it has not happened. It has happened in few individual cases here and there, but those people can be counted on fingers.

This is a tremendously beautiful story. Go into it very meditatively because each statement contains great treasures.

ZEN MASTER SHEN TSAN GAINED HIS ENLIGHTENMENT THROUGH PAI CHANG.

THE FIRST THING is to know the difference between a Master and a teacher. Zen makes a very clearcut distinction: the teacher is one who teaches you; he may not have known himself but he has studied. He is a scholar, he knows the scriptures. He can help you to enter into the world of books; he can introduce you into the intricacies of philosophies, ideologies, doctrines. He can give you education, information, but he cannot bring a transformation to you.

The Master is one who brings transformation to your being, who helps you to find out your own light. The work of the teacher is direct; he simply transfers whatsoever he knows to you. Knowledge is transferable, wisdom is not transferable. Hence the work of the Master is indirect, it can never be direct. The Master functions like a catalytic agent -- his presence helps. It is like the sun rising in the morning, and the birds start singing. They are awake, flying around, enjoying the new day, welcoming the new day with songs. The sun has not done anything directly to them, but something has happened; a milieu has been created by the sun in which the birds are feeling fresh, young, alive. The flowers start opening. The sun is not coming to each flower and forcing it to open -- not in that direct way, but its rays are dancing around the flower. It is giving warmth to the flower, it is encouraging the flower, but in a very delicate way. Flowers have to be tackled in a delicate way; if you force their petals to open you will destroy them. You may be able to open them, but in the very opening you would have killed them; they will not be alive. The sun simply creates a climate in which they can open, in which they *feel* like opening. An inner feel arises in them; some inner instinct synchronizes with the warmth of the sun. And the flowers open and they start exuding their fragrance.

Exactly is the work of the Master. He cannot hand you over what he knows, but he can create a certain energy field in which your petals can open up, in which your seeds can be encouraged, in which you can gather courage enough to take the jump, in which a quantum leap becomes possible.

Hence, enlightenment is not a direct work of the Master. It happens through him, through his grace but not *by* him.

ZEN MASTER SHEN TSAN GAINED HIS ENLIGHTENMENT THROUGH PAI CHANG.

Remember the word through -- not by.
HE THEN RETURNED TO THE MONASTERY IN WHICH HE HAD BEEN ORDAINED BY HIS
"FIRST TEACHER"...

Note the difference. Pai Chang is called "Master", Shen Tsan is called "Master", but his old teacher is not called "Master", only "teacher", because he ordained him only into the world of the scriptures, theories -- beautiful theories but all empty, with no content. This was THE MONK WHO HAD BROUGHT HIM UP FROM CHILDHOOD AND WHO, AT THAT TIME, WAS A VERY OLD MAN. ONE DAY SHEN TSAN WAS HELPING HIS OLD TEACHER TO BATHE. WHILE WASHING THE OLD MAN'S BACK, HE SAID TO HIM, "THIS IS SUCH A FINE TEMPLE, BUT THE BUDDHA IN IT IS NOT AT ALL HOLY!"

The word "holy" is never used by Zen people in the Christian or the Hindu sense. It is not used in the sense of sacred because for Zen there is nothing sacred and nothing mundane. "Holy" is used in its literal sense of wholeness. One who is whole is holy, one who lives a life of totality is holy. One who lives in a fragmentary way, halfheartedly, divided, wavering, disintegrated, is unholy. It has nothing to do with purity or impurity, remember. It has nothing to do with virtue or sin, remember. The Zen use of the word "holy" simply means one who is whole, one who lives each moment in totality. Whatsoever he is doing he is doing totally. If he is eating he is eating in a holy way; if he is sleeping he is sleeping in a holy way. If he is talking he is talking in a holy way. If he is listening he is listening in a holy way. Whatsoever is the act, his consciousness is totally involved in it, committed to it. He is passionately present in his actions. If he is silent then he is really silent, not only on the surface. You can go on digging deeper and deeper into him, but you will find only silence and silence, layer upon layer. As you go deeper you will find thicker layers of silence. When you reach at the very core you will find nothing but silence. His taste is the same.

Buddha used to say, "The holy man tastes the same, just like the ocean. You can taste it from anywhere -- from this shore or that, from the shore or from the middle -- it is always salty. So is the holy man."

The holy man lives not holding back; whatsoever he is doing he goes totally into it.

Shen Tsan was giving a bath to his old teacher. Rubbing his back, he said:
"THIS IS SUCH A FINE TEMPLE..."

Every body is a fine temple, according to Zen. Every body is a shrine of God; God is enshrined in everyone. You need not go anywhere else to find God; if you can find yourself you have found God. He is hiding within you -- he is your within.
"THIS IS SUCH A FINE TEMPLE," SHEN TSAN SAID, "BUT THE BUDDHA IN IT IS NOT AT ALL HOLY!"

Maybe the old teacher was taking a bath and also reciting a sutra. That's what Buddhist monks do; they will go on taking a bath and reciting a sutra. Hindu pundits do the same, Hindu sannyasins do the same. They will go to take a dip in the Ganges and they will recite gayatri and other mantras. They are divided! If you want to recite gayatri, recite gayatri -- forget about taking a bath. And when you are taking a bath, take the bath, forget about gayatri. Then let this bath be your only mantra.

He must have been reciting some mantra because they think, "Why waste time? You can do both the things." They will go on eating and they will go on reciting inside a certain sacred mantra. Why waste time? But then you are missing the totality of eating, then you are not

tasting your food. How can you do it? The mind is capable of doing only one thing at a time; it cannot do two things together -- it is impossible. If you are eating, then let your whole consciousness be that of taste, of smell. Forget everything! Then even ordinary bread may taste like the most delicious food possible. But you are not present.

Look at people eating -- they are talking, there are people who are listening to the radio or seeing to the TV. I have heard about stupid Americans even making love while seeing the TV! -- what to say about eating? Why miss? You can do both the things -- you can make love and you can go on seeing the TV. Now, neither you will be seeing the TV nor you will be making love; you will not be able to enjoy either, you will miss both. There are people who cannot eat if they don't have company to talk and gossip and to discuss. When you are talking you go on swallowing -- swallowing is not eating.

Eating should be meditative, prayerful. You should be more respectful to food because it is life, it is nourishment. And then thousand and one problems arise out of it. Because while you are eating you are reading the newspaper or quarreling with the wife or listening to the radio or looking at the TV or talking to a friend or holding the phone, you will miss the joy of eating. You will eat more because your taste buds will not feel fulfilled and contented. Then you will gather unnecessary fat in the body. Then one has to start dieting, fasting, naturopathy and all kinds of nonsense follow. But the simple thing that should have been done in the first place was: just eating and not doing anything else.

When Lin Chi was asked, "What is your meditation?" he said, "When I eat I simply eat, and when I sleep I simply sleep. When I walk I simply walk."

The person who was asking said, "But this is what we all do."

Lin Chi said, "No, that's not what you do. When you are eating you go on doing thousand and one other things too. I know it because I had been just like you before I became enlightened. I had lived in the same mad and stupid way, so I know how you are living. Don't say to me that this is what everybody does."

The most stupid thing in life is to live halfheartedly, because the moment that is gone is gone forever. But people are living so unconsciously that it is almost impossible for them to be conscious of what they are doing.

A guy was coming home from work to his house in a suburban residential neighborhood of a typical American city. The houses were in a large compound surrounded by beautiful lawns. While he was walking, a tremendous bellyache gripped him. It was already dark and there were three more blocks to go, so he decided to relieve his bellyache under the bush next to a nearby house. He finished, stood up, closed his pants and took a look to see his work. What a surprise! There was nothing. The grass was clean, very clean. Just to make sure he lit his cigarette lighter but there was nothing there, so very puzzled he went home.

That night he could not sleep for thinking about the mystery of the disappearing shit and when he found his lighter missing the next day he went back to the garden. He found the lighter but no trace of the shit.

Straightening up, his eyes met those of an offended old lady. "Ah!" she cried. "So you are the one who shit on my turtle!"

If you watch your life you will see what you go on doing. And it is not only so about the ordinary people, but the people you call very extraordinary, the geniuses; they are also as unconscious as you are, or even more so.

It is said about Karl Marx, the founder of communism, that one day studying in the British Museum he for the first time came across the theory that if you drink or you smoke, or you use anything, you can save money by using it more. For example, if you are smoking a

cigarette of a very costly brand and you start using a cheaper cigarette, on each cigarette you will be saving money; the more cigarettes you smoke, the more money will be saved. He was thrilled.

He went to the marketplace -- he was a chain-smoker -- he purchased the cheapest kind of cigarette, as many as he could carry to the house. His wife could not believe her eyes: "So many packets he is bringing -- is he going to open a shop or something?" She asked, "What is the matter?"

And he was so joyous, he said, "Wait! Now there is no need to work. We can save money only by smoking more and more. You also start smoking, and don't stop children either from smoking. And whosoever comes to the home, let them smoke as much as we smoke -- more money will be saved. On each cigarette so much money is going to be saved!" And he closed the doors and started smoking.

The wife thought, "He has gone crazy How you can save money if you go on smoking, just smoking?" She called his friend, Friedrich Engels, who tried hard to argue with him that, "You are being foolish!" It took hours for him to convince him that "This is nonsense! You will die of cancer or some dangerous disease -- and money will not be saved! The theory is correct only if you smoke twelve cigarettes of a costly brand and twelve cigarettes of cheap brand; then you will be saving money. But that does not mean you go on smoking cigarettes day and night and then there is no need to work."

Now people like Karl Marx, who are thought to be very logical, can behave in a very unconscious way.

One day it happened:

Edison was writing some letters. His wife came, and she knew that he never likes to be disturbed in the middle of his work because sometimes he loses track of his theory. She had brought his breakfast, so she kept the breakfast by the side and went away to do some other work.

Meanwhile a friend came. Seeing the breakfast is getting cold and he is so much in his writing, just to play a joke on him he ate the breakfast. When he finished the letter he looked around. He saw the empty plate he said to the friend, "Sorry, you came a little late -- I have finished my breakfast." Seeing the plate empty he thought he must have finished, he must have eaten the breakfast.

Not even the ordinary people, but your so-called geniuses... Edison is one the greatest talented persons ever: he discovered one thousand things -- one thousand things is a rare achievement -- but remained his whole life unconscious, so much so that once he forgot his own name.

It is said of Immanuel Kant, a great German philosopher, that he had to be reminded of every small thing he lived such an unconscious life. Each small thing had to be reminded to him, even things like this:

One day he came home after his evening walk, stood in the corner of the room, laid down his walking-stick on the bed thinking that he is lying on the bed and the walking-stick is standing in the corner of the room. The servant, seeing the light on, looked through the keyhole, was puzzled -- what is happening? -- because he saw Immanuel Kant standing in the corner of the room and the stick lying down on the bed. He knocked on the door.

Immanuel Kant opened the door and the servant asked, "What is the matter? What are you doing?"

He said, "I also am feeling a little bit strange. Something is wrong, but I am not exactly certain what it is. I am feeling very tired!"

Every man has a Buddha inside him, but the Buddha is not holy, is not whole. We are living in fragments. Somebody is living in his head, somebody is living in his body, somebody is living somewhere else. Somebody is focused on the money, somebody on power, somebody on some other trip, some other number. But nobody is wholly, fully aware what he is doing, what he is being.

"THIS IS SUCH A FINE TEMPLE," SHEN TSAN SAID, "BUT THE BUDDHA IN IT IS NOT AT ALL HOLY!" HIS OLD TEACHER TURNED ROUND AND LOOKED AT HIM, WHEREUPON SHEN TSAN COMMENTED, "THOUGH THE BUDDHA IS NOT HOLY, HE CAN STILL RADIATE THE LIGHT."

In that moment when the old teacher looked back -- shocked in a way, because what Shen Tsan had said was very shocking, in a way rude from a disciple, saying that he is not holy! -- in that shock his mind must have stopped. And looking at Shen Tsan for a moment he must have been in a state of no-mind -- just for a moment. And that is the moment when you start radiating the Buddha.

... SHEN TSAN COMMENTED, "THOUGH THE BUDDHA IS NOT HOLY, HE CAN STILL RADIATE THE LIGHT."

Once in a while... so if he can radiate the light once in a while he can radiate the light forever. It is only a question of little more awareness.

AGAIN, ONE DAY, WHILE THE OLD MAN WAS READING A SUTRA NEAR A PAPER-COVERED WINDOW, A BEE TRIED DESPERATELY, WITH ALL ITS STRENGTH, TO FLY OUT OF THE ROOM THROUGH THE PAPER BUT WAS UNABLE TO GET THROUGH.

BEES SEEM TO HAVE something like human minds, exactly the same kind of stupidity. The doors may be open, but if a bee is inside the room, caught inside the room... and she may have come from the open door but she will try to get out from the closed window. Not only bees but other birds also behave in the same way. Any bird can enter in your room; the doors are open, he has come from the door, but he cannot go back from the same door. He starts trying to get through the wall, through the ceiling... and the more he tries, the more desperate he becomes, because there is no way to get through the ceiling or through the wall or through the closed window. And in that desperation, frustration he becomes more and more blind, afraid, scared. He loses all intelligence. And the same is the case with human beings.

One day Buddha came into his assembly of the monks. It must have been just a morning like this. His sannyasins were sitting and waiting for him. They were puzzled because this was for the first time that Buddha had come with something in his hand -- a handkerchief. They all looked at the handkerchief What was the matter? There must be something special in it. And Buddha sat on the platform and rather than starting speaking to the assembly he looked at the handkerchief, started tying a few knots in it, five knots in all. The whole assembly watched -- what is going on?

And then he asked the assembly, "Can anybody tell me: is this handkerchief the same as it was before the knots were tied?"

Sariputta said, "This is a tricky question. In a way the handkerchief is the same because nothing has changed, in a way it is not the same because these five knots have appeared which were not there before. But as far as the inner nature of the handkerchief is concerned -- its nature is concerned -- it is the same; but as far as its form is concerned it is no more the same. The form has changed: the substance is the same."

Buddha said, "Right. Now I want to open these knots." And he started stretching both ends of the handkerchief farther away from each other. He asked Sariputta. "What do you think? By stretching farther will I be able to open the knots?"

He said, "You will be making knots even more difficult to open because they will become

smaller, more tighter. '

Buddha said, "Right. Then I want to ask the last question: what should I do so that I can open the knots, the tied knots? How I can untie them again?"

Sariputta said, "Bhagwan, I would like first to come close and see how in the first place the knots have been tied. Unless I know how they have been tied it is difficult for me to suggest any solution."

Buddha said, "Right, Sariputta. You are blessed, because that is the most fundamental question to ask. If you are in a certain fix, the first thing is how you got into it rather than trying to get out of it. Without asking the most fundamental and the primary question, you will make things worse."

And that's what people are doing. They ask, "How we can get out of our sexuality, greed, anger, attachment, jealousy, possessiveness, this and that?" without asking, "How in the first place we get into them?"

Buddha's whole approach is, first see how you get into anger. If you can see the entrance, the same door is the exit; no other door is needed. But without knowing the entrance if you try to find out the exit you are not going to find; you will get more and more desperate. And that's what people go on doing.

In the scriptures, what are you looking for? -- solutions. You create the problems -- and the solutions are in the scriptures! Why don't you look at the problems yourself. How you create them? Why don't you watch when you are creating a certain problem? And you create every day, so it is not a question that you have to go back. Today you are going to be angry again, today you will feel again the sexual urge: see how it arises, see how you enter into it, how you get hooked into it, how it becomes so big like a cloud that surrounds you and you are lost in it. And then you go to ask others!

You are functioning almost like a stupid bee. Bees can be forgiven, but you cannot be forgiven.

Shen Tsan is using all opportunities to make his old teacher aware what has happened to him. He does not want to say directly because it cannot be said directly. It will be too impolite to say directly that, "I have become enlightened." That may hinder rather than help; the old teacher's ego may be hurt. And enlightenment cannot be claimed; you have to produce proofs of it. You have to be very seductive about it, and that's what he is doing. He is being very seductive; he is throwing here and there a few remarks just like arrows, hitting from every direction in the very heart of the old teacher, to make him aware that Shen Tsan is not the same person as he had left him. A totally new being has come to him, a new consciousness is born into him. He is reborn.

... WHILE THE OLD MAN WAS READING A SUTRA...

Now he has become old, but is still reading a sutra. Sutras are good when you are children, sutras are good when you are young, but there is a time when you should become mature enough to go beyond information and start looking for transformation. Now this man is getting so old; still with trembling hands he must be holding an ancient sutra, still looking for some exit.

And the beautiful opportunity arose because a bee entered into the room. Now the bee has entered from the open door. From where it will enter? How have you entered into the world? How you enter every day when you get up in the morning into the world again?

Have you ever watched? -- when for the first moment you become aware in the morning that sleep has left, there is a gap of a few seconds in which the mind does not exist -- only a few seconds. Sleep is no more and the world has not started yet. The mind will take a little

time to start. There is a gap, an interval, a few seconds. If you are alert enough you will be able to see how you enter *every* day into the world. What is your first thought? Can you say what was your first thought today? You must have entered, but you are not aware at all.

We live so mechanically. Each moment is an opportunity, but we go on losing it in our stupidity.

... THE BEE TRIED DESPERATELY WITH ALL ITS STRENGTH... WITH ALL ITS WILLPOWER... TO FLY OUT OF THE ROOM THROUGH THE PAPER.

That's what the yogis, the so-called ascetics are trying to do with all their will, with all their effort, endeavor, with all their strength. They are trying to get through the wall rather than sitting silently, becoming calm and quiet, looking around for the door from where they have entered in.

The most important thing whenever you are in a problem is not to start immediately doing something, otherwise you will make the problem worse. The most significant thing is for the time being not to do anything at all. Just sit silently, relax, rest, be in a let-go. Rather than trying to find out the way, watch from where you have entered, because each problem has its own solution and each question has its own answer in it. If you are careful enough, conscious enough, you will be able to find it there, and nowhere else you can find it. No scriptures are going to help.

THE BEE WAS TRYING, WITH ALL ITS STRENGTH, TO FLY OUT OF THE ROOM THROUGH THE PAPER BUT WAS UNABLE TO GET THROUGH. SHEN TSAN, SEEING THIS, SAID, "THE WORLD IS SO VAST AND WIDE THAT YOU MAY EASILY SET YOURSELF FREE IN IT. WHY, THEN, DO YOU FOOLISHLY BORE INTO OLD, ROTTEN PAPER?"

Now this was too much! The Master is reading some old scripture. And older the scripture is, people think, the better it is; the more rotten, the more important they think; the more ancient, the more significant they think.

Zen believes in burning the scriptures. The most famous Zen painting is Bodhidharma burning scriptures, throwing them into fire. It does not mean literally. There are fools...

I had a painting when I used to live in Jabalpur -- a friend brought a painting of Bodhidharma burning the scriptures. A young man used to come to me; he saw the painting, he asked me the meaning. I told him the meaning. He went home, he burned all his scriptures. And then he could not sleep the whole night because he became very much disturbed. The gods may become angry -- what he has done?

Early in the morning, four o'clock, he knocked on my door. He said, "Save me -- I am getting mad! What you suggested I have done -- I have burned the scriptures. My mother is mad, my father is mad. My whole family is thinking that I have to be put into a mental asylum because I have burned the SRIMAD BHAGAVAD GITA, and they say this is the most sacrilegious act. And they cannot believe and I tried to convince them about you and about your ideas, and they said, 'That man is mad and you are mad!' What am I supposed to do now? I could not sleep the whole night. I myself am afraid. Krishna must have felt offended. Now how can I be saved?"

I told him, "How many scriptures did you have?" He said, "I had the RAMAYANA and the SRIMAD BHAGAVAD GITA and few others."

I phoned to a bookseller and ordered those books and gave the young man those books and I told him never to come to me again, "Because you are not the person to come here -- you are a fool! That painting and whatsoever I had said was not to be taken literally; it is a metaphor. It is significant as a metaphor. Yes, you have to burn all the scriptures from your mind. Burning old, rotten paper is not going to help. If it is not going to help by reading it,

how is it going to help by burning it? It is the same old rotten paper whether you read it or you burn it."

The Master must have felt something has to be done now, and as the Master felt that his disciple is no more the same, Shen Tsan said this beautiful sutra:

"WHILE THE EMPTY DOOR IS OPEN WIDE
HOW FOOLISH IT IS TO TRY TO GET OUT
BY THRUSTING AGAINST THE WINDOW!
ALAS! HOW CAN YOU, MASTER,
RAISE YOUR HEAD ABOVE THE SLOUGH
BY PUTTING YOUR NOSE AGAINST OLD, ROTTEN PAPER
FOR A HUNDRED YEARS?"

First he has said as if he was talking to the bee, now he has directly said to the Master. Now he felt, "The time is ripe -- now the Master is ready to listen."

HEARING THIS REMARK, THE OLD MAN LAID DOWN HIS BOOK AND SAID TO SHEN TSAN,
"FOR QUITE A FEW TIMES NOW, YOU HAVE MADE UNUSUAL REMARKS"

ONLY BUDDHAS can make unusual remarks; they are bound to make unusual remarks. It is only through wisdom that the fire of rebellion arises. Knowledge is conventional, pundits are traditional. Only the enlightened people are the salt of the earth.

THE OLD TEACHER SAID, "FOR QUITE A FEW TIMES NOW, YOU HAVE MADE UNUSUAL REMARKS. FROM WHOM DID YOU GAIN YOUR KNOWLEDGE WHILE YOU WERE AWAY FROM HOME?"

SHEN TSAN REPLIED, "I HAVE REACHED THE STATE OF PEACEFUL REST..."

This was the time now, the right time. Everything has to be said at a certain right time; if you say it when the time is not right it is useless. Hence the Master has to wait, wait for the right season, for the right climate, for the right moment. One never knows when it will come, but when it comes, only then the awakening is possible.

SHEN TSAN REPLIED, "I HAVE REACHED THE STATE OF PEACEFUL REST... I HAVE COME TO MY CENTER... THROUGH THE GRACE OF MASTER PAI CHANG "

Remember the word "grace": not through the effort but through the grace.
"NOW I HAVE COME BACK HOME TO PAY MY DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO YOU.

"And I have come back home because you had brought me up, you have worked hard with me. Whatsoever you knew you have tried to impart to me. Of course, you were not enlightened and you could not help me to become enlightened, but without you perhaps I would not have been able to find the right man, Pai Chang."

And Pai Chang was a rare man. He was not a monk, he was not a *bhikkhu*, a sannyasin, he lived the life of an ordinary, worldly man. He remained a layman his whole life, even after he became enlightened. He never stopped his ordinary activities. He had thousands of followers by and by, many people gathered around him, but he continued to do his usual work. Many people invited him, even the king, that "You need not work any more -- we can make a big monastery for you. You have so many followers there is no need for you to work. You can help people."

He said, "I am helping. This is the only way I can help people. I would like to remain in the marketplace."

This old teacher may have been far more famous; he had many disciples -- Pai Chang was just a layman -- but now was the right time to say to him. First he may not have listened at all, may have felt offended, but Shen Tsan said, "I had to come to you to pay my respects, my gratitude. You have done much for me -- you *prepared* me for Pai Chang."

A real seeker always feels grateful, to everybody, whosoever has helped him in any possible way. He feels grateful to his parents, he feels grateful to all his teachers; he feels grateful even to people who have deceived him, who were pseudo, who were not real teachers even, who were cheaters. But he feels grateful even to them, because they *all* have helped you -- positively, negatively, in some way or other.

If you are here, you are here because of many many people, good and bad both. And the day you become reborn, remember it, that you owe something to everybody, whosoever has helped you in any way. The husband who has divorced you, the wife who has left you and gone with somebody else, the parents who abandoned you, who have forgotten all about you, the many pseudo teachers who roam around the world exploiting people, they all have helped in certain ways. When you will become enlightened you will know how they all have helped. If the husband has not divorced you you may not have been here at all -- you may be still hanging with the fool! You owe much gratefulness to him. The wife who left you and went with somebody else, don't carry any grudge against her; she has done a great service to you, otherwise you may not have been here. She may be still nagging you!

Everything that has happened has been good. Once you attain to the ultimate rest it makes everything golden. Even nights, dark nights become sources of the beautiful mornings, beautiful dawns.

THE OLD TEACHER THEN PREPARED A GREAT FESTIVAL IN HIS YOUNG DISCIPLE'S HONOR, SUMMONED THE MONKS IN THE MONASTERY TO THE ASSEMBLY HALL, AND BESOUGHT SHEN TSAN TO PREACH THE DHARMA TO ALL. WHEREUPON SHEN TSAN ASCENDED TO THE HIGH SEAT AND, FOLLOWING THE TRADITION OF PAI CHANG, PREACHED AS FOLLOWS...

THE OLD TEACHER understood it immediately, even though he was just reading the scriptures, but must have been a man of insight and understanding, not just a stupid scholar -- a scholar, but searching for something more, trying to transcend words and reach to the content. He immediately recognized the light that had come to the face of his disciple. He could see the radiance, he could feel the fragrance. And then he was not miserly in any way. He respected him, arranged for a great festival, a great ceremony in his honor, called the whole assembly, all his students and disciples, and asked him to ascend and preach the *dharma* to all.

WHEREUPON SHEN TSAN ASCENDED TO THE HIGH SEAT...

and spoke these few, but they are tremendously beautiful:
"SINGULARLY RADIATING IS THE WONDROUS LIGHT
FREE FROM THE BONDAGE OF MATTER AND THE SENSES."

If you become conscious you immediately know that you are not the body nor the mind; you are pure consciousness, and that pure consciousness is the wondrous light. That is the light Buddha has said about: "Be a light unto yourself."
"NOT BINDING BY WORDS AND LETTERS..."

It is not confined to any words or any letters. It is beyond all descriptions, beyond all expression, beyond all definitions.

"THE ESSENCE IS NAKEDLY EXPOSED IN ITS PURE ETERNITY."

But if you have eyes to see, if you have intelligence it is available in all its nakedness, in all its eternal purity, in its absolute, essential beauty it is available. Every moment is available; just it is because of your stupidity, your mediocrity, your mind, that it remains hidden. It is not hidden; your consciousness is clouded.

"NEVER DEFILED IS THE MIND-NATURE..."

And remember, whatsoever you do, whatsoever you have done, you cannot defile your innermost core. Your center remains unaffected by the circumference, your consciousness remains unaffected by your character. The cyclone cannot touch the center. You are the center of the cyclone.

"IT EXISTS IN PERFECTION FROM THE VERY BEGINNING."

And you are not to attain to perfection. This is the Zen discovery: that you are not to attain it, it is already the case. You are perfect from the very beginning.

"BY MERELY CASTING AWAY YOUR DELUSIONS..."

All that is needed is just cast away your delusions.

"THE SUCHNESS OF BUDDHAHOOD IS REALIZED."

And immediately you realize you have been the Buddha since the beginning. You have always been the Buddha and nobody else. You have been a god from the very beginning, you cannot be otherwise. Godliness is your intrinsic essence, it is nothing to be achieved. And it is impossible to defile it -- no karma can defile it.

So whatsoever you have done you have done only in your dreams. When you wake up, whether you dreamed of being a sinner or being a saint does not matter. When you wake up, both the dreams are finished; you don't bother at all. You don't feel guilty that you have been a sinner in your dreams and you don't feel "holier-than-thou" because you have been a saint in your dreams. Dreams are dreams, illusions. The awakened person is freed from all dreams.

"THE SUCHNESS OF BUDDHAHOOD IS REALIZED."

You are Buddhas right now, this very moment!

AS SOON AS THE OLD TEACHER HEARD THIS STANZA, HE WAS IMMEDIATELY AWAKENED.

This is the lion's roar: You are Buddhas this very moment, right now! Nothing has to be attained, nothing has to be changed. Wake up! Listening to this lion's roar, the old teacher immediately became awakened. All that is needed is intelligence, all that is needed is understanding the point, a capacity to be available to the Master.

This old man must have been rare. It must be said about him that he was able even to receive the message from his own disciple. He must have been a humble man; he must have been able to put his ego aside. And that is the greatest delusion. He immediately became awakened.

In Zen this is called the special transmission: the transmission beyond words, beyond scriptures. What is said is not the real thing, but what was heard was the real thing. What is said, you have heard it; but what the old man heard you have not yet heard. The day you hear it you will know what it is: the special transmission.

It is like when you bring an unlit candle close to a lit candle. Suddenly from the lit candle the flame jumps to the unlit candle. The lit candle loses nothing and the unlit candle gains everything. This is the special transmission -- beyond words, beyond scriptures.

In that moment when Shen Tsan shouted:

"BY MERELY CASTING AWAY YOUR DELUSIONS
THE SUCHNESS OF BUDDHAHOOD IS REALIZED

"... and your self-nature is never defiled, and you are perfect from the very beginning," the old man immediately became awakened Just like sudden lightning... and all darkness has disappeared and disappeared forever. In fact, it never existed in the first place; you were

simply imagining it.

All misery is in your imagination. When this imaginary misery is dropped there is nothing left but bliss, benediction, ecstasy.

Zen: The Special Transmission

Chapter #4

Chapter title: At a Time Like This?

4 July 1980 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 8007040

ShortTitle: SPCIAL04

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

The first question

OSHO,

CAN A WOMAN REALLY DRIVE A MAN CRAZY?

Anand Deepesh,

It depends on the man. If he is wise he becomes a henpecked husband; if he is not so wise, then there is no other way than to be crazy. That's why ninety-nine point nine percent of men decide to be henpecked husbands -- just to survive.

Nothing is wrong with the woman; she is not deliberately trying to drive you crazy. Just their minds function in a totally different way. In fact, that is their attraction; their polarities function like a magnetic field. The more different a woman is, the more she will attract you. If she is just like you, thinks the way you think, the attraction will be lost. There will be no tension; the relationship will collapse.

The relationship is like an arch. When you make an arch you put bricks *against* each other; their very opposition creates the strength, and the arch can support the whole building. But the strength depends on the opposition.

A living relationship between a man and a woman is bound to be a little bit crazy. Man cannot drive the woman crazy because his argument, his way of thinking is logical. The woman's way of thinking is illogical, but that is her way; that's how she is made. She functions instinctively at the lowest and intuitively at the highest. Man functions intellectually at the lowest and intelligently at the highest. The way of instinct and intuition is the way of illogic. Logic cannot drive the illogical person crazy; if anything is going to happen it is going to happen to the logical mind.

Craziness is part of the logical mind. Craziness simply means your logic is no more functioning and you are at a loss what to do. You love the woman, you would not like to lose her at any cost. You feel for her, you try in every way to understand her. But whatsoever you do you are also helpless -- you can do only logically. And logically she is not comprehensible; that way she is mysterious, very mysterious. You can devote your whole life in studying a single woman and you will not be able to figure out what is what.

She never tries to understand you. The illogical functioning of the psyche is not interested

in understanding; it simply reaches to the conclusions without any procedures -- it jumps to the conclusions. And the miracle is that the woman is almost always right and you are almost always wrong. That drives you crazy! And you have been functioning so logically, mathematically, step by step; still your conclusion is not right.

One woman won the lottery. When the husband came he was surprised. How she managed, he asked.

She said, "I saw a dream, and in the dream the figure 7 appeared three times. So I figured out that three times seven means twenty-eight."

The husband was aghast. He said, "Then what happened?"

She said, "I purchased the ticket of the number twenty-eight and I won the lottery."

The husband said, "But three times seven is not twenty-eight, it is twenty-one!"

The woman said, "Then you be the mathematician, but I have won the lottery!"

Who cares about mathematics? The real thing is the conclusion. She never tries to understand man -- no woman ever tries -- she understands already. In fact, they are always puzzled why men go on trying to understand women. For centuries man has been doing that. I think woman must have been the ancient-most subject of his inquiries -- naturally; even before God he must have inquired about woman. In fact, it was the woman who got him into the whole trouble, not God. God may have created the world, but there was no trouble.

It was Eve who persuaded him to eat the fruit from the tree of knowledge, which was forbidden. Man tried to argue that "It is forbidden. God has said not to go near to that tree, never to eat that fruit." But the woman says, "God is prohibiting because he is afraid that if we eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge we will become as wise as God. He is jealous. Let us go and eat it." And she seduced him.

God may have created the world, but the world we know is created by the woman.

If you watch the functioning of the woman's mind you can see it clearly: it is impossible to understand it. The very effort to understand will drive you crazy.

It is not just accidental that Buddha escaped from his wife, Mahavira escaped from his wife. It was not the world really that was creating the trouble, because you cannot escape from the world. Where you will escape to? At the most you can escape from the woman who is driving you crazy. And Buddha must have been really frightened. His wife was one of the most beautiful women who has ever walked on the earth -- another Cleopatra. Her name was Yashodhara. She was chosen from thousands of beautiful young women.

And the more beautiful a woman is, the more dangerous. The homely woman cannot drive you so much crazy, because she has not that much appeal either. The more appeal a woman has, the more driving force she has.

Buddha must have remained frightened. Even after his enlightenment he was frightened, because for many years he did not initiate any woman into his commune. Again and again women asked him, saying that "We want to be initiated, we also want to become your sannyasins!" But he refused, he simply refused. One woman has frightened him so much that he became afraid of all womankind.

But finally he had to agree because his stepmother who had brought him up... His own mother died immediately he was born; just after his birth the mother died. Then his stepmother brought him up and he had tremendous respect for her. When she came to ask for initiation he could not refuse -- you cannot refuse your own mother. Unwillingly he consented.

But he said that "My religion was going to last for twenty-five hundred years. Now it will last only five hundred years, because the woman has come in." And after his mother's

initiation, of course, thousands of women came in. Yashodhara also came in, his wife of whom he has always been afraid. And they came like a flood. Their number became thrice than the men sannyasins and they drowned the whole commune.

I am not afraid of women because I never got married. Had I been married then the same would have been the case: I would have tried my best to prevent women outside the commune. But I am not afraid of them at all. Unless you have had a wife you can't be afraid of women. Then they are beautiful creatures!

Anand Deepesh, you must be in some trouble! Feel consoled that even Buddhas have been in trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. Pontius Pilate were standing on their balcony watching Jesus and the procession following him towards Mount Calvary.

"I really don't care who he is," said Mrs. Pilate. "If he stumbles one more time he is out of the parade!"

Two women meet on the street. "What have you done with your hair?" says one. "It looks like a wig."

"It is a wig," replies the other.

"Hm, well, you would never know it!"

Said the newly-wed English wife to her husband, "I just don't understand you, George. You liked baked beans on Monday, you liked baked beans on Tuesday, you liked baked beans on Wednesday, you liked baked beans on Thursday. And suddenly on Friday you don't like baked beans!"

A black woman and her Jewish Italian friend are discussing religion. The negress says, "You honkies strung Jesus on the cross, eh?"

In response the Jew says, "Yes, but if Jesus had been in Africa, you niggers would have eaten him!"

"Yes," replies the negress. "You see, we have good taste!"

After three months of constant work and hundreds of hours of talking on the part of the client, the woman psychoanalyst was completing her in-depth interpretation of the client's mental and emotional state. Clearing her throat to make her final remarks, she looks up from her notes and says, "And my final analysis lends me to say that in my professional opinion you are just crazy!"

The client, shocked and angry, replies, "Well, I will have to get another opinion."

"Okay," says the woman shrink, "you are ugly too!"

Anand Deepesh, a woman can really drive a man crazy, but still, your cooperation will be needed. Without your cooperation, no, nobody can drive you crazy. If you stop trying to understand her and enjoying her she cannot drive you crazy. If you try to understand her, naturally you will stop enjoying her, and then she is bound to drive you crazy. Rejoice in her! Rejoice in her differences, rejoice in her different approaches towards life. Rejoice that she is not a man but a woman. She does not think like you; not only is her body different from you, her psyche is also different from you. And once you forget trying to understand her, there is no way for her to drive you crazy.

When you are with your woman, put your mind aside. Become more existential and less intellectual. Love her, dance with her, sing with her, but don't try to argue with her. As far as argument is concerned, always agree with her and you will never be at a loss. And anyway, even if you argue, finally you will have to agree with her. The more you argue, the more she will insist. And her feminine ways of insistence are such that it is impossible not to listen to her -- because she will not argue. Otherwise *you can* discuss. You would like...

Every husband wants his wife to sit at the table, calm, cool and collected. "And let us discuss the matter." But she starts throwing things! She knows if she becomes calm and cool you are going to win. She starts slamming the door. She will put more salt in your vegetables and no sugar in your tea! She will make so many illogical efforts and she will cry and she will weep and she will start pulling her hair. She will beat the children, who have nothing to do with the matter.

And seeing all this, for something small, you will have to agree. Maybe it was only a question of going to see a picture to the movie house and you were not agreeing to which picture to go. She will have her way, so why unnecessarily go defeated with her? Why not go victorious? The moment she says..."Right, absolutely right! That's what I was thinking." And that way you will feel happy and you will go victorious. And your sugar in the tea will be in the right amount and your salt in the vegetables will be right amount, and children will be saved. For some small thing the woman can put the whole house on fire! But it all depends on you.

Be a little more meditative, Deepesh. In fact, meditation has been discovered as a defense. It is not a discovery of women, remember. Many people have asked me, "Why women have not discovered meditation?" Why they should discover? They have no reason to discover it; it is man's discovery. Surrounded by his meditative energy he is protected. Nobody, not even a woman, can drive him crazy.

So become more meditative. Go a little deeper into zazen, vipassana.

The second question

OSHO, WHY ARE YOU CALLED "THE SEX GURU" IN THE WEST?

Deva Christine,

IT IS A LONG, long stupid Christian tradition in the West -- of repression, of deep antagonism against life, life energies. That has provoked the label for me; otherwise I have nothing to do with sex. I am not teaching sex to you. If I have to talk once in a while about sex that is because of your Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan repressive traditions. I am not responsible for it, *they* are responsible for it. They have made man's life so paralyzed, so crippled and their whole strategy has depended upon repressing the energy called sex.

And remember, you have only one energy; you don't have many energies, only one energy. At the lowest it is called sex energy. You go on refining it, you go on transforming it through meditation, through the alchemy of meditation, and the same energy starts moving upwards. It becomes love, it becomes prayer. It is the same energy, just refined states of it. Sex is crude, raw, just a diamond found from the mines. It has to be cut, polished; much work is needed. Then it will be possible to recognize that it is a diamond.

The Kohinoor -- that is the greatest diamond in the world -- was lying in a peasant's house for three years. His children were playing with it because he was not aware that it is a diamond; it looked only a beautiful stone. He had given it to his children.

It was only by coincidence that a traveling sannyasin stayed in his hut; he could not believe his eyes. The sannyasin, before he became a sannyasin, had been a jeweler. He told to the farmer, "Are you mad or something? I have never come across such a diamond in my whole life, and I have seen the greatest diamonds. This is not an ordinary stone."

And the farmer said, "It has been lying down here for three years. One day I had found it in my field; in my field there runs a small stream" -- it happened in a small place, Golconda -- "and in the sand of that stream I had found this, so I brought it home for my children and they have been playing with it."

Immediately the Nizam of Hyderabad¹ the king of that territory, was informed. He was a lover of diamonds; he could not believe his eyes. He rewarded the farmer with millions of rupees.

Now the same Kohinoor is the number one diamond in the whole world. It is part of the crown of the British Queen. Now it is only one third of its original weight. What happened to the two thirds? Two thirds has been cut in polishing, in refining; two thirds of the diamond has disappeared, only one third has remained. But the more it was polished, the more it was refined, the more valuable it became. It is million times more valuable than it was when it had its original weight.

Sex is raw energy. It has to be transformed, and through transformation there is transcendence. Rather than transforming it, religions have been repressing it. And if you repress it the natural outcome is a perverted human being. He becomes obsessed with sex.

The people who call me "sex guru" are obsessed with sex. I have not talked about sex more than I have talked about meditation, love, God, prayer, but nobody seems to be interested in God, love, meditation, prayer. If I say anything about sex, immediately they jump upon it.

Out of my three hundred books only one book concerns sex, and that, too, not in its totality. The name of the book is FROM SEX TO SUPERCONSCIOUSNESS. Just the beginning of it is concerned with sex; as you go deeper in understanding it moves towards superconsciousness, towards *samadhi*. Now that is the book which has reached to millions of people. It is A strange phenomenon: my other books have not reached to so many people. There is not a single Hindu, Jain saint, mahatma in India who has not read it. It has been discussed criticized, analyzed, commented upon in every possible way. Many books have been written against it -- as if that is the only book I have written!

Why so much emphasis? People are obsessed particularly the religious people are obsessed. This label of "sex guru" comes from religious people.

"Were you shocked by the porno film we saw?" a friend asked the Polack Pope.

The Pope said, "I was even more shocked the second time I saw it!"

The way people have been brought up for centuries is life-negative. I affirm life with all that it contains. That does not mean that I don't want you to change -- in fact, that is the only way to change. First you have to accept where you are, what you are. First you have to explore your reality, and then only you can find ways to go beyond it. You have to explore into all the possibilities of your existence.

And sex is one of the most important phenomena, in fact the most important phenomenon of your life. But from the very childhood we are being deceived, we are told lies about sex. And the day we start discovering the facts of life, great guilt arises -- as if we are doing something criminal. The criminal thing has been done to you by your parents, by your priests, by your politicians, by your pedagogues. They have created such a conditioning in you that you cannot discover the facticity of your life and its implications. They have falsified you, they have betrayed your trust.

That's why no child can really respect his parents; they have all deceived him. And no student can respect the teachers, the professors: they have all betrayed his trust. He trusted in them and they have been lying. Utter lies! But the lying has gone so deep, it has become such a thick crust around you, that when you start discovering reality you feel afraid. You are doing something wrong, something that should not be done.

A small girl walks into the bathroom while her mother is bathing. "Mummy, what are those things hanging down your front?" she asks.

"These?" replies the embarrassed mother. "They are balloons, dear."
"What are they for?" insists the little girl.

"When you die they blow up and float you off to heaven!"

"Mummy," says the little girl after a moment's thought, "I think our maid is dying. I just heard her say, 'Oh God, I am coming!' and daddy is lying on top of her blowing up her balloons!"

The children are bound to discover the reality. How long can you hide it from them? There is no need to hide anything; everything should be explained. When the child is inquiring it should be explained as it is. There is no need to start a child's mind with lies. Don't stuff their minds with lies, because how long you can go on hiding the facts? They will manifest themselves and then the child will be in a real fix, in a real difficulty. He will be divided, he will be split. His conditioning will say, "This is wrong," and life will say, "Go ahead." His biology will say one thing and his psychology will say another thing. You have created a schizophrenic condition in him.

I am against this crime. I want every child to be made fully aware of all the facts of life as they are; there is no need to create any guilt. But your religions have depended on guilt. They have pulled curtains upon curtains before your eyes. They have made you almost blind; you can see only behind the curtains, through the curtains. And those curtains are false, pseudo, utter lies; they distort everything.

My respect for truth is absolute and I don't care about anything else. You have created a humanity which is ugly. I would like to create a human being which rests in truth, lives in truth, is not split, is not insane but is whole, sane, intelligent, is not obsessed with anything. Your religions create obsession. Your all the scriptures are full of obsession, sexual obsession.

Turiddu, a Sicilian man of forty years, was wasting his life on sex -- men, women, children, days, nights, any time, any place. He was going crazy. He could not stop.

Finally, in despair, he went to a top Italian psychoanalyst in Milano, very expensive and very special. "Can-a you help-a me, doctor?"

"Yes, I think so. We will try some new experiments."

The first day the doctor drew a circle on a piece of paper and showed it to Turiddu. "What do you see?"

"Oh, it's-a easy -- it's-a picture of some-a beautiful woman's cunt!"

"What?"

"Oh, it looks like that-a way, with her legs-a apart-a!"

The following day the doctor showed him a drawing of a triangle. "What do you see?"

"Oh, it's-a another view of the same-a beautiful cunt from yesterday-a!"

The third day the doctor decided to make a drawing of something that could never be interpreted as sexual. He drew a rectangle and in the center placed just a point.

"Now, mister, what do you see?"

"Don't-a be funny, doctor. It's-a same picture -- you are looking down on a rectangular bed and that point-a is-a the beautiful cunt that you have-a been obsessed with the last-a three days!"

"You are sexually obsessed and perverted!" shouted the doctor.

"ME?" replied Turiddu. "Me? Who is-a doing all-a these pornographic drawing every day-a?"

Religions have created a strange situation. They have created your obsessiveness with sex and then they make you feel responsible for it. They are guilty of creating guilt in people, but

they make you feel guilty. But there is a subtle strategy and politics in creating guilt. Once a man starts feeling guilty he becomes weak, he becomes stupid. Once a man starts feeling divided he can be ruled over, he can be exploited. He loses independence. He becomes a slave of some church, some state, of some ideology, some philosophy, some theology. He is no more an individual; he cannot be rebellious. Humanity has been reduced into a mess, into a chaos, and the whole trick lies in poisoning your minds about sex.

Sex is a natural phenomenon; there is nothing to be worried about it. And if I have sometimes to talk about it, it is because of these religions. Once man is freed from religious exploitation and religious conventions, traditions, which are very oppressive, there will be no need to talk about sex. Then we can move into more intricate, scientific ways of how to transform it into higher forms of energy.

Sex is the lowest center of your existence and samadhi your highest, the seventh center. It is a ladder of seven rungs. And sex energy has to be moved rung by rung to the seventh where it opens up like a one-thousand-petaled lotus. One becomes a Buddha only when sex is transformed.

That label is absolutely wrong. Just to condemn me they have been calling me "sex guru", but in fact they are the criminals.

The third question

OSHO, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF SUDDENLY NOW, DURING DISCOURSE, A CRAZY ZEN MASTER ARRIVED ON A MOTORBIKE AND CLIMBED ON TO YOUR STAGE?

Prem Sanatana,

I will hit the zen master and kiss his motorbike!

The fourth question

OSHO, I AM A PRACTICAL MAN. MY MIND CANNOT SEE THAT ANY PURPOSE IS FULFILLED BY MEDITATION.

Vishnudas Sethia,

IT IS BETTER TO TELL YOU from the very beginning that I am also a practical man, much more practical than you can ever be. I don't believe in theories, I believe in experiments. I don't say that religion begins in belief, I say religion begins in experience.

But I am a different kind of practical man than you are. You are only halfheartedly practical; maybe you are practical in the outside world. But there is an inner world too which needs as much scientific approach as the outside world does. In fact, it needs more accurate observation, more unprejudiced mind, more existential approach than the outside world.

But I can understand your problem. It happens to all the so-called practical people who think in terms of money, power and prestige, who are basically extroverts, who only look to that which is outside, who have never tried to explore their inner world; that dimension they have not even touched. They have completely forgotten that they have got a within too.

Langley said to his wife, "This bell is used only for emergencies. Now I am going out in the field and if anything like an Indian attack happens, ring the bell."

So the Old West settler went off to plow and a couple of minutes later the bell started ringing. Langley hurried to the house screaming, "What's the matter?"

"I thought I saw an Indian," said his wife.

He said, "The bell is only for real important things." So he went back out to work.

Suddenly the bell began pealing. He rushed back to the house.

"I made some cookies and I thought you would like some," said Mrs. Langley.

"I told you, don't ring the bell unless something really happens."

Langley went back to the field. Thirty minutes later the bell started ringing again. He ran back to the house and saw that it was on fire and his wife lay dead with an arrow in her back. "Now this is more like it!" said the settler.

You must be this kind of a practical man. That's why you cannot see that there is any purpose in meditation. In fact, in a totally different sense you are right: it will not serve any purpose if you are interested in money, power, prestige, fame. Meditation will not be of any help; in fact, it will destroy all your desires for money. It will destroy your greed, it will take away your ambitiousness, it will show you the stupidity of all power trips. It will kill the very root of your ambition: the ego. In that sense it will not serve any purpose. But money, power, prestige you can have, still inside you will remain a dark continent, unknown to yourself. You will remain unaware of your infinite treasures, and outside treasures cannot fill your inner emptiness. Whatsoever you try is bound to fail; you will feel only frustrated.

You say:

MY MIND CANNOT SEE THAT ANY PURPOSE IS FULFILLED BY MEDITATION.

The mind cannot see, that is true, because mind and meditation cannot coexist. If the mind exists there is no meditation; if meditation happens there is no mind. Mind has never seen meditation; hence, naturally, how the mind can say what purpose it can serve? Mind and meditation are exactly like light and darkness.

I have heard that once darkness approached God and said to him that, "I have never harmed your sun, but the sun rises every morning and starts torturing me, goes on and on chasing me farther and farther away. I have to run the whole day and in the night I cannot even rest -- in the morning again the same thing starts. Why, when I have done nothing wrong? You should stop the sun chasing me. This is unfair!"

And God said, "I can understand. I will call the sun immediately." And the sun was called and told that "Why have you been torturing darkness? What darkness has done to you?"

The sun said, "I have never come across darkness, I don't know darkness. I have not even been introduced to darkness! What do you mean by darkness? Where darkness is? Please let me see her. Bring her in front of me so that I can see about whom you are talking!"

And God has been seeing darkness and the sun, but he has not been yet able to bring them together face to face; it is impossible. And the sun is also right. She says, "Unless you bring the person in front of me who is complaining against me... how can I stop anything of which I am not even aware that I have done ever?"

The same is true about mind and meditation. When the light of meditation arrives, mind disappears like darkness. Hence meditation is incomprehensible to the mind. Mind is very mediocre -- all minds are mediocre, even the very talented minds are mediocre. Real intelligence is intrinsic to meditation not to mind. Mind is a fool, mind is an idiot. And we live in the world of the mind, and it goes on and on telling us, "Do this stupidity, now that stupidity." If you are tired of this stupidity, the mind produces another stupidity. It is very inventive, certainly, but not intelligent at all.

All minds are Polack!

The Polack was stationed in Germany. One day his wife telephoned him from Detroit.

"We have a new baby," shouted his wife excitedly, "born thirty minutes ago!"

"Is it a boy or a girl?" asked her husband.

"I don't know," she replied.

"Didn't you look between its legs?"

"Don't be nasty!" said his wife. "Who could think about sex at a time like this!"

At his evening performance, a ventriloquist had told jokes about the Jews, the Africans, the Japanese, and the Americans.

Addressing his audience he then said, "Now it is time for a Polack joke."

At this, a large, stubble-bearded man in a beer-stained tee shirt got up and shouted, "I don't want to hear no jokes about the stupidity of us Polacks. We are not as thick as you think!"

"Please sit down, sir, and keep calm," consoled the ventriloquist.

The Polack replied, "Shut up, you! I am talking to the little guy on your lap!"

The mind cannot comprehend what meditation is all about. How it can decide, Vishnudas Sethia, that there is no purpose fulfilled by meditation? The only way to decide is to experience meditation. No outer purpose is fulfilled, agreed, but there are inner purposes, higher purposes, greater purposes, more intrinsic, more valuable purposes which will make your life significant, meaningful, which will give you something of the eternal, which will make you available to God and God available to you.

Meditation is the only way to transcend death. Otherwise man lives in fear, lives in trembling, anxiety and anguish. Unless man comes to know that he is not the body nor the mind but something transcendental to both he remains afraid, scared. And if you are surrounded by death, if your life is just like a small island in the ocean of death, what life you can live? In such fear there is no possibility of life. Life happens only to those who know that life is eternal, that it is forever and forever, that you have been always here and you will be always here.

Meditation reveals to you your Buddhahood. It will not make you Alexander the Great, it will not make you a Rockefeller or a Ford or a Morgan, but it will make you a Christ, a Zarathustra, a Lao Tzu. And these are the people who have really known fulfillment.

When Alexander the Great died, he died like a dog, died like a beggar. And he recognized the fact, he *had* to recognize it, because twice he was told by two great mystics. One was Diogenes, a Greek mystic who lived like Mahavira, naked, but in utter ecstasy, always in a dance, always in celebration.

When Alexander had gone to see him he felt jealous of him. He said that "You are the first man I am feeling jealous of."

Diogenes said, "That is strange, because I have nothing! I am just a beggar and you are one of the greatest kings. You have almost conquered the whole world; soon you will be the greatest conqueror ever. And I have got nothing, no possessions. How you can be jealous of me?"

Alexander said, "Still I feel jealous of you -- because I may have the whole kingdom of the world, but I don't see any joy in my life. My life is barren, empty, like a desert, no greenery. Not even a single flower has opened up within my being, and I can see in you flowers and flowers. Your heart is in a dance, your each breath is a song. If next time God is kind enough to give me another opportunity, I would like to be born not as Alexander but Diogenes."

Diogenes said, "Then why wait for the next time? You can be Diogenes this very moment!"

But Alexander must have been, Vishnudas Sethia, a practical man like you. He said, "Right now it is not possible, it is not practical. I am on the conquest of the world. First I have to finish that, then only can I think about it."

Diogenes said. "Remember my words: you will not be able to finish it -- you will be finished before it. Nobody ever finishes life's work. Life is too short and our ambitions are so

big, so many. Our desires are infinite -- impossible to fulfill them. And each desire goes on begetting new desires, so don't think that you will be able to fulfill your desires and then you can become a Diogenes. One becomes a Diogenes as a jump; it is a quantum leap."

Thanking him, Alexander went on his conquest. And he has met another mystic in India. His name he remembers in his memoirs as Dandamesh; it must be a Greek form of some Indian name. There are no Indian records about it so we don't know exactly what was the Indian name, but he calls him Dandamesh. He wanted Dandamesh to go with him. Dandamesh laughed and refused.

Alexander became angry. He said, pulling out his sword that "If you don't come with me I will cut your head!"

And Dandamesh said, "Please cut it. In fact, I have cut it long before, and when it will fall on the earth you will see falling it on the earth and I will also see falling it on the earth. You are as separate from my head as I am separate from my head. I am a witness to it."

Again Alexander says, "I felt jealous of this man who is not afraid of death at all."

And he died on the way back home; he did not reach home. Diogenes' prophecy was fulfilled. Just twenty-four hours' journey more and he would have reached. He told to his physicians, "I am ready to give whatsoever you want, but save me for twenty-four hours."

They said, "We cannot save you even for twenty-four seconds. Your life is finished."

He said, "I had promised my mother that I will come back."

The physicians said, "A man who is mortal should not give promises, because tomorrow is never certain."

He died. His last wish was that "My hands should be left hanging out of the coffin."

"Why?" the people asked him. "This is not conventional!"

He said, "Conventional or not conventional, I want everybody to know that I am dying empty-handed."

Vishnudas Sethia, by meditation you will not become an Alexander, but you will become a Buddha. Your hands will be full; not only the physical hands, your invisible soul will be full. There will be great contentment, bliss, benediction. That is the purpose of meditation. You cannot calculate it in terms of mathematics; you cannot weigh it, measure it. It is immeasurable inestimable. You have to experience it.

And the problem is: a man like you would like first to be convinced that it has some purpose, but that is not possible and that cannot be done. You cannot be convinced that it has purpose because the way you understand purpose it has no purpose at all. But there is a totally different dimension of purpose, a different dimension of meaning and significance, fulfillment and contentment, bliss and benediction, but that language you won't understand. The only way to understand that language is to learn that language.

I am here to help you learn it. And I don't say believe in it: I say just hypothetically experiment. Just few glimpses of your inner being and that will be enough, and that will convince you that all that you have done before was not really practical; it was all impractical because death will take away all that you have gathered. It is only meditation that gives you something which death cannot destroy, which is indestructible.

If you are really a practical man, then go into meditation. And I am talking to you as a practical man. I am a practical man, I am not a theoretical man at all. NO Buddha has ever been theoretical; they have always been very practical people. And they all have found that there is nothing more practical than meditation.

The fifth question

OSHO,
WHY I GET VERY ANGRY AT YOUR JOKES SOMETIMES?

Sandip,

MY JOKES ARE MEANT to do many things, different things to different people. Few people will get angry if their egos are hurt. And nothing can hurt the ego more deeply than a joke. It goes like an arrow and it goes in such a subtle way that there is no protection against it. There is no shield yet invented that can protect you against it. It is the subtlest weapon yet found.

But rather than getting angry with me, try to understand: some wound is touched, some wound is opened, some pus has started flowing out. And you don't want that your wounds should be touched, you don't want that your pus should be taken out. You want to forget all about the wounds and the pus. But forgetting is not going to help; the pus has to be taken out.

My job is very thankless because many times it hurts, it is painful. And I use jokes in many ways. I use them as weapons, and they are so sharp that no sword can be so sharp as a joke. And it is told in such a humorous way that you cannot fight with it -- it will look so stupid. You have to swallow it, but then it starts working. Sometimes to some people my jokes will bring tears because they are carrying much repressed suffering in them. And when tears come listening a joke, one feels really puzzled. that a joke should bring laughter. Why is it-bringing tears?

Many people have written to me that "It is strange. You are telling a joke and my tears start flowing!" There is nothing strange in it, there is a logic behind it. You have always laughed just to hide your tears.

Friedrich Nietzsche used to say that "Don't ask me why I go on laughing on small things. I go on laughing because if I don't laugh I will start weeping. To avoid that embarrassing situation I go on laughing. I keep myself occupied with laughing."

Listening a joke, ordinarily laughter should come, but you may have repressed so many tears that instead of laughter, as you relax with me with the joke, tears start welling up.

Sometimes you become serious -- rather than becoming hilarious you become serious. There are a few people who go on writing to me that "Why it happens? We become serious. When everybody is laughing we suddenly become very serious."

The reason is that it is easy to laugh at others, but sometimes a joke is not about others; it is about you, exactly about you. It fits you and you cannot laugh at yourself. You become serious, you become uptight.

And, moreover, seriousness is more fulfilling to the ego than laughter. When you see thousands of people laughing and you sitting serious, it feels very good that you are something holy, saintly, and these are just ordinary people laughing. How can you laugh? You have not come here to laugh, you have come here to attain enlightenment! To different people different things are possible.

To few people even enlightenment is possible through laughter. That too is going to happen. I see many people coming very close, but then they become afraid. Just one step more... but they shrink back. They laugh only to a certain extent -- they laugh only to the extent they can control it. When they see that now it is going beyond their control they immediately shrink back, they start holding back. If they allow it to happen, the laughter will become their enlightenment.

Sandip, don't be worried. Whatsoever happens, whatsoever emotions, moods a joke creates in you, watch it.

A Rajneesh sannyasin comes to the pearly gates.

St. Peter is on duty. He looks at the sannyasin and says, "Sorry, man, you are too early. Can't you orange people get it right ever? You have to go back to the earth."

"Can't I have a look around since I have come all this way?" says the sannyasin.

"All right," says Peter, "any special wishes?"

"Well," says the swami, "I would like to see Jesus."

"Oh, so you do believe in him," sniggers St. Peter.

"As I am here I might as well check him out," says the sannyasin.

"He is not in a good mood," says Peter. "but I will have a look."

"He is not in a good mood?" asks the astonished sannyasin. "Does that happen in heaven too? I thought things would be much different up here."

"Well," says Peter, "you know, we have a direct communication with the earth so we listen to Osho's daily lectures. And when Jesus hears those jokes about himself he just gets so pissed off!"

The last question:

OSHO,

IS THERE THEN NO SIGNIFICANCE AT ALL IN BEING A JEW?

Sant,

I HAVE NOT SAID THAT. There are few things; there are few really significant things which only a Jew can manage, and as far as you are concerned, Sant, I think you should not drop Jewishness so suddenly. Wait a little; you will need it for a little while more. Dropping it right now will be too early; get a little more ripe, and then it will drop on its own accord.

A pretty princess of marriageable age had made certain conditions on her marriage: for example, the satisfactory reply to her three questions. The interview had to be in private and the princess and the would-be candidate should remain naked during the interview.

Sant, if you have fallen asleep, wake up! This is a joke specially for you.

If the candidate could not answer the questions correctly he would be put in jail. All the interviews so far had failed. The Hindus had come, the Mohammedans had come, the Christians had come, and nobody had been able to succeed. They were all thrown in jail, and the king was very disappointed.

Then came a Jew. The naked princess pointed towards her tits and asked the first question, "What are these?"

The Jew said, "Charming mountains of milk and honey."

Receiving the correct answer for the first time, the princess was very delighted.

Sant, don't forget the answers -- remember.

Then, pointing towards the Jew's prick, she asked the second question, "What is this?"

"This is the rod of life with the bells of Jerusalem," the Jew said.

Overjoyed, she asked the third question, pointing towards her vagina, "What is this?"

"This is the center of all creation of mankind," the Jew replied.

"You have been able to answer all my questions correctly. I accept you as my worthy husband," the princess said. "Now the final test: mount the mountains of milk and honey, put the rod of life into the center of creation and ring the bells of Jerusalem!"

Zen: The Special Transmission

Chapter #5

Chapter title: Why not Shoot Yourself?

5 July 1980 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 8007050

ShortTitle: SPCIAL05

Audio: Yes

Video: No

SHIH-KUNG WAS A HUNTER BEFORE HE WAS ORDAINED AS A ZEN MONK UNDER MA TZU. HE STRONGLY DISLIKED BUDDHIST MONKS, WHO WERE AGAINST HIS PROFESSION. ONE DAY, WHILE CHASING A DEER, HE PASSED BY THE COTTAGE WHERE MA TZU RESIDED. MA TZU CAME OUT AND GREETED HIM. SHIH-KUNG ASKED, "DID YOU SEE SOME DEER PASS BY YOUR DOOR?" "WHO ARE YOU?" ASKED THE MASTER. "I AM A HUNTER." "HOW MANY CAN YOU SHOOT DOWN WITH YOUR ARROW?" "ONE WITH ONE ARROW." "THEN YOU ARE NO HUNTER," DECLARED MA TZU. "HOW MANY CAN YOU SHOOT WITH ONE ARROW?" ASKED THE HUNTER IN HIS TURN. "THE ENTIRE FLOCK, WITH ONE ARROW." "THEY ARE LIVING CREATURES, WHY SHOULD YOU DESTROY THE WHOLE FLOCK AT ONE SHOOTING?" "IF YOU KNOW THAT MUCH, WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT YOURSELF?" "AS TO SHOOTING MYSELF, I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO PROCEED." "THIS FELLOW," EXCLAIMED MA TZU, ALL OF A SUDDEN, "HAS PUT A STOP TODAY TO ALL HIS PAST IGNORANCE AND EVIL PASSIONS!" THEREUPON, SHIH-KUNG THE HUNTER BROKE HIS BOW AND ARROWS AND BECAME MA TZU'S PUPIL. WHEN HE BECAME A ZEN MASTER HIMSELF, HE HAD A BOW WITH AN ARROW READY TO SHOOT, WITH WHICH HIS MONKS WERE THREATENED WHEN THEY APPROACHED HIM WITH A QUESTION. SAN-PING WAS ONCE SO TREATED. SHIH-KUNG EXCLAIMED, "LOOK OUT FOR THE ARROW!" PING OPENED HIS CHEST AND SAID, "THIS IS THE ARROW THAT KILLS; WHERE IS THE ONE THAT RESUSCITATES?" KUNG STRUCK THREE TIMES ON THE BOWSTRING. PING BOWED. KUNG SAID, "I HAVE BEEN USING ONE BOW AND TWO ARROWS FOR THE PAST THIRTY YEARS, AND TODAY I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN SHOOTING DOWN ONLY HALF OF A WISE MAN." SHIH-KUNG BROKE HIS BOW AND ARROWS ONCE MORE, AND NEVER USED THEM AGAIN.

THESE BEAUTIFUL ZEN STORIES belong to a totally different climate, a totally different psychology. The world has changed too much; there has arisen a gap. Man has become very much knowledgeable. These stories belong to a world, to a time, when people were simple. They were not cunning, complex; they were innocent. Hence there was a possibility of immediate awakening.

Zen has become more and more difficult for the simple reason because man has become

more and more complex. Today it is almost impossible to conceive how sudden enlightenment can be possible, how in a single flash of lightning one can be transformed totally. The knowledgeable person can only understand the way of gradualness; his whole education is a process of graduation. That's why when a scholar comes out of the university we call him a graduate -- he has graduated.

Learning comes in steps; unlearning can happen in a single quantum leap. And Zen belongs to the world of unlearning. It is not knowledge; nobody can attain to knowledge suddenly because knowledge is a quantity, it is not a quality. And anything quantitative can only be attained gradually; one graduates in it, slowly slowly one absorbs and digests it.

To emphasize this fact, Gurdjieff used to say that knowledge is a quantity, so much so that if few people have more of it then few others will have less of it. It is just a quantity like money. It is not possible to make all people knowledgeable, only few people will be knowledgeable. Don't take it literally. Many of Gurdjieff's followers have taken it literally. He was simply emphasizing the quantitateness of knowledge, that there is only a certain quantity of knowledge. If few people have acquired it, of course others will not be able to acquire it any more. It is like the land: there is a certain amount of it -- if few people have acquired it then others will be missing. But those who understand it literally, whether they are enemies of Gurdjieff or his friends, both are missing the point. The point simply is that knowledge is acquired gradually because it is a quantity. Year by year you graduate slowly. It takes twenty-five years for you to learn all that man has accumulated in thousands of years.

But unlearning has nothing to do with gradualness; one never graduates in it. One sees the point and drops it immediately. The knowledgeable person, of course, will find it more difficult because whatsoever he has acquired with years of effort, labor, strain, he is bound to cling to it. The ignorant person has nothing to cling, and the knowledgeable person has many layers covering his vision. The ignorant person has nothing to cover his vision; he is far more clear.

And you will see this quality in farmers, in carpenters, in gardeners -- people who work with the land -- the woodcutters, the fisherman. You will find a certain clarity in these people, a certain immediacy of understanding. They may not be able to understand complex theories like Albert Einstein's theory of relativity, but they will be able to understand immediately the beauty of a saying of Jesus or Buddha. The knowledgeable person may not be able to see the beauty of the saying of Jesus. He may start analyzing it, he may start interpreting it, he may start imposing his ideas upon it. He will distort it; he cannot see it as it is.

If a man like Jesus comes today he will be more misunderstood than he was misunderstood in his own days. If he talks the same language... even in those days the knowledgeable people were not able to understand him. It was the rabbis -- the Jewish pundits, the Jewish brahmins -- who conspired to kill him. The people who followed him were simple people, very simple people

The world has changed so much that now a totally different kind of approach is needed. Zen has to be made contemporary. That's why I am speaking so much on Zen, because I see the immense beauty of it, I see the inestimable value of it. It should not be lost, to lose it will be losing the greatest treasure humanity has discovered. But we are losing it.

You will read this story; it will look like a beautiful anecdote, nothing more special than that. It is far more. It is what Zen calls the special transmission, an illustration of it. But you will have to understand how innocence grasps and how knowledge misses.

After thirty years of meditation a great bodhisattva became enlightened, and in the traditional way he went to the Master to receive a robe. But this is a contemporary story; it

belongs to the twentieth century. But instead of giving him a robe the *Master gave him a piece of paper on which was written the following:

1. Do not say "I am Allah" in any Mohammedan country unless you are trying to commit suicide.

And the Master is right, because there are people like Ayatollah Khomeini and other fanatics who are his followers. Even with Al-Hillaj Mansoor who has declared, "Ana'l haq! -- I am Allah!" they had not behaved in a human way. Today they have become even more inhuman.

2. Do not say "I am the Son of God" in the Middle East, otherwise some Jew will ask you for the price of the nails used last time.

3. Do not say "The only thing that I know is that I know nothing" in Mediterranean countries unless you get someone to taste the wine before you drink it.

4. Do not say in America that you are enlightened, otherwise you will have to pay taxes.

5. Do not go naked in Britain unless you are unemployed and want to be imprisoned.

6. Do not initiate Italian disciples, otherwise your ashram, commune, flat or whatever space you have got will become a restaurant.

7. Do not give the one-hand-clapping koan in Poland, otherwise your disciple will clap you on the shoulder and proudly say: "I have found it!"

8. Do not talk about samadhi, otherwise someone will ask you if it is a new competitive sport.

9. Do not tell any jokes, otherwise your disciples will say "We have already heard it from Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh."

10. Please, do not go to India, the market is already full.

"So," the neo-Buddha asked, "what can I say? Where can I go?" The Master replied, "Shut up and sit down."

It is a totally different time and a totally different mind has come into existence.

If you try to understand these simple parables with your mind, yes, you can enjoy them for the moment, but that's all; they will not help you in your spiritual growth in any way. But if you can put your knowledge aside, if you can relive the innocence that man has lost, that you have tasted in your childhood, then a story like this can be tremendously enlightening.

Go very meditatively into it. And whenever I say "go meditatively into it" I mean don't use the mind, don't go mentally in it. Put the mind aside -- that's what meditation is -- as if you don't know anything. It will be "as if" in the beginning, but once you have tasted the beauty of innocence and the understanding that happens through it, the "as if" will become a reality, an authentic reality; it will not be an "as if" any more.

SHIH-KUNG WAS A HUNTER BEFORE HE WAS ORDAINED AS A ZEN MONK UNDER MA TZU.

EVEN IN THESE DAYS there were scholars, priests, pundits, professors. They are not mentioned; things like this are not told about them. But a hunter lives in a more authentic way. He lives with the trees and the animals and the earth and the sky, the wind and the rain and the sun. He lives close to the nature. And the person who lives close to nature is in an unknown way, unconscious way, close to God, close to truth.

Because he lives close to nature he has a certain vague awareness of the presence called God. Of course it is vague, it is not crystal-clear, otherwise he will become enlightened. But he senses it intuitively, instinctively. He is not as dead as a professor, he is not as dull as a scholar; he is alive. He has to be very alive because his work is with very lively creatures.

SHIH-KUNG WAS A HUNTER...

Ordinarily we will think that a hunter should be the last person to be initiated, to be ordained as a Zen monk by a great Master like Ma Tzu. Logically it seems that hunting is a violent profession, cruel. How can a hunter be initiated into meditation? And how he can become one day a Buddha? And how this special transmission is possible? But it has happened thousands of times.

It is far more difficult for a businessman, far more difficult for a politician, to have a sudden experience of the presence of a Master, because his work is ugly. The hunter's work may look violent to us, but it has a beauty of its own. Because he lives with wild animals he has a certain wildness in him; he is still part of nature.

There is a similar story in Jesus' life:

One morning he comes on the bank of Lake Galilee. The sun is rising and a fisherman has just thrown his net into the lake to catch fish. Jesus puts his hand on his shoulder; the fisherman looks back. For a moment there is just silence: the silence of the morning, the silence of the lake, the silence of Jesus. And of course the fisherman does not have a very chattering mind.

Before he can ask anything, Jesus says to him, "How long you are going to continue catching fish? Enough is enough! Come with me -- I will teach you how to catch men."

And there is no hesitation at all. The fisherman leaves the net in the lake; he does not even pull it out. Something has transpired. The special transmission has happened. He has looked into the eyes of Jesus; a deep yes has arisen in his being. Whatsoever he has said is so clear: " 'How long...?' Of course, how long I am going to catch fish? Is this all there is to life? -- catching fish, selling fish, every day, year in, year out? Is this life? There must be something more in it."

And he can see there is something more in it -- this man seems to have attained it. The joy on his face, the serenity of his presence, the silence that has come with him like a shadow, the depth of his eyes, the fire of his being, have kindled something into the simple fisherman's heart.

Without saying a word he follows Jesus. Jesus moves, he follows him.

This man became Jesus' first disciple. His name was Andreas. Because he was the first to be called by Jesus, the very name Andreas has come to mean "the first one who was called by the Master". It was a rare gift to be called by the Master and to be the first, but Andreas was worthy of it.

Just as they were going out of the village, a man came running and he told Andreas, "Where are you going? Your father is dead! Come back home!"

He asked Jesus -- these were his first words -- "Please forgive me. Just give me permission for three days so that I can do the last rites and rituals. My father is dead. I have to go and fulfill my duty. If you permit me." But he asks for permission. He does not say, "I am going," he asks for permission. His father is dead; that is not that much important.

Jesus told him, "Forget all about it. You follow me. In the village there are so many dead people -- they will bury the dead. You need not worry about it."

And Andreas never looked back. The man who had come to call him simply stood there shocked, he could not believe his eyes.

This is trust. This quality has lost its hold on human consciousness. That's why religion is only a word, God is only a hypothesis. People talk about God, philosophize about God, but nobody is ready to risk anything.

I remembered this poor fisherman's story yesterday when I saw Rajen's letter. He has written to me that his girlfriend has gone to the West and he cannot stay here without her.

And he must have been afraid -- I may say, "No need to go..." because by this time she must have found a boyfriend. There are so many boys in the West. If there were so many dead people in the village, what do you think? -- there are not boys in the West? He must have been afraid -- I may say there is no need to go, so he has written, "I am not asking for your permission to go, I am simply saying that I am going."

When I was reading his letter I remembered Andreas. This is the gap between the innocent Andreas and a knowledgeable person of the twentieth century. Rajen is a knowledgeable person -- a therapist and a good therapist. But it is easy to leave the Master without his permission; it is difficult to live for a few weeks without the girlfriend. Priorities have changed.

Shih-kung was a hunter -- not a therapist, not a businessman, otherwise he would have missed.

One friend is here from Nepal; his name is Durga Prasad. A few days before I had answered his question. He asked me: can he also think of himself as a Rajneesh, although he cannot take sannyas? Cannot he be a Rajneesh without becoming a sannyasin? And what is the cause that is preventing him from becoming a sannyasin? He is afraid of his wife, because she is an orthodox Hindu and she will not be able to tolerate it. Such small things! But these are the ways of calculation; these are the ways how businessmen function. These are the ways how the Jewish mind functions. It is impossible for such a mind to attain to enlightenment.

Then there was this Jewish guy who was so cheap, he rode the subway during rush hour to get his clothes pressed.

And I have heard about another Jewish businessman: he was such a cheat that even the wool he used to pull on people's eyes was half cotton.

It was good that Shih-kung was a hunter -- a simple person, a simple life, running after wild animals. Must have been a wild man. That's why this transmission became possible. HE STRONGLY DISLIKED BUDDHIST MONKS, WHO WERE AGAINST HIS PROFESSION.

A simple man. He disliked Buddhist monks because Buddhism is against hunting, against any kind of violence. One thing to be remembered: hatred is far better than indifference. It is very difficult for an indifferent person to be transformed. But he was so much full of dislike, so full of hatred for the Buddhist monks and Buddhism that the change, the radical change, was not difficult.

Hate is love upside down; hate is love doing sirshasan, standing on its head. And a man who is standing on his head can be easily put on his feet; that is not very much difficult. The indifferent person is the most difficult person.

And that's what has happened to the contemporary mind. In the past there were theists, there were atheists now there are neither theists nor atheists. There are only indifferent people who don't care a bit about religion. And they are in both the camps, but in fact ninety-nine point nine percent people of the world today are neither theists nor atheists. In fact it is thought to be impolite to discuss such matters. In high society people don't argue about God; it is a question of liking: "If you like roses, good; I don't like roses." The matter is finished! There is no question of argument. It is a question of likes and dislikes. Nobody is involved, committed. Nobody will be ready to be crucified for God or for godlessness. Who cares that much? Whether God exists or not does not matter.

The people can go to the churches every Sunday, but that is only a social gesture. It is good, it helps a kind of social relationship. Just as you go to the Rotary Club and the Lions Club and there are many other stupid clubs, so is this church just a club, a Sunday club, a

religious kind of club where a priest goes on saying something. Nobody listens, nobody bothers what he is saying. People simply sit there just to show their faces, so everybody knows that you are religious. To be known as religious helps in many ways -- in your business, in your social relationships, in your politics. To be known as religious functions like a lubricant; it makes life smooth. So it has a social utility, but nothing else.

In Russia people simply belong to atheism in the same way; atheism is the official religion there. Just as in some countries Christianity is the official religion and in some other countries Mohammedanism and in some other countries Buddhism, so in communist countries atheism is the official religion. You have to go on just pretending that you belong to the official religion. It is safer, it is secure. It is dangerous to go against the official policy; it can cost you. And nobody bothers now; nobody cares enough to pay for anything.

In Russia a man loudly declared that Joseph Stalin was an imbecile. He was condemned to a twenty-year sentence: five years for defamation and fifteen years for having revealed a secret of state.

SHIH-KUNG STRONGLY DISLIKED BUDDHIST MONKS...

In the old days everybody was either strongly in favor or strongly against. That was important because that showed their interest. And why he was against Buddhist monks? He was against because they were against his profession. He was a simple man, and these people go on talking against violence. And hunting was such a beautiful game for him, and these people don't understand at all -- and they wanted to stop hunting completely. And he enjoyed it, that was his joy. He knew his happiness only when he was chasing wild animals. In fact, when you are chasing a wild animal with only a bow and arrow you are risking your life, it is dangerous. In that danger, mind stops. In that dangerous state, thought cannot function. And because of those thoughtless moments, hunting can give you few glimpses of meditation.

He was strongly against and disliked Buddhist monks. If he was indifferent, this story would not have happened.

ONE DAY, WHILE CHASING A DEER, HE PASSED BY THE COTTAGE WHERE MA TZU RESIDED.

NOW THIS WAS ONLY A COINCIDENCE. It was accidental that he passed by the hut of Ma Tzu, but it became the greatest moment of his life.

Even to come in the close affinity of a Master by accident can change your life, can transform you totally. But a simplicity is needed, a simplicity of the heart. The calculating mind can come close and is still going to miss, because between him and a living Master the distance is unbridgeable. He lives in the mind and the Master lives in the no-mind; they are worlds apart. But any person who has a simple heart, is not very much in the mind, is bound to be affected, is bound to be magnetically pulled by the energy field of a Master. It happened in Buddha's life:

He was passing through a forest and people prevented him. They said, "There lives a man who is the greatest murderer we have ever heard of And he has taken a vow to kill one thousand people and to make a garland of their fingers. He has killed nine hundred and ninety-nine persons already and he is wearing a garland of their fingers. Nobody knows his real name; because he wears the garland of fingers his name has become Angulimal" -- angulimal means a garland of fingers. "He is waiting for one person more, but now everybody has become so much afraid and frightened that the road is closed; nobody ever passes from this side. People who have to go have to take a long route. Even the king has not courage enough to pass from this road with all his army.

"The man is ferocious, the man is like a lion. He is not a man, he is a man-eater! He is so

dangerous that last time he told his mother..." because she was the only person who used to visit him, once in a while, to persuade him that "Enough is enough! Now stop this!"

"Last time he told her, 'Don't come again to me because now I am waiting for the last person. If nobody else comes I will kill you but I have to fulfill my vow. One thousand persons I have to kill!' So now the mother also has stopped going there. Please don't go from this route. This path is deserted."

Buddha said, "If you had not told me, then I may have gone by the other road. But now that I know that he is waiting for one person only and nobody is willing to go, not even his mother, then if I don't go what is going to happen to his vow? And I am going to die anyway sooner or later, so let him fulfill his vow. And who knows whether he will be able to kill me or I will be able to kill him?"

People said, "You seem to be crazy! How can you kill him? You don't believe in killing and you don't have any weapon with you."

Buddha said, "I am the weapon. Let him have a try and let me also have a try." And he went.

Even the great followers who always used to surround him started lagging behind. By the time he reached close to Angulimal's place they were miles behind. Nobody was there, only Buddha was there. They were watching from far away what happens.

Angulimal saw Gautam the Buddha coming. He was not aware of who this man was, but something was beautiful about this man, the way he was coming, the joy, the peace, the silence. And Angulimal was a simple man -- this type of people are always simple people -- ignorant, but innocent too.

As Buddha came close by, first he thought, "Let us kill this man and finish the whole thing so I can forget about the matter, because now nobody comes." But as Buddha came close by he started feeling a strange love for the man, a great compassion for the man he has never felt for anybody. It was so strange, so new, he could not believe it.

And when Buddha came in front of him he said to Buddha, "Please, you go. I am a dangerous man. It seems you don't know about me. You look so innocent. I am Angulimal! You see the garland? Nine hundred and ninety-nine people I have killed; I am waiting for the last one. And I am a dangerous man. Now I can see that you are a sannyasin -- your yellow robe, your shaved head. I feel a strange compassion for you I have never felt, so I will give you one chance. You can go back and I will wait for somebody else, but if you insist, if you even take a single step ahead, I am going to kill you."

Buddha said, "Do you know me? If that is your vow, then this is my vow: I never go back. You kill me! I never look back."

The man took out his sword, but his hand was trembling.

Buddha said, "What is the matter? Is this a way? Are you a swordsman? Your hand is trembling! Stop your hand from trembling! This is not right -- this shows weakness. One should be strong enough. And I am surprised and I am wondering how you could kill so many people."

Angulimal said, "This is for the first time. My heart is beating faster, my breathing is no more rhythmic, my hand is trembling. You must be doing something! You seem to be a magician!"

Buddha said, "That is true -- I am also trying my way, I am trying to kill you! But I don't kill physically, I kill psychologically. But you finish your job, don't bother about my work. I will go on doing my work, you do your job. But before you hit my body, one thing you have to do for me -- this is my last wish of a dying man. Can you cut few leaves of the tree?"

Those leaves were just hanging on top of them. Angulimal cut a small branch and gave it to Buddha. Buddha said, "Good, half is done. Now do the other half -- join this branch back again and then kill me."

Angulimal said, "You must be mad! How can I join it back?"

Buddha said, "But cutting a branch even a child can do. The real thing is joining it. Destruction is very easy, creation is the real thing. Are you a man or a child?"

Angulimal bowed down his head, ashamed. Buddha said, "If you can understand that much, then there is no problem, I would love to be murdered by you -- you kill me."

Angulimal threw down his sword, fell into Buddha's feet and he said, "You have killed me before I could kill you. You are right -- destruction can be done by anybody. Now teach me how to be creative."

It has always been a great question mark in Buddhist scriptures how such a murderous man was so easily transformed by Buddha. And it has happened many times that great scholars came, argued with him, and were not convinced, left unconvinced. Great kings came to him just to pay respect, and hoping that his blessing will be enough, but not ready to meditate or to become sannyasins or to renounce -- just to receive the blessing. And businessmen came to him and they did much as far as money was concerned, but they remained uninvolved. They donated big lands and gardens to Buddha and for his monasteries, but they remained uninvolved. Those big lands were nothing for them, but they never gave an inch of their consciousness to him.

Remember it: knowledgeable people, calculative people, businesslike people, remain untouched by the Buddhas -- they gather such a thick skin around themselves.

A Jewish thief comes to the cashier of the movie-house, and pointing a gun at the lady says, "The movie is terrible! Give me my money back!"

"This is not necessary, sir," she says. "Please put down your gun and I will give you your money."

"No, lady," says the Jew. "The movie is too terrible. Give me everybody's money back!"

Shih-kung was accidentally passing by the cottage where Ma Tzu lived. Ma Tzu came out. The Master immediately recognizes the possibility, the potentiality. He came out of his cottage and greeted him. The Master is always in a state of welcome, particularly for those who are ready.

Ma Tzu's disciples must have thought it strange. He never used to come to greet the kings. They had known him. When kings will come he will not even stand up to greet them. Rich people will come and he will not show any special concern; he will take them as common people. Going out of the cottage to receive a hunter was strange, but the ways of the Masters are always strange.

SHIH-KUNG ASKED, "DID YOU SEE SOME DEER PASS BY YOUR DOOR?"

"WHO ARE YOU?" ASKED THE MASTER.

"I AM A HUNTER."

"HOW MANY CAN YOU SHOOT DOWN WITH YOUR ARROW?"

"ONE WITH ONE ARROW." "THEN YOU ARE NO HUNTER," DECLARED MA TZU.

"HOW MANY CAN YOU SHOOT WITH ONE ARROW?" ASKED THE HUNTER IN HIS TURN.

The Master knows what language to speak to a certain kind of disciple; the disciple can understand only a certain language. Jesus said to Andreas, "How long you are going to go on catching fish? I will teach you how to catch men." Now that is speaking the language of a fisherman. Ma Tzu said:

"HOW MANY CAN YOU SHOOT DOWN WITH YOUR ARROW?"

"ONE WITH ONE ARROW."

"THEN YOU ARE NO HUNTER."

"HOW MANY CAN YOU SHOOT WITH ONE ARROW?" ASKED THE HUNTER IN HIS TURN.

Naturally he became interested, that this man is thought to be a great Buddhist monk. He must have heard about him. He was well-known, one of the greatest Buddhists ever. "Is he also a hunter?"

"THE ENTIRE FLOCK, WITH ONE ARROW."

MA TZU SAID, "THE ENTIRE FLOCK, WITH ONE ARROW."

"THEY ARE LIVING CREATURES, WHY SHOULD YOU DESTROY THE WHOLE FLOCK AT ONE SHOOTING?"

Even the hunter felt that this is too much. The Master can create a situation to emphasize a certain fact. The hunter can understand only his language. He is speaking his language, and he is exaggerating. He is saying, "I can kill the entire flock with one arrow." Even the hunter is shocked; he has forgotten that he is a hunter. It was a strategy, a device.

"THEY ARE LIVING CREATURES," THE HUNTER SAID. "THIS IS NOT GOOD, THIS IS NOT HUMAN... WHY SHOULD YOU DESTROY THE WHOLE FLOCK AT ONE SHOOTING?"

That's what Ma Tzu wanted him to be remembered -- that they are living creatures. Rather than telling him that "They are living creatures, you should not kill them..." That would have been not right; he had heard that many times and he hated the Buddhist monks because of that. The Master goes in a roundabout way, indirect: he plays the role of the hunter himself -- he puts the hunter in the role of the monk. He lets him say what he would have said, in fact. He makes him aware of the fact that they are living creatures.

And remember this: only a Master can do it, a teacher cannot do it. A teacher will simply say that "This is not right, to kill living creatures. This is destruction, this is violence. You will suffer for your karma. This is evil that you are doing." And that would not have helped at all because he had heard all those arguments; he would have argued himself against them. He must have argued with many. And people can always find arguments; argument is easy.

The Master tries to create a situation in which you become aware of a certain fact. Rather than being told, it is better to provoke certain awareness in you. Now the hunter is caught unawares. He does not know that with a single arrow he has been killed.

"IF YOU KNOW THAT MUCH, WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT YOURSELF?" SAID MA TZU.

IT WILL LOOK VERY STRANGE, SO suddenly this statement -- looks out of place. It is not. The Master understands the inner working of consciousness. He is not talking to his mind, he is talking to his consciousness. He can see clearly what is happening in his being: he is becoming aware that what he has been doing was wrong. And the Master has not said that it was wrong. When somebody else says to you that it is wrong, your ego feels offended; you start arguing, you start defending. You become more defensive, argumentative. You start rationalizing. And everything can be rationalized and everything can be argued for and everything can be defended. But the Master has played a beautiful game.

And that is the beauty of the work of a Master. He has managed already; something has already happened. What the hunter has never known before... although he must have felt, it must have remained unconscious. Deep inside he must have felt that what he is doing is not right; everybody feels it. Nobody is so unconscious either. You always know whenever you are doing wrong. If somebody else says it is wrong you will try to defend, and the person who has said that it is wrong has not helped you -- in fact he has helped your wrong. You will insist, you will go on doing it. You will do it more on purpose now, just to show the other person that you don't care about such stupid things. You will prove your ego and you will

repress your own experience.

Conscience is created by others and that's why everybody goes on doing things against conscience.

St. Augustine says: "I go on doing things that I should not and I never do things that I should." He prays to God: "Help me, because it seems impossible for me to get out of this strange pattern -- I go on doing things that I should not."

Everybody goes on doing things that he should not, for the simple reason because whenever others say to you, "Don't do it," there comes a deep desire to assert and to say, "I will show, I will do it."

Only once in my life my father punished me, only once, and then he understood that with me punishment is not going to work. I used to grow long hairs when I was a child, so long that people used to think that I am a girl. And in my father's small shop farmers and peasants will come, villagers will come and they will ask, "Whose daughter is this?" And that was always embarrassing for my father to tell them again and again that "He is a boy, not a girl." But it was a continuous thing, and I was always there sitting.

One day he told me, "You have to cut your hairs. It is becoming embarrassing to me to tell everybody that you are a boy and not a girl."

I said, "What is wrong in being a girl? You need not bother about it. Let them think that I am a girl! You can also say that 'He is a girl.' What is wrong in being a girl?"

He said, "You don't understand. And when they come to know that you are a boy, they all tell to me that 'Tell him to cut his hairs. Why he keeps hairs like a girl?'"

I said, "I am not going to cut my hairs. If anybody says to me 'Cut the hairs' I will never cut."

That was the only time he became angry and slapped me. I didn't say anything, I simply went to the hair-cutters and told them to shave my head completely.

They were puzzled because in those parts a boy's head is shaved completely only when his father dies. They said, "What are you asking?"

I said, "You do it!"

They asked, "Has your father died?"

I said, "Yes!" So they did it.

When I came back and my father saw what I had done he said, "What have you done?"

I said, "Either I have to have long hair or I don't want any at all."

He said, "But now you will create more trouble for me!"

I said, "That is your business. You created."

And then the people started asking, "What has happened to the boy's father? Is his father dead?"

And he will say, "I am his father." And he will tell me, "You go somewhere else. Why go on sitting here?"

I said, "I WILL sit here!"

He told me that "I will never punish you. I have understood that this way is not going to work with you." And he kept his word. In his whole life he never punished me for anything, whatsoever I did. In fact he understood that it was better not to say anything to me, because if you say, "Don't do it," I am going to do it; then it was absolutely certain. I may do it even more, or I may go even to the extreme.

That's how the growing ego of the child works. That's the only way for the ego to grow: by saying no, by doing what is prohibited. If the child goes on saying yes, yes, to everything, to the parents, he will never have any ego, but then he would have missed something

tremendously significant. He will not have any ego and he will never know what is egolessness. That is the problem: without having an ego you will never understand the beauty of egolessness. First the ego has to be created, first the ego has to be strengthened, and when the ego is mature it has to be dropped. Then the explosion!

Conscience goes on saying you what you should do and what you should not. If you are courageous enough you will exactly do what has been told not to do. And that is what should be done by every child. If you are not courageous, if you are a coward, you will turn into a hypocrite. And the hypocrite will never know what is ego and he will never know what is egolessness either. He will miss from the ultimate bliss of life, from the ultimate explosion of ecstasy.

The hypocrite is a loser, and the conscience creates almost always hypocrites, because it is difficult to fight every day, every moment with everybody -- parents, teachers, society, priest. You have to go on fighting. Unless you are a fighter you will not have ego enough to drop; your ego will be so tiny, not worth dropping.

THE MASTER SAID, "IF YOU KNOW THAT MUCH, WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT YOURSELF?"

Now it is not just an ordinary dialogue, it is taking something mysterious into it. It is becoming mysterious, it is becoming a communion. There is a gap. The hunter has become aware that it is wrong to kill living animals; whether you kill many or one is only a question of quantity. But wrong is wrong; more or less does not matter. And how many animals he has killed in his life?

Seeing that he has become aware of all the wrongs that he has done, of all destructiveness, of all violence... his whole life has been nothing but that of violence, of killing. Every day he has been killing animals; he may have killed thousands of animals in his whole life. Seeing that now he has become aware. now something is possible:

THE MASTER SAYS, "IF YOU KNOW THAT MUCH, WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT YOURSELF?"

"Is it not time that you should shoot yourself rather than shooting animals?" And Shih-kung understood, felt ashamed. Yes, that's right, he has done enough wrong already. He is a murderer. It is better to shoot oneself.

HE SAID, "AS TO SHOOTING MYSELF, I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO PROCEED."

He is asking, "Can you teach me?" He is asking, "Can you help me how to proceed?" "THIS FELLOW," EXCLAIMED MA TZU, ALL OF A SUDDEN, "HAS PUT A STOP TODAY TO ALL HIS PAST IGNORANCE AND EVIL PASSIONS!"

What has happened? Something incredible, something unbelievable. Because Shih-kung said, "I don't know how to shoot myself. I would like -- I understand your point. I have done enough wrong, I am not worth living a single moment more." If this understanding has come, then all past ignorance is finished and all evil passions are gone.

In a single blow, with a single arrow, the Master has killed the whole flock -- of all evil passions, of ignorance, of all his rationalizations, of all his arguments, of all his hatred for the Buddhist monks.

THEREUPON, SHIH-KUNG THE HUNTER BROKE HIS BOW AND ARROWS AND BECAME MA TZU'S PUPIL.

This is not a calculated step, this is not business-like.
THEREUPON, SHIH-KUNG THE HUNTER BROKE HIS BOW AND ARROWS...

He finished. When the Master declared:
"THIS FELLOW HAS PUT A STOP TODAY TO ALL HIS PAST IGNORANCE AND EVIL PASSIONS!"

SHIH-KUNG... BROKE HIS BOW AND ARROWS AND BECAME MA TZU'S PUPIL.

Immediately, instantly, not a single question. This used to happen in the past very easily. This happens today too hut more rarely. This has happened here to many people, but it is becoming rarer, every day rarer.

WHEN HE BECAME A ZEN MASTER HIMSELF, HE HAD A BOW AND AN ARROW READY TO SHOOT, WITH WHICH HIS MONKS WERE THREATENED WHEN THEY APPROACHED HIM WITH A QUESTION.

BECAUSE HE WAS A HUNTER -- he was not a knowledgeable person, but he had become enlightened -- he was not able to philosophize or to answer questions. He had known only one answer. His Master has changed him by a single blow. His Master had finished all his questions with a single arrow; he had killed the whole flock. He has proved what he has said. He was a real hunter. He has said, "I can kill the entire flock with one arrow." And to Shih-kung he said, "Then you are no hunter, if you can only kill one animal with one arrow. What kind of hunting is that? You are not a master of it, you are just an amateur. Don't brag that you are a hunter -- this is nothing. If you want to learn hunting, I will teach you what hunting is. But real hunting begins by shooting yourself, by killing the ego." So he knew only one answer to all questions, so whatsoever questions his disciples will bring he will threaten them with the arrow and the bow.

SAN-PING WAS ONCE SO TREATED.
SHIH-KUNG EXCLAIMED...

San-Ping must have asked some question.
SHIH-KUNG EXCLAIMED, "LOOK OUT FOR THE ARROW!"

"If you ask a question I know only one answer: Look for the arrow! I will kill you immediately, here and now. That's what my Master did and that's what I know. That's all that I know -- and that's enough, because that has transformed me and that will transform you. I am not going to bother about your stupid questions."

PING OPENED HIS CHEST AND SAID, "THIS IS THE ARROW THAT KILLS; WHERE IS THE ONE THAT RESUSCITATES?"

This was for the first time somebody has opened his chest. Again, another encounter of the same quality that has happened thirty years before between Shih-kung and Ma Tzu. The same encounter after thirty years is happening again between Shih-kung and San-ping. PING OPENED HIS CHEST AND SAID, "Okay, so you kill. If that is the answer then I am ready to accept the answer. Only make one thing clear before you kill me: THIS IS THE ARROW THAT KILLS; WHERE IS THE ARROW THAT resurrects?"

KUNG STRUCK THREE TIMES ON THE BOWSTRING. PING BOWED. KUNG SAID, "I HAVE BEEN USING ONE BOW AND TWO ARROWS FOR THE PAST THIRTY YEARS, AND TODAY I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN SHOOTING DOWN ONLY HALF OF A WISE MAN."

NOW this is a very, tremendously pregnant statement; you will have to go deep into it. First, according to Zen, according to the psychology of the Buddhas, the mind has three aspects. That's why Kung struck three times on the bowstring; that is symbolic of three aspects of the mind.

Kung said, "This death happens in three steps. The first aspect is what we know as mind, reason, thinking. The second aspect is what we know as the heart, feeling, emotions. The first aspect is masculine, the second aspect is feminine. The first aspect is extrovert and active and aggressive, and the second aspect is inactive, introvert and receptive. The first aspect has created science, logic, philosophy, theology, et cetera. The second aspect has created all arts,

poetry, music, dance, literature, painting, et cetera.

And the third aspect is called the self: transcending both active and inactive, extrovert and introvert; transcending the duality, just becoming aware of both. The Hindu philosophy calls it the ATMA, the supreme self, and Hinduism stops here. Jainism also stops here, all other religions also stop here. According to Zen, to stop here is to be only half wise.

Buddha says there is something still left; that is the fourth, which is not an aspect of the mind. Even the third, the self, is the subtlest ego; it is the most subtle, but it is ego. The mind is still there, very silent, neither active nor inactive, very still, in a dormant state, neither masculine nor feminine, in a seed form, but it is still there. It can be reactivated by any situation; it has not died.

Patanjali calls this state *sabeej samadhi* -- samadhi with seed. And the fourth he calls *nirbeej samadhi* -- seedless samadhi. The fourth is called by all the Buddhas simply the fourth, *turiya*; no name is given, just the number, the fourth. The fourth means the transcendence of the transcendence, going beyond the beyond. Buddha calls it *anatta* -- no-self.

It is only Gautam the Buddha who touched the highest point. That's why I like to call it the psychology of the Buddhas. I will not call it the psychology of the Jains because they stop at the self, and I will not call it the psychology of Vedanta because they also stop at the self. They have come very close, they have come almost, but almost is still a little far away... just one step more. They are still clinging to the idea of the self.

These three are the death part. The Master kills all these three. And the fourth is resurrection. The three are the crucifixion and the fourth is the resurrection.

PING OPENED HIS CHEST AND SAID, "THIS IS THE ARROW THAT KILLS; WHERE IS THE ONE THAT RESUSCITATES?"

WHERE IS THE ONE THAT GIVES A REBIRTH?"

KUNG STRUCK THREE TIMES ON THE BOWSTRING. PING BOWED.

Just after the three he bowed. That's why Shih-kung said he was only half a wise man. He should have waited just a little more for the fourth.

KUNG SAID, "I HAVE BEEN USING ONE BOW AND TWO ARROWS..."

One bow means the self and two arrows means the mind and the heart, reason and emotion, thinking and feeling, masculinel-feminine, yang-yin, Shiva-Shakti -- the whole duality, the world of duality, those two: the positive and the negative, the day and night, the summer and winter, life and death. Whatsoever you want, wherever you find duality, that means the two arrows. And when you go beyond the duality that means the bow, the third, the self.

He should have waited just a little. Shih-kung was going to do that -- he did it.

SHIH-KUNG BROKE HIS BOW AND ARROWS ONCE MORE...

He should have waited for this. If he had waited for this and THEN bowed down he would have been a fully enlightened man immediately. He stopped at the third -- where Vedanta stops, Jainism stops, Christianity, Islam, every path stops, because it seems one has arrived. It is a beautiful state, tremendously beautiful state. One feels there cannot be anything more, but there is.

Remember, unless you disappear totally, not even a trace of you is left, not even the spiritual idea of being is left -- when you have arrived to non-being, to absolute nothingness, to the void, to pure space -- go on. Only with the fourth you will know, only with the fourth the truth is revealed, God is known, Tao is realized.

SHIH-KUNG BROKE HIS BOW AND ARROWS ONCE MORE, AND NEVER USED THEM AGAIN.

He has found his successor. He was waiting for the successor. The day he has found himself he had broken his bow and arrows; now he has found somebody who can carry his flame onwards. He has broken his bow and arrow again. Something tremendously great has happened, but one step more will be needed.

San-ping has done great work in a single instant, has missed just by one step. You have to remember that.

A man is fully enlightened only when he disappears completely, when there is nothing left inside, when he is just like a hollow bamboo and becomes a flute and the whole starts singing through him. When the song is no more his, then the song is divine.

Zen: The Special Transmission

Chapter #6

Chapter title: Wake up, Lazarus!

6 July 1980 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 8007060

ShortTitle: SPCIAL06

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

The first question

OSHO,

DID JESUS REALLY CALL BACK LAZARUS FROM DEATH?

The function of the master is precisely that: to call the disciples to the real life -- ordinarily they are dead. Ordinarily you only appear to be alive; don't be deceived by the appearance. You function like a robot, efficiently, but it is not life. You have not tasted life yet. Life has the taste of eternity, not of time. Time is death.

In Sanskrit we have one word for both, for time and death -- *kal*. It is very significant. It must have been because of the mystics' experience. time is death. To live in time is not to live at all; to go beyond time is the beginning of life.

That is the meaning of the parable; it is a metaphor. Lazarus represents all the disciples, Jesus represents all the Masters. and what transpired between Jesus and Lazarus transpires again and again between every Master and every disciple. The disciple lives in his grave; the Master calls him forth, wakes him up.

But the Christians have tried to prove the parable to be something historical; that's where they are wrong. One should not stretch metaphors too far, otherwise they lose all meaning. Not only that they lose meaning, they lose beauty, poetry. They become ugly, they become nonsense, they become silly. And then people start laughing at them, and only the very gullible people, very stupid people can believe in them.

Never take metaphors as factual. They have nothing to do with history, but they have something to do with the inner world of man. The problem with the inner world is: it cannot be expressed without using metaphors. The poetry has to be used to express it; even then it is only expressed partially, it is never expressed totally. One needs a very sympathetic ear and a very sympathetic heart to understand these beautiful parables. You need not be a believer.

Believers create trouble: they stretch the metaphor too far and then they themselves give reasons for the non-believers to criticize. They themselves become the victims and then they cannot defend themselves rationally. If this is understood, then there is no problem at all; if this is not understood, then either you believe and you are stupid or you disbelieve, then too you are stupid. In both the ways you miss the significance, you miss the finger pointing to the

moon. You start arguing about the finger, as if the finger is the moon. Few people start trying to prove this is the moon, and naturally they provoke antagonism; and there are people who start proving this is not the moon. And remember, the people who try this is not the moon are bound to be more rational, more appealing to the mind.

That's why theists have been fighting a losing battle and atheists have been growing every day. Now almost half the earth belongs to the atheists; all the communist countries are atheists. Religion has become something of the past; it has no significance at all for half the world, and the remaining half is not religious either. Even people who are Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans, Jains, Buddhists are only formally so -- because they are born in a certain religion, brought up in a certain ideology, and they are not courageous enough to get out of the fold. It needs guts -- it is dangerous to go against the crowd. They compromise; deep down they know that it is all nonsense. Even the Christians know that this is nonsense. The story of Jesus' virgin birth is *sheer* nonsense! The story of Lazarus coming back to life is not a fact.

"Lazarus, Lazarus, wake up!" -- silence.

"Lazarus, Lazarus, wake up!" -- no answer.

"Lazarus, Lazarus, wake up!!"

There is a groan and then a voice from tomb:

"Christ! You know that unless you bring the fucking coffee I am not going to get up!"

This seems to be far more factual, rather than the stupid story Christians go on telling and elaborating and discussing.

But I love the parable *as* a parable. As a parable it has significance, tremendous significance. That's what is happening here! You come to me as dead; life in you is only in a seed form. It has to be called forth, provoked.

Just the other day I was telling you that only once my father slapped me, because of my long hair. I must have been ten years old, not more than that. I went and shaved my head. Now, no haircutter in the village would have done it because it is a small village; it would have been impossible to convince anybody that my father was dead. Moreover, all the haircutters' shops were just in front of the shop of my father, the other side of the road; they could see from there, from their shops, that my father is alive. But I knew one old beautiful man who was an opium addict. He was just in front of my father's shop, but he was always half asleep, and he was a nice man.

When I told him he was stoned. He looked at me and said, "Poor boy, so your father is dead? This is too bad!" He didn't even look out of his shop; he could have seen my father there. He shaved my head and then told me when I asked how much money he wants for it, "No, I will not take any money from you -- your father is dead and I feel sorry for you. Whenever you want any service from me you can come to me and I will do it free."

I said, "But I will not need you again because my father is dead and he will not be dead again. A person can die only once."

He said, "That's right."

"And I will not need your services. And in fact, I have not been to any haircutter's shop since then.

And this time when my father actually died, a friend inquired of me, wrote a letter, "What are you going to do about it? Are you going to shave your head?"

I said, "I did it in advance, forty years ago! And one can do it only once. Moreover, this time my father has not died; in fact, he has been dead up to now. This time he has entered into eternal life; he has tasted for the first time what life is. I don't consider him as dead: he

has never been more alive."

Then life has a totally different meaning. But it will be stupid to make it a factuality; it has a spiritual dimension. Lazarus must have been dead, just as everybody is dead. Unless you become enlightened you are dead, unless you know who you are you are dead. The moment you know who you are, the moment your inner light explodes and the darkness disappears, you become alive, and for the first time. Then there is no more birth and no more death. You have gone beyond time, you have tasted eternity. Lazarus must have tasted eternity through Jesus -- that is the meaning of the parable.

Of course, Christians will not agree with my interpretation.

Just few days before, from Germany... The Protestant Church of Germany has published a booklet against me in which they say that people can be deceived by my words because I talk about Jesus and I give beautiful interpretations to Jesus' words, but those interpretations are not Christian -- as if they *have to* be Christian, only then can they be right! As if Christians have any copyright over Jesus! Jesus belongs to all! Of course, my interpretation is my interpretation. Who is saying that it is Christian? Even if they say it is Christian, I will deny! It is not Christian -- it is my interpretation, it is my vision. But I know Jesus more directly than the Christians know him. They know him through the scriptures, they know him through scholarship.

The man who has written the booklet holds a Ph.D., a D.Litt., a D.D. -- must be a great scholar. But he himself has become confused because he must have gone through all of my books. He cannot say really that I am against Jesus. That much I have to say, that that man has a certain sincerity: he cannot say directly that I am against Jesus, he cannot say that I am wrong either. All that he can say is that I am rooted, deeply rooted, in eastern mysticism, that my orientation is eastern mysticism not Christianity, hence Christians have to be aware of my interpretations.

But Jesus himself was rooted deeply in eastern mysticism. He belonged to a mystic school of Essenes; he traveled all over the East. He was not a Christian. He was just a man like me -- neither I am a Christian nor he was a Christian. He was crucified by the Jews and I can be killed by the Hindus. They have been making effort to kill me; they will go on making efforts to kill me, for the simple reason that whenever truth is asserted the people who have been living on lies feel scared; a great fear arises in them. Their very foundations are shaken.

When I am saying something about Jesus, really I am talking about myself, because I don't see any difference. I am speaking from the same source, from the same experience, from the same light.

This is what I would like to say, Ananddas: Lazarus must have been called forth from death by Jesus. And why only Lazarus? Many people must have been called forth by him; Lazarus is only a representative, but that does not mean a factual phenomenon.

Avoid facts as much as possible when you are trying to understand Buddha, Jesus, Zarathustra, Lao Tzu -- avoid factuality. They are not concerned with facts, and that does not mean that what is being said is fiction either; it is neither fact nor fiction. It is a poetic way of expressing things which are inexpressible -- essentially, intrinsically inexpressible. There are things which can be only hinted at; these parables are ways to hint. Don't take them too seriously, take them light-heartedly. Enjoy them and try to discover the significance of them. And don't bother at all whether such an incident ever happened or not.

It will be good for you to remember that East has never been interested in history at all; it has never written history. It is only when it started coming in contact with the West that East became interested in history. Otherwise East has never written history -- for the simple reason

because history is rubbish. What is the point of writing ordinary, factual things? We have been writing the essential things, and there is a difference between the incidental and the essential.

Go to a Jain temple and you will see there twenty-four statues of Jain *teerthankaras* -- the people who are like Jesus, Buddha, Zarathustra -- and you will be surprised, they all look exactly the same. It is not possible; you cannot find twenty-four persons exactly the same. Even Jains cannot make the distinction who is who. They cannot tell you who is Mahavira and who is Neminath and who is Parshwanath and who is the first and who is the last, because they look absolutely alike -- the same faces, the same noses, the same eyes, the same bodies, the same posture. To distinguish that they are different people, Jains have discovered symbols. Each statue has a small symbol; the symbol shows a lion or something that shows whose statue it is.

Why they have made them alike? Certainly they are not historical. They are alike because the Jain sculptors were not concerned with history, they were concerned with inner phenomena. They had attained to the same experience -- how to represent it? and how to represent it in marble? They have attained to same stillness, same centering, same groundedness, same crystallization. Hence the same statues -- the same posture, the same body represents something of the inner -- the same spiritual state, the same samadhi.

You will be surprised watching those twenty-four *teerthankaras* and their statues, about many things. You will see their ears are very big, their earlobes are touching their shoulders. You cannot find such long ears. It represents something. It says these people attained to their ultimate state of consciousness by absolute listening: listening to the songs of the birds, listening to the wind passing through the pine trees listening to the sound of water, listening silently to all that goes on happening around.

Listening was their method. Just as the Buddhist method is watching the breath, the Jain method is listening to the sounds. Right listening is enough. If one can listen without the mind chattering inside, if the mind becomes completely calm... this dog barking far away or the birds chirping. If you can just listen without thinking even that this is a dog barking, that these are birds chirping, just listening with no thought, with no interpretation, you will attain to deeper and deeper realms of silence; you will reach to the ultimate consciousness.

Any kind of awareness leads to the ultimate. Now, the awareness can come from any sense out of the five. You can listen to music and it will do... you can listen to anything and it will do. You can see the clouds and the sunsets and the birds flying in the sky and seeing will do. The only point to be remembered is: your mind should not function; your sense should remain unclouded by the mind.

To represent this, the long ears. *Now*, how to represent in marble the method of listening? This is a beautiful representation. But there are foolish Jain scholars, just as foolish as the Christians, who think that every *teerthankara* has such long ears; without such long ears nobody can be a *teerthankara*. *Teerthankara* means exactly the same as Buddha or Christ; that is Jain terminology. Now nobody has such long ears, hence nobody is a *teerthankara*. This is stupidity, not understanding, not any sympathetic approach. And then it can be criticized very easily.

These so-called believers help the non-believers in fact, because they give them causes to confute, to argue against religion.

My approach is that of a poet, not of a historian.

The second question

OSHO,

I SO OFTEN COME TO THE POINT WHERE THERE IS NO MORE SENSE, WORTH AND MEANING IN MY LIFE. EVERYTHING THAT I START TO DO LEADS ME TO THIS POINT. AND THE RIVERS AND OCEANS THAT I KNOW ARE RIVERS AND OCEANS OF ILLUSIONS, DREAMS AND FANTASIES, HAVING NOTHING TO DO WITH TAO.

PLEASE, WOULD YOU HELP ME TO UNDERSTAND ALL THESE ILLUSORY CIRCLES.

LIFE LIVED UNCONSCIOUSLY CANNOT HAVE ANY MEANING. In fact, life has no meaning in itself. Meaning arises when consciousness arises in you; then life reflects your consciousness, then life becomes a mirror, then life echoes your song, your celebration, your inner music. Hearing those echoes you start feeling significance, meaning, worth.

Living an unconscious life you can go on changing from one work to another; it is not going to help. Maybe for few days when the work is new and there is excitement you may feel good. You may again project your illusions, you may again start expecting: "This time it is going to happen. Maybe it has not happened up to now, but this time it is going to happen." Again you will be frustrated. Every expectation is bound to bring frustration.

A man of consciousness lives without expectations, hence he cannot feel any frustration ever. Sooner or later, when the honeymoon is over, you will feel frustrated. And how long the honeymoon can go on? And each time the frustration is going to be bigger because your failures are piling up; it is becoming a mountain. And you have failed so many times that deep down somewhere the lurking fear is always there; even while you are on a honeymoon, deep down the fear is there that it is not going to be very different. You hope against hope. You have to hope to live, otherwise you will have to commit suicide.

So people go on changing their jobs, they go on changing their hobbies, they go on changing their wives, their husbands, they go on changing their religions. They go on changing whatsoever they can change -- with the hope that this time something is going to happen. But unless you change, nothing is going to happen.

It is not a question of changing something on the outside -- you remain the same!

I have heard about a man who got married eight times, and he was puzzled: each time after four, five, six months, he will discover that, of course, the body is different, but the woman he has found is exactly the same as the before -- the same type of woman. He could not believe what is happening. He will change again; he will look for another woman with a different nose, with a different color, with a different hairstyle, maybe from a different race, a different country, but ultimately he will discover that only the outer layers are different, but the inner structure of the psyche of the woman is the same.

The reason is clear -- it was not clear to him, but the reason is clear. The chooser was the same, his liking was the same. He will always like a certain kind of woman, and his liking was unconscious; he was not even aware of why he likes this woman. When you fall in love with a woman or a man, do you know why, how? You are not conscious at all. You are not conscious of your own functioning.

Yatri has been in a love affair with Sarita for many years now, but I don't think he is aware why he has loved Sarita. Just one year ago they separated and he tried with other women, but didn't work. Again they joined hands together; now they have separated again. Now he has fallen in love with Divya and I don't know he is aware: there is some similarity between Sarita and Divya -- both are esoteric women! And Yatri is immensely impressed by esoteric bullshit! Now Divya is just a bigger Sarita. Somehow he has come out of the well

and fallen in the ditch! He will have multiple fractures.

Unless you become conscious why you do a certain thing, why you choose a certain person, certain work, certain job, certain woman, certain man, you are bound to remain frustrated. Again and again you will miss the meaning of life.

Life is just an empty canvas; you have to paint the meaning on it. Whatsoever you paint will be the meaning of it.

Ingo, the first thing that I would like to tell you is: now rather than changing things -- any outer direction, dimension -- change your consciousness. The change has to be inner; only inner change can change something. Otherwise all changes are false, pseudo... it appears that something is changing, but nothing ever changes. Become conscious.

You say:

THE RIVERS AND OCEANS THAT I KNOW ARE RIVERS AND OCEANS OF ILLUSIONS, DREAMS AND FANTASIES, HAVING NOTHING TO DO WITH TAO.

No, you don't know. You have heard it and you may have believed it. I am telling you every day that you are living in illusions. Listening to me again and again you will start believing me; that is not going to help. This is not your awareness, that you are living in illusions, dreams and fantasies. If this is your awareness, the change is immediate; then you will not ask the question at all.

To know the false as the false is to know the real. They are two aspects of the same coin, they are not different. If you know the false as the false, in that very knowing you have known the real as the real. It is a simultaneous experience. If you can recognize the false you must have recognized the real, otherwise how you are going to recognize the false?

A person who is dreaming cannot know that this is dream. And if he says in his dreaming that this is dream, that means simply a dream within a dream, nothing else. You can dream within dreams within dreams; but if you really know this is a dream, the dream will immediately evaporate, disappear. The question would not have arisen. The question arises because you are still clinging to expectations. Yes, you are ready to accept that the past expectations were false, but the expectations that are right now surrounding you, alluring you, are they false?

"A terrible thing happened to me last night!" says Mario to his friend.

"But wasn't yesterday your birthday?"

"Yes! When I arrived at my office yesterday morning, my secretary invited me to go with her to her house!"

"And do you call that terrible? She is beautiful!"

"Let me finish. At seven o'clock I was at her door with a bouquet of roses. She opened the door, dressed in a beautiful, low-cut dress..."

"And then? What happened then?" asks the friend eagerly.

"Well, she offered me a martini, put on some soft music and then whispered, 'I have a surprise for you. Come to my bedroom in ten minutes!'"

"And what did you do?" asks the friend.

"Well, after ten minutes I went in -- and there were all my colleagues singing, 'Happy Birthday to You!'"

"Well, that was not so terrible!"

"Oh yes? I would have liked you to be in my place... I was naked!"

People go on living in expectations, illusions. One illusion is shattered and immediately they start living in another illusion. They never become really aware that whatsoever your mind projects is going to be illusory. Your mind can only create illusions. Your God is an

illusion, your meditation is an illusion, your yoga is an illusion, your Tao is an illusion, because these are all your mind projections. These are like the horizon that looks so close by -- one can reach it just within an hour -- but one never reaches the horizon. It only appears, it does not exist. If you run after it you will be running after it for eternity and you will not find it.

An Arab once came across a man walking across the Sahara Desert, wearing only a bathing costume.

"How far is it to the sea?" asked the man.

"About five hundred miles to the north," said the Arab.

"Bugger me," said the man, "I will have to stay on the beach!"

Ingo, if you go on living in the mind you will have to live on the beach, you will never reach to the ocean. It is not even five hundred miles -- it does not exist, it is a mirage.

Don't repeat cliches, try to see the point. Don't believe, try to understand. Stop projecting your fantasies, dreams, expectations on life. Completely forget that. The whole effort has to be one and single, and that is how to be awake. If you are awake, then things will be different, totally different. And there will not be any need to find anything special, to find meaning; then in the small things of life there is meaning, there is great significance. Each pebble on the seashore becomes a diamond. Then there are sermons in every stone and songs hidden in every rock and scriptures everywhere, because the world is full of God, overflowing with godliness.

And you are thirsty for meaning for the simple reason that you are not looking at that which is, and you cannot look at that which is because you are fast asleep.

Wake up! Ingo, wake up! Come out of your grave. Unconsciousness is your grave. And then you will know what life is and how beautiful it is and how blissful it is and what a benediction and a gift of God.

The third question

OSHO,

CAN MAN LAUGH EVEN IN THE FACE OF DEATH?

Narendra,

IT DEPENDS. There are people who cannot laugh even when life is showering all its joy on them; they remain serious, dull, dead. Flowers go on showering on them; they don't look at those flowers, they don't feel grateful. They have completely forgotten the language of gratitude. They have forgotten to laugh.

But a man who is alert and aware, a man who is a man in the real sense -- integrated, centered, grounded -- will laugh in the face of death.

Mansoor laughed when he was being killed. He laughed so loudly that the people who were killing him could not contain their curiosity. They asked, "Mansoor, what is the matter? Are you mad or something? Why are you laughing?"

He said "I am laughing because you are killing somebody else. This body is not Mansoor -- I am not it. If you think I have committed a crime by declaring myself God, then punish *me*. Why are you punishing this body? This poor body has done nothing. Why are you cutting my legs and my hands? It is like punishing the house of a man who has committed a crime -- this is sheer stupidity. That's why I am laughing."

Those people must have felt very embarrassed. And finally when they were going to cut his tongue... because Mansoor was killed in a far more inhuman way than Jesus. He was cut piece by piece: his legs were cut, then his hands were cut, then his eyes were taken out, then

his nose was cut, then his tongue was cut, and then his head was cut. Nobody ever before or after has been tortured in such a cruel way.

Before they were going to cut his tongue he laughed again, looking at the sky. They could not contain their curiosity again, because now he was not looking at them, he was looking at the sky. And they said, "You laughed at us, now why are you laughing and at whom?"

He said, "I am laughing at God! I am laughing at God because I am telling to him, 'You cannot deceive me. Even if you come in the form of these butchers, I know you, I recognize you, I love you, I worship you, because even in these hands who are cutting me and killing me it is your energy and nobody else. You have come in beautiful ways to me; now you have come in a cruel way just to test me, whether Mansoor can recognize you in this way or not.' I am laughing at him. I am telling him, 'I can recognize you in *any* form you come. Once I have recognized you I have recognized you forever.'"

Narendra, it depends. Zen Masters have been known to die in a very joking way, as if death is a joke. In fact, it is a joke.

A wild tribe of African cannibals is dancing madly around the big pot where Father Dupont is cooking, when suddenly the Zen Master bursts into laughter.

He keeps laughing and laughing until the chief, incapable of holding back his anger any longer, rushes over to the pot: "What are you laughing about?"

After a while the Master manages to say, half-choking with laughter, "I just shit in the soup!"

The fourth question

OSHO,

HOW CAN WE TEACH CHILDREN TO BE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS?

Krishnaraj,

ARE YOU MAD? Are you asking me this question or to Ayatollah Khomaniac? To whom are you asking this question? You should go to Ayatollah Khomaniac.

I teach a religionless religion and I teach an amoral morality. It will be almost impossible for you, Krishnaraj, to understand. Your very question shows that you are not acquainted at all with my vision, with my way of looking at things.

The first thing: you are not to teach children religion and morality; you have to learn from them because they are far more closer to God than you are. They have come just now from God's home; they are still carrying the fragrance. You have forgotten completely they have not yet forgotten; it will take time for them to forget. It will take time for them to be conditioned by you and destroyed by you. And that's what you are asking me: how to destroy them, how to destroy their religiousness, how to destroy their morality, how to destroy their authenticity, how to destroy their sincerity -- in short, how to destroy their intelligence.

Intelligence is the source of all religiousness and morality, and children are more intelligent than you are. *Learn* from them rather than trying to teach them. Drop this stupid idea that you have to teach them. Watch them, see their authenticity, see their spontaneity, see their watchfulness, see how alert they are, how full of life and joy, how cheerful, how full of wonder and awe.

Religion arises in wonder and awe. If you can feel wonder, if you can feel awe, you are religious. Not by reading the Bible or Gita or Koran, but by experiencing awe. When you see the sky full of stars, do you feel a dance in your heart? Do you see a song arising in your being? Do you feel a communion with the stars? Then you are religious. You are not religious by going to the church or by going to the temple and repeating borrowed prayers

which have nothing to do with your heart, which are just head affairs.

Religion is a love affair -- love affair with existence. And children are in that affair already. All that is needed from your side is not to destroy them. Help them to keep their wonder alive, help them to remain sincere and authentic and intelligent. But you destroy them. That's what you want, actually, by asking this question: "How can we teach...?"

Religion can never be taught, it can only be caught. Are you religious? Have you the vibe of religion around *you*? Then you will not ask such a stupid question. Then your children will learn it just by being with you. If they see you with tears of joy watching a sunset, they are bound to be affected; they will fall silent. You need not tell them to be silent; they will see the tears and they will understand the language. They will see the sacredness of your tears; they will fall silent of their own accord. They will sit silently by your side. They will also watch the stars or the sunset or the moon.

Have they seen you dancing around a rosebush when roses have opened in the early morning and the air is fragrant? Have they seen you dancing around the roses? They will ask you, "Can we also participate? Can we also dance with YOU?"

In fact, if they want to dance you will say, "Stop this nonsense! Come to the temple with me, and pluck all the roses so that we can offer them to God." This is religion? The roses were already offered to God; they were already dancing in the breeze, in the sun. Plucking them you have killed them. You have killed the living roses and now you are going to offer them to a dead God! Some stupid God that you have made, invented. Just a stone which you have painted and put into a temple. Of course, this kind of religion has to be forced because children are intelligent people, very intelligent people. They resist this kind of enforcement. This is trying to destroy their freedom and to destroy their intelligence.

Watch the intelligence of the children. And whenever you find intelligence, rejoice in it and help them and tell them that "This is the way you should go on moving."

Dad criticized the sermon, Mother thought the organist made a lot of mistakes. Sister did not like the choir's singing. But they had second thoughts when the young son piped up, "Still, it was a pretty good show for twenty pence."

The owner of a chicken farm wanted to make his son behave better, so he devised an object lesson.

"Do you see, my son? The chickens that were bad were eaten by a fox."

"So?" replied his son. "If they had been good, we would have eaten them!"

Two six-year-olds were examining an abstract painting in a gift shop. Looking at a blotch of paint: "Let us run," said one, "before they say we did it!"

A father returned home from his usual day at the office and found his small son on the front steps looking very unhappy.

"What is wrong, son?" he asked.

"Just between you and me," the boy said, "I simply can't get along with your wife."

A father took his young son to an opera for the first time. The conductor started waving the baton and the soprano began her aria. The boy finally asked, "Why is he hitting her with his stick?"

"He is not hitting her, he is just waving it in the air," replied the father.

"Then why is she screaming?"

You just watch small children a little bit; you just see their intelligence. Johnny was just home after his first day at school.

"Well, darling," asked his mother, "what did they teach you?"

"Not much," replied the child. "I have got to go again."

A young boy came to his first day of school in America. Since he was an Italian immigrant he spoke no English at all. So the school principal sent out an announcement that anyone who could speak Italian should please report to the office.

Soon a scruffy young boy showed up. "Do you speak Italian?" they asked him.

"Sure!" said the boy. "I live in an Italian neighborhood; I speak it all the time."

"Good," they said. "We need your help in translating. First ask him what his name is."

"Okay. Hey, kid! What's-a ya name?"

And that did! That is enough Italian.

If you watch small children, their inventiveness, their intelligence, their constant exploration into the unknown, their curiosity, their inquiry, you need not teach them any beliefs.

And what is religion in your mind, Krishnaraj? -- teaching certain beliefs. And no belief is religious, all beliefs make people stupid. Religion is an experience, not a belief. You will make them Hindus or Mohammedans or Christians, but that is not making them religious. And you are not interested, in fact, in making them religious; you are interested in making them Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians. You want them to belong to your fold and you are afraid of their intelligence. You want to kill it and destroy it before it is too late -- before they start revolting, before they start thinking on their own. It is a greatest crime to force children into any religious belief. Help them to understand and tell them to find their religion.

You don't allow children to vote; for political ideology they have to wait for twenty-one years, then you think they are ripe enough to vote. And for religious ideology they are ripe enough when they are five or four! Do you think religious education is of lower grade than the political education? Do you think to belong to a political party needs higher intelligence, more maturity, than to belong to a religion? If twenty-one years is the age for political maturity, then at least forty-two years should be the age for religious maturity. Before forty-two years nobody should choose any religion. Inquire, search, explore, and explore all over the place, explore in every possible direction.

And when you decide your religion on your own it has significance: when it is imposed on you it is a slave; when you choose it, it is a commitment, it is involvement.

The Protestant booklet that I was just talking about also mentions one fact: that one thing has to be learned from Rajneesh and his sannyasins -- that why they feel so committed. why they feel so involved, so deeply in love. No Christian seems to be so deeply in love with Christ. Why are they so in love with their own Master? There must be some reason behind it that has to be explored.

The reason is clear-cut: sannyas is not imposed upon you, you have chosen it. The same was the case with the disciples of Jesus, with the disciples of Buddha. But it happens only when the Master is alive; when the Master is gone...

In fact, children should be allowed to choose their own Masters. Parents should not enforce their own ideology on their children. If you really love your children, don't teach them any religion. Yes, give them the feel of being religious, give them the feel of prayerfulness. And that you can give not by telling them how to pray but by just being in prayer yourself. If they see you in prayer they will catch. Prayer is contagious. They will start asking you, "How we can also participate in the prayer?" If you sit in meditation and they see the silence and the serenity and the stillness surrounding you and a certain aura that arises out of meditation, a certain radiation, they are bound to be interested in it. They are always interested in everything new.

And morality is a byproduct of religion. When one feels in the heart religion arising, a

relationship, a communion with existence happening, one becomes moral. It is not a question of commandments, it is not a question of shoulds and should-nots; it is a question of love, compassion.

When you are silent, a deep compassion arises for the whole existence, and out of that compassion one becomes moral. One cannot be cruel, one cannot kill, one cannot destroy. When you are silent, blissful, you start becoming a blessing to everybody else. That phenomenon of becoming a blessing to everybody else is true morality.

Morality has nothing to do with so-called moral principles. These so-called moral principles only create hypocrites: they create only pseudo people, split personalities. A schizophrenic humanity has come about because of thousands of priests, so-called saints and mahatmas and their continuous teachings: "Do this, don't do that." You are not helped to be aware, to see what is right and what is wrong. You are not given eyes, you are simply given directions.

My effort here is to help so that you can open your eyes -- to uncover your eyes, to remove all kinds of curtains from your eyes, so that you can see what is right. And when you see what is right you are bound to do it, you cannot do otherwise. When you see what is wrong you cannot do it; it is impossible.

Religion brings clarity and clarity transforms your character.
The fifth question

OSHO,
I AM A RUSSIAN. WILL YOU TELL ME AT LEAST TWO JOKES ABOUT THE
RUSSIANS?

Darshan,
A RUSSIAN GUY comes running into a friend's hut and cries, "The Americans have gone to
the moon!"

"Really?" says his friend ecstatically. "All of them?"

Three people sit on a bench in the Red Square in Moscow. After a while one of them
sighs heavily. A few moments later the second one sighs just as heavily. The third one
quickly glances around with a very worried look and whispers:

"Sssh! Don't talk about politics in public!"

And the last question

OSHO,
I WANT TO BE A CELIBATE, A PERFECT BRAHMACHARIN.
PLEASE BLESS ME.

Sant Maharaj,
THEN WHO WILL RING THE BELLS OF JERUSALEM? And on the gate we need
somebody to go on ringing the bells of Jerusalem. Wait a little, don't be in such a hurry. Why
you should want to be a celibate?

This desire arises in every Indian -- centuries of conditioning. I would also like you to be
a celibate one day, not out of a desire but out of a deep understanding. And desire is never
part of understanding, remember. Desire may come out of frustration.

Sex is both a joy and a sadness, an ecstasy and an agony. This paradox has to be
understood; without understanding this paradox you will never be able to understand the
desire for celibacy, for *brahmacharya*. Sex brings a momentary ecstasy; for a moment you
are transported to another world, the world of timelessness. For a moment you melt into the
other, you are no more an ego -- hence the great joy, the orgasmic joy. But this is only for a

moment, and then everything closes up again. All doors and windows that have opened are closed. The sky and the stars that you had seen are no more there. You are back again in your dark dungeon. It is far darker than before because now you have tasted something of the beyond.

It is like in a dark night you are passing on the road and a car comes with the headlights on. Suddenly there is all light for a moment, and the car passes by. Now the road is far darker than before because you can compare. The eyes have known light; now the darkness looks, in contrast, very much dark. Before the light had happened you were becoming accustomed of darkness.

Sex gives you a deep ecstasy, but it is momentary. And then there is a fall, a great fall from the heights. And darkness surrounds you, anguish arises and you start feeling sad. You start feeling, "What is the point of it all?" You fall into a negative space you start thinking against sex. "What is the point of it all? If it is only momentary it is not worth." And how long you had hoped for it, and how long and how much you have waited for it, and how much you had expected out of it! And nothing is left in your hands, just a memory, a fleeting memory which is receding fast away from you. And now you are in darkness, in anguish, in agony. It was better not to have known it.

In these negative moments the desire for celibacy arises, but that is not going to last very long either, because after twenty-four hours you would have forgotten the negative moment, the sadness, the agony. That too would have become part of memory, that would have receded back. Again you look at a beautiful woman, her beautiful curves, her beautiful face... and again the desire. And you start hoping maybe this time it is going to be different. Who knows? And again you are thrilled, excited. In these moments you become very positive about love.

And this will go on happening again and again, it is a vicious circle: after the positive the negative, after the negative the positive, like day, or night. The day follows the night, the night follows the day, and you go on revolving in this wheel. In the East we have called exactly it the wheel of life, and birth and death, the wheel of the polar opposites. There are ups and downs and you go on. When you are up you feel at the top of the world and you think that that was all nonsense, celibacy and everything -- that was all stupidity. But when you come to the negative moment you start thinking that all that positivity was just infatuation. And this you have done many times and this you will go on doing your whole life if you don't try to understand the vicious circle.

So I am not saying decide anything when you are negative. If you decide in your negativity you will become life-negative. That's what happened to religions in the past, they became life-negative. They decided in the negative moment. Then you have to escape to the monasteries; then you have to go to the mountains, to the caves. And there too sex is not going to leave you so easily because sex is not something outside you, it is something inside you. It is your biology, it is your psychology, it is your physiology; those hormones are within you. It is in your blood, in your bones, it is in your very marrow. It is not even in your sex center only, because there have been stupid people who have cut their sex organs in order to become perfectly celibate.

In Russia there was a Christian sect which believed in cutting the sexual organs. Of course, there was one difficulty for the sect because they could not reproduce children. And every sect wants to have more and more people, and if you cut your sexual organs soon your sect will disappear from the world. So that sect used to adopt children -- poor people's children, beggars' children they will adopt. And when those children became young, sexually

mature, their sexual organs will be cut. Each year they used to gather in a great gathering where this ceremony was performed, and people would cut their sexual organs in a frenzy, and more and more people would get into the frenzy of it. People are imitative, very imitative; if one is doing something, other will do it.

Women used to cut their breasts, and they will heap up the breasts and the sexual organs -- the bigger the heap, and more virtue has happened that year. God has been very much pleased with them.

Sex has nothing to do with the sexual organ either; you can cut the sexual organ, sex will remain, because the sex center exists in your brain. The sexual organ is just the extension of that brain center. Now they have found the center in the brain. Now a small window can be made in your head and electrodes can be put exactly at your sexual center in the brain, and it can be tickled directly and you will have orgasm, without any sexual organ's involvement in it. And soon, I think the day is not far off when people will be carrying small boxes in their pockets, electrodes within their brains. Nobody will ever know what you are doing -- they will just see the grin on your face! And you will look so blissful, so blissed out, as if you have become a Buddha! And all that you are doing is just pushing a button inside your pocket. You will go on, pushing the button, and each time you push the button, just the electric current reaching to the sexual center tickles it.

That's what happens when you make love to a woman: it is just the release of semen that tickles the button. It can be done far more economically with scientific technology; it is going to be done. That day you are finished with marriage, with homosexuality, with heterosexuality; with all kinds of sexualities you will be finished. There will be only one kind of sexuality; we will have to find a name for it -- matchbox sexuality or something! Just like a matchbox, you keep in your pocket.

The only danger is... Why is it not being marketed yet? -- because scientifically it has been proved, experiments have been successful. The only reason why it is not being marketed is that there will be no way to prevent people from having thousands of orgasms every day; they will stop doing everything else. That is the only problem, because sex has a limitation, a certain limitation. A man can make love once a day or twice a day; it depends on the age -- very young, thrice a day. As you get older you will need more and more time to recuperate. But with that matchbox there is no problem -- old, young, even dead, no problem. Somebody else can go on pushing your button and the dead body will go on quivering. It happens, actually it happens.

There are spiders... while making love the female spider starts eating the lover. He is making love, he is on top of her, and she starts eating him. Women are dangerous! And she starts eating from his head; first she eats the head because then he cannot escape. But he goes on making love -- the head is gone, but who needs head? When it is a question of lovemaking, who needs head? -- head is gone; slowly slowly his other parts start going, but he goes on making love. Whatsoever remains goes on quivering. That species' male spider makes love only once. Some love! Some totality! Some wholeness! Holy spider!

The experiments that Skinner has done about this have proved that it can be dangerous, because on rats they have tried -- then rats stop doing everything. They don't eat, they don't bother about sleep; they go on and on pushing the button. You will be surprised: six thousand times per hour! Of course, within three, four hours the rat was dead. But until the rat is dead he goes on pushing the button. Who cares now about eating and sleeping and any other kind of social conversation, et cetera? -- meeting people and going to the Rotary Club, all that nonsense, who bothers? That is the danger. That stopped Skinner, because he tried many

experiments... you cannot stop. Once the rat or any animal that has been experimented upon knows, then it goes on and on.

Sex will go with you to your monastery, it will go with you to the cave, because it is in your brain. Celibacy will not happen; only perversion will happen.

Sant, celibacy has to come on its own, not to be practiced and cultivated. It comes on its own, but then it is not a decision taken in the negative moment, then it is not life-negative; then it is a transcendental phenomenon. You have seen again and again the positive and the negative, and you have understood the natural trick that nature is playing upon you. *you* are victims of nature. Nature wants to reproduce its species, hence it has put a strategy inside you called your sex. Once this is understood by your own experience, sex starts disappearing and a celibacy arises, but not imposed, not practiced.

I can bless only such a celibacy.

You ask me:

OSHO, I WANT TO BE A CELIBATE...

Please, don't desire it. Go through all the experiences of love, positive, negative. Go meditatively, go with full awareness into them. And slowly will come a transcendental light arising in you, a deep understanding happening. And then you will not ask that "How to be a celibate?" You will be celibate. I can bless only that kind of celibacy.

I can bless only that which happens out of understanding, not on of cultivation. I am against character, I am only for consciousness. If character follows consciousness. good, but consciousness has not to follow character. That has been the way up to now, it cannot be the way any more. Man has come of age.

Now a totally new kind of scientific approach is needed towards man's inner problems. My sannyas is a scientific approach. It has nothing to do with the old religions; it is a religion of the future. My sannyasins have to be the heralds of the future.

My blessings are with you, but only when something happens in you through understanding, not by effort. I am against all effort.

Zen: The Special Transmission

Chapter #7

Chapter title: Mind is Gone

7 July 1980 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 8007070

ShortTitle: SPCIAL07

Audio: Yes

Video: No

ONE DAY AN ANGEL, FLYING BACK TO HEAVEN, SAW BELOW HIM A LUXURIANT FOREST ENVELOPED IN A GREAT, GLOWING HALO OF LIGHT. HAVING TRAVELED THROUGH THE SKY MANY MANY TIMES BEFORE, HE NATURALLY HAD SEEN NUMEROUS LAKES, MOUNTAINS AND FORESTS, BUT HAD NEVER PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO THEM. TODAY, HOWEVER, HE NOTICED SOMETHING DIFFERENT -- A FOREST SURROUNDED BY A RADIANT AURA, FROM WHICH BEAMS OF LIGHT RADIATED TO EVERY PART OF THE FIRMAMENT. HE REASONED TO HIMSELF, "AH, THERE MUST BE AN ENLIGHTENED BEING IN THIS WOOD! I SHALL GO DOWN AND SEE WHO IT IS."

UPON LANDING, THE ANGEL SAW A BODHISATTVA SITTING QUIETLY UNDER A TREE ABSORBED IN DEEP MEDITATION. HE THOUGHT TO HIMSELF "NOW LET ME FIND OUT WHAT MEDITATION HE IS PRACTICING. AND HE OPENED HIS HEAVENLY EYES TO SEE ON WHAT OBJECT OR IDEA THIS YOGI HAD FOCUSED HIS MIND.

ANGELS CAN USUALLY READ THE MIND OF YOGIS. BUT IN THIS CASE, MUCH TO HIS SURPRISE, THE ANGEL COULD NOT FIND ANYTHING AT ALL. HE CIRCLED AND CIRCLED THE YOGI. AND FINALLY WENT INTO SAMADHI HIMSELF BUT STILL COULD NOT FIND ANYTHING IN THE BODHISATTVA'S MIND.

FINALLY THE ANGEL TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO A HUMAN BEING, CIRCUMAMBULATED THE BODHISATTVA THREE TIMES, PROSTRATED HIMSELF, AND SAID:

"I MAKE OBEISANCE TO THE AUSPICIOUS ONE; I PAY MY HOMAGE TO YOU, O LORD OF ALL SENTIENT BEINGS! PLEASE AWAKE, COME OUT OF SAMADHI, AND TELL ME UPON WHAT YOU WERE MEDITATING. AFTER EXHAUSTING ALL MY MIRACULOUS POWERS, I STILL HAVE FAILED TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS IN YOUR MIND."

THE BODHISATTVA SMILED. AGAIN THE ANGEL CRIED, "I MAKE OBEISANCE TO YOU, I PAY HOMAGE TO YOU! ON WHAT ARE YOU MEDITATING?" THE BODHISATTVA MERELY CONTINUED TO SMILE AND REMAINED SILENT.

IT IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PARABLES in all the records of Zen mythology, Zen approach towards life, Zen insight into truth. But the first thing to remember is, it is a parable, a myth. It signifies many things, but it is not a historical fact. Angels don't exist factually, but they have a great importance mythologically.

No mythology in the whole history of humanity is without the idea of angels. Religions differ almost about everything, but all the religions have some place for the myth of angels. Hence there must be something significant which cannot be related without bringing in the myth of the angels. First that has to be understood.

The angel is thought to be a divine messenger. Man does not exist in a vacuum, man does not exist like an island. He is in constant communion with God or with the whole or with

Tao. He may be aware of it, he may not be aware of it -- that will make lot of difference. But the fact remains true, whether you are aware or not aware of it, that man is in a constant communion with existence. That is the first thing the myth of the angels represents, that man and existence are deeply in communion. The angels are thought to be messengers of God bringing messages to human beings. They are running between heaven and earth constantly.

If you drop the idea of the angels and just look around you will find thousand and one things continuously running between the earth, the earthly plane, and heaven, the divine plane. As one becomes more alert one finds more and more connections. We exist in a cosmic net and we are part of it.

In the East it is said that the universe is like a spider's web. If you touch a single thread of the spider's web, the whole web will feel the vibration Touch a single blade of grass and you have touched the greatest star, the farthest away star, because the whole is an organic unity; nothing is unrelated. It is only human ignorance that has created the idea of the ego.

And man lives in a kind of self-exile; it is self-imposed exile. We have made a small capsule around ourselves; we have become encapsulated, alienated. And then we suffer, then we are miserable. Then we can't find any meaning in life, any significance in life. Then we feel uprooted, ungrounded. Then we feel accidental, as if we are not needed at all, as if existence would go on running in the same way whether we are or we are not. That gives us a deep wound. We lose confidence, trust in ourselves. We become something futile, unneeded, useless; just by accident we have come into existence.

And this whole nonsense arises because we have created the idea of the ego. The ego is an effort to disconnect yourself from the whole, although you cannot disconnect yourself from whole, but you can live in the belief that you have succeeded. Your belief is the cause of your hell. Drop the belief of the ego and suddenly you will see messengers running between you and the whole continuously, every moment, day in, day out. Then the birds singing bring messages, the flowers opening bring messages, then the stars twinkling in the night bring messages. Then the whole existence becomes an open book, the REAL Bible. Then you need not go into old, rotten scriptures; you can simply look around and start reading existence. And then there are sermons everywhere, scriptures everywhere, songs everywhere.

This is the first thing that is represented by the beautiful myth of the angels. You must have seen pictures of the angels: they all look like small children, not even they are young. They look childlike -- their faces have the same innocence, the same purity, the same unpoisoned state. Their eyes, their cheeks, their whole personality is that of a child -- as if a child has been magnified, as if you are looking a child through a magnifying glass.

All the Buddhas have said: Unless you attain your childhood again you will not know what the truth is. But they are not childish, remember -- childlike of course, but not childish. To be childish is to be retarded, to be childlike is to be innocent. To be childlike is healthy, to be childish is very unhealthy.

Our society does not allow us to remain childlike; it forces us to become so-called grown-ups, which are not really grown-ups. Physically they are grown-ups but not psychologically; psychologically they are very childish. The average psychological age is only thirteen years. The person may be ninety years old, but his average psychological age remains stuck somewhere at the age thirteen.

This is something very strange. Man should grow as a whole; his psychology, his physiology, his soul, all should grow in a kind of harmonious dance. Then only he remains whole, then only there is health, then only there is sanity. If even one part of you is lagging

far behind, then your whole will remain undeveloped because you cannot grow in parts; that is impossible.

It happened in a court:

A thief was caught and just before the magistrate was going to punish him, declare his punishment, the thief said, "Sir, I would like to say one thing before you declare your judgment. That is, I am not responsible and you cannot punish somebody for somebody else's fault."

The magistrate said, "What do you mean? Have you not stolen these things? There are eyewitnesses."

He said, "Yes, they are also right. My hands have done the wrong, but I have not done it. You can punish my hands, but you cannot punish me."

The magistrate was also a very cunning person. He said, "Okay, which hand has committed the crime?"

And the man said, "My right hand."

The magistrate said, "That's all right. Then your right hand is sent to jail for ten years."

The whole court laughed, because if the hand goes to jail, how can the man remain behind? He will have to go to jail. But the court has to stop laughing in the middle because the man was laughing even more uproariously than the court.

The magistrate said, "You are laughing? Are you mad or something?"

The man said, "No, I am not mad." He removed his coat and gave his right hand -- which was just an artificial hand. He said, "You can send this hand to the jail ten years or a hundred years or as long as you want."

It is possible if your parts are artificial to separate them, but your body is not artificial. All your parts are intrinsically necessary for you; nothing is artificial in you. So if one thing remains behind, everything else remains behind. You can go on pretending that you have become a grown-up person, but you are not a grown-up person, and you can watch yourself and others. Just scratch the person a little and you will find the childishness coming up. You may be a father of half a dozen children, and when you are fighting with your wife you start throwing pillows. You may be a mother of a half a dozen children and when you are in a fight you go in a tantrum, very childish.

"Oy, doctor, have I got tsuris with my son," wept the lady. "All day long he is doing nothing but blowing bubbles. From soapsuds he is making the bubbles and he is blowing them out from a clay pipe."

"Really, madam, there is no reason for you to be concerned," said the psychiatrist, smiling indulgently. "Lots of sons blow bubbles."

"Well, I think it looks funny," insisted the woman, "and so does his wife."

It is one thing to do something when you are a child -- you can blow soapbubbles -- but when you are physiologically grown-up, at least you look a grown-up person, the same thing looks stupid.

Watch people's lives -- their lives are doublebinds. Their lives are not singular; they are living many lives, in fact. They have to live many lives because their many parts have remained hanging at different places and they have to live all those parts; they can't live as a totality.

Many times people ask me, "Why we can't be total?" You can't be total for the simple reason because your one hand may be only seven years old, your other hand may be twenty years old, your head may be just thirteen years old, your heart may be just born or not born yet, maybe in the womb, your head may have become eighty years old. Now how can you

live a total life? You are bound to live like a crowd, sometimes at one stage, sometimes at another stage.

During the day, Signor Giovanni was a business tycoon, working hard and seriously married, but at night he would become a playboy, going around to all the nightclubs of Rome.

One day his wife decided that it was time they spent an evening together and asked him to take her out to a nightclub. Unable to dissuade his wife, they went out together.

When they arrived at the nightclub, the doorman greeted him warmly.

"Do you know him?" asked the wife.

Quickly he answered, "He is my errand boy. He works at night to make more money."

Inside the nightclub, the bunny-girl pinched his cheek and said, "Hello, Signor Giovanni."

Suspicious, the wife asked, "How come you know this girl?"

Perspiring, he answered, "Well, she is one of the models who works for me."

Then they were taken by the MAITRE D' to the best table, near the dance floor. As they sat down, the ballet dancers came out, stopped in front of their table and started singing, "Hip-hip-hooray for Signor Giovanni!"

The wife was furious. She dragged him out of the nightclub, shoved him into a taxi and started beating him.

The taxi driver turned around and asked, "What is happening, Signor Giovanni? The doll gives you trouble? Shall I throw her out of the taxi?"

People are living many lives, all simultaneously, hence there is so much mess. A person may be very wise in one thing and very stupid in another. A person may be very sincere in one thing and very insincere and unreliable in another. And you always become very puzzled that you have never thought this man can do this; you would have never imagined that this man can commit suicide -- he was so mature. But you don't know the whole man because you don't know his many lives. You would not have believed that this man could commit murder -- he was so loving, so nice. That was only one facade; with another facade he may be very ugly, very violent, very murderous. You may not have known him. In fact, what to say about you? He may not know himself how many people are living in him. He may not recognize his own aspects because many of them remain underground; he has repressed them underground. He is so afraid of them that he can't bring them up. He will feel too much immature, childish, stupid, silly, mediocre, and he would not like to see all that.

George Gurdjieff used to do one thing: whenever he will initiate a new disciple, which was very rare... he was a very choosy person; out of thousands he will choose one or two persons. And his method of choosing was very strange. He will go on forcing you to drink strong wines, whiskies, brandies -- and he was an expert about all kinds of intoxicants, alcoholic beverages, psychedelic drugs -- and he will go on forcing you for the simple reason that unless you become totally unconscious, your all faces cannot surface. And he wants to see your all faces before he can decide whether it is worth to make any effort with you, whether it is worth to take any trouble, whether you are in any way potential, or just a lost case, a hopeless case -- then why bother? He was not like a man like me who is ready to bother about anybody; he was the just opposite.

I am ready to work on anybody because my approach is whether you grow in this life or not is not the point; even if you have tried a little bit, that much will become part of you -- in some other life maybe, with some other Master, it may come to a fulfillment. You may not become enlightened this time but the very desire, the very longing is enough. I Will work whether you are worthy or not. It is enough that you long for it. I will sow the seeds. Maybe this life you will not grow, but the seeds will remain because they are never destroyed.

And the people who are going to become enlightened in this life, I cannot claim the whole credit, because they may have lived with Jesus, they may have lived with Buddha, they may have lived with Mohammed, they may have danced with Jalaluddin, they may have sat with Bokuju, Rinzai... You have lived thousands of lives. If all those people would have been as choosy as Gurdjieff you would not have been here; because they all worked on you, something went on growing. Hence I don't choose at all. Anybody who comes to me, I am ready to work; my approach is different.

Gurdjieff's approach was different. He wanted to know all of your faces immediately, then he would decide. With me it will take ten years to know your all faces, because I will have to wait for different situations to know your other aspects. But he wanted to know immediately; only then he will start his work.

But remember that you are not one person, you are many persons. You are polypsychic. A man may be a great scientist...

One of the men who had been to the moon -- only three persons have been to the moon -- one of them has become a disciple of Swami Shivananda of Rishikesh. Now Shivananda is no more alive, but his disciples are there. Whatsoever Shivananda has written is just third-rate; he had no idea of anything real. He was just repeating like a parrot the ancient, rotten Hindu philosophy, and that too not in a very sophisticated way. But a man who has walked on the moon has become his disciple. This is sheer stupidity, but this man who has walked on the moon may still be carrying something very childish in him. Maybe it is because of that childishness that he wanted to go to the moon in the first place, because every child wants to go to the moon, and it is not new. From the ancientmost times every child becomes interested into the moon and starts stretching his hands towards the moon and wants the moon in his hands. Maybe it was just a childish idea that modern technology made him capable to realize, because the interest that he is showing now in people like Muktananda, Shivananda, shows the stupidity of the person.

It is possible a person may grow into a certain direction -- and that's how our education is structured. It makes you experts. You have to specialize into one thing and in other things, in every other thing, you remain mediocre.

An Italian goes to see a doctor. "Doctor," he exclaims, "I am-a desperate! A few nights ago, I came home-a from work-a and found-a my wife in bed-a with another man! When she saw me she started weeping and crying, so I said-a, 'Well-a, let's-a have-a coffee...!' Then-a the other night-a, the same thing-a! She was-a in bed-a with my neighbor! I took-a the pistol-a to kill-a them, but she cried and cried, so I said-a, 'Well-a, let's-a have-a coffee...!' Then last-a night-a the same thing-a again. She promised me that-a it was-a the last-a time -- never was-a she going to do-a it again... so I said-a, 'Well-a, let's-a have-a coffee...'

But, I am-a worried, doctor. Is-a it okay to drink-a so much-a coffee?"

Watch yourself and you will find thousand-and-one ridiculous things in you too. All the jokes that I go on telling you are about you!

The angels represent childlike innocence, but not childishness. Only this innocence can make you connected with godliness, hence angels are messengers of God connections with God. You must have seen angels in pictures. you must have read about them. They are always singing, dancing, praising the lord, Alleluia!" All that they do is playing on the harp and singing Alleluia. Yes, there is a state of innocence which is all song and all music and all harmony and all joy and all alleluia.

Remember that angels represent all this: the totality of life, innocence of life, celebration of life. And then immediately you are also connected with the divine, you are no more

disconnected. You don't feel alien. You are no more an outsider, you become an insider. Then existence belongs to you and you belong to existence.

Now this parable:

ONE DAY AN ANGEL, FLYING BACK TO HEAVEN, SAW BELOW HIM A LUXURIANT FOREST ENVELOPED IN A GREAT, GLOWING HALO OF LIGHT.

ANGELS FLY. MAN CREEPS, crawls, although he is also born with wings, but he is not aware of those wings. To be with a Master the first awareness that happens to the disciple is that "I can also fly," that "I can also start moving upwards," that "I can also have a dialogue with the stars and the sky and the infinity and the eternity."

Man is so unconscious that he is not aware of his whole potential. What to say about the whole potential? -- not even about the part of his potential. Psychologists say that you are aware only of one-tenth of your mind; that is about the mind. And what about the soul? You are not aware at *all* of the soul, and that is where your wings are.

Hence angels are not physical beings, just spirits. They don't have any weight, they are weightless. And in deep meditation these moments will happen to you when you will find suddenly that you don't have any weight, that gravitation has no meaning for you, that another law has started functioning in your life: the law of grace. Just as gravitation pulls you downwards, grace pulls you upwards.

But the first thing is to become aware. You know only one-tenth of your mind; first you have to know about your whole mind and then only is it possible to know something about your soul.

"Hi, doc, was my operation successful?"

"Sorry, old chap, I am St. Peter!"

That's how you are living: not seeing what is, what is not, what is happening. You go on projecting your own ideas on people, on things, and you go on playing stupid games. They start in your childhood and then they continue your whole life. Of course they become more complex, but their quality remains the same; quantity becomes bigger, but the quality remains the same. And you are not even aware that there is a totally different world which belongs not to the realm of the quantitative.

Just the other day one sannyasin has asked me a question, that "I have heard, although I don't believe, that there are few people in the world who are working as vehicles of God." She mentions some *babaji* and she mentions about somebody who is going to announce himself as Maitreya, the Buddha of this age, and these people come into the world to help humanity. She says "... although I don't believe all this, but I am less aware, you are more aware, so you can answer my question." She thinks the difference between her and me is only of less and more: she is a little less aware, I am a little more aware, that's all; the difference is of quantity, of degrees. But it is not only her idea, that's how almost everybody thinks. In the world we think always in terms of quantity; we don't know the dimensions of quality.

It is not a question of more or less awareness. Either one is aware or one is not. It is a transformation. Either one is a Buddha or one is not; it is not that one is a little less Buddha and one is a little more Buddha, one is just one kilo Christ and another is two kilos Christ. We believe in matter, that's why we believe in quantity. Matter is quantity; the soul is not quantity.

When you become aware at the innermost core of your being it happens as a sudden illumination. Your whole being becomes light. Just a moment before all was darkness and a moment afterwards all is light. But that dimension is totally unknown to us. Our whole life is lived through the world of quantity. The child knows a little less and you know a little more,

and your father knows a little still more than you, so it is only a question of time. You will also know more as time goes by, as you become more experienced, more informed. But the game is the same. Children are playing the same games that you are playing.

Go and watch the children, and then sit silently and watch your own games, your own trips, and you will not find any qualitative difference at all -- quantitative difference of course. They may be playing Monopoly, in which everything is false -- false notes and false stations, and everything is false -- but when they play they became serious about it, they become very serious. And what do you think? -- your notes are real? They are also false! In a game of Monopoly four persons have consented to believe that these notes are real: then they are real! For those four persons they have become real because they have consented, they have made a contract that they will believe in their reality. And what are your notes? The Indian note will not be real in China, the Chinese note will not be real in India. Why? If it is real it is real, whether it is China or India. It is just that the Indians have consented, made a contract that they will believe in this note, hence it is real.

Just few days before there were one-thousand-rupee notes in India, then the government decided to cancel them. Now how you cancel realities? Can you cancel that tomorrow there will be no sunrise, by government order? But you can cancel those rupees. Rupees were cancelled: one-thousand-rupee notes became invalid within a second.

And people did all kinds of things with those one-thousand-rupee notes. Of course a little time was given -- you can go to the bank and change them -- but there were troubles. Those notes have to be white money. You will have to explain from where you got those notes. And as everywhere there are double things, in money also there is white money and black money. Black money means you have it, you can use it, but you cannot publicly declare it because you have not paid taxes on it, you have not showed from where it has come. You may have earned it through smuggling or some other illegal source. So many people could not declare those notes. They made cigarettes out of one-thousand-rupee notes and smoked the cigarettes! Why miss such an opportunity? They spread the notes and ate their breakfast on the notes. Why miss such an opportunity? People simply threw them out of their windows. Small children were carrying bundles of one-thousand-rupee notes, playing with them. They became useless. It was just a consent which has been withdrawn.

From your childhood to your old age you go on playing the same games. In chess the horses... all false: if you are poor they are wooden, if you are rich they are made of ivory or diamonds or anything valuable, but they are all false. But then there are people who go to real war -- but that too is false, on false pretext:

"Our religion is in danger, our country is in danger." Now "country" is a belief.

The people who went to the moon for the first time became aware of the fact that the earth is one; they could not see countries. India and Pakistan and Bangladesh they could not see. They could not figure out where is America and where is Europe and where is Asia and what is communist and what is not communist and what countries are democratic and what countries are dictatorial. There was no difference at all; all boundaries disappeared. For the first time they became aware that boundaries exist only on the maps and maps are false.

"Mummy, mummy, can I get pregnant?" asked the little girl breathlessly on the front doorstep.

"No, of course not, dear, you are only six," said Mum.

The little girl turns around, goes running down the path shouting, "It is okay, you guys -- same game again!"

But this is the same game that goes on and on.

Isabella was going out on her first date. The story is not about our Isabel -- her name is Isabel, not Isabella, mind you! Isabella was going out on her first date. Her parents warned her to be home by nine p.m. She arrived ten minutes late, her hair undone and her make-up smeared. Her parents asked her how the evening went.

"Mamma mia!" was her only replay.

The next night Isabella was going out with the same man. Again her parents gave a stern warning to be back by nine p.m.

At half past ten she arrived, her clothes dishevelled, her hair touselled. After she was reprimanded for coming home late, her only reply to how the evening went was, "Mamma mia!"

The third night Isabella arrived home at one o'clock in the morning; her dress was backwards, her hair in a mess. Her parents fumed at her for hours, after which they asked her how the evening went. Upon which Isabella broke down sobbing and cried, "Me a mamma!"

Now this game will continue on different levels, different planes, but the difference will be only of quantity not of quality.

The qualitative change comes in your life when unconsciousness is dropped, mechanicalness is dropped, mind as such is dropped and you become a no-mind. Mind is mechanicalness, no-mind is unmechanicalness. No-mind is the revolution, the great revolution, the only revolution there is. And when it happens you are full of light, and those who have eyes, those who are innocent enough to have eyes will be able to see that light.

ONE DAY AN ANGEL, FLYING BACK TO HEAVEN, SAW BELOW HIM A LUXURIANT FOREST ENVELOPED IN A GREAT, GLOWING HALO OF LIGHT. HAVING TRAVELED THROUGH THE SKY MANY MANY TIMES BEFORE, HE NATURALLY HAD SEEN NUMEROUS LAKES, MOUNTAINS, AND FORESTS, BUT HAD NEVER PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO THEM. TODAY, HOWEVER, HE NOTICED SOMETHING DIFFERENT -- A FOREST SURROUNDED BY A RADIANT AURA, FROM WHICH BEAMS OF LIGHT RADIATED TO EVERY PART OF THE FIRMAMENT.

THE ANGEL COULD SEE IT because of his childlike innocence, because of his capacity to move upwards, because his capacity to be connected with godliness. You may have missed, you may have passed by the side of the same forest. And I say to you, many times you have passed through such people and you have missed, because you are not new on the earth; you are as ancient as the existence itself. It is impossible, improbable, that you may not have come across a single Buddha in your any life. Somewhere, some time you must have crossed the path of a Buddha. But you must have missed, otherwise you would have been transformed, you would have been changed, your values would have changed. Your life would have been a totally different phenomenon -- but you must have missed.

It is easy to miss because it is very easy to be cunning, clever, knowledgeable. It is difficult to be innocent. And there are few things that only innocent people can see.

HE REASONED TO HIMSELF, "AH, THERE MUST BE AN ENLIGHTENED BEING IN THIS WOOD! I SHALL GO DOWN AND SEE WHO IT IS."

UPON LANDING, THE ANGEL SAW A BODHISATTVA SITTING QUIETLY UNDER A TREE ABSORBED IN DEEP MEDITATION.

The whole forest was radiant, was glowing with an unearthly light, was surrounded by a halo. It always happens, and those who have eyes can see it, and those who have ears can listen to the music of it, and those who have love enough can understand it. It is understood by love, by innocence, by simplicity, by humbleness, by egolessness.

HE SAW A BODHISATTVA SITTING QUIETLY... ABSORBED IN DEEP MEDITATION.

According to Zen, meditation becomes deep at the fourth stage. There are four stages of meditation. First is not talking; your lips are silent. That is an outer kind of silence but the

beginning. The beginning has to be outer because you are on the outside; you can begin only from where you are.

The second meditation is not thinking. First you stop words, you don't speak. Second you stop words, you don't think. And third is: not thinking that "I am not thinking," which is the most difficult -- because when you see that all thoughts have disappeared, this thought grips your whole being: "Aha! So I have arrived. This IS SATORI!" But you have started falling. And in the beginning it is bound to happen a few times, unless the Master goes on hitting you and telling you, that "Stop this! There is no need to brag about it to anybody or to yourself either. Let it pass -- that too is a phase."

And then the fourth is the deep meditation when you simply are -- not even the thought that "I have no thoughts."

Socrates says... his famous statement, but he is a Greek and thought in logical ways. If you put his statement to the Zen people they will say, "This is the third state, not the fourth." He says, "I know only one thing, that I know nothing." Zen people will say, "Even this much is enough knowledge: 'I know that I know nothing' -- but still something is known." Still you are carrying the last shadow. The elephant has passed but the tail remains, and sometimes the tail is the most difficult part, and one clings to the tail. The whole is gone; now this is the last thing to cling to.

It is like a drowning man clinging to a straw, knowing perfectly well that a straw cannot save you. But if somebody says, "What are you doing? This is a straw -- it is not going to save you," he will be angry. You are destroying his last dream, you are taking his last illusion.

Friedrich Nietzsche has said, "Don't disturb people's illusions, otherwise they will never forgive you." And I know it perfectly well, they never forgive -- but still their illusions have to be shattered. Whether they forgive it or not, that is up to them. Who cares? It has to be told, that "This straw is not going to save you."

Zen people will say that Socrates has reached the third. He needs now a Zen Master to hit him, to push him to the fourth, where he will forget about this knowing business totally. Even to say, "I know that I know nothing;" is knowledge.

Just few days before I gave sannyas to a beautiful woman; Kiffy is her name. Now neither she knows what does it mean nor I know, so there was trouble -- what to do? So I said, "Don't be bothered." I called her Anand Kiffy and I told her, "Anand means bliss, so whatsoever Kiffy means, just be blissful Kiffy! And bliss is the real thing, the elephant; Kiffy is just the tail. If the elephant can pass, we will manage so that the tail can also pass through."

But sometimes the elephant passes easily because you can see that this is the cause of your misery, but the tail? That seems just to keep as a memoir, just in the memory of all those beautiful old days. Of course there was nothing beautiful...

A mother was telling to her small boy, "Are you going to eat or not?"

And the boy was very stubborn and he was saying, "I hate the way you cook! I am not going to eat it. Even my dog has refused it!"

And the mother said, "Listen, after twenty years you will be telling some woman that 'My mother was a wonderful cook!'"

That's how people are. After twenty years every boy is going to say to the wife that "My mother was a wonderful cook!" And the same boy was every day a problem for the mother, and the mother was a problem for the boy. The mother was trying to force and the boy was resisting; he hated all those things. But after twenty years everybody forgets. People start remembering beautiful things about a past which had never been there; they invent. People

are inventive, very inventive about the past.

Hence I don't believe that there is a single autobiography which is true. I have read thousands of autobiographies, but this is my observation: that not a single autobiography is true. Only a Buddha can write a true autobiography -- but Buddhas have never written -- because a Buddha can see actually the facts, but then it is not worth writing at all. What is there to write? Ordinarily people invent their pasts. First they try to create a future -- which is not possible, they fail; everybody fails inevitably. When you fail in creating the future, the only substitute is create a past. Now nobody can prevent you; you can enjoy inventing a past. All autobiographies are fictions created, invented, polished, exaggerated. Many things have been dropped, many things have been added.

And I am not saying that people are doing it knowingly -- people are not so much conscious -- people are simply doing it. They must be believing that it is how it happened; they believe it. They are writing it with very great sincerity.

So people cling to the past. The last clinging in meditation is that "Now I have arrived, all is finished, mind is gone" -- and this is mind coming from the back door. This is the mind's last effort to befool you.

Hence, up to the third Zen people don't call meditation deep. They call it deep only at the fourth when all is gone; even the idea that all is gone is no more there. Mind is gone. Even the idea that "I have achieved the no-mind" is no more there. Knowledge is gone. Even the idea that "Now I know nothing" is no more there. Zen has taken the ultimate step.

HE THOUGHT TO HIMSELF -- THE ANGEL THOUGHT TO HIMSELF -- "NOW LET ME FIND OUT WHAT MEDITATION HE IS PRACTICING."

Just the inquiry of a child. Remember, the angel represents only innocence, not that he is a sage; he is only a child. And never forget the difference between the two, because both are similar and at the same time very much different. The child has the same kind of innocence as the sage, but the sage has lost that innocence and found it again and the child has not lost it yet. It is the same innocence, but it changes its quality when you lose it and gain it again. You can have glimpses in the child of that intelligence which belongs to a Buddha, but those are only reflections. Moon reflected in a lake looks exactly like the real moon, and sometimes even more beautiful than the real moon, but it is just a reflection. Throw a small stone into the lake and you will know the difference. The reflection disappears.

The child can be disturbed very easily; the sage cannot be disturbed at all. There is no way to disturb the sage. The child is innocent, but his innocence is bound to be lost sooner or later. He is intelligent, but he will lose his intelligence.

At a Sunday school class, the priest asked the class, "Who can tell me how long Adam and Eve stayed in the Garden of Eden?"

Little Johnny promptly answered, "Up to the 15th of September."

Why?" asked the priest in amazement. "Why the 15th of September?"

"Because apples are not ripe before that time!" answered little Johnny.

Now no theologian has been able to discover that date so exactly. And I perfectly agree with little Johnny -- that must have been the date.

The mother was explaining to Mario about the world's origin.

"So all this happened just because Adam disobeyed God and ate an apple!" said Mario.

"So the Bible says," replied the mother.

"That's too bad! If only I had been there instead of Adam, we would all still be in the Garden of Eden!"

"What! What are you saying?" exclaims the mother.

"Yes, of course, don't you remember? I don't like apples!"

Children have a quick insight, a direct insight. But it is going to be clouded, it is bound to be clouded. It is a natural gift, and you cannot appreciate any natural gift unless you lose it; you will appreciate it only when you have lost it. Then you will make great effort to gain it again. Paradise has to be lost and regained; it is paradise only when regained, otherwise it is not paradise.

The angel is just a child, innocent. He is not a sage.

Naturally;

HE THOUGHT TO HIMSELF, "NOW LET FIND OUT WHAT MEDITATION HE IS PRACTISING."

MEDITATION IS EVER PRACTICED. Those who think in terms of practicing meditation are childish; they don't know anything about meditation.

AND HE OPENED HIS HEAVENLY EYES TO SEE ON WHAT OBJECT OR IDEA THIS YOGI HAD FOCUSED HIS MIND.

Now meditation is not concentration either, but the child cannot think of a meditation which has no object.

Hence there are two kinds of religion in the world: one, the childish kind of religion which thinks about God the father. All the religions that think about God the father or God the mother are childish religions. They are projecting God as father or mother; that is the mind of a child.

Then there are really grown-up, mature religions which don't think of God as father or mother, in fact which don't think of God as a person at all -- which think of godliness, just a quality that pervades existence, which think of God as awareness, as light, which think of God as the void, absolute purity, the nothingness, the no-selfness.

Zen belongs to the second category; it is the most mature religious approach.

The angel thought, "On what subject, on what object. what idea, he is practicing? On what he is focusing his mind?"

Meditation is not focusing; meditation is not mind at all.

ANGELS CAN USUALLY READ THE MIND OF YOGIS...

because yogis try to concentrate. Zen goes far beyond Yoga: Yoga only prepares you for the ultimate jump -- Zen is that ultimate jump. But there are millions of fools around the world who go on practicing yoga postures their whole lives, forgetting completely that just preparing the ground and preparing the ground and preparing the ground is not going to make the garden: you have to sow the seeds too. Preparing the ground is necessary, but it is not the all, it is not the whole thing; it is just a preliminary step.

But there are people -- and they have become world-famous simply because they can do all the yoga postures -- they can distort their bodies in all kinds of shapes. And they have great impact. They should be in the circuses! They are not part of the religious phenomenon at all, but they are dominating. And there are people who will go to them, to be tortured by them, because if you start yoga postures from your very-childhood it is easy very easy. If you start yoga postures after your body has become mature, it is very difficult. But people think that this is austerity, this is asceticism. This whole torturing business, this whole masochism seems to be worth it because there is the carrot hanging in front of your nose that you will realize God, that you will realize heavenly pleasures, that you will realize this and that, that you will become immortals. And people are ready to do any nonsense: more nonsensical it is, the more they think there must be something in it.

BUT THE ANGEL COULD NOT FIND ANYTHING AT ALL, MUCH TO HIS SURPRISE. HE CIRCLED

AND CIRCLED THE YOGI...

He went around and around the *bodhisattva*, looking from every nook and corner...
AND FINALLY WENT INTO SAMADHI HIMSELF...

because an innocent mind can catch, can imbibe -- he may not be able to understand what is happening.

Many times it happens: when little Siddhartha comes for close-up or for *charansparsh* I can see it happening. He cannot understand what is happening, but he immediately goes into it. He will not be able to retain it because he is not aware of what happens, but he is open to me.

Just a few days ago he wanted to live with real men. He wrote to me a letter saying that "Enough I have lived with small kids, I want to live with real men." So I sent him to live with Govinddas. He went there in the night -- it must have been one o'clock in the night -- opened his suitcase, arranged his things, said, "Hi, guys!" fixed his alarm clock and went to sleep. He fixes his alarm clock every night so that when I go back from the lecture he can receive me on the gate -- he must be waiting there for me -- every day. Sometimes -- he is a small child, the alarm cannot wake him up, so he makes other arrangements. Two, three guards, he tells them that "If this fails, then you come. If I do not turn up, then you come, but wake me in time so I am ready, washed and cleaned." And he will be standing under a tree waiting for me.

He cannot understand what is happening, but he can go into it. Just the moment I see into his eyes he starts moving into samadhi. He can imbibe that opening.

One sannyasin wrote just the other day that "I had come for a close-up darshan and while other people were passing through the close-up darshans I was very open and enjoying and flowing and was in a state of let-go, but when I came myself, suddenly something went wrong -- I became closed."

And I know what happened because whenever somebody comes open and suddenly closes I can hear the sound "click"! What really happened to this sannyasin was -- a woman is after all a woman -- she became jealous of other mediums. That jealousy was enough. She forgot all about me; she became jealous of the mediums because they are so close to me, and every day. I could see what was happening to her; the jealousy closed her.

In her letter also, unknowingly, she mentions it: your mediums were almost crushing me, and because of their movements I could not remain open." It is not because of their movements -- their movements are there to help you open. They are swaying in total openness towards me. They are surrounding you so that their openness can help you. From every corner they are surrounding you -- from your back, from your front, from everywhere. They are creating the atmosphere of openness, the climate of openness. That is their purpose. But she became jealous -- a woman after all is a woman. Even though she is a sannyasin it is very difficult to forget your feminine qualities. I heard the click so loudly!

The angel going round and round the *bodhisattva* himself went into *samadhi*:
... BUT STILL COULD NOT FIND ANYTHING IN THE BODHISATTVA'S MIND.

Innocence cannot understand; it can contact, but it cannot understand. To understand one needs to regain innocence A regained innocence is capable of understanding A regained innocence has something more to it, some new flavor, some new fragrance. Only a sage can understand. For understanding, innocence is needed, but something more is also needed, something plus: that is losing it and gaining it -- that gap is needed.

FINALLY THE ANGEL TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO A HUMAN BEING...

Up to now he was just a spirit.

... CIRCUMAMBULATED THE BODHISATTVA THREE TIMES, PROSTRATED HIMSELF, AND SAID:

"I MAKE OBEISANCE TO THE AUSPICIOUS ONE; I PAY MY HOMAGE TO YOU, O LORD OF ALL SENTIENT BEINGS! PLEASE AWAKE, COME OUT OF SAMADHI, AND TELL ME UPON WHAT YOU WERE MEDITATING. AFTER EXHAUSTING ALL MY MIRACULOUS POWERS, I STILL HAVE FAILED TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS IN YOUR MIND."

NOW THIS POINT has to be deeply remembered: the child has one quality, innocence, to understand, but the other quality is missing. He has not lost it yet, he has not missed it yet, he has not fallen from grace yet, he has not gone astray yet. He takes it for granted; he is not yet grateful for it. The knowledgeable person has missed it but is not trying to find it. He has another quality: he has missed it, but he is not trying to find it again. Neither the child will understand nor the scholar, the pundit.

To understand, a sage is needed who has lost and then made every possible effort, risked all to gain it again. He has both the qualities: the innocence of the child and the awareness of the one who had gone astray and the one who has suffered. He knows what ignorance is; that's why he can know what knowing is. He knows what knowledge is so now he can know what wisdom is.

The angel said:

"PLEASE... TELL ME UPON WHAT YOU WERE MEDITATING. AFTER EXHAUSTING ALL MY MIRACULOUS POWERS, I STILL HAVE FAILED TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS IN YOUR MIND."

There was no mind and there was nothing in the mind that's why he has failed. But he is not aware of the state. Of course he has experienced it himself -- he went into *samadhi* -- but still he is not yet aware enough to know what has happened to him.
THE BODHISATTVA SMILED.

This is the special transmission. Words are of no use they are not adequate enough, but the smile can say something which is unsayable; it can show something which cannot be said. AGAIN THE ANGEL CRIED, "I MAKE OBEISANCE TO YOU; I PAY HOMAGE TO YOU! ON WHAT ARE YOU MEDITATING?"

But the angel cannot understand the smile either.

THE BODHISATTVA MERELY CONTINUED TO SMILE AND REMAINED SILENT.

The parable ends here; it does not say anything what happened to the angel. He must have remained as ignorant as before. He came so close, yet he missed. The knowledgeable person comes very close and missed because of his knowledge; the innocent person can come close and can miss because he is not yet aware enough. Innocence plus awareness, then only the special transmission is possible. And Tao can be transmitted only in a very special way; no ordinary methods are applicable.

The *bodhisattva* did all that can be done, but the angel was not a Buddha. If he had been a Buddha, he would have understood. The same smile was on the face of Mahakashyapa when Buddha came one day with a lotus flower in his hand for his early morning lecture, and sat and sat and didn't utter a single word. There was great silence. "It has never been so before. What has happened? Why he is not speaking?" And he continued to look at the lotus flower. Minutes appeared to be as long as hours, and then Mahakashyapa smiled and Buddha called him and gave him the lotus flower and told to the assembly: "What can be said I have said to you, and what cannot be said, I have given it to Mahakashyapa. He has understood it."

That was the first special transmission beyond scriptures. Mahakashyapa is the first Zen

monk, first Zen Master. From Mahakashyapa the tradition of Zen starts; he is the first patriarch. Zen started in a smile. It is a very strange phenomenon; one needs great preparation to understand it. A child is capable but is not yet aware enough. The knowledgeable person may be able as far as words are concerned, philosophies are concerned, concepts are concerned, but he is not able to catch hold of the elusive phenomenon.

The disciple has to learn to be both. He has to be very innocent plus very aware. Then in some sudden moment, when everything is ready, in an instant, all becomes light, all is understood, and forever.

Zen: The Special Transmission

Chapter #8

Chapter title: Get It?

8 July 1980 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 8007080

ShortTitle: SPCIAL08

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

The first question

OSHO,

WHAT IS FOR LUNCH TODAY?

Sant Maharaj,

WHAT IS THE MATTER? Are you really becoming a celibate? It happens to celibates: their interest starts changing from women to food. You can look around the Indian sannyasins, the so-called mahatmas, and you will always find them very fat, with big bellies. And the reason is that their whole sexuality becomes perverted. They start focusing their libido on food.

Food and sex are deeply related, very intimately related, from the very beginning. Food is necessary for the survival of the individual and sex is necessary for the survival of the species. Sex is exactly like food for the species and food is like sex for the individual. Without food the individual will die, without sex the species will die.

If you start repressing your sexuality, then the natural shift is from love to lunch! It is not coincidental. You look at the picture of Swami Shivananda Maharaj. His whole life he was talking about Yoga and meditation, but seeing the picture it seems he was only eating and eating and eating. He could not walk -- became so fat. He could not raise his own hands; they became so heavy that two persons had to carry his hands!

And have you looked at the statue or the picture of Muktananda's guru, Nityananda? The man has defeated all the swamis and all the mahatmas of all the ages! If you look at the statue of Nityananda... Once when I was passing by the side of Muktananda's ashram he invited me. Just to have a look I went there. He showed me the statue of Nityananda and I told him -- and since then he has been very angry -- I told him, "This man is really a miracle!"

He said, "What do you mean?" He must have thought that I am talking about *siddhis* and yoga powers.

I said, "Please don't Misunderstand me. This man is a miracle in the sense that I have seen tat people with big bellies, but still they are not miracles -- the man has a belly. Here it is just the opposite -- the belly has the man! The man seems to be just an appendix! just somehow added; otherwise the real thing seems to be the belly."

Sant Maharaj, don't become so much interested in lunch; it is dangerous.

Unless *brahmacharya*, celibacy, happens on its own accord, as a consequence of deep awareness, it is going to become focused on something or other; it is going to find out an outlet. And food is very close.

The child becomes from the very beginning associated with the idea of food and love. They become almost like two aspects of the same coin, because he gets the love from the mother and also food from the mother. His love object and his food object is the same. Not only the mother but the breast in particular: he gets the food from the breast and the warmth and the feel of love.

There is a difference: when the mother loves the child, the breast has a different feel and different vibe. The mother enjoys the child feeding on her breast; it is stimulating to the mother's sexuality. If the mother is really in love with the child she goes almost in an orgasmic joy. Her breasts are very sensitive; they are the most erotic zones of her body. She starts glowing and the child can feel it. The child becomes aware of the phenomenon that the mother is enjoying. She is not simply feeding him, she is enjoying it.

But when the mother gives the breast just out of necessity, then the breast is cold; there is no warmth in it. The mother is unwilling, she is in a hurry. She wants to snatch the breast away as quickly as possible. And the child feels that. It is so apparent that the mother is cold, she is unloving, she is not warm. She is not really a mother. The child seems to be unwanted, feels unwanted.

The child feels wanted only when the mother enjoys the child feeding on the breast, when it becomes almost a loving relationship, almost an orgasmic relationship. Only then the child feels love from the mother, needed by the mother. And to be needed by the mother is to be needed by existence because the mother is his whole existence; he knows the existence through the mother. Whatsoever is his idea about the mother is going to be his idea of the world.

A child who has not been loved by the mother will find himself alienated in existence; he will find himself an outsider, a stranger. He cannot believe in God, he cannot trust in existence. He could not even trust in his own mother, how can he trust in anybody else? Trust becomes impossible. He doubts, he is suspicious; he is continuously on guard, afraid, scared. He finds everywhere enemies, competitors. He is every moment afraid of being crushed and destroyed. The world does not seem to him to be a home at all. He cannot be religious, remember.

Religion is born, the first glimpse of religion happens to the child in his relationship with the mother. If that relationship is poisoned then something in the very source is poisoned. Then it becomes very difficult to bring religion to the child. Then he needs great psychotherapy. Then he needs a long, long, arduous, painful process of moving backwards so that he can unwind all his ugly memories, so he can become free from all his old associations. Unless that happens he will not find himself attuned with any religious approach towards existence.

Atheism is born with his relationship -- the first relationship, the first acquaintance -- and that is with the mother, particularly the breasts of the mother. If the mother is happy, rejoices in feeding the child, then the child never eats too much because he trusts; he knows the mother is always there. Any time he is hungry his needs will be fulfilled. He never eats too much.

A well-loved child remains healthy. He is neither thin nor fat; he keeps a balance. But if the mother is cold, if the mother is unwilling, then the child starts stuffing himself too much because he is afraid -- who knows the next hour the mother will be available or not? He fills

himself to his total capacity; his belly starts becoming bigger.

All poor children have bigger bellies for the simple reason the mother will be going to the work the whole day; they will miss the mother. She may come by the evening -- tired, exhausted, not in a mood to love or to be warm. The child will look like a burden. And once the child's association has moved from love to food, then his whole life will be an unnecessary complexity.

It is not accidental that in India where celibacy has been propounded for centuries, exalted by centuries, people have become food addicts. So many spices you will not find anywhere else in the world, and so many kinds of food. The reason is that people's love life is starved and they have to fill it somehow, stuff it somehow with food.

Two middle-aged men were discussing their diminished libido. One said to the other, "Yes, food is replacing sex as the great fascination in my life. As a matter of fact, I am having a mirror installed over the kitchen table next week!"

But I hope that you don't literally mean, Sant, your question. I take it in a metaphorical way. Then it is okay. If you mean that, what am I cooking for you today? then it is okay, because I am constantly worried who is going to ring the bells of Jerusalem on the gate! If you become a Nityananda, Akandananda, Shivananda -- and you can -- you are a Punjabi, big body, you can defeat all these "nandas". If you really become interested in food you can come on the top! But I think your question is metaphorical.

Jack was telling his buddy that he met a girl who didn't know the difference between Caesar salad and sexual intercourse.

"Did you explain it to her?" his buddy asked.

"Hell, no! But I have lunch with her every day!"

If that is your meaning of lunch, then it is perfectly okay. With my blessings go ahead.
The second question

OSHO,

I NEVER FEARED ANYTHING AND NEVER CHOSE TO ESCAPE IN MY LIFE. THERE IS ONLY ONE THING THAT SCARED ME AND GAVE ME AN UNBEARABLE FEELING TO ESCAPE -- BOREDOM. WHY AM I SO AFRAID OF BOREDOM? WHAT AM I TRYING TO ESCAPE REALLY?

Sarjano,

IT IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTIONS, because man is the only animal who feels boredom. Buffaloes don't feel it, although they look very much bored. Donkeys don't feel it, although they too look very much bored. Except man, nobody feels boredom; and even as far as man is concerned, all men don't feel boredom. It needs intelligence to feel boredom, so very few, the most intelligent people in the world, feel boredom. Buddha felt it, Mahavira felt it. The rarest people feel boredom because it needs tremendous intelligence to experience it. So in a way it is not a curse, it is a blessing.

It is out of boredom that the inquiry for the meaning of life arises. Those who have felt bored simply show that whatsoever ordinary meanings life has, are no longer fulfilling for them. There are people who are perfectly happy with money, accumulating more and more money, and they seem to be immensely interested in it, perfectly happy with their search for more. These are not really developed human beings: they are the most mediocre human being, the lowest kind. Their intelligence has not yet become a flowering; it is still in the seed, only a potential.

You can see it. The people who are greedy may be clever and cunning -- they have to be

-- but you will never see any intelligence in them. You will not see the sharpness, you will not see any creativity in them. You will not see any fragrance in their lives; they will stink. The greedy person stinks.

And so is the case with the power-hungry, the politician, who is always running after more and more powerful positions, far higher status, who wants to become the president or the prime minister, whose whole life is devoted to the single purpose of dominating people.

These people are dull people. Their life is that of the ugliest form. They don't have any sense of beauty, poetry, music. They don't have any sense for aesthetics. Their whole interest is in bigger chairs, as if by sitting on bigger chairs they will become bigger, as if by becoming a president of a country they will have attained some spiritual integrity, as if by dominating millions of people they will become masters of their own being. They are empty people, hollow; their inner life is utterly dark. But you will never see them bored. They are always on the go, always interested in stupid efforts of gaining power, prestige, money. But they are contented; if they are succeeding you will see them very joyous.

It is the most intelligent people who feel boredom, who cannot see any meaning in money. Of course, there is certain utility in money, but no meaning. Who cannot see any meaning, any significance, in power politics, in ego trips, who can see the utter futility of it all -- now for people of such intelligence the greatest problem in life will be boredom.

The first thing, Sarjano, I would like to tell you is: feel blessed. This is a symptom of a higher intelligence. Out of this boredom the person starts moving inwards; finding everything futile on the outside he turns in -- because there is nowhere else to go. His intelligence is so clear, so transparent that he can see that he can have all the money of the world, still he will be the same person. He can have all the power of the world, still he would not have become a new being through it, he will not be reborn. He can have all the knowledge that is available, but still he will remain the same stupid person inside; his knowledge will be just parrotlike. He will repeat beautiful cliches without exactly knowing their meaning, because their meaning can be known only through experience of one's own. He can talk like Jesus, he can sermonize on the kingdom of God that is within, but he has no glimpse of it. He has learned only mere words.

The intelligent person becomes aware very soon that "All this is an exercise in sheer futility. Nothing on the outside can ever give me an inner fulfillment, an inner sense of significance." And unless that is experienced, boredom will remain and will become heavier every day.

Now there are two possibilities. One is the western possibility. If you look only through reason then you will never find any meaning in life; then boredom will become more and more acute, chronic. It will pervade your whole existence, it will permeate each moment of your life. It will not allow you to live at all. It will become such a burden that suicide will seem to be the only possible way out.

That's what Fyodor Dostoevsky says: that "If I can meet God, the only thing I am going to say to him is, 'Why you created me? For what? And without even asking me! Is this right?' And the only thing I want to see God for is to give him the ticket back. I don't want to be a part in this futile, meaningless existence."

Marcel says, "The only real metaphysical problem is the problem of suicide. Why man should go on living? For what?" If you look only through the head, only through the reason... that's what the western approach has been up to now. It is head-oriented, it is rational, it is Aristotelian, it is logical. It has given great technology and science, but it cannot provide meaning for your life. Life has become more and more boring; people are utterly bored. They

go on living because they are cowards, because they cannot gather courage enough to destroy themselves, so somehow they go on pulling, dragging. West has come to a cul-de-sac; the road ends. Now there is no more possibility for western approach to grow.

But the East has a totally different alternative. When the mind fails, when the reason fails, it does not mean that life has failed. It simply means that whatsoever reason could do it has done; now you have to look for deeper realms of your being -- and there are deeper realms. Deeper than your mind is your heart. Deeper than logic is love. Deeper than science is art. Deeper than mathematics is music.

The East drops the mind, not life, and starts moving into the heart, into the world of feelings. And then suddenly great meaning arises, the boredom starts disappearing. And remember, the heart is not your innermost core either; it is only a midway rest. Moving from the mind to the being, the heart is exactly in between. When you have reached to the heart then you will become aware that there is a still deeper layer. But the heart will fill your life with joy, with great thrill, with excitement. The boredom will be gone, and with the boredom gone you will become aware of a deeper realm, the deepest: the dimension of your being, your innermost core. That innermost core fulfills you totally, absolutely. Reaching it is the goal of sannyas. Reaching it is the purpose of meditation.

Sarjano, move from the head to the heart. But the heart has to be used only as a stepping-stone. The head gives you science, the heart gives you art; and the being, which is beyond the both, gives you religion. Religion is bliss, ecstasy, and we are searching for it.

The feeling of boredom simply shows that you are ready to go for the inner journey; if you don't go you will feel stuck. Now the head cannot fulfill your longing. The heart will give you something, a glimpse, a window will open. You will know something of the sky through the window, something of the stars, something of the moon and the sun and the wind and the rain and the flowers, but only through the window. You have to come out of the window too, under the sky, because when you look from the window everything is framed -- and the frame is false. If you look from the window towards the starry sky, it feels as if the sky is framed, as if the sky has a limitation, a boundary.

When you reach to your innermost core, all the boundaries disappear... you have entered the unlimited, the unbounded, the infinite. That infinite is called God.

Boredom is a blessing. It is a goading for the search. It is a goading towards God, towards Tao. The western approach has failed; it has come to a point that now there is no more to go. The West is stuck, but the eastern approach has not failed and it is never going to fail. But the West can also move towards the East only when its approach fails. Now the time has come that the West can understand the East and the meeting can happen.

I am not against reason. Whatsoever reason can give it has to be used as a means, but one thing is certain: don't ask for things which it cannot give to you. It cannot give meaning, it cannot give significance, it cannot give dignity, it cannot give you your ultimate flowering. That is possible only through meditation, through discovering your innermost self, your ultimate, eternal being which is never born and never dies.

Use boredom as a jumping-stone towards the ultimate and then you will feel grateful, even grateful to the experience of boredom -- which is painful, full of anguish. But the wise man can transform even misery into bliss, and the fool goes on destroying all opportunities for bliss and goes on creating misery out of the energy which could have created a paradise within you. The paradise is already there just you have to take a one hundred-eighty-degree turn.

The third question

OSHO,
SUCH A THIRST FOR YOU! AND SO STRONG THE LONGING TO HEAR YOU CALL
MY NAME. BUT I FIND NO QUESTION, AND NO JOKE AS A PRETEXT.

Okay, Prem Upachara,
I have found a joke for you:

The will of an eccentric millionaire read:

"To my wife, I leave her her gigolo and the knowledge that I was not the fool she thought I was. To my son, I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For the past thirty years he has thought the pleasure was all mine. He was mistaken. To my daughter, I leave one hundred thousand dollars. She will need it. The only smart thing that her husband ever did was to marry her. To my valet I leave the clothes he has been stealing from me regularly for the last ten years and also my fur coat he wore last winter when I was in Palm Beach. To my chauffeur I leave my Rolls Royce and station wagon -- he has almost ruined them and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job. And lastly, before I forget, hello to you, John, my beloved friend who always used to say that I will forget you in my will. I have not forgotten you. Hello again!"

So, hello, Upchara!

The fourth question

OSHO, I AM NOT A COWARD, ALTHOUGH IT IS TRUE THAT I HAVE NOT
BECOME A SANNYASIN YET. I THINK THAT I DO NOT NEED ANY OUTER
INITIATION; I AM ALREADY INITIATED BY YOU INWARDLY. I HAVE HEARD
YOUR VOICE SPEAKING TO ME FROM MY VERY INNERMOST CORE.

Ramchandra,

Man is very clever in finding rationalizations. You have heard my voice -- and I have no knowledge that I have ever spoken to you. It must have been somebody else's voice. Please relieve me of the responsibility. It must have been your own voice. To avoid sannyas you are thinking I have already initiated you inwardly? Then to all my sannyasins I am deceiving, giving them outer sannyas? And to you, sir, I have given you the inner sannyas -- only to you? And I don't even know about you, who you are, never heard you before. And what do you mean by "inner sannyas"? But man is so cunning.

I am not saying that you are Lying. You may have deceived yourself; you may have believed that I have given you the inner sannyas and now there is no need for the outer sannyas. Then why you have asked this question? You could have asked inwardly and I was bound to answer inwardly. When things are happening on such a subtle plane, why you have bothered to write it? Why you have come here at all? There is no need.

You are also aware somewhere that you are a coward, otherwise there is no need. Nobody is telling you to become a sannyasin, at least I have not told you to become a sannyasin. Nobody is calling you a coward either.

You say:

I AM NOT A COWARD.

Why? You must be feeling it, that you are a coward. All these tricks are very ancient tricks. Food you need from the outside; you don't eat inner food. Clothes you need from the outside; you don't produce inner clothes. Medicine you need from the outside; you go to a physician. Sannyas you take inwardly. Money you will have to earn on the outside. Everything else you will do on the outside, and sannyas you will do inwardly.

Why not be at least clear about it, that you don't want to take it? Who is forcing you? But

no, you want both the worlds together. You want to feel that you are a sannyasin, that you are a great inward seeker, an adventurer, an explorer of consciousness, that you are not an ordinary person engaged in mundane activities, your real work is spiritual. But you are a coward too; you don't want to risk anything for it.

Particularly my sannyas is risky. It has always been so, whenever a Master is alive, to be related to him is risky. When he is gone, then to be related to the past is never a risk; it is convenient.

When Jesus lived only very few people gathered courage to be with him. And now almost half of the world is "with Jesus". But only those few people were with Jesus; this half of the world is not with Jesus. It is with the past, with the dead, with the tradition, with the convention. Now it is convenient to be a Christian, very convenient. It helps you in the world, it does not hinder you. In those days, it was risking your life when Jesus was alive. When Buddha was alive it was dangerous. So has been always the case.

To be with a living Master means to be in tune with truth. And truth believes in no traditions, in no conventions, in no conformities. Truth is rebellious. And unless you are a rebel, unless you are ready to die for rebellion, you cannot be with a living Master, you cannot afford to be with a living Master. Then you can have a picture of a dead Master, you can worship the statue of a dead Master, you can create a fiction around the dead Master of your own choice to your heart's content; whatsoever you want you can impose on him. You can make him as sweet and nice as you want. Real Masters are totally different.

Talmud says one very beautiful thing about God. I have never come across such a tremendously significant statement anywhere else. Talmud says: "God is not nice, God is not your uncle." To be with him is dangerous. But you can create your own God who is very nice, who is your uncle, and you can manage him the way you like him. It is very easy. You can do anything to the statue of a Buddha or the statue of a Mahavira; whatsoever you want to do you can do.

I was staying in a village and I came to know that the Jain temple has been locked by the police. Because there are two sects of the Jains, the followers of Mahavira, just like Protestants and Catholics. The differences are very tiny, of no significance at all, between the Svetambaras and the Digambaras, the two sects of the Jains. The differences are so silly that to fight for them seems to be the rock bottom of stupidity.

For example, the Svetambaras worship Mahavira with eyes open, his statue with eyes open, and the Digambaras worship his statue with eyes closed. And nobody asks poor Mahavira. As far as I can see, sometimes he must be closing his eyes and sometimes opening. So you can worship him in both ways, there is no problem. At least in the night he must have been closing his eyes, so what is wrong in worshipping him with closed eyes. And there is nothing wrong in worshipping him with open eyes. He is the same person with open eyes or closed eyes.

The village was small and there was only one Jain temple, and the two sects had both contributed to make the temple. They had divided the time: up to twelve o'clock one sect will worship, after twelve another sect. But sometimes it will happen some mischievous person will go on doing his worship even after twelve: just to create trouble will not remove the eyes. False eyes have to be fixed because the statue is with closed eyes, so you have to fix false eyes on Mahavira and then worship him, and when the other sect comes you remove the eyes and they worship him. But sometimes a mischievous person will not remove the eyes and will go on praying and will go on praying.

It became so much that one day there was a great fight. They started beating each other --

the believers in nonviolence! There was blood in the temple. Even if Mahavira had had his open eyes -- must have closed immediately seeing all this nonsense! The police had to lock the temple; now the key was with the police. And for three years the temple has remained under police custody; nobody can worship. Poor Mahavira is imprisoned inside the temple.

This you can do with a statue, but not with a living Master. To be with a Mahavira is dangerous. He lived naked, he moved naked. People will beat him, people will chase him out of their towns, people will put their dogs behind him. He was tortured in every way. And when he died, the same people started worshipping -- the same people.

You are saying you are not a coward? It is risky to be with me. Your wife will create trouble, Ramchandra, your family will create trouble, your parents will create trouble. If you are in some service, your boss will create trouble. Your society will create trouble. You will be boycotted by people; they will think you have gone crazy.

So you have made a compromise. You want to take sannyas, otherwise the question would not have arisen at all, but now you are playing a trick with yourself, rationalizing it, saying that "I am not a coward." It is better to realize that you are a coward, because with that realization you can get out of your cowardliness. To recognize that "I am a coward" is the beginning of courage; otherwise you will remain almost unconscious of the fact, if you go on pretending. Even unconscious people don't readily accept that they are unconscious. Even mad people don't accept at all that they are mad.

Obviously intoxicated, a man was hunched over the bar, toothpick in hand, spearing at the olive in his drink. A dozen times it eluded him. Finally the patron on the next stool became exasperated and grabbed the toothpick.

"Here, this is how you do it," he said, and easily skewered the olive.

"Big deal," muttered the drunk. "I already had him so tired out, he could not get away."

Nobody is willing to accept anything. Even if you are drunk you will not accept it; you will rationalize it in some way or other.

An amorous Frenchman took his secretary to stay with him while his wife was weekending with friends. Just before they went to bed the girl said she had forgotten to take the Pill.

"What can we do to make sure I don't get pregnant?" the worried girl asked.

"Why don't you use my wife's diaphragm?" he suggested.

They looked all over for it but could not find it.

"Imagine that," he said indignantly. "The bitch doesn't trust me -- she took it with her."

A lorry driver arrived home very late one night to find his wife waiting for him, fire in her eyes and rolling pin in her hand.

"So," she shouted. "where have you been?"

"Well, you see," he replied, "I picked up this young witch on the highway to Maidstone. She had to be a witch because every time she put her hand on my knee I turned into a rest stop."

Get it? You say:

I AM NOT A COWARD, ALTHOUGH IT IS TRUE THAT I HAVE NOT BECOME A SANNYASIN YET.

With whom you are talking? Who is asking you at all, Ramchandra? You say:
I THINK THAT I DO NOT NEED ANY OUTER INITIATION.

Very good! So I am relieved of a burden. My Noah's Ark is already full.

You say:

I AM ALREADY INITIATED BY YOU INWARDLY.

If you say I have to agree. I will not like to disappoint you. Good that you are already initiated by me inwardly.

You say:

I HAVE HEARD YOUR VOICE SPEAKING TO ME FROM MY VERY INNERMOST CORE.

Please stop coming here, don't waste your time -- you can hear my voice anywhere you are.

But your whole question shows something else; you are trying to deceive yourself. See clearly that you want to become a sannyasin, but you don't have the guts; that you would like to become a sannyasin like other sannyasins, but you are afraid of the implications.

And Indians have become a cowardly race, otherwise why they lived for two thousand years in slavery? Such a vast and big country was dominated by small countries, and without much effort either, for the simple reason that the whole country has become cowardly and the whole country has become very much cunning and clever in rationalizing. When somebody conquered the country the Indians said, "What can we do? That is God's will. Nothing can happen without his will. Not even a single grass leaf can move without his will, so if we are slaves that must be his will. It is our fate."

These are all rationalizations. Now you are poor, the poorest in the world, and still you are rationalizing that this is because of your past bad karmas that you are suffering. As if all the people with bad karmas are born only in India; they don't go to America. As if the souls have not yet come to know that Columbus has discovered America! They don't go to Soviet Russia; souls seem to be very much afraid of communism. They don't go to Europe, they don't go even to Japan. All the bad souls come to India. Is this hell or something that they are sent here to suffer? But you are rationalizing, nothing else. You have lost all courage to encounter any situation, to face any problem authentically, sincerely. You have become clever in avoiding.

Ramchandra, whether you become a sannyasin or not, that is not my interest. I am not interested in converting people into sannyas. I am not a missionary. But you have to be at least sincere with yourself. If you don't have courage, recognize that you don't have courage. If you are a coward, recognize you are a coward. But don't play around with beautiful words, don't make those beautiful words ugly: "inner", "the innermost core", "the inner voice". These are very significant words; don't destroy them and their beauty.

The fifth question

OSHO, DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU DON'T HAVE MANY SANNYASINS IN SPAIN?

The bulls don't like them!

The sixth question

OSHO,
TODAY I AM A ONE-YEAR-OLD CHILD IN YOUR LOVE, THE LOVE OF EXISTENCE. CAN YOU SAY "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" TO ME?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, Anand Joaquin!

And for your birthday, few jokes. Your name reminded me of these jokes, otherwise I have not been talking about the Portuguese.

Every evening when Joaquin comes home from work, he sees a long queue of men waiting outside his house, waiting to go in and make love to his wife. Finally a friend approaches him and says, "How can you live with such a wife? If I were you, I would divorce

her immediately!"

"Eh, are you crazy? If I divorce her I will have to wait at the end of the queue myself!"

While waiting for his turn in a whorehouse, the guy began to chat with the owner, a very nice Portuguese.

"Mr. Joaquin," says the guy, "in your opinion, what does the success of your establishment rely upon?"

"To the diversity of the service we offer," replied the Portuguese. "Here you can find what you want. If you want a good woman, you get it. If you want a girl, you get it. If you want a gay, you get it."

"So this business is highly profitable?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! But in the beginning it was hard."

"Why, Mr. Joaquin?"

"Imagine... in the beginning there was just my wife, my daughter, and me!"

During World War II, a German regiment was fighting against a Portuguese one when suddenly a German shouted, "O Joaquin!"

Half of the Portuguese soldiers stood up and said, "Yes?"

Ta... ta... ta... they were all killed.

Then again a German soldier shouted, "O Manuel!"

And again more Portuguese soldiers stood up and replied, "Yes?"

Ta... ta... ta... they were all killed.

Indignant with the mean strategy used by the Nazis, the only Portuguese survivor shouted, "Fritz!"

The whole German regiment stood up and replied, "There is no Fritz here!" To which the Portuguese angrily replied, "Aie, aie, if only there were!"

Joaquin and Maria had been married a few years but had no children. At last, tired of all the inquiries that friends and relatives were making about an heir, they decided to consult a doctor.

The doctor examined Maria and found to his surprise that she was still a virgin.

"How can you expect to have children if you don't have intercourse?" he demanded.

"What the hell is that, doctor?" asked Joaquin.

"You don't know what intercourse is?" asked the amazed doctor. "Do you want me to show you?"

"Of course, doctor, that's why we are here!"

So the doctor made love to Maria, after which a confused and surprised Joaquin asked, "So now we can have children?"

"But of course, my friend," smiled the doctor.

"Okay," replied the relieved Joaquin. "We will come back next year for the second son."

And the last:

Joaquin took his girlfriend on a picnic. On the way their car had a flat. So they went in the back and jacked and jacked and jacked. Then they got out and fixed the flat.

When they were sitting in the park, a little kid hit Joaquin's girlfriend in the tit and broke three of his fingers. And when he was kissing her good night, she crossed her legs and broke his glasses.

Happy birthday to you, Joaquin

The seventh question

OSHO, WHY AM I CONSTANTLY THINKING ABOUT WOMEN AND WOMEN

AND WOMEN?

Girijanandan,

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO THINK ABOUT? About men? Man, are you mad? It is absolutely natural. The psychologists say that every three seconds a man thinks about a woman. They don't know about the Indians -- they don't stop thinking at all. This three-second limit is not applicable to Indians; the Indian psyche has to be explored. Centuries of repression has made them think continuously of women. The women think of men once each six seconds; that makes the whole trouble -- the difference is vast. That creates the conflict, the struggle, the fight between wives and husbands. All women all over the world think that men are just sinners and naturally, because they think twice. All women seem to be holier.

It is natural. It disappears, but you cannot make it disappear. If you try to make it disappear it becomes more stubborn, more persistent, more perverted.

Unless you become enlightened you are bound to think of women if you are a man, of men if you are a woman. And nothing is wrong in it! But you have been told from your very childhood stupid things, unnatural things, and they are still hanging around you. You are not yet finished with all that nonsense, and unless you are finished with that nonsense you will never be a grown-up person.

One boy was saying to the other, "My father used to say that I should not go the whorehouse."

"Why?" asked his friend.

"He said that if I went to those kinds of places I would end up seeing things that I should not see."

"And did you go?"

"Yes."

"And what did you see there?"

"My father!"

Your parents are corrupting you, your society is corrupting you, your priests, your politicians are corrupting you. And this has gone for thousands of years; it has become a routine phenomenon. So naturally, when you start thinking of women you feel guilty. Guilt does not help you to get rid of the desire for women; it simply makes your joy poisoned.

That's what Friedrich Nietzsche says... and I have come across many beautiful insights in Friedrich Nietzsche. He was a madman, but sometimes it happens that mad people have truer insights than the so-called sane people, because the sane people think of thousand and one things before they assert anything; they are always ready to compromise. Mad people go on saying things: whether those things go against the tradition, convention, whether those statements make their lives difficult to live; but they are mad enough and they go on saying.

It is good that once in a while people like Friedrich Nietzsche are born in the world: they keep truth alive. Of course they suffer much -- he went mad. In a better society, in a normal society, in a healthy society, he would have been respected, but he went mad because he was tortured in every possible way, because all those people who live on lies, who live only on lies, their very foundations are laid on lies, cannot tolerate such people.

Friedrich Nietzsche says, "The priests have not been able to help man get rid of sex, but they have been able to poison his joy of sex." And that has created a great difficulty: because you cannot enjoy it, the desire continues. *If* you can enjoy it, a time will come naturally when you will be finished with it.

My own observation is: just as at the age *of* fourteen you become sexually mature, at the

age forty-two you will go beyond sex. If sex is lived naturally, accepted totally, with no guilt, with no fear, with no condemnation, at the age forty-two you will go beyond it. And you will not need any Yoga or any methodology to go beyond it; it will be a natural transformation. You would have lived it, you would have seen it. You would have seen its joys and its miseries, its ecstasies and its agony, you would have seen all. And the experience, and only the experience, can make you ripe.

Jesus used to say to his disciples, "Unless you hate your parents you cannot follow me." A very strange statement, but nothing compared to Buddha's statement. He used to say to his bhikkhus, his sannyasins, "Unless you kill your parents you cannot follow me." Both meant -- in a psychological way -- you have to get rid of your parents.

Girijanandan, that's what is troubling you, not the women: your parents are still heavy on you.

A boy comes to a lawyer in tears. "I want a divorce!" he says between sobs. "Life is too difficult!"

"But what are you saying?" exclaims the lawyer. "You are not old enough to be married!"

"I want to divorce from my parents!" replies the boy.

Everybody needs that divorce sooner or later because your parents have lived a life which was dominated by their parents, and so on and so forth. If you want to live authentically, truly, naturally, you have to disconnect yourself from all traditions. And the only way to disconnect is to become psychologically disconnected from your parents. That does not mean that you have not to respect them and not to love them. In fact, if you psychologically are free from your parents you will be able to love them and respect them because you will be able to forgive them; you will feel sorry for them. Right now you cannot forgive them, with all this guilt.

The most difficult thing in life is to forgive your parents. You can forgive them only if you become psychologically independent, mature.

You say:

OSHO, WHY AM I CONSTANTLY THINKING ABOUT WOMEN AND WOMEN AND WOMEN?

Because you must have been told not to think about women. You must have been told that women are the doors of hell, that it is women who keep you tethered into the world; they are the cause of bondage. If you want to get rid of the misery, if you want to be free from the world, you have to be free from women.

All your scriptures have been written by men, hence they condemn women. If the scriptures were written by women they would have condemned men. All your scriptures are male chauvinistic. They show only one standpoint, one aspect of the problem. The woman has been forced to remain silent. And with all these ideas you are bound to think of all that you have been repressing. Don't repress any more.

If you understand me, if you want really to understand me, I am against repression, all kinds of repression -- I am for understanding. Understand your desires, but don't repress them. And it is through understanding that transcendence happens. It is through understanding that you go beyond desires. It is through understanding, meditating, becoming more aware, that your unconscious, slowly slowly, is transformed into conscious, that your dark continent within becomes full of light. And that is nirvana, that is freedom, that is *moksha*. The state of becoming full of light is enlightenment.

Girijanandan, only then you will not think of men or women. But don't repress. People go on repressing in thousand and one ways.

Just this morning as I was coming to the lecture, Vivek was telling me about a beautiful conversation she happened to hear between Veena and Nandan. Nandan was asking Veena, "While making love, if somebody else is present in the room, how do you feel?" And Veena said, "There is nobody present in my room. I am alone in my hut." Nandan said, "I don't care myself, but I love to make noises, go wild, and that disturbs the other person -- I am not worried." Veena said, "That is not good. I remain completely cool, silent. unmoving." And Veena must be doing that. Nandan said, "I have not gone that far in Tantra."

And I bless you, Nandan. Don't go that far in Tantra! Enjoy love, enjoy lovemaking. It is perfectly natural to make noise, scream, shout. In fact, whenever two persons are making love, the whole neighborhood should know that now it is happening. Only then one day you will be able to transcend; then you will have lived it totally. Otherwise, if you follow Veena and remain cool and calm and collected, then it will take lives for you, because that expression is part of experience. The unexpressed remains unexperienced; the expressed becomes part of experience. And when you are going in an orgasmic joy it *has* to be expressed, danced, sung.

I know among my mediums, when they go deep in their mediumship. there are a few -- Nandan tops the list -- who start screaming and saying words, incoherent, meaningless sounds. Chetana is another; she goes almost into *latihan*. But there are a few who remain cool and calm.

Divya is calm, perfectly calm. Sometimes I have been even puzzled, because when my mediums are dancing and singing they all perspire, except Divya. For me it is good, because she is the only one who does not perspire, and if I touch her forehead, her forehead is the only one that is cool. Otherwise everybody perspires, screams, sways. Now Divya has become cool. She is a primal therapist. She has learned that art how to bring the primal scream in the other and she has forgotten her own primal scream. Now she will bring Yatri's primal scream!

Love totally, love singingly, love dancingly. Love should be a joy in all its possibilities; it should not be cold. Otherwise you are simply moving into the gesture of it, empty gesture which will not fulfill.

Now Veena is functioning like an Indian lady. Out of a hundred, ninety-seven Indian ladies have known no orgasm in their life. I have asked many of my Indian women sannyasins. It is very rare to come across an Indian woman who has attained orgasm, because they have been taught to remain cool and calm, unmoving -- because it is prostitutes who move, make loving gestures. The perfect lady simply remains cool. But then they don't know what orgasm is, and without knowing orgasm you will never transcend your sex.

And sex has to be transcended. I am not saying that it has not to be transcended -- it has to be transcended but through understanding. Not by effort, not by force -- gracefully, naturally. One day it falls on its own accord, and when it falls on its own accord it does not leave behind you any trace. It does not leave behind a so-called saint, it leaves behind a tremendously beautiful, graceful being. Not a dead and dull person, but absolutely intelligent, aflame, divine being, full of fire, of love. The passion disappears, but it becomes compassion. And if you repress the passion you will never attain to compassion. The repressed passion will go on hanging around you; it will make your whole life dirty.

Girijanandan, it is still time. Don't go on just thinking about women; it is not going to help. Just thinking is not going to help -- go through the experience. Love a woman, fall in love, risk yourself, and forget all your traditions and conventions. And one day... that day is not far off -- if you have lived intensely that day will come, that day is bound to come, when

you will see sex has disappeared and instead the same energy has become love. And the love flowers; the perfume that comes out of that flowering is prayer.

Zen: The Special Transmission

Chapter #9

Chapter title: The Bird Has Flown

9 July 1980 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 8007090

ShortTitle: SPCIAL09

Audio: Yes

Video: No

A MONK WAS RECITING THE DIAMOND SUTRA: "... IF ONE SEES THAT FORMS ARE NOT FORMS, HE THEN SEES BUDDHA."

THE MASTER WAS PASSING BY AND HEARD IT. HE THEN SAID TO THE MONK "YOU RECITE WRONGLY. IT GOES LIKE THIS: "IF ONE sees THAT FORMS ARE FORMS, HE THEN SEES BUDDHA."

THE MONK EXCLAIMED, "WHAT YOU HAVE SAID IS JUST THE OPPOSITE TO THE WORDS OF THE SUTRA!"

THE MASTER THEN REPLIED, "HOW CAN A BLIND MAN READ THE SUTRA?"

IT IS ONE OF THE MOST VERY PREGNANT ZEN ANECDOTES. The Zen approach towards life is not of knowing but of being. Truth is not a question of knowing, it is a question of being. It is not something that you can accumulate from others, from scriptures, from traditions. It is not information: it is transformation. You have to come to a totally new birth. You have to die as you are and you have to be reborn.

Jesus says to Nicodemus, "Unless you are born again you shall not enter into my kingdom of God." Nicodemus was a rabbi, a famous scholar, a very respected professor of religion, theology, philosophy, much more known than Jesus He could not understand what Jesus means: "Unless you are born again..." He said, "That means I have to wait for another life? It cannot happen in this life. He missed the whole point. Jesus is not saying that you have to wait for another life; he is saying that you have to attain a different vision, a different way of seeing. It is not a question of changing the objects, the seen. The whole thing depends on the change in the seer.

The knowledgeable person goes on feeding his memory with beautiful words, theories, ideologies, in the hope that by accumulating all these treasures he is coming closer to truth, to Tao, to God. In fact, just the contrary is happening: he is going farther and farther away from truth because the more the memory becomes thick, the more his knowledgeability becomes strengthened; there will be a China Wall between himself and that which is.

To know that which is, one does not need information, one needs clarity. And information always creates confusion, because information comes from many sources which are confusing and contradictory; they are bound to be so.

This is one of the most important problems contemporary man is facing today. It has never been so acute as it is today, because the world has become a small village and all the sources of knowledge have become available to everybody. Now everybody knows

something about Judaism, Jainism, Buddhism, Hinduism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, communism. And all these different sources go on accumulating inside you contradictory information. You become a contradiction, a living contradiction. You become confusion. You don't know where you are; you don't know what is right and what is wrong.

All that you can do is find out into this mess of your mind something which seems more valid, more probable, more possible than other informations. But that is very tentative, hypothetical. Today you may decide Christianity is right because you know more about Christianity than you know about Buddhism. Tomorrow you may come to know more about Buddhism, and suddenly your Christianity starts evaporating. But your Buddhism is also in the same trap. Some day you may come to know about Jainism, and then your Buddhism gives way. These are all sandcastles. You cannot live in them.

Hence the modern man has become very much confused: more knowledge, more confusion.

Zen insists that shift the whole consciousness from knowing to being. The question is not how much you know, the question is how much you are. The question is not about your memory but about your integrity. The question is not about your mind but about your consciousness, about your awareness. A man can go on reciting beautiful sutras in his sleep; it cannot help him in any way. In fact, it will help him only to fall asleep deeper because he will be thinking that now there is no need to wake up.

Always remember, the last trick of the mind is to give you the illusion that you are awake. That is the last strategy. One can dream in a dream that one is awake; then all possibility of waking up is finished. There is no need to wake up -- you are already awake. That's what you are dreaming.

That's what actually goes on happening to the scholars -- repeat beautiful words of Buddha, Jesus, Zarathustra, Lao Tzu. But when Buddha says something it has a totally different significance, because it comes from his experience, it is rooted in his being. It is alive! It is a rose flower still on the rosebush. The juice from the roots is still flowing towards the flower. When you repeat the same sutra it is only a plastic flower, because there is no experience within your being to support it, to nourish it, to feed it. It is just imposed from the outside.

Buddha was not repeating any ancient sutra; he was simply saying it on his own authority. And remember the difference: he was not authoritative. The scholar is authoritative. Buddha was speaking simply on his own authority; he is not authoritative. All that he is saying is, "This is what I have experienced, this is my experience. Whether scriptures support it or not is quite irrelevant. Even if all the scriptures of the world are against it, it doesn't matter a bit. Still it is true, because I have known myself." It has a certain inner validity, a self-evidence about it.

Words can be mere words if you are repeating them and you are not the source of their origin. They look exactly like Jesus, Buddha, Mohammed, but that is only the surface. The container is the same, but where is the content? The content comes from experience. They are like corpses. When you repeat a sutra, a tremendously significant statement of Buddha or Jesus, you are just carrying a corpse; the soul is no more in it. You are carrying only the cage; the bird has flown away. The cage may be beautiful in itself: it may be golden, studded with diamonds, very valuable. But where is the living bird, the bird who can sing, the bird who is alive? The bird is dead. Or maybe you have placed inside just a toy which looks like the bird, which pretends even to sing; it can have a hidden gramophone record in it, but still there is no life.

Once a drunkard was coming home from his pub. Before he went to the pub he thought that "The night is very dark and when I will be coming back it will be late and I will be very much drunk, so it is better to take a lamp with myself." So he carried a lamp. And when he fell almost on the floor in the middle of the night he became a little bit alert that "Now it is time to go back home." Everybody had already left. The owner is waiting for him to leave so that he can close the shop.

So he took his lamp. But he was very much puzzled: on the way he started stumbling. He stumbled with a buffalo, then with a donkey, then with a tree. He looked again and again at his lamp: What is the matter? He is carrying the lamp -- why he is stumbling? Finally he fell by the side of the street. In the morning he was carried home by some friends.

In the middle of the day the owner of the pub came and said, "Please return my cage. Instead of taking your lamp you have carried my parrot!"

Then he looked... But when a man is drunk it is bound to happen.

You are reading the Bible, but are you meditative enough to understand the message of Jesus?

Once I was invited by the biggest college in the East which prepares Christian missionaries, Leonard Theological College -- a six-years course to prepare missionaries. Thousands of missionaries it has prepared, and every year hundreds of people pass through the examinations and they become missionaries. I went to look around; the principal was showing me everything. I asked him, "Do you teach these people any kind of meditation?"

He said, "Meditation? For what? We are preparing missionaries! We teach them the Bible, how to interpret it, how to support it by logical arguments, by proof -- because the world is turning atheistic -- how to argue against pagan religions which are not true religions, how to prove that Christianity is the only true religion and Christ the only-begotten son of God. Meditation is not needed; they need scholarship. And these six years we devote for great scholarship." And they had a very huge library.

And I went around, and they were teaching every kind of thing -- it looked so silly. In one class I saw the professor was teaching the would-be missionaries how to deliver a sermon: how to stand, how to make gestures by the hands, where to give a pause, where to speak slowly and where to shout loudly, where you have to hit on the table with your fist to emphasize the point...

I told to the principal that "You are preparing actors, not missionaries. You are not preparing Christians. Can you tell me where Jesus was prepared, in what kind of college, what lessons he took in eloquence, where he learned how to deliver the Sermon on the Mount -- how to stand, how to speak, what words to emphasize?"

The principal said, "He never learned anything."

I said, "Then the difference is clear. The words that came to him came out of his experience, and these poor, stupid people that you are preparing, they will simply be repeating like parrots. Jesus won't be in their hearts. The experience is missing; they won't have any authenticity. When you have something to say, the very experience finds its own way of expression. When you have something to say it finds its own way; it finds the words, the gestures. But you can learn the gestures. and the words; that does not mean that you will find the experience. If there is experience there is expression, not vice versa.

"You are preparing parrots. You are making these people more stupid than they would have come here And what they are doing is so silly that only very mediocre people can do such kinds of things."

But that's what goes on happening all over the world.

Religion has nothing to do with words; it has something to do with realization. And if you realize, words automatically happen. When your heart is full with a song you start finding the words. You start finding the right language, or whatsoever language you use becomes the right language and whatsoever words you use become significant.

Jesus is not a great scholar; he uses very ordinary words, day-to-day words, the language of the common people, of the marketplace, of the laborers, farmers, gardeners, fishermen, woodcutters, beggars, prostitutes, gamblers, drunkards. He is not a scholar, but nobody has spoken so beautifully. His words have such tremendous quality, such immense magic. Yes, it can only be called magic for the simple reason that they are alive.

You don't know any rabbi's name who was part in the conspiracy to crucify Jesus. All those great scholars have been forgotten. And this young man, the son of a carpenter, has still tremendous import, for the simple reason that his words have some truth in them. They are not only empty containers; there is some content.

ZEN SAYS: RIGHT WORDS, even right words, in the wrong hands become wrong, and vice versa. Even wrong words in the right hands become right. It is the magic of the person, it is the charisma of the experienced, awakened man that whatsoever he touches becomes gold; even dust becomes divine. In the hands of those who are fast asleep even gold is not gold.

This is something to be remembered. Then these small parables will start revealing great treasures to you. Words we can use, but the meaning will come from our own experience.

A hillbilly dragged his protesting son to a new school that had just opened in a nearby township. On arrival at the school the hillbilly Dad asked the teacher, "What kind of learning are you a-teachifying?"

The teacher replied, "Well, all the usual subjects. Reading, writing, arithmetic . . ."

The earnest Dad interrupted him, "What is this here arith... arith... what you said?"

"Arithmetic, sir," repeated the teacher. "I shall be giving a full course of geometry, algebra, trigonometry..."

"Triggemometry!" cried the hillbilly. "Dang me! That's just that what my boy needs -- he is the worstest shot in the family!"

It is bound to be so. The moment a word reaches to you it immediately changes its meaning. It becomes your word, it takes your color.

The teacher asks her class who invented the bulb.

Everybody shouts, "Edison!" except for Pierino who shouts, "My father, my father!"

The teacher, perplexed, asks, "Your father, Pierino? What do you mean?"

"Well," replies the little boy, "every night in bed my father says to my mother, 'Switch off the bulb, and we will do another one!'"

The boy can have his own meaning, he can only have his own meaning. It is natural. You can hear great words. but from where you are going to give the meaning to those words?

Just the other day Mutribo has asked me: "Osho, did you hear about the Polack woodworm?"

Yes, Mutribo, he was found in a brick! A Polack woodworm, one thing is certain, cannot be found in wood. A Polack is a Polack! And the same is true about everybody.

Visiting the Russian gallows, the American ambassador was shocked by the horrid cries of the executed. He immediately ordered a modern electric chair to be delivered from the States, as a gift from the American people.

Paying another visit to the gallows a few months later, he was alarmed, when he heard far worse cries than he had heard on his previous visit. "What is going on?" he inquired.

The commissar said, "We received the electric chair, thank you, but we have no

electricity... so we have to use candles."
A MONK WAS RECITING THE DIAMOND SUTRA.

THE DIAMOND SUTRA is certainly one of the most valuable treasures ever handed over to humanity. It is certainly the most precious scripture, hence the name "The Diamond Sutra". The name has also been given to it because a diamond cuts everything, and the Diamond Sutra cuts your sleep, your dreams, your projections, your desires, your mind, all your stupidity, like a diamond. It goes like a sword inside you, cutting all the layers, cutting all that you have accumulated in millions of lives. It makes your own innermost core again available to you. But it is not for reciting.

That's what Buddhists have been doing for twenty-five centuries: they go on reciting it. They have recited it so many times that there are millions of Buddhists all over the world who can recite the whole Diamond Sutra just by memory. There is no need for them to look into the book; they can recite it with closed eyes. But reciting is not going to help; in fact, it is going to hinder your progress, your growth, because reciting is a kind of autohypnosis. If you recite a certain sutra again and again and again it creates a deep sleep in you.

Hypnosis comes from a word *hypnos*; *hypnos* means deliberate sleep, created sleep. And it has been found that if you repeat a certain word or a certain mantra again and again it helps you to fall into deep sleep -- a very refreshing sleep of course, rejuvenating sleep of course -- but a sleep is a sleep; it is not awakening. And you will feel good: after you have done Transcendental Meditation for fifteen minutes, you will feel good. There is no doubt about it, because for fifteen minutes the mind stops all other kinds of chattering, because this is one of the laws of mind, that it can repeat only one thing at a time. If you repeat a certain mantra or sutra fast enough and you don't give gaps between, then the mind cannot do anything else. You can go on repeating, "Ram, Ram, Ram..." anything will do. You can repeat your own name and that will do. It has nothing to do with any sacred name or any holy mantra. There is no need to get it from anybody; you can invent your own mantra. Anything will do -- abracadabra -- just repeat it. The whole point is: constant repetition, and fast, because if you give gaps then your mind starts chattering. If you say, "Ram..." and then you pause, in that pause the mind will think, "The train is passing... somebody is crying... the ant is crawling on the foot... I wonder what time it is..." and thousand and one things. But if you don't give any time, if you repeat in such a way that one Ram starts overlapping another Ram, then it will create a very soothing sleep in you.

It can be done by any kind of repetition, not just that of a word. You can hang a pendulum and you can look at the moving pendulum, from right to left, from left to right. Just watching the pendulum move continuously, within a few minutes you will be fast asleep. You will fall into a deep sleep which will be deeper than your ordinary sleep, because your ordinary sleep continues to have dreams. This deliberately created sleep takes you deeper than ordinary sleep; even dreaming stops.

And if you have been repeating the mantra for many years you will fall asleep, but the mantra has become now almost autonomous. It will go on repeating, reverberating inside you, "Ram, Ram"; you will go on hearing it. First you repeat it; after a few months or years you start hearing the mantra being repeated. Your mechanism takes it over. Mind has a robot part which always takes things over.

You start learning driving. First you have to be alert about everything. You have to be alert about the accelerator and the brakes and the clutch and the gearbox and the road and people passing by -- and there are a thousand and one things. And you are really trembling. Inside that whether you are going to make it or not because so many things are happening

together, will you be able to manage to remember all the things? If you look at the road you forget the brake; if you concentrate on the brake you forget the accelerator; if you watch the accelerator, the road is forgotten.

But after a few days there will be no need to remember anything. You can go on singing a song or discussing, talking, listening to the radio, smoking or whatsoever you want, or thinking a thousand and one thoughts -- and your robot part has taken over. Now your mind will be needed only in emergencies. If suddenly a car comes in front of you and it is a question of life and death, then your mind will come in; you will become aware. The robot part cannot function any more because you cannot prepare the robot part for emergencies. You cannot prepare it for accidents, so it has no idea how to deal with an accident. So only once in a while your consciousness will be there, otherwise the whole thing will go on unconscious.

This robot part goes on taking everything that you learn. And if you recite a mantra or a sutra for years, the robot part learns it. Then you fall asleep, but the robot part goes on repeating it on your behalf, and you go on thinking that you have not been asleep. You have been reciting the sutra, how can you be asleep? You have been doing your mantra, how can you be asleep? And there seems to be some logic in it, some reasoning in it.

Many Transcendental Meditators have told me that "You say that we fall into sleep, but we go on repeating the mantra!" That is true. You go on repeating the mantra because now you don't need to be there to repeat the mantra; the robot part of the mind repeats it. The robot part goes on doing many things for you. Who circulates your blood? You? If you have to circulate the blood you would have died long before... because you see a beautiful woman passing by and you forget to circulate the blood! And by the time you remember, it is finished! Who breathes? You? It is the robot part, otherwise who will breathe when you are asleep? Even in a coma you will continue to breathe.

Once I went to see a woman who has been in a coma for nine months, still breathing, perfectly breathing. The robot part continues to do it.

You will be surprised to know that the robot part becomes so capable of doing things that even when you die the robot part continues to do a few things. What to say about sleep? If you dig a grave just one month or two months after the man has been buried you will be surprised: his hairs have grown, his nails have grown. And the man is dead! Who managed it? How his hairs and nails have grown? The robot part has become so autonomous that it has not heard yet about the death of the man. Unless everything withers away into the earth it will continue, it will go on doing its job. It is a mechanical thing -- whether you are in the room or not, your clock will go on functioning -- just like the clock!

So you will feel that you have been repeating, so you were not asleep -- that is absolutely wrong. You have been absolutely asleep. But the robot part is within you; It repeats so you can hear the vibration. And when you go into sleep you go hearing it and when you come out of sleep you come out hearing it. And the gap between the two you cannot remember because you were asleep, so you think that you have been hearing all along.

For centuries millions of religious people have been deceiving themselves by autohypnosis. Ninety-nine percent of your religion consists of autohypnosis and nothing else. Once that is dropped, then you will be able to discover true religion, not before it.

A MONK WAS RECITING THE DIAMOND SUTRA...

Reciting has become such a ritual. The very word "koran" means reciting -- the very word "koran" means reciting, as if it is meant only to recite. Nobody even bothers to understand the meaning of it. I know many Mohammedan friends who can recite Koran without knowing

exactly the meaning; they are not concerned about the meaning. I know Jain friends who can recite Kundkund Samayasara without knowing the meaning. And I know Buddhists, monks and nuns, who can recite the Diamond Sutra, the Lotus Sutra, without knowing the meaning at all. And even if they know the meaning it is going to be wrong. It is going to be wrong because they are wrong. The meaning depends on their being. The meaning can be right only if they attain to Buddhahood; it can never be right before that. The Diamond Sutra says, and the monk was reciting

"... IF ONE SEES THAT FORMS ARE NOT FORMS, HE THEN SEES BUDDHA."

THE PATH OF BUDDHA is the path of *neti-neti*, via *negativa*, neither this nor that. This is his whole process of reaching to your essential core. You have to go on discarding, eliminating. You have to say that "The body is not myself, I am not the body, because I can see the body, I can feel the body." You have been a child and you knew your body was a child's body. Then you became young and you know that your body became young. Then you became old and you know your body became old. Sometimes you have been ill and sometimes you have been healthy, and you know an inner feel of health, well-being, illness.

You are the knower and the knower can never be the known; that is the arithmetic of *via negativa*. The observer cannot be the observed. So "I am not the body" -- that has to be the first experience when you enter inside. The first hang-up is with the body, so you have to disconnect yourself with the body. That is your first identity that "I am the body."

When you are hungry you say, "I am hungry," but really the case is different. You are only observing that the body is hungry, your stomach is feeling empty; that is your experience. You are not hungry. And when you eat and you are satiated, that too is your experience. You are the watcher; the food does not enter consciousness, neither the consciousness becomes ever hungry or satiated, neither it becomes thirsty or quenched. It is only an observer.

Buddha has said, "Watch and disconnect yourself from the body. You are not the body."

And the same has to be done with the mind. Then watch again -- are you the thoughts? How can you be the thoughts? Thoughts come and go -- and you abide. Thoughts are like reflections in the mirror, clouds passing in the sky, but the sky is not the clouds. Desires, memories, imagination, they all come and go. You are not your mind either, so say, "I am not my mind."

And thirdly, "I am not my heart either" -- the feelings, the emotions, which are the subtlest. Then who am I? When you have cut these three identities, almost nothing is left. You have cut the very root of the ego. Then you cannot even say, "I am," you can only say, "There is a certain amness, but there is no I."

"I" consists of body, mind, heart. These are the three components of the body, of the ego. Once these three are dropped, eliminated, the ego disappears. Then there is only pure awareness. The body is a form, the mind too is a form, and the heart too is a form. And the ego is the hold-all, the bundle of all the forms. When everything has been taken out, the ego becomes empty and *flops*.

Hence this Diamond Sutra says:

"... IF ONE SEES THAT FORMS ARE NOT FORMS..."

"The body is not my body, the mind is not my mind. I am neither in the body nor in the mind; these are only forms." And forms are not true. Forms are only forms, waves, passing phases, like dreams. Forms are not forms. If once this is realized, then one becomes the Buddha, one sees the Buddha. Awareness is Buddha.

There is a story about Buddha; I have loved it immensely:

He is sitting underneath a tree. A great astrologer is passing by. He saw his footprints on the bank of the river in the sand. It has just rained and the sand is wet and he can see the prints of Buddha's feet very clearly. He is puzzled, very much puzzled. His whole astrology is at risk because he has been studying his whole life that these are the symbols of a chakravartin. Chakravartin means the man who rules all over the world, the emperor of all the six continents. "What a chakravartin is doing here in this small, poor village, by the side of this ordinary river? And walking barefooted in the sand -- a chakravartin? Impossible!"

He watched very closely -- must have looked through his magnifying glass. All the indications are so exactly true that either his whole astrology is wrong or a chakravartin has walked barefoot. He followed the FOOTprints where this man has gone and he finds Buddha sitting under a tree just by the side of the bank. More puzzled he became. The face of the man looks like that of a chakravartin -- so graceful, so beautiful. Such splendor he has never seen in his life. But he is a beggar, his clothes are that of a beggar. And by the side of Buddha there is his begging bowl.

He went, bowed down, asked the Buddha, "Can I ask who you are, sir? Are you a god who has descended from heaven for some special visit to the earth?"

Buddha said, "No, I am not a god."

"Then are you an angel?"

And Buddha said, "No, I am not an angel."

And this way he goes on asking and Buddha goes on saying "No, no, no..." Annoyed, he asks, "At least you will say yes to this question. Are you a man, or e~en will you say you are not a man?"

Buddha said, "I am not a man either."

Exasperated, the man asks, "Then who are you?"

Buddha said, "I am just awareness. I have dropped all forms because forms are not forms... just dreams, sky flowers."

Sometimes you see them when you are near the ocean -- you see the sky flowers. In Indian mythology they are called sky flowers. Physicists say it is condensed oxygen, because near the ocean there is *too* much oxygen in the air, so when you look sometimes you see forms in the sky moving.

Buddha said, "I am only awareness, nothing else."

This monk was reciting this sutra.

THE MASTER WAS PASSING BY AND HEARD IT.

THE MASTERS ALWAYS USE EVERY OPPORTUNITY to help people wake up; they don't miss a single opportunity. The monk must have been his disciple.

THE MASTER WAS PASSING BY AND HEARD IT. HE THEN SAID TO THE MONK, "YOU RECITE WRONGLY. IT GOES LIKE THIS: 'IF ONE SEES THAT FORMS ARE FORMS HE THEN SEES BUDDHA.'"

Now the Master is saying just the opposite of the sutra. The monk is reciting *rightly* the Master is saying it wrong. But the Master is right and the monk is wrong, because in the hands of a right person even wrong words become right and in the hands of a wrong person even right words become wrong.

It has happened many times to me. In Sarnath I was invited by the Buddhists; one Buddhist monk, Bhikshu Jagdeesh Kashyap had invited me. I was talking to the Buddhist monks. Sarnath is the place where Buddha delivered his first sermon. I told a few stories about Buddha.

After I had talked, Bhikshu Jagdeesh Kashyap, my host, stood up and said, "We are very grateful. Nobody has talked this way to us. But the stories that you have told are not exactly as given in the scriptures; you have changed in many places." And he was a great scholar; he knew all the scriptures.

I told him, "You know the scriptures, I know the Buddha! So if I am saying something which is not in the scriptures, you can add it into your scriptures. If I am saying something which is different from the scriptures, then you can correct your scriptures. You know only the scriptures, I know Buddha."

He said, "What do you mean by knowing Buddha? He has been dead for twenty-five centuries!"

I said, "That too is according to the scriptures; otherwise he is alive in everybody -- right now! He is even alive in you. You are not aware of him, I am aware of him. I am not talking about Gautam the Buddha. I have experienced awareness, and whatsoever I am saying is according to my experience. The stories have to be this way, the way I am telling. If your scriptures say differently, then somebody must have put them wrong."

He was my host so he could not argue that much; it would have been impolite. Later on in the night he said. But this is too much! I have been pondering over it the whole day. Do you mean to say that our scriptures which we have respected for centuries are wrong?"

I said, "I have not said that. What I am saying is: you know only the scripture, hence your knowing is not reliable." And I told him this story, this Zen story:

A MONK WAS RECITING THE DIAMOND SUTRA:... IF ONE SEES THAT FORMS ARE NOT FORMS HE THEN SEES BUDDHA.

The monk was reciting perfectly, exactly as it is said.
THE MASTER WAS PASSING BY AND HEARD IT. HE THEN SAID TO THE MONK, "YOU RECITE WRONGLY. IT GOES LIKE THIS..."

He changed exactly to the opposite.
'IF ONE SEES THAT FORMS ARE FORMS...'

that the body is the body, the mind is the mind, the heart is the heart... then one sees the Buddha.

THE MONK EXCLAIMED, "WHAT YOU HAVE SAID IS JUST THE OPPOSITE TO THE WORDS OF THE SUTRA!"

And the monk is right as far as the sutra is concerned, but still he knows only the sutra; he has no direct experience of reality.

THE MASTER THEN REPLIED, "HOW CAN A BLIND MAN READ THE SUTRA?"

You are blind and you are talking about light! You may have read about light, but what can you say about light? Whatsoever you say is going to be wrong.

Ramakrishna used to tell again and again a story about a blind man.

A blind man was invited by a few friends; there was a feast. For the first time he tasted a new sweet made of milk. He inquired the person who was sitting by his side -- and the person sitting by his side was a great pundit, a great scholar -- he inquired, "What is this?"

The pundit said, "This is a sweet made of milk."

The blind man asked, "Please tell something more about milk so that I can understand more about the sweet."

The pundit said, "Milk? Milk is white."

The blind man said, "You are creating more puzzles for me. I am a blind man. Don't create more puzzles for me, help me to understand. What is white? What do you mean by

white?"

But pundits are far more blind than blind people. The pundit said, "White? You don't know what is white? What kind of question is this? Have you ever seen a swan? The color of the swan is white; that is what white is."

The blind man said, "You look annoyed, but forgive me -- I am a blind man. Don't be angry, but my curiosity has been provoked by your answers. Now I am wondering what do you mean by 'swan'? I have never heard, nobody ever told me about the swan. How a swan *is*? How he looks? And make it clear, knowing perfectly well that I am a blind man. First think of my blindness and then try to explain to me; according to my blindness you have to illustrate the point."

The pundit came to his senses a little bit. He said, "This is going ad infinitum. Whatsoever I say, this man is going to ask another question. It has to be finished!" So he took the blind man's hand, put his on his own arm and said, "Move your hand on my arm. Do you feel something?"

He said, "Yes, I can feel a curved hand."

The blind man's answer made the pundit rejoice. He said, "Now you will understand. This is how the neck is of the swan -- curved like this hand."

The blind man was over-rejoiced. He said, "Thank you, many many thanks! Now I know what this sweet is made of -- curved hand!"

This is a logical conclusion. A blind man cannot understand color, cannot understand whiteness. It is stupid to explain it to him. He can go on reciting sutras about whiteness for lives together; he will not know what whiteness is. What he needs is not sutras about whiteness: what he needs is a man who can wake him up, a physician who can treat his eyes, who can make him see.

THE MASTER THEN REPLIED, "HOW CAN A BLIND MAN READ THE SUTRA?"

"You are blind. You don't know anything. I also know," the Master said, "what the Sutra says."

That is one way of approaching one's awareness: *via negativa neti-neti* -- neither this nor that. That is the negative path. There is another path: *via affirmativa iti-iti* -- this too, this too. That is another way. One can reach through the negative, one can reach through the positive. And the person who has reached knows both the doors.

The first statement concerns with the negative path:
"IF ONE SEES THAT FORMS ARE NOT FORMS, HE THEN SEES BUDDHA."

But if you have *seen* the Buddha within yourself, if you have come to that understanding, you will understand my statement also. Then it does not contradict it, it only compensates it; it is complementary. Then it is *via positiva via affirmativa*: "IF ONE SEES THAT FORMS ARE FORMS HE THEN SEES BUDDHA."

But both the statements will look contradictory to the blind man; to the man who has eyes there is no contradiction at all.

There are people who will find thousand and one contradictions in Buddha's words, in Jesus' words, for the simple reason because they have not experienced that state of consciousness where opposites meet, mingle, merge and become one, where opposites are no more opposites but become complementaries, when opposites are absolutely necessary for each other's existence, when they are no more enemies but friends, partners in a dance. Those who have known, for them there is no contradiction at all.

It has been my experience... For all these twenty-five years I have been talking to people,

again and again, scholars, professors, pundits and theologians will approach me and tell me: "Your statements are contradictory. In one place you say one thing, in another place you say just the opposite."

I have been telling them, "They will appear to you contradictory only if you have not attained to awareness. to consciousness. Once that peak is attained, from that peak you can see all the paths leading towards the same peak. The path that comes from the north and the path that comes from the south are not opposites."

But the people who are in the valley, dark valley, of course they will say that the path that goes from the north and the path that goes from the south are opposites paths: they cannot lead you to the same goal. They will quarrel, argue, fight and waste their time. And the man who sits on the top will simply laugh at the whole stupidity

All the religions have been quarreling, but there is no quarrel between Buddha and Lao Tzu, Zarathustra and Mohammed, Bahauddin and Ramakrishna, Raman and Krishnamurti; there is no quarrel. The quarrel exists only amongst philosophers. Yes, Buddha has also argued against the fools, but never against another Buddha Mahavira has also argued against the pseudo masters, but never against a true Master. Jesus has also said things against the rabbis, the priests, but never against a true prophet; that is impossible. They all have the same taste, the same experience; they have known the same truth.

It is Sunday class and the priest is praising the beauty of altruism and generosity. Pierino gets up and says, "Yes, my father also says that in life you have to give and give and give."

The priest is very pleased and replies, "Your father must be a pious and God-fearing man. It would be good if there were many more like him. What does he do?"

"He is a boxer!" replies Pierino.

Manuel left Portugal and went to Brazil to start a business. When he arrived in Rio he looked up his old friend, Joaquin, who advised him to go into the motel business as it was the most profitable business in Rio.

After some months the two friends met again.

"Your suggestion is making me bankrupt!" complained Manuel.

"How can that be?" asked Joaquin. "There are no risks in this business. Maybe you did something wrong."

"No, no!" said Manuel. "I did everything you suggested. I used the best architect and interior decorator. Everything has atmosphere and taste. The whole motel is designed in an Arabian style. It is very romantic -- like camping in a tent in the desert. The beds are round, there are mirrors on the ceilings, exotic music is playing and there are thin veils shimmering in the soft red lamplight."

"So what could be wrong then?" asked the friend.

"I don't know," answered Manuel. "None of the couples you said would come checking in every hour have come. Only once in a while a family stops in."

"What name have you given your motel?"

"Motel of Our Holy Mother Mary!" answers Manuel.

People function out of their own understanding; they cannot go beyond it -- one cannot even expect...

Tom goes to a travel agency in New York to book his holiday in England. The girl at the counter asks him, "Do you want to rent a car while you are in London?"

"Yes, why not?" Tom answers.

"Okay, sir, but you know in England they drive on the left hand side of the street," the girl explains to him.

Tom is surprised. "I did not know that, but then different countries have different customs, so why not?"

Tom happily leaves the travel agency and everything is arranged.

Two weeks later he drags himself into the office of the travel agency, arms and legs in a plaster cast. "I want to cancel my trip to England!"

The girl at the counter wants to know what has happened to him.

Well," he explains, "I thought before I went to England I had better practice driving on the left hand side of the street for a while!"

A Brazilian went to a party and got very drunk -- so drunk that he passed out on his way home. A little snake was passing by and somehow got into his pants and curled up comfortably in the black woods by his pelvis.

Next morning he woke, rubbed his eyes and went to pee. Putting his hand inside his fly, he pulled out the snake. Surprised, he said, "What is that, zeezee? I knew you had this little mouth, but those two little eyes I just can't remember!"

Two tabby cats are gossiping over the rubbish tip. One says, "Who is the father of your last kittens?"

The other replies, "The great magnificent ginger tom from the canal bank. And you?"

"I don't know who did it -- I had my head in a sardine can at the time."

Three women were sent to a psychiatrist for a mental health check. The psychiatrist was using word association tests. "Blue seas, blue skies, white cliffs, glistening sands, sun shining in the sky -- what do you think of?" he asked the first woman.

"Oh, a beautiful painting," said the woman. She was a painter.

"Okay, you can go, you are sane," said the psychiatrist.

The second woman entered the room. "Blue seas, blue skies, white cliffs, glistening sands, sun shining in the sky -- what do you think of?" asked the psychiatrist.

"Summer holidays," said the woman. She was a teacher in a university.

"Okay, you can go, you are sane," said the psychiatrist.

The third woman came in and the psychiatrist repeated his question: "Blue seas, blue skies, white cliffs, glistening sands, the sun shining in the sky -- what do you think of?"

"A prick," replied the woman.

"A prick?" said the psychiatrist. "What on earth makes you think of a prick?"

"That's all I ever think of," said the woman.

"Are you crazy?" asked the shrink.

"No, I am not crazy -- I am just a Catholic nun," said the woman.

But you can't expect anything more from a Catholic nun!

People live in their own minds. Even white clouds, blue skies, sun shining in the sky, will not make much difference. They will remember only that which they can remember.

You can read the Diamond Sutra, but you will see only that which you can see, you will understand only that which you can understand. The whole point is not to know more, the whole point is to *be* more. The more integrated you are, the more aware you are, the more conscious you are, then there are sutras all over the place -- in the grass blades, in the rocks. Yes, sermons in the rocks and scriptures in the trees. The question is of your eyes. If you are capable to see, then God is everywhere. You need not go to a church or to a temple or to a mosque. If you have clarity, transparency of vision, then you need not read the Gita, Dhammapada, the Diamond Sutra, the Koran, the Bible. Whatsoever you read will become the Diamond Sutra, will become the Bhagavad Gita, will become the Koran -- all depends on you.

Hence my insistence here is to become more meditative, not more informative, to become so meditative that you are capable of seeing through and through, so that nothing hinders your vision, so that there are no more any barriers between you and reality. When reality stands naked before you and you stand naked before reality there is benediction, there is bliss.

That's why Zen monks, Zen Masters have even said, "Burn the scriptures." Not that they mean literally.

One Zen Master, Ikkyu, was staying in a temple. In the night it was too cold and the temple had three wooden Buddha statues, so he took the biggest statue and made a fire inside the temple. The priest was awakened by the fire; he rushed. He was a little afraid of this man because he looked a little eccentric, but he had allowed him to stay. He looked also very nice and good. And what had he done?

The priest was mad. He said, "What are you doing? You have burned the Buddha!"

Ikkyu took a small piece of wood and started looking, searching in the ashes. The statue was almost gone.

The priest asked, "What are you looking for?"

He said, "For the bones of the Buddha!"

He said, "You must be totally mad! How a wooden statue can have bones?"

Ikkyu said, "Then the long night is still there and it is too cold, and the Buddha within is shivering. You bring... there are two more statues -- you also come and let us warm up!"

Of course the priest threw him out. This man was dangerous! He may burn all the Buddhas, he may burn even the temple. But Ikkyu was showing something to the man: that a wooden statue is a wooden statue; it is not Buddha. Buddha is within you. But if you go on worshipping a wooden statue you will remain deluded.

In the morning the priest opened the doors of the temple and he saw Ikkyu sitting outside the door with a few flowers, worshipping the milestone. He said, "You are really mad -- I feel sorry for you! Last night you burned my best statue, and now what are you doing?"

And he was saying, *Buddham sharanam gachchhami Sangham sharanam gachchhami, Dhammam sharanam gachchhami...* and showering flowers on the milestone. "I go to the feet of the Buddha, I go to the feet of his commune, I go to the feet of the ultimate Tao that he has taught." And Ikkyu said, "When I feel like praying, I pray; then any excuse is enough. These are excuses! What is the need of having special excuses? Your statues are excuses; I invent my excuses whenever, wherever I am. I need not bother about a temple, need not bother about a statue. Wherever I am I create my Buddhas.

"Now for the moment this milestone is perfectly good. What is wrong with it? Look, how beautiful it is and with the flowers showering on it. And when I said *Buddham sharanam gachchhami* -- I go to the feet of the Buddha, he nodded his head. It said, 'You are accepted, you are blessed!'"

Ikkyu was again showing the same phenomenon from a different angle. If you know, if you really know then everything is sacred; if you don't know, then nothing is sacred, not even the sacred scriptures. If you know, then the mundane transforms into the sacred if you don't know, then all your sacredness is just hocus-pocus. All your temples and all your statues and all your scriptures are just inventions, imaginations, dreams.

Meditate over this story:

"HOW CAN A BLIND MAN READ THE SUTRA?"

Find out your eyes. And there is no other medicine except meditation which can help to open your eyes. The words "medicine" and "meditation" come from the same root; they both mean the same. Medicine cures the body, meditation cures your innermost soul. Medicine

cures the outer form, meditation cures the essential being.

Zen: The Special Transmission

Chapter #10

Chapter title: It's a Special Transmission

10 July 1980 am in Buddha Hall

Archive code: 8007100

ShortTitle: SPCIAL10

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

The first question

OSHO,

I WILL BE TAKING SANNYAS IN A FEW DAYS. I WOULD LIKE SO MUCH THAT YOU SAY SOMETHING TO ME. I AM AFRAID -- THERE ARE DOUBTS -- AND I FEEL HAPPINESS ARISE.

Evi Huber,

It is natural to feel afraid when you are entering into something unknown. Every adventure brings its own fears. If one wants to live without fears one can live only in the grave. That's how many people live: they only appear to be alive. They are breathing, they are doing their jobs, but it is not life.

Life can mean only one thing and that is constant adventure -- always moving from the known into the unknown -- and finally, ultimately, a quantum leap from the unknown into the unknowable.

Sannyas has two steps: First is from the known into the unknown, and the second is from the unknown into the unknowable. It is natural to feel afraid and there is no contradiction that you are also feeling happiness arise; that too is as natural as fear. The person who lives without any adventure lives without fear but also without happiness. He lives a convenient life, comfortable, cozy, but dull, stupid, meaningless, with no joy, no song, no dance; nothing ever happens into his being, he simply vegetates. From birth to death he simply goes on dying every day, each moment, slowly. Of course his death is so slow that he cannot feel it. It is a kind of slow suicide.

People have chosen this kind of slow suicide just because they want to avoid all fear. This is avoiding life itself, and if you avoid life you are avoiding God.

Somebody asked Mark Twain once, "What do you think are the three best things in life?"

Humorously, sarcastically, he said, "The first best thing is never to be born. The second best thing is to die immediately after birth. And the third best thing is to die as soon as possible." But his humor has a tremendous truth in it. That's your logic too, that's the logic of the average mind, that's the logic of mind as such.

Mind is very much afraid of the unknown because mind feels capable when you are

functioning within the boundaries of the known. Mind means knowledge. You are acquainted with it. you know all pros and cons, you know what to do, what not to do. You have passed through the same route so many times that now you can pass with closed eyes without any fear of stumbling into anything or falling or going astray. You can function like a robot. Mind consists only of the known. The moment you start inviting the unknown in, the mind freaks. The mind says, "No, this dangerous. I am not willing."

Don't listen to the mind because mind means past; dead it is, already dead and gone. It is non-existential. It is only the footprints of the events that are no more. Mind knows nothing of the present, it cannot know of the present. It has not any capacity to commune with the present because the present is always unknown. You cannot reduce-it to the past. And the fear of the mind is that the moment you encounter present you have to be spontaneous, and the mind becomes useless. The mind has to be put aside.

That is the moment where meditation starts happening. To remain confined into the known is to be in the mind; to allow the unknown to enter into your being is the beginning of meditation, beginning of Zen. The present can be approached only through the no-mind. If you have any conclusions you are still carrying the past; conclusions come from the past prejudices come from the past. You have to put aside everything that you have known. You have to look into the present in a state of not-knowing. The mind will tremble -- let it tremble. Let it die out of trembling. Don't listen to it.

The mind will create many doubts. That's why, Evi Huber, you say... THERE ARE DOUBTS... It is natural the mind will create many doubts. The mind will say "You are perfectly happy, you are perfectly comfortable. Why are you risking? For what? You may lose even that which you have; you may not gain anything. Don't risk!" Mind teaches you to be calculative, to be cautious.

And sannyas is for the gamblers; it is not for the businesslike, it is not for the calculators, it is not for the computers. It is for men, real men, authentic men who are always ready to listen to the challenge of the unknown, who are ready to go into the uncharted sea. There is no guarantee of the other shore; there cannot be any guarantee in sannyas.

Religion cannot provide any guarantee. And the moment any religion starts providing guarantees it is no more religion; it becomes part of certain vested interests. It becomes part of establishment; it loses all rebellion. Jesus cannot give you any guarantee; the Christian church can give you all kinds of guarantees. Buddha could not have given you any guarantee; the Buddhist church provides you all kinds of guarantees, here and hereafter, even in the other world.

The people who follow are always looking for guarantees, consciously, unconsciously; they are waiting for certain indications that truth should be ensured. "Then we can go into any adventure" -- but it is no more adventure if it is guaranteed.

Bliss cannot be guaranteed, truth cannot be guaranteed, ecstasy cannot be guaranteed. Yes, it can be said it happens. The man who has tasted it can say, "I have tasted it, and there is a possibility that you may also taste it. If I have tasted it, why not you?" But there is no guarantee: you may, you may not.

And the mind lives on these doubts. The mind says, "Who knows? This man may be deceiving. Maybe he is not deceiving, but he himself may be deceived. He may be hallucinating about ecstasy, samadhi -- dreaming, believing. Maybe he has auto-hypnotized himself or maybe he is just a fraud deceiving others, exploiting their gullibility." The mind will create all these questions, thousand of questions. In mind questions arise like leaves grow on trees; the mind goes on growing many and many questions every moment. No

answer is of any help; out of every answer the mind will create many more questions.

It is natural to feel doubt. If there is no doubt, then there is no growth either. The more you feel full of doubts and still you go on the journey, that makes the difference. The stupid person, the imbecile, the idiot may not feel any doubts, he may simply believe, but he is not going on any adventure; he cannot understand what adventure is. He is just accidental, he is at the mercy of the winds. But the intelligent person is bound to feel doubts. In spite of the doubts one has to go; that's how life is. Ais dhammo sanantano -- this is the law of life. In spite of all the doubts one has to go.

Do you think the people who were trying to reach to the Everest were not full of doubts? For a hundred years, how many people tried and how many people have lost their lives? Do you know how many people never came back? Not even their dead bodies came back; they got lost, lost forever. But, still, a few courageous people went on and on.

This fact has to be noted down: that no Indian ever tried. This country has lost the spirit of accepting challenges. That's why this country has lived in slavery for two thousand years, and still it is not much of a freedom because freedom cannot be only political; basically it has to be spiritual. And this country is not spiritually free.

But people went on coming from all over the world, risking, knowing that they may not come back ever, they may be lost. But it is worth it -- because in the very risk something is born inside you: the center. It is born only in the risk. That's the beauty of risk, the gift of risk.

The people who were going to the moon, do you think they were certain they will reach? Do you think they were certain they will be ever back again with their families, with their children, with their wives, with their parents? Nothing was certain. In fact, more possibility was that something would go wrong.

One of the most famous sayings of Murphy is:

If anything can go wrong, then it is going to go wrong.

And there were millions of things which could have gone wrong because it was the first effort to reach to the moon. Just few seconds' difference and they will miss the moon; they may be lost forever in the space. We may not even know whether they are alive or dead.

Now there are efforts to reach farther and farther; sooner or later man will try to reach to the stars. It will be a long journey, but worth taking, worth risking. It is going to be a very strange journey, because according to Albert Einstein when you move with that speed you don't grow old, you remain exactly of the same age -- time stops. When you move with the speed of light... and it is tremendous, one hundred eighty-six thousand miles per second; only then we can reach the stars. The nearest star will take four years to reach with this speed and four years to come back from; that is the nearest star. The next star will take sixty years to go and sixty years to come; and then the universe is infinite -- then there are millions of stars which will take millions of years to come and go. But people are going to try one day; preparations are on the way, plans are being made.

The person who will go on a journey for such a long time, when he will come back his wife will look like his mother -- and he will remain the same. If he had left the earth at the age of forty he will remain forty This is one of the miracles of speed, that you don't age. His parents would have died, his children would have become exactly like him as he was -- forty years of age. His wife may be eighty years of age, very old, unrecognizable. It is some risk! But this is how man's spirit grows.

And these are outer adventures, nothing compared to the inner adventure of sannyas, meditation, Zen, because when you go inwards you go alone, absolutely alone; nobody can

accompany you. You lose all contact with the outside world: the deeper you go in, the outside world starts disappearing. At the very center of your being the world disappears like a dream.

It is not a philosophy only that the mystics have called the world illusory, maya, a dream, made of the same stuff as dreams are made of. It is not only a philosophical concept; it is rooted in deep spiritual realization. It is an experience, existential experience. They had experienced. The moment you reach at the very center of your being, the whole world disappears: the people, the mountains, the stars, they start receding back and a moment comes they are no more there. There is infinite vastness, nothingness.

And when the world disappears, remember, you as an ego also disappear because you can exist only in relationship to others. I/thou is a pair: the "I" cannot exist without the "thou". Psychologists say that the "thou" comes first into existence and then comes the "I"; the "I" is added later on. First the child becomes aware of others -- the mother, the father, the other children. First he becomes aware of the "thou", and slowly slowly he starts feeling that "I am separate."

Small children, in the beginning, address themselves in third person. For example, a child will say, "Johnny is hungry." He is hungry -- his name is Johnny -- and he says, "Johnny is hungry." He has not yet become aware enough to say, "I am hungry." Even about himself he thinks in terms as if he is somebody else. Looking into a mirror, a small child does not recognize that it is his face; he thinks there is some other child. He tries to catch hold of the child. If he cannot catch hold he tries to go behind the mirror: "Maybe he is hiding behind the mirror." Very slowly, as the "thou" becomes clearly defined, he becomes aware of the "I".

The same happens in a reverse way when you move into meditation. First the "thou" disappears and then slowly slowly "I" loses all meaning. Naturally one feels afraid, doubtful. It is a dangerous journey, the most dangerous journey there is, but with tremendous ecstasy. Each moment of it is full of ecstasy, excitement, surprises and surprises, mysteries upon mysteries.

The courageous person is not one who has no fear -- only idiots don't have fear -- the courageous person is one who has fear but in spite of the fear he goes on the journey, in spite of the fear he goes on into the inquiry of the unknown. And the unknown is only a learning process because finally you have to take the quantum leap from the unknown to the unknowable. Unknown is not that much risky, remember it.

Evi Huber, unknown is that which *can* become known, hence it is not opposite to the known; it is reducible to the known, it can be transformed into the known. Mind feels doubtful, afraid, but not so much afraid, not so much doubtful as when the moment comes to take the jump into the unknowable, because the unknowable cannot be reduced to the known. "Unknowable" means it is going to remain unknowable; its very nature is unknowability. God is unknowable, not unknown.

Science believes only in two categories: the known and the unknown. Religion believes in three categories: known, unknown, unknowable. If science is right, then sooner or later we would have reduced all unknown into the known -- and the science will commit suicide there will be no need for science any longer. Because every day more and more territory of the unknown is being taken by the known -- things which were unknown yesterday have become known today, things which are unknown today will be known tomorrow -- sooner or later, whatsoever time it takes, but all unknown will be reduced into known. That's why science thinks that there is no need of religion -- science is enough.

But if you ask the greatest scientists in their rare moments of revelations, then their statements are totally different. Just before Albert Einstein died, just two days before, he said

that "The universe has become more of a mystery to me than it ever was before I started inquiring about it. I know less today than I used to think before."

Eddington, another great scientist, wrote in his autobiography that "When I started my scientific career I was a total materialist. I was brought up in a materialistic atmosphere. I was told that only matter exists and I believed that only matter exists. But now, before I die, I want it to be on record that now the existence seems to be more like a thought than like a thing. The more I have tried to understand, the more I have felt the mysteriousness of it all."

There is something in existence which is irreducible to the known, which is not unknown but unknowable. Sannyas is a journey from the known to the unknown and from the unknown to the unknowable.

You say:

I WILL BE TAKING SANNYAS IN A FEW DAYS. I WOULD LIKE SO MUCH THAT YOU SAY SOMETHING TO ME. I AM AFRAID -- THERE ARE DOUBTS -- AND I FEEL HAPPINESS ARISE.

Listen to your happiness, follow your happiness. It always gives you the right indication. If a man listens to one's happiness he can never go wrong. Happiness is simply an indication that you are coming closer to truth, that you are coming closer to the harmony of existence. Even the longing to come closer to it releases hidden sources of joy in you. And the moment you become harmonious with it your life becomes a sheer ecstasy.

Don't be hindered by your doubts and by your uncertainties and by your fears. Everybody has to face them and the more intelligent a person is, the more one has to face them. But real intelligence is to be capable of taking the jump in spite of them all.

The second question

OSHO, WHAT IS GREED?

Sahajo,

MAN FEELS MEANINGLESS, empty, hollow within, and wants to fill it, stuff it. The effort to fill it somehow is greed. That effort is bound to fail for the simple reason because whatsoever you accumulate remains on the outside; it cannot reach within you. And the problem is within and the solution you are seeking is without.

For example, you are feeling meaningless inside you and you are trying to fill it by money. It is a stupid effort, unconscious effort, not seeing a simple point: that money can be gathered, accumulated, but it will pile up around you. You can have mountains of money around you... there have been people with mountains of money.

One of the greatest rich men in the world was Andrew Carnegia. He left inestimable treasures, but when he was dying his biographer asked him, "Are you dying contented?"

He opened his eyes and said, "No, I am a very discontented man. My whole life has been a failure. I am dying unfulfilled."

The biographer was surprised. He said, "But you have so much money! Perhaps nobody else has that much money as you have got. Why should you not be contented and fulfilled?"

Andrew Carnegie laughed and he said, "Yes, the same logic destroyed my whole life. I was also thinking that if I can have that much money then all will be well. Money is there, and I have lost my life in accumulating all this junk, but inside I am as empty as ever, in fact far more empty than ever, because when I was poor..." He was born a poor man. He has not inherited money, he earned his money himself. He worked hard, eighteen hours per day; not even beggars work that hard. He was greed incarnate. His whole life is the story of greed.

And his experience is significant because he says "When I was poor at least there was

hope that some day I am going to be rich and then all will be well. Now I have even lost that hope, because I am rich and still my poverty remains the same."

Greed is the unintelligent man's effort to make his life meaningful. But remember my emphasis: unintelligent man's effort. No quantitative change can really transform your life. You can have millions of dollars or trillions of dollars; it is not going to change. It is only looking in the direction of quantity.

What you really need is a qualitative transformation of your being. You need your life to become full of light. You need some inner richness; outer richness is not going to help. In fact, it will make you more aware of your inner poverty by contrast. And if you have one million dollars and nothing has happened, how can you hope that by having two million dollars it is going to happen? If one million dollars have not given you anything, two million dollars are not going to give you anything. If one million dollars have given you something of inner joy, of inner splendor, then of course two million dollars will make it twice; it will become more. But people never think about it. They go on rushing almost unconsciously, asking the same again and again, more and more.

Greed means a desire for more without seeing the total futility of it. If less is not giving you anything, then it is not going to happen by having more of the same.

On her morning flight through the forest an angel meets a Polack dwarf. The angel says, "Dwarf, I grant you two wishes. Whatever you desire, tell me, and it will be fulfilled."

The Polack dwarf scratches his head, which helps him to think, and with a big smile says, "Well, if that is so, I would not mind a nice cold draught of beer."

An enormous tankard of beer immediately appears in front of him. The angel says, "This is an enchanted tankard. You can never empty it. Beer will always be flowing from it. Drunk you get, but never sick of it. Just a taste and you will never forget it. It will quench all your thirst and you will always be drinking from it."

The Polack dwarf is pleased. He takes a sip, licks his lips, and feels very satisfied with himself.

The angel looks at the dwarf and says, "You still have one more wish."

"Do I?" he exclaims. "Well, I wouldn't mind another beer, just like this one."

Greed is stupidity, Sahajo, utter stupidity. The greedy man is not functioning intelligently. The intelligent person can see it, but what actually is his need? His need basically is to know in the first place "Who am I? -- because unless I know who I am, whatsoever I do is going to be wrong; it is not going to fulfill me. Once I know exactly who I am, then whatsoever I do is going to enhance my richness, my treasures, my bliss, my benediction, because then I will be moving according to my nature."

To be rooted in one's nature is to know bliss. Without knowing your nature, without knowing your inner being, you are bound to go astray. All that you are doing is guesswork, all that you are doing is just imitating others. People are after money, so you are after money. People are after big houses, so you are after big houses. People are after this, so you are after this. You are simply being imitative, and only a stupid person is imitative.

The intelligent person is never imitative. He tries to find first, "What is my nature." He never imitates, he never follows others. He listens to his inner voice.

The first thing to be done is to be so silent, so meditative that you can listen to your own inner voice. It is a very still small voice, but once you listen it, it directs you, and then you never go astray.

There was once a very poor Portuguese whose only possessions were a cart and a donkey. Things were going very badly so he decided to ask for advice from a richer friend.

"Manuel," said his friend, "the solution is to sell the donkey. In this way you will save the money you spend on feeding the donkey and you can pull the cart yourself. You will see, you can do whatever the donkey does."

Manuel followed his advice and sold his donkey. A few weeks later, while pulling the cart, he met his rich friend.

"So you see, Manuel," said his friend, "I told you you could do whatever the donkey did!"

"I can do almost everything, Antonio," replied Manuel, "except one thing -- I still can't shit while I walk!"

And people are doing that all the time -- just imitating others. And then they are always in trouble because they cannot do this and they cannot do that. Somebody is doing that and they are incapable and they feel inferior. The whole world suffers from inferiority complexes in some way or other, for the simple reason that we go on comparing.

In fact, everybody is so unique that all comparison is wrong, utterly wrong. But you don't know your uniqueness. You have never entered your own being, you have never encountered yourself. You have never looked in that direction at all. You are bound to feel inferior. Even the greatest people of your history, the people you call very great, all feel inferior in some way or other, maybe different ways of feeling inferior, but nobody can really feel superior -- he will be missing something. He may not be so beautiful as somebody else, he may not be so healthy as somebody else, he may not be such a great musician as somebody else. He may be a president of a country, but when it comes to singing, a beggar can make him feel inferior. He may be the president of a country, but may not be so rich. There are thousands of other people who are far more richer.

Life consists of millions of things and if you are constantly comparing... and that's what you have been told to do. You have been brought up in such a way, educated in such a stupid way that you are constantly comparing. Somebody is taller than you, somebody is more beautiful than you, somebody seems to be more intelligent than you, somebody seems more virtuous, more religious, more meditative. And you are always in a state of inferiority, suffering.

Look within yourself and you will experience great uniqueness. And all inferiority disappears, evaporates; it was created by you and by wrong education, it was created by a subtle strategy -- the strategy of comparison. Once you know your uniqueness you are joyous, and then there is no need to follow anybody. Learn from everybody. An intelligent person even learns from idiots, because there are few things you can learn only from idiots because they are experts in idiocy. At least watching them, observing them, you can avoid a few things in your life.

You can learn from everybody, not only from man but from animals, from trees, from clouds, from rivers. But there is no question of imitating. You can't become a river, but you can learn some quality which is river-likeness: the flow, the let-go. You can learn something from a roseflower. You cannot become a roseflower, you need not, but you can learn something from the roseflower. You see the roseflower so delicate yet so strong in the wind, in the rain, in the sun. By the evening it will be gone but has no care about it, is joyous in the moment. You can learn from the roseflower how to live in the moment. Right now the roseflower is dancing in the wind, in the rain, unafraid, unconcerned for the future. By the evening the petals will wither away, but who bothers about the evening? This moment is all and this dance is all there is.

Learn something from the rose. Learn something from the bird on the wing: the courage -- the courage to go into the unbounded. Learn from all sources but don't imitate. But that is

possible only if you have found the right space to begin with, and that is acquaintance with yourself.

Then, Sahajo, greed disappears. Greed is unacquaintance with oneself. Greed is because you have never looked within yourself, and you feel empty and you go on making all kinds of efforts to fill that emptiness. It cannot be filled. Experience it and you will be surprised: that emptiness looks only empty from the outside; when you go inside it, it is a fullness of its own kind. It is not empty at all; it is vast, it is infinite. It has a tremendous beauty of silence, purity. And then you will not look at it as emptiness in a negative sense; you will start feeling a positive well-being in it. It is spaciousness, not emptiness. It is roominess, not emptiness.

And that's the message of Zen: to experience your emptiness so totally that the emptiness itself becomes fullness. Then all greed disappears, and that is the only way it disappears; there is no other way.

The third question

OSHO,

ARE NOT DIFFERENT RACES OF MAN REALLY AND BASICALLY DIFFERENT?

Prageeto,

MAN ESSENTIALLY IS THE SAME -- but essentially, intrinsically, centrally. On the circumference he is not the same, and there are millions of varieties. In fact, it is not a question of different races -- no two individuals are alike, how can the whole humanity be alike? People have lived in different climates in different situations, facing different challenges; of course they have grown different circumferences, different minds. As far as minds are concerned people are different, and each race has a certain kind of mind.

But the difference is only in the mind and mind is not very substantial; it is a shadow. Your shadow is different than my shadow, but the difference is only of the shadow. In fact, my own shadow is not the same the whole day: in the morning it is different, in the evening it is different, in the afternoon it is different.

I have heard about a fox:

The fox came out of his hole early in the morning. The sun was just rising, and the fox saw his shadow, very long shadow. And, of course, how do you know yourself? -- by your shadows. Foxes don't use mirrors, but it is the same. You do it in a more technological way: you use the mirror or you use other people's eyes as mirrors, their opinions. That's how you create your identity. Foxes are poor people, simple people, primitive people, not very sophisticated and cultured and educated.

The fox saw his shadow, very long shadow, in the early morning sun. And of course he thought, "My God, so I am this big! It seems I will need if not an elephant, at least a camel for the breakfast!" And looking at the shadow it was perfectly right. And he went in search to see if he can find a camel or an elephant for the breakfast, but the poor fox could not find any elephant or any camel.

It was twelve o'clock and he was feeling very hungry -- no breakfast. And it is getting closer to lunchtime and not even breakfast! He looked again at his shadow; he was very much surprised: "What has happened?" But then he argued, "Of course, without breakfast this is going to happen!" The shadow was so small, just underneath him, that he thought, "My God, I am very close to death it seems. If I don't find something immediately I am going to die! And now there is no need for any elephant or camel -- even if I can find a big ant, that will do -- at least for the breakfast!"

Your shadow changes; even your own shadow is never the same. Every race has its own

shadow. In other words, every race has its own history. In still other words, every race has its own mind -- the past. Of course, the past of the Jews is not the past of the Hindus. How they can have the same kind of mind? They cannot. The past of the Christians is not the past of the Jains. How they can have the same kind of mind? That is impossible.

But these differences are only on the circumference, remember; at the center, the consciousness is the same. Whether your skin is black or white or yellow or red, it does not matter. It is only a question of a few color pigments; it is not much worth either. In fact, between a black Negro and a very very white man the difference is only of such a little pigment of color, worth four *annas* only, not more than that. And remember, the Negro has four ANNAS' more pigment than the white men; he is far richer, he is not poorer in that way. The white man is poorer in that way. But the difference of skin and the color is not the difference of consciousness.

The whole of humanity needs only one kind of meditation, because meditation belongs to the state of no-mind; it is not a question of mind. There are many moralities in the world, there are bound to be, because different minds have different moralities. And you can argue forever and forever and there is not going to be anything conclusive about moralities.

There are Jains in India who believe in absolute vegetarianism. I was born in a Jain family. In my childhood, even tomatoes were not brought in the house because of their color -- they look like meat. In fact, I don't know whether they look exactly like meat or not because I have never seen meat; not even now, I have not seen meat yet. Just the idea that meat must be red and the poor tomatoes also look red... My grand mother was very much against the poor tomatoes. I had not eaten tomatoes up to I was eighteen, and when for the first time I ate tomatoes I vomited immediately. I could not take it in, I had to throw it out; it was so repellent.

Now I know there is no problem. I can eat Michael Tomato very easily -- there is no problem! But it was a certain mind.

Once a Quaker Christian stayed with me... and Jains think that they are the most vegetarian people in the whole world; they should forget all about it. I also used to think before that the Jains are the most vegetarian people. I asked the Quaker -- he was a Quaker missionary -- what he would like: milk, coffee, tea?

He said, "Milk? A man like you drinks milk?!"

He looked so puzzled. I could not believe my eyes -- what is wrong with milk? I asked him, "What is the matter with you? Is there something wrong with milk?"

He said, "Of course! It is an animal product. We Quakers don't use any animal product. It is just like non-vegetarian food. Whether you drink blood or you drink milk, it is the same -- both come from the body."

And there is some reason in it, some logic in it. Now, in India, all the vegetarians think that milk is the purest, the most *sattvic* food -- the purest, the most spiritual food There are people, saints, only famous for the simple reason that they drink only milk and nothing else; they don't eat anything. And they are worshipped -- for that reason, because their sacrifice is great. Now, according to the Quakers they are sinners and they will go to hell.

Moralities are bound to be different because they arise out of the mind. Only one thing can unite the whole humanity, and that is meditation. Only one thing can make the whole earth a family and that is meditation. All other religions have been quarreling and they will go on quarreling; they have divided humanity. There are three hundred religions in the world, and these are the big ones; there are small sects and sub-sects. If you count them all then it will come to near about thirty thousand -- but three hundred divisions in humanity And they

all look at each other as sinners.

No Christian believes that anybody else than the Christians can ever enter paradise. On the last day of judgment you will be sorted out, who are the Christians and who are not the Christians. And the same is the idea of the Jains and the Hindus and the Mohammedans. Everybody will be sorted out. Mohammedans will go to heaven and the non-Mohammedans, the *kafirs*, they will go to hell. And Hindus have a birthright of course, they are the most religious people, the most sacred people on the earth. And so are the Jews, the chosen people of God; nobody has been chosen by God except the Jews. These are all egoistic ideas.

But on the circumference people differ. In their philosophies, in their ideologies, in their moralities in their minds, they are bound to be different. But as far as the essential core is concerned they are one.

And my emphasis here is for the essential core. So here nobody is a Hindu or a Mohammedan or a Christian. My sannyasins are not a new religion, my sannyasins are only religious. It is a religionless religion. It is a kind of religiousness, not an ideology, not a morality but meditateness. It is pure Zen: the special transmission beyond scriptures, beyond words, beyond minds.

And I am not against the variety of people. I am not saying that all should become exactly alike; that will be a very boring earth, a very boring situation. People should remain different. If they recognize the essential unity, then there is no problem. Then the variety is beautiful.

The English lord walks out of the door of his castle and says to James, his butler, "James, please slam the door for me -- I have had an argument with Milady!"

An American tourist was visiting West Germany. Before returning home he decided to pay a visit to the red-light district of Munich.

After enjoying the delights of one of the red-light's buxom blondes he left immediately, without paying any money.

"What about the marks?" cried the prostitute.

"Oh yes. Ten out of ten!" he replied.

An Irishman bought his girlfriend a magnificent bunch of roses. On receiving her present she took him by the hand, led him to her bedroom, then she took off her clothes and lay naked on the bed.

"This is for the roses," she said sexily.

"Don't be silly," he replied, "they will last longer in a vase!"

A Negro enters a restaurant that has just been obliged by law to serve colored people. He is the only Negro in the room. All the other customers are staring at him indignantly.

So the waiter comes up to him with the wine list. "What do you want?" he asks.

The Negro, looking around the room before answering, says loudly, "Give me a white one, dry!"

A prisoner is being led in India to the gallows when a storm breaks loose.

Says the prisoner to his escort, "Terrible weather!"

The hangman looks at him silently for a moment, then says, "You are lucky, mate -- I have got to walk back in it!"

A German, boarding a train, goes over to the conductor, hands over his ticket, and asks to be shown to his seat. The conductor complies.

A short while later the German passenger comes again to the conductor and asks for a seat by the window. He is told, "No problem. If you want to sit by the window, all you have to do is to ask the person sitting by the window to switch seats with you."

"Ya, ya," says the German. "That's very gut, but you zee, there is no one sitting by ze

window!"

A gynecologist was puzzled. In the last few days he had attended to five clients who had had the letter "W" tattooed on their stomachs. With the arrival of the sixth case, the doctor could no longer restrain his curiosity so he asked the lady about it.

"Well, doc," she replied, "there is an American ship on port at the moment. On board is this marvelous sailor called William who has his initial tattooed on his stomach. He has used a modern process of tattooing which leaves a mark if it touches something else -- like blotting paper."

The doctor was very impressed, both at the original form of tattooing and the obviously brilliant performance of William.

So when the next lady came in with the mark he said, "Ah, I see by this mark that you have had a meeting with an American sailor called William!"

"No, doc," was the surprised reply. "I have had an affair with a sailor whose tattoo leaves a mark, but he is French and his name is Maurice!"

A Brazilian, sitting in the restaurant compartment of the train, was slowly eating his meal, when an English lady and her two sons sat at his table. While they ordered, the Brazilian finished his meal, picked his teeth, stretched his legs and gave a big belch.

The lady was shocked and exclaimed, "Are you in the habit of doing these things in front of *your* sons?"

The Brazilian replied, "Oi, donna, in my house we have no rules. Sometimes they belch, sometimes I belch."

The Polack asks his girlfriend to fight, but she says she does not want to because she is not feeling well.

"Whatta ya mean, not feeling well?" he says.

"You know," she says, "I have got my time of the month."

"Whatta ya mean, time of the month?" he says.

"You know," she says, "I have got my period."

"Whatta ya mean, period?" he says.

"You know," she says, "I am bleeding down here." And she open her pants to show him.

"Jesus!" he says, "No wonder you are bleeding! They have gone and cut your cock off!"

The newly wed Greek couple is in a deep embrace. While kissing and caressing her he whispers, "My love, now I will put it where nobody else ever has!"

In a frightened voice she cries, "Oh no! In my ears... never!"

And the last:

A lady health inspector, after checking the sanitary conditions in Boccala's Bakery, summoned the proprietor.

"Listen," she complained, "one of the bakers back there is throwing the dough against his bare chest to flatten it out for pizzas!"

"That's-a not-a so bad-a," said Boccala, "you should-a be here yesterday when he make-a the doughnuts!"

The fourth question

OSHO, I AM HAPPY AS I AM. I AM A VERY AMBITIOUS MAN AND I DO NOT WANT TO BE ENLIGHTENED. PLEASE BLESS ME TO FULFILL MY DREAMS. EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE THROUGH YOUR GRACE.

Sunderlal,

IT IS NOT THE RIGHT PLACE FOR YOU TO BE. You have fallen in a wrong company.

First you say:

I AM HAPPY AS I AM.

A happy man is never ambitious. There is no need for him to be happy if he is ambitious, or if he is happy there is no need for him to be ambitious. Both things cannot exist together. If you are happy, ambition disappears; if you are ambitious you are miserable. Only in misery ambition grows. Ambition simply means you are not happy the way you are.

What dreams do you want to fulfill? That means the reality that you are living in is not giving you contentment, it is not enough; you want something more. Only a miserable mind wants something more. The very idea of the "more" is out of misery. But you seem to be very unconscious of your misery, or maybe very cunning. You don't want to recognize it, you don't want to confess it. You say:

I AM HAPPY AS I AM.

That is possible only if you are enlightened. And the enlightened person has no more any dreams to fulfill; he is finished with dreams. Not that all his dreams are fulfilled but he has come to know that dreams are dreams and they cannot be fulfilled. He has come to see the utter futility of all dreams, of all dreaming. He is awake; dreams can exist only in sleep.

But if you are happy in your misery, then I will not disturb you at all. It is your life; you have to decide about it. If you want it the way it is, remain as you are. Why you have come here?

Once, in a far off wintry country, lived a rebellious young sparrow. When the end of autumn was approaching and other sparrows were getting ready to fly south to the sun, the young sparrow decided not to go with them.

Soon winter came and the little sparrow got colder and colder. Finally he decided to fly south, knowing he would freeze to death staying where he was.

It was so cold that ice formed on his wings as he flew, and he fell stricken to the earth and landed in a farmyard.

A cow passing through the yard did a big shit all over the little sparrow. The sparrow thought he would suffocate, but instead he was warmed back to life. Thus, warm, happy and able to breathe, the young bird began to sing.

A passing cat, hearing the joyful singing, cleared away the cow shit, saw the happy bird, and ate him.

There are three morals to this story:

First: Anyone who shits on you is not necessarily your enemy.

Second: Anyone who gets you out of the shit is not necessarily your friend.

And third: If you are happy and warm in a pile of shit, keep your big mouth shut.

So why this question? Shut up! Otherwise there is danger... there are many enlightened cats around here! You say:

I AM HAPPY AS I AM.

Really? Never heard of such a thing! Buddha can say it, Mahavira can say it, Zarathustra can say it, but then they will not ask other things that you are asking. They will not say that they are ambitious, very ambitious. You are afraid of enlightenment because you have become clear about this: that if you want to be enlightened then this ambitiousness has to be dropped. This is a barrier. Ambition means ego. Ambition means continuous effort to magnify your ego, to go on puffing it, to go on making it bigger and bigger. Hence you are afraid of enlightenment.

But you have come here to be blessed. That's how Indian genius has deteriorated. You come to a religious person in India to be blessed, to fulfill your dreams. And there *are*

so-called spiritual people in India who will bless your stupid dreams and who will give you hope that they will be fulfilled. You have become accustomed of all this nonsense. Neither you are religious nor they are religious. If they are religious they will destroy all your dreams, because a religious person has only work to do and that is to destroy your dreams. That's the only way he can be helpful to you, that's the only way he can be a blessing to you.

I cannot bless your dreams. I can bless you, but not your dreams. And I can bless you so that you can be awake, so that you can come out of your dreams.

This ambitiousness, Sunderlal, is sheer stupidity. It is monkeyishness. In monkeys they have discovered that there exists a hierarchy. There is always the chief monkey -- the president you can call him, or the prime minister -- the most cunning, the most dangerous fellow, the most destructive, violent, bloody; he becomes the chief, he dominates everybody. If you go to a tree where many monkeys are sitting you can see their hierarchy. The topmost monkey will be on the highest branch, then below him will be the people who are hoping when he dies, who are hoping when he becomes too old so they can grab the power, and so on and so forth. At the lowest you will find young monkeys who are learning ways of how to achieve higher and higher status.

The topmost monkey will have many more females, obviously; the most beautiful females will belong to him. He will have the first right to make love to any female, and then others can be allowed, but there too a hierarchy follows.

If Darwin has not discovered that man has come from the monkeys, then politics would have been enough to show that man must have come from monkeys.

You have a political mind. Ambitious mind means a political mind -- grabbing, grasping, clinging for more and more, always trying to reach at the top. And there is nothing beyond the top; you simply look silly sitting there. But finding nowhere to go you have to stop. Only Polacks have one thing which is very beautiful: on Polack ladders, on the last rung, there is a small notice -- "STOP" -- because the Polacks can go on and on.

A man had to have his testicles surgically removed, and all that was available for replacement was a pair of monkey balls.

Some time later, when his wife gave birth to their first child, he asked the nurse whether it was a boy or a girl.

"Don't know," she replied. "We can't get the hairy bastard off the ceiling!"

What you will do even if you reach to the ceiling? Just you will look foolish!

Try to understand that all your dreams are basically an escape from yourself. You say that you are happy -- you are not. You are trying to escape from yourself in your dreams, in your ambitions.

The man who is happy is relaxed, he is in a let-go, he is in a rest. He enjoys himself He is not interested in becoming somebody else, he is not interested in being somewhere else -- he is not interested in future at all. His present is such a joy, his each moment is such an ecstasy, that why he should bother about the future? The tomorrow exists only for the miserable, because the miserable lives in hope. His life is so full of misery that the only way to tolerate is to go on keeping some hope, hoping that tomorrow things will be different.

Please, when you are here be at least honest and sincere. I am not interested that you should become enlightened -- nobody can force it on you -- but don't go on deceiving yourself that you are happy. You are not.

And soon all your dreams will simply exhaust you, tire you, bore you. And remember one thing: it is very difficult to fulfill them. Even with all the blessings of all your so-called saints they cannot be fulfilled; they are intrinsically unfulfillable. So only frustration will be in your

hands in the end. And if by chance, just by sheer accident, coincidence, some dream is fulfilled, you will be even more frustrated and exhausted than if it was not fulfilled, because once it is fulfilled you will see the futility of it all.

His majesty, the lion, king of the jungle, is going for a morning walk. On his way he meets Charlie, the monkey, in deep despair, tears rolling down his face.

"What is the matter, Charlie my friend?" the lion asks lovingly.

"Oh, my king," Charlie weeps. "I have fallen in love with Alexandra, the beautiful giraffe, but the authorities do not allow us to marry, for reasons of racial discrimination. Oh please, king, grant us this marriage. I cannot live without her."

Feeling the truth of his love, the king allows this exceptional marriage.

A few weeks later the king meets Charlie on his morning walk. Charlie has lost so much weight that he can hardly stand on his trembling legs. The king is surprised. "Charlie, my friend, what is happening?"

"Well, you see, my king," Charlie answers, swaying his monkey arms, "love is still flowing between Alexandra and me, but it is very difficult, you know, running up for kissing, running down for fucking, running up for kissing, running down for fucking...!"

Even if your dreams are fulfilled you will be very much exhausted, very much tired. And I am not a magician either.

You say:

EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE THROUGH YOUR GRACE.

Don't try to bribe me in any way -- I cannot be bribed. Don't hope that by praising me you can get my blessings. I can bless you only for enlightenment, and nothing else can have my support in any possible way, because I know only if you become full of light your life will have some meaning, some truth, some joy, some celebration, some dance.

And remember, I am not a magician. You should go to Satya Sai Baba or people like him, people who pretend to do miracles. But remember always, sometimes these miracles can go to the other extreme. And mind always moves from one extreme to the other extreme; it never stops in the middle. If it stops in The middle it becomes enlightened. It moves from one extreme to the other extreme.

The poor man wants to be rich, the rich man wants to be poor. Continuously people are asking for the opposite. The opposite seems to be attractive because it is unknown to you. What are your dreams? Must be opposites, things that you have not experienced; and you are hankering for them and deep down thinking that others are enjoying all those things. Nobody is enjoying anything in the world -- I have not come across a single person who is enjoying anything. There are only very rare few people -- can be counted on finger, who are enjoying, but they are not enjoying anything. They are enjoying their being, their consciousness. And that's what enlightenment is all about.

A man had just got married to a beautiful young girl. He wanted to make love to her, but he had a very short prick so he went to see a magician. The magician gave him a pill and he said, "Any time someone says 'Pardon me', it will grow an inch."

So he tried it. He went through crowds of people, "Pardon me, pardon me, pardon me," and the magician was right -- the miracle was happening. He was overjoyed.

Soon he got home and was just about to make love to his beautiful young girl when someone came into the room. "Pardon me! Pardon me! exclaimed the intruder. "A thousand times pardon me!"

Now think of that man... now the man has disappeared. Now he is searching for another magician who can help him.

Forget about these magicians; they are good as far as stories are concerned. In real life there is only one magic, and that is the magic of awakening. There is only one miracle: the miracle of coming home. And that is possible, and I am ready to bless you and help you. I can hold your hand and lead you towards that ultimate blissfulness. But don't ask for any other stupid thing.

But this is a constant problem. Indians go on writing to me, that "If we take sannyas, will it help us to become prosperous? Will it help us to have more success in life?" These are not the people who can belong to me, and I am not the person who can have any communion with this kind of frustrated, ambitious people. And these are the people who think themselves that they are religious.

But there are so-called saints -- Muktanandas and Akandanandas -- who go on blessing them for any kind of stupidity. You ask and they are ready to bless you.

I can bless you only for one thing, absolutely only for one thing, and that is enlightenment. And you say you are not interested in becoming enlightened; then I am not interested in you either. I am interested in people who are interested in enlightenment. This place belongs to them, my whole energy belongs to them. They are my people. Others should not bother, should not take any trouble to come here.

Please, Sunderlal, forgive me. This is a Buddha-energy-field. Don't ask for anything less than that. Buddhahood is available here! If you are ready to drink the river is flowing. It is a special transmission, but only the very fortunate ones will be able to receive it. You can also be the fortunate one; just a little more understanding is needed. I hope that that understanding will happen to you.