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BELOVED OSHO,
AND AN ORATOR SAID, SPEAK TO US OF FREEDOM.
AND HE ANSWERED:
AT THE CITY GATE AND BY YOUR FIRESIDE I HAVE SEEN YOU PROSTRATE YOURSELF AND WORSHIP YOUR OWN FREEDOM,
EVEN AS SLAVES HUMBLE THEMSELVES BEFORE A TYRANT AND PRAISE HIM THOUGH HE SLAYS THEM.
AY, IN THE GROVE OF THE TEMPLE AND IN THE SHADOW OF THE CITADEL I HAVE SEEN THE FREEST AMONG YOU WEAR THEIR FREEDOM AS A YOKE AND A HANDCUFF.
AND MY HEART BLED WITHIN ME; FOR YOU CAN ONLY BE FREE WHEN EVEN THE DESIRE OF SEEKING FREEDOM BECOMES A HARNESS TO YOU, AND WHEN YOU CEASE TO SPEAK OF FREEDOM AS A GOAL AND A FULFILMENT.
YOU SHALL BE FREE INDEED WHEN YOUR DAYS ARE NOT WITHOUT A CARE NOR YOUR NIGHTS WITHOUT A WANT AND A GRIEF,
BUT RATHER WHEN THESE THINGS GIRDLE YOUR LIFE AND YET YOU RISE ABOVE THEM NAKED AND UNBOUND.
AND HOW SHALL YOU RISE BEYOND YOUR DAYS AND NIGHTS UNLESS YOU BREAK THE CHAINS WHICH YOU AT THE DAWN OF YOUR UNDERSTANDING HAVE FASTENED AROUND YOUR NOON HOUR?
IN TRUTH THAT WHICH YOU CALL FREEDOM IS THE STRONGEST OF THESE CHAINS, THOUGH ITS LINKS GLITTER IN THE SUN AND DAZZLE YOUR EYES.

The true freedom has nothing to do with the outside world.

The true freedom is not political, is not economic; it is spiritual. Political freedom can be taken away at any moment; economic freedom can disappear just like a dewdrop in the early morning sun. They are not in your hands. And that which is not in your hands cannot be called true freedom.

True freedom is always spiritual. It has something to do with your innermost being, which cannot be chained, which cannot be handcuffed, which cannot be put into a jail.

Yes, your body can suffer all these things, but your soul is intrinsically free. You don't have to ask for it, and you don't have to struggle for it. It is already there, this very moment. If you turn inwards, all chains, all prisons, all kinds of slaveries disappear -- and there are many. Freedom is only one; slaveries are many -- just as truth is one, lies can be thousands.

AND AN ORATOR SAID, SPEAK TO US OF FREEDOM.

The orator is only articulate with words. He talks about freedom, about love, about beauty, about good, but he only talks; his oratory is nothing but a training of the mind. The orator has no concern with realities. His world consists only of words -- which are impotent, without any content -- and his art is to manage those impotent and contentless words in such a way that you are caught in the words.

It is very relevant that an orator asked Almustafa: *speak to us of freedom*.

What exactly is the innermost substance of freedom? -- that you are free from the past, that you are free from the future. You do not have memories binding you with the past, dragging you always backwards -- that is against existence: nothing goes backwards. And your freedom is also from imagination, desire, longing -- they drag you towards the future.

Neither the past exists nor the future exists.

All that you have in your hands is the present.

The man who lives in the present, unburdened of past and future, knows the taste of freedom. He has no chains -- chains of memories, chains of desires. These are the real chains which bind your soul and never allow you to live the moment that is yours.

As far as I am concerned, I don't see that without a meditative mind one can ever be in freedom.

In India what you have known in the West as paradise is known as *moksha*. *Moksha* means freedom. Paradise does not mean freedom, paradise comes from a Persian root, *phirdaus*, which means "a walled garden." But don't forget that it is a *walled* garden: it may be a garden, but it is a prison.

The biblical story says that God became annoyed with Adam and Eve and threw them out of the garden of Eden. Into what? Where? If you ask me, it was a curse hiding the greatest freedom, the greatest blessing. They were out of the prison, and that was the beginning of humanity. Now the whole sky and the whole earth was theirs, and it was up to them what they make of it. It is unfortunate that they have not been able to create a free world. Each nation has again become a walled prison -- not even a walled garden.

In a small school, the religious teacher was talking to the children about the biblical beginnings of the world. A small boy raised his hand to ask a question. The teacher said, "What is your question?"

He said, "My question is: THE BIBLE says, `God drove out Adam and Eve.' What model of car did he use?"

It must have been a Ford -- the first model, called the Model-T Ford. And I think that poor God is still driving the Model-T Ford without any mechanics, because neither is his son Jesus Christ a mechanic, nor is the Holy Ghost, nor is He Himself.

Christianity thinks that God punished man. My understanding and insight says: God may have thought He was punishing them, but the reality is that God is still imprisoned in a walled garden. And it was a blessing in disguise that he made man free. His intention was not good, but the result was the whole evolution of man. And if evolution is not going as fast as it should go, again the priests of God, of all religions, are preventing it.

When Galileo found that it is not the sun that goes around the earth, that it is an appearance and not a reality.... The reality is just the opposite: the earth goes around the sun. When he wrote a treatise explaining his reasons, evidence, proofs, arguments, he was very old -- seventy or seventy-five -- and sick, bedridden, almost dying. But Christian love is such that the people of the pope dragged him from his bed to the court of the pope.

The pope said, "You have committed the gravest crime, because THE BIBLE says, and everybody knows, that the sun goes around the earth. Either you have to change your opinion, or death will be the penalty."

Galileo, even in his old age, sick and dying, must have been an immensely beautiful man, a man with a sense of humor. He said, "Your Honor, there is no problem. I can write what you are saying. There is just one thing I want to make clear to you -- that my writing is going to be read neither by the sun nor by the

earth. They will continue in their old way, as they have always done. The earth will continue to go around the sun. You can burn my book or I can change the paragraph."
The pope said, "You change the paragraph."

He changed the paragraph and wrote, "According to THE BIBLE and according to the pope and according to the ordinary humanity, it appears that the sun goes around the earth." And in the footnote he wrote, "The truth is just the opposite. I cannot help it -- I cannot convince the earth to follow THE BIBLE, and I cannot convince the sun to follow THE BIBLE. They are not Christian." The footnote was discovered only after his death; otherwise he would have been crucified by the Christians -- who go on making so much fuss about the crucifixion of Jesus.

I was talking to one of the most important Christian missionaries, Stanley Jones, and asked, "What do you think about it? -- why was the pope insistent? If science had discovered it, THE BIBLE should have been corrected."

Stanley Jones said to me, "It may have great implications. If one statement in THE BIBLE is wrong, then what is the guarantee that other statements are not wrong?"

And THE BIBLE is a holy book, coming directly from God. Nothing can be changed in it, nothing can be edited out, nothing can be added into it. And in the last three hundred years man has found so many things which are against THE BIBLE.

In fact, as you grow in consciousness, you are bound to find that what was written two thousand years ago, or five thousand years ago, has to be continually improved. New editions have to be produced. But what religions lack is courage -- courage to be on the side of truth. And it is not only Christians, the case is the same with the Hindus, the Mohammedans, the Jews, the Buddhists, the Jainas. There is not any difference in their mentality.

A man of freedom is free of the past. And the man of freedom is also free of the future, because you don't know what is going to happen the next moment. How can you go on desiring?...

An old man was dying. He was a Jew; and his four sons, who used to live in different houses, were of course immensely rich people. Hearing that their father was dying, they rushed to him.

The father was dying, taking his last breath on the bed, and just sitting by the side of the bed, the sons started discussing how to take his body to the graveyard. Their concern was not the father -- a few minutes more and he would be gone, forever; there was no possibility of their meeting or recognizing each other again... but that was not their concern. They were concerned about: "When he dies, how are we going to transport his body?"

The youngest boy suggested, "He always wanted to have a Rolls Royce. And he has enough money, we have enough money; there is no need for him to suffer and repress an innocent desire. So at least we should bring a Rolls Royce to carry his body to the graveyard. In his life he missed, but at least in death he will have the Rolls Royce."

The second boy said, "You are too young and you don't understand matters concerning money. It is a sheer wastage. He is dead -- whether you take him in a Rolls Royce or in a truck does not matter to him. He will not be able to know, so why waste money?" And it was not much money either, just to hire a Rolls Royce taxi. It was not a question of purchasing it. He said, "My suggestion is that a cheap truck will do as efficiently as any Rolls Royce -- for the dead it makes no difference."

The third boy said, "You are also still immature. Why bother about a truck, when the municipal corporation truck takes, free of charge, any beggar who dies? Just put him out on the road! In the morning the municipal truck, with all kinds of rubbish, will take him for free. Give him a free ride! And what does it matter to a dead man whether it is a municipal truck or a hired truck or a Rolls Royce?"

At that very moment the old man opened his eyes and said, "Where are my shoes?" They were puzzled, "What are you going to do with shoes? Why waste a pair of shoes? Anyway you are going to die."

He said, "I'm still alive and perhaps have a few more breaths. Just bring the shoes; I will walk to the graveyard. That is the cheapest and the sanest way. You are all extravagant, spendthrift."

People may have money, and the money becomes their fetter. People may have prestige, and the prestige becomes their fetters. It seems the whole past of humanity has been improving on how to make better chains, but even if a chain is made of gold, it is still a chain. Freedom on the outside is just the politician's continuous deceiving of the whole humanity.
Freedom is your individual affair.
It is totally subjective.

If you have thrown out all the rubbish of the past and all the desires and ambitions for the future, this very moment you are free -- just like a bird on the wing, the whole sky is yours. Perhaps even the sky is not the limit.

Why is the orator, not a slave, asking him? It would have been far more relevant had a slave asked, *speak to us of freedom*. The orator is asking about freedom so that he can start speaking on freedom with more efficiency and with more articulateness.

He is not interested in being free. His interest is to become a great orator about freedom -- because everybody is in chains of different kinds, and enslaved by religions, by politicians, by parents, by society. The orator is simply asking to decorate his speeches. It is not an authentic question. But the answer is far more authentic. Almustafa answered:

AT THE CITY GATE AND BY YOUR FIRESIDE I HAVE SEEN YOU PROSTRATE YOURSELF AND WORSHIP YOUR OWN FREEDOM.

What do you do when you go to a Hindu temple, or a Mohammedan mosque, or a Christian church, or a synagogue? -- you are worshiping things which you yourself have created. And that shows man's utter stupidity: first you carve a statue of God and then you prostrate yourself before it. This is your religion. Why don't you start touching your own feet? There is no difference.

Mohammedans have been in difficulty, because Mohammed, fourteen centuries ago, found that the people of Arabia were worshiping three hundred and sixty-five statues. Kaaba was their temple, and for every day one statue was worshiped. And even
Mohammed, uneducated, could see the foolishness of it -- you make the statues, and then you worship them -- so he destroyed all those three hundred and sixty-five statues.

I am not in favor of his destruction. Instead... the same thing started again. He himself started it, because he found man is so much in love with his own misery that he cannot understand the idea of freedom -- because to be free is to be free of misery.

The same Kaaba where three hundred and sixty-five statues used to exist also had a big square stone. It was not an ordinary stone, it was an asteroid. Every night you see stars falling -- but stars don't *fall*, and it is good and compassionate of them that they don't fall, because they are so big that if they fell on the earth, the whole earth would disappear as if it had never existed. What you see, and call falling stars, are nothing but small stones.

When the moon became separated from the earth.... In the beginning days the earth was not so solid. It is not solid even today, if you go deep inside: deep inside, it is burning lava. Once in a while it erupts into a volcano, but the upper crust has become solid. In the beginning it was not solid, and when the liquid earth was first moving on its own center....

It takes twenty-four hours for it to move on its own center. And then it is also moving around the sun -- it takes three hundred and sixty-five days. In this double movement parts of the liquid crust were falling out here and there. Where you find, today, the great oceans, those are the places where big lumps of earth fell out. Joined together, they became your moon.

This moon continues to move around the earth, but no religious scripture of the world has any idea of it. Sometimes, because there are almost three thousand stones falling every twenty-four hours on the earth.... In the day you cannot see them because the sun is so bright, but in the night you can see them. It is a stone moving towards the earth, pulled by gravitation, with such a speed that the friction makes it burn up; hence you see the light and you think it is a star.

But sometimes big stones also fall, and the Kaaba is one of the biggest stones that has fallen. Because it had fallen from above, the people who worshiped the three hundred and sixty-five statues thought that it was a gift from God, and they placed it in the middle of the temple. The temple was vast -- naturally, to accommodate three hundred and sixty-five guests. It was a five star hotel! And it was just a coincidence that the stone of Kaaba fell there. Mohammed destroyed all the statues, but he could not destroy the men's memories, he could not destroy the men's imaginations. Not finding the statues, they started worshiping that great stone.

It seems that man is afraid to be free. He wants some father in the sky, at least for complaints and prayers. He needs a father in the sky as God, to take care of him. Without God in the sky, he feels like a lost child. It is a father fixation, psychologically.

Almustafa is saying, "I have seen you worshiping and prostrating yourself; and in a certain way you worship yourself -- in a roundabout way." The simplest way would have been to just put a mirror up, stand before the mirror, and with folded hands, repeat any kind of prayer -- Hebrew, Sanskrit, Arabic, Greek, Latin. Don't use the language that you know, because when you know the language your prayer looks very ordinary. When you don't know the language, it is mystifying.

> ... EVEN AS SLAVES HUMBLE THEMSELVES BEFORE A TYRANT AND PRAISE HIM THOUGH HE SLAYS THEM.

Your worship is just like slaves praising the tyrant who has reduced them from humanity into slavery. And he can kill them any moment, because a slave is a property, not a person.

> AY, IN THE GROVE OF THE TEMPLE AND IN THE SHADOW OF THE CITADEL I HAVE SEEN THE FREEST AMONG
> YOU WEAR THEIR FREEDOM AS A YOKE AND A HANDCUFF.

Thousands of years of many kinds of slavery have made you so afraid to be free -- which is your birthright and which is your ultimate blissfulness. Your so-called temples and synagogues and mosques and churches are not symbols of freedom, they are symbols of your slavery, of your dead tyrants. But even intelligent people go on doing the same thing.

For example, I would like to tell you.... Mahatma Gandhi has been praised all over the world. Perhaps I am the only person who can see his retardedness: he was preaching nonviolence his whole life and at the same time he was worshiping the SHRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA, the Hindu bible, which is the only book in the world which teaches violence. And I cannot conceive that he could not see the contradiction.

Krishna, in the BHAGAVADGITA, says continually to Arjuna, "It is God's will that you should go to war and destroy your enemies." But because it was a family quarrel -- they were cousin-brothers fighting with each other, Arjuna and Duryodhana -- it was a very strange kind of fight. On each side they had their relatives. It was one family -- even the grandfather had to choose which side to be on; even their master, who had taught both of them the art of archery, had to choose.

Bhishma is known as one of the great men in India, because he remained celibate his whole life. And Dronacharya, the master archer, had loved Arjuna, because he had the capacity to become a master archer in his own right. But still, both of them, the wise Bhishma, and the great archer Dronacharya chose to be against Arjuna and his brothers, because they were only five brothers, and the other party consisted of one hundred brothers. Dronacharya and Bhishma's choice to be on the other side shows not wisdom but only a business mind. Seeing that the one hundred brothers had more strength... and it is always good to be with the strong.

Almost the whole country was divided into two parts. And there were friends on that side, there were friends on this side. Even Krishna was in a difficulty -- he was the spiritual guide of the whole family. So he found a way and gave the choice to both Arjuna and Duryodhana: "One can have me and the other can have my armies. You can choose." Naturally Duryodhana chose his big army, and Arjuna chose Krishna himself to be his charioteer.

The day of fight had come. Both the parties, millions of people, had gathered on the war field, facing each other. A strange kind of fight -- they were all related in some way or other to each other. Seeing the whole thing, Arjuna said, "I don't feel this victory is worth anything. Killing my own people... because on the other side are also my own people -- my grandfather, my teacher, my friends, my relatives -- and on my side also are my friends. Both will be killed.

"And even if I become victorious, upon millions of corpses, sitting on a golden throne, I will not be happy. These are the people I have loved, these are the people I have lived for. And just for the kingdom and the golden throne...? I am feeling very sad, and seeing the truth with my own eyes, I want to renounce the world and become a sannyasin and go to the Himalayas. Let my cousin-brothers rule -- at least nobody will be harmed.

"How can I kill my own master, who is on the other side? How can I kill my own grandfather, who is on the other side?" And Krishna went on and on to convince him, "A warrior's religion is to fight. You are

becoming weak, you are becoming soft. A warrior need not have any heart."

But no argument could convince Arjuna. Finally, as the last resort, Krishna said, "It is God's will that you should participate in the war." If I were in the place of Arjuna, I would not have wasted that much time -- because why should God speak to Krishna and not to Arjuna -- "If it is His will, He should speak to me directly. I'm feeling that it is absolutely ridiculous and I'm going to take sannyas and move to the mountains to meditate."

But we have always accepted the mediators: God speaks through the pope, God speaks through Jesus Christ, God speaks through Krishna. He has a certain kind of postal system; He never speaks directly.

The whole book of the BHAGAVADGITA is full of arguments for violence -- even God is for violence. My puzzle has been that Mahatma Gandhi, teaching non-violence, continually carried the BHAGAVADGITA with him. He worshiped the BHAGAVADGITA; every morning a part of it was recited in the ashram of Mahatma Gandhi. And he never became aware of the fact that it is the only book in the world which teaches so openly in favor of violence, and even drags God into it.

Man's blindness seems to be unlimited.

So for thousands of years, if you have been in chains, handcuffed, you must have started believing that these are ornaments, that this is the will of God. Your parents cannot be your enemies. If they take you to the church or to the temple, they take you there because they love you. But the reality is, they take you there because they were taken by their parents. It is a robot-like process, mechanical. And slowly, slowly the slavery has penetrated into your blood, into your bones, into your very marrow.

So if somebody speaks against Krishna, immediately you are ready to fight with him: he has spoken against your God -- who is nothing but a slavery. If somebody speaks against Jesus, immediately you are furious: he has spoken against your God -- but he was speaking only against your chains.

This is the reason why I have been condemned by all the countries of the world, all the religions of the world -- because I'm speaking against their slavery. It is polished, decorated, and they have always lived in it. Their parents and their parents' parents... a long line of slaves. How can they drop their inheritance? You get in inheritance nothing but slavery. And even if you don't take it seriously, still it is serious.

I have heard... three rabbis were talking about their synagogues. The first rabbi said, "My synagogue is the most advanced because in my synagogue, while I am delivering the sermon, people are allowed to smoke, gossip, talk. I have given them total freedom."

The other two rabbis laughed. The second one said, "This you call advancement? Come to my synagogue. I have given them freedom to drink alcohol, and when they become drunk they shout, they scream, they fight, but I continue giving my discourse. This is freedom."

In a synagogue women and men cannot sit together; there is a curtain between them. And the second rabbi also said, "The curtain has been removed. Now women and men sit together. I don't even interfere... whether it is your wife you are sitting with or not. Even boyfriends and girlfriends are allowed to do all kinds of loving things -- kissing, hugging -- and my discourse continues. We have entered into the era of freedom."

The third rabbi said, "You are both idiots. You should come sometime to my synagogue. I have placed a board in front of the synagogue, saying that on every Jewish holiday the synagogue will remain closed. This is freedom. Why waste people's time? At least on a holiday let them have all kinds of entertainment available to them."

But these are not freedoms. They are all still Jews. Unless you drop your Jewishness, your Hinduism, your Jainism, your Mohammedanism, unless you are completely clean of the past, unless you are no longer dominated by the dead and no longer enchanted by the unpredictable future, you are not free. Freedom is here and now -- neither the yesterday nor the tomorrow, but this very moment.

A man of understanding unburdens himself.

And all the chains that have been heavy on his heart -- although he had become accustomed to that heaviness -- disappear.

I am saying it to you with absolute authority, because it is my experience. The moment your chains disappear you start growing wings for the sky. Then the whole sky, full of stars, is yours.

AND MY HEART BLED WITHIN ME; FOR YOU CAN ONLY BE FREE WHEN EVEN THE DESIRE OF SEEKING FREEDOM BECOMES A HARNESS TO YOU....

A very profound statement: The very desire for freedom can also become a fetter. All desires fetter you; freedom is not an exception... for the simple reason that all desires live in the future. A man who is free does not even know anything about slavery or freedom, he enjoys his freedom. It is his very quality of being.

AND MY HEART BLED WITHIN ME; FOR YOU CAN ONLY BE FREE WHEN EVEN THE DESIRE OF SEEKING FREEDOM BECOMES A HARNESS TO YOU, AND WHEN YOU CEASE TO SPEAK OF FREEDOM AS A GOAL AND A FULFILMENT.

All goals are bound to be in the future, and all desires for fulfillment in the future are nothing but a cover-up of your misery in the present. Your tomorrows go on giving you promises -- it is only one day, it will pass; tomorrow I will be free.

But tomorrow never comes, has never come. You will never be free. The tomorrow is only a consolation. Instead of bringing freedom to you, it is going to bring death to you. And all the days that you lived, you lived as a slave, because you never bothered about the present.

I say unto you that the present is the only reality there is. The future is your imagination, and the past is your memory. They don't exist. What exists is the present moment.

To be fully alert in the present, to gather your consciousness from past and future and concentrate in the present, is to know the taste of freedom.

YOU SHALL BE FREE INDEED WHEN YOUR DAYS ARE NOT WITHOUT A CARE NOR YOUR NIGHTS WITHOUT A WANT AND A GRIEF....

It seems man has fallen into such a trap. He is not even as free as the birds of the sky, or the wild animals of the forest. There are so many fetters around him, and he has accepted them. In fact, what is your care right now? What is your anxiety right now? What is your anguish right now?
In this silence, you are absolutely free.

When your days are free of care, your nights are bound to be without grief, because the same day is reflected in your nights. If, the whole day, you are disturbed and worried, and hankering and desiring, and feeling frustrated, your nights will be nightmares. But if you are living each moment in its totality, with intensity, with your wholeness, your nights will be calm and quiet, relaxed and peaceful. Not even a dream can disturb you, because dreams come from unfulfilled life, from repressed life.

The Western psychology has missed the point completely -- particularly, psychoanalysis; it goes on analyzing your dreams, without bothering about the source. The source is in your waking hours, but you are so fettered, so imprisoned in your religion, in your morality, in your etiquette, in your manners, that you cannot live. All these unlived moments will return to you when you are asleep, because anything unlived slips into your unconscious. If you are living fully....

Freud would have been very much surprised to know, if he had come to the East, and gone to see the aboriginals who live deep in the forests.... I have visited them, and the most surprising thing was that they don't have any dreams. They know the real depth and relaxation of life. Naturally, in the morning they are more alive, more young, more fresh, to face the day and to live it again totally. The condition of the civilized man is just the opposite. He does not only dream in the night. Anytime, sit in your chair, relax, and close your eyes, and some dream starts floating by.
You are not living.
You are only desiring to live.

You are hoping to live someday, hoping that this night is not going to be forever, that sometime there must be the dawn. But for the slave there is no dawn. He has to live in darkness, without even becoming aware that there is such a thing as light.

Don't take your so-called life for granted. This is not life at all. You have to go through a revolution; and that revolution has nothing to do with any politics, with any economics. It has something to do with your spirituality, and an awareness -- when your innermost core is full of light, your outer light also starts reflecting it.

YOU SHALL BE FREE INDEED WHEN YOUR DAYS ARE NOT WITHOUT A CARE NOR YOUR NIGHTS WITHOUT A WANT AND A GRIEF,
BUT RATHER WHEN THESE THINGS GIRDLE YOUR LIFE AND YET YOU RISE ABOVE THEM NAKED AND UNBOUND.

Because they are old, and old companions to you, they will again and again try to make you unfree. But you should be aware always to transcend them. You should watch them coming, and say to them good-bye forever. That is, to me, the essential meaning of sannyas. Then suddenly you become part of these beautiful trees... with beautiful roses, with great stars -- they are all free.

Except in man, there exists no slavery in the world.

And to get out of it is not difficult. It is not a question of your slavery clinging to you. The reality is: you are clinging to your slavery.

It happened one time: I was standing by the side of a great river, in full flood, and it looked like a blanket was going down the river. One man, a fisherman, immediately jumped to catch hold of the blanket, and the moment he got hold of the blanket, he started shouting, "Save me, help me!"

I could not understand it. I said, "I don't understand it. If the blanket is too heavy, drop it.

He said, "It is not a blanket, it is a living wolf, and I saw only his back and thought it was a blanket." I said, "Then leave me alone."

But the situation of your slavery is not that of the fisherman; it is not that your slavery is clinging to you. The fisherman was in a difficulty, because now the wolf was clinging to him.

Your chains are *your* responsibility.

You have accepted them; they are there. In full awareness, say to them, "Good-bye, you have been long with us. It is enough, we depart."

A simple awareness is needed to bring freedom to you, but there are some vested interests in clinging to your slavery.

I was a teacher in the university, and for almost twenty days I was out of the town, moving around the country. That much leave is not possible; although within ten days of every month, I was completing the course with the students. I asked them, "Have you any complaint?"

They said, "We are grateful to see the fact that for a small course, two years are wasted... not more than six months are needed." But the vice-chancellor became disturbed, because again and again he found that I was not in the university.

I had my own device: there were beautiful trees, but strangely, all the trees had died. There was only one tree which was still green and with shade, so I used to park my car under that tree. It had become known that nobody should park his car there. Once or twice, people had tried, and I had called my students to remove the car... wherever it goes, let it go, but this place is reserved. So whenever I was going out of the town, I used to send my car with my chauffeur, and the vice-chancellor, seeing my car under the tree from his window, was satisfied that I was there.

One day he was taking a round of the whole university, and he found my class was empty. He asked the students, "He is supposed to be here, and his car is parked exactly under the tree. And I have been always suspicious: I have been reading his discourses -- sometimes in Calcutta, sometimes in Amritsar, sometimes in Madras -- and I have always been puzzled; his car is there."

I used to drive my car, and I had told my chauffeur, "Lock the car and enjoy yourself for one or two hours in the garden, and then take the car back home."

He said, "Well, what is the point?"

I said, "You don't be worried about it; it is not your problem."

So when I came back from Madras one day, the vice-chancellor called me and asked, "It seems you are a master of yourself. You never ask for leave, you never even inform me."

I said, "Just give me a piece of paper," and I resigned.

He said, "What are you doing?"

I said, "That is my answer. Are my students, in any way, suffering by my absence? Have they said to you that their courses are not complete? It is sheer nonsense to waste their two years. My job is to teach them their full course. It does not matter in how many days I do it."

In the evening he came to my house, and he said, "Don't leave us."

I said, "What has happened, has happened, and I cannot enter your university for the simple reason...

you just see, I have burned all my certificates, because I don't want bridges with the past. I will never need these certificates. Now I am an uneducated man."
He said, "I will not say anything to anybody."

I said, "That is not the point. I really wanted to resign, but I was simply waiting -- it should come from you, not from me."
Almustafa is saying:

> BUT RATHER WHEN THESE THINGS GIRDLE YOUR LIFE AND YET YOU RISE ABOVE THEM NAKED AND UNBOUND.

My father was worried, my friends were worried. My students came, saying, "Please take your resignation back."

I said, "That is impossible. I don't have any qualifications to be your teacher anymore."

My father was saying to me, "Even if you have resigned, what is the point of burning all your certificates and qualifications?"

I said, "What is the point of keeping them? Keeping them means, somewhere deep down, the desire is still there... perhaps you may need them, cling to them. I am now completely free of all that education which has not given anything to me, and I don't want to carry those wounds -- they are not certificates -- always with me."

After two years, the vice-chancellor asked me, "At least once in a while you can come, to address the whole university." So I went. He took me into his room, to the window from where he used to see my car. He said, "A strange phenomenon -- only that tree was green. Now that too has died."

I said, "Life is mysterious. Perhaps the tree had fallen in love with me, perhaps the tree was living just for me, because for nine years continually my car was waiting under the tree, and I had become very friendly with the tree. It was not only a question of parking the car under it, I always thanked the tree. Once in a while, when my chauffeur was with me, sitting at the back, he would say, "You are really crazy -- thanking the tree?"

I said, "The tree is so loving. Out of all the trees in the line, it is a very beautiful tree -- gulmarg, with red flowers. When spring comes you can hardly see the leaves; there are so many flowers that the whole tree becomes red." The same kind of trees had all died, but she remained with me alive for nine years. Still somebody else parks his car there, but perhaps he has not even bothered to thank the tree, has not shown his gratitude to the tree.

The moment you are free of past and future, just sit by the side of a tree, whisper something to the tree, and soon you will know that it responds. Of course, its response is not going to be in words; perhaps it showers its flowers on you; perhaps it dances in the wind. And if you are sitting very close, your back touching the tree, you will start feeling a certain new sensation that you have never felt before. The tree is vibrating with love for you.

This whole existence is full of love, full of freedom -- except the miserable man; and nobody is responsible for it except you. And it is not a question of gradually dropping....

Many people have come to me and said, "We understand you; gradually we will drop...." But slavery is never dropped gradually: either you have understood and you are free, or you have not understood and are just pretending to understand.

Freedom does not come in fragments, neither does slavery go in fragments. When you bring a light into a dark room.... Have you not seen it? -- does the darkness go in fragments: a little part, then another part, making a queue, going out of the room? Or does the light come in fragments: a little light, then more, then more? No, the moment you bring the light in, there is no darkness. The very understanding of what freedom is... and you are free. It is not a question of time, or gradualness.

> AND HOW SHALL YOU RISE BEYOND YOUR DAYS AND NIGHTS UNLESS YOU BREAK THE CHAINS WHICH YOU AT THE DAWN OF YOUR UNDERSTANDING HAVE FASTENED AROUND YOUR NOON HOUR?

There is no other way. All those chains, you started in your very childhood... perhaps in the name of

obedience, in the name of your love for your parents, in the name of trust in your priests, in the name of respect for your teachers -- good names. Always remember to remove the label and see what the content is inside, and you will be surprised: slavery is being sold to every child in beautiful names. It will be difficult for you to drop that, unless you see that it was not the slavery that you were attached to, it was the label that was given to it.

It was a constant fight with my father. He was a loving man, very understanding, but still he would say, "You have to do it." And my response would always be, "You cannot say to me, `You have to do it,' you can only suggest, `If you like, you can do it; if you don't like, you are free.' It has to be basically my decision, not yours. I am obedient towards the truth, towards freedom. I can sacrifice everything for truth, for freedom, for love, but not for any slavery. Your `should' stinks of slavery."

Soon he understood that I don't belong to the obedient or the disobedient. I am not saying, "I will not do it," I am simply saying, "Withdraw your `should.' Give me space to decide whether I want to say yes or no, and don't feel offended if I say no.

"It is my life, I have to live it, and I have every right to live in my own way. You are much more experienced; you can suggest, you can advise, but orders I am not going to take from anyone. Whatsoever the cost, whatsoever the consequence, orders I am not going to take from anyone."

And slowly, slowly he dropped his "should." He started saying, "There is this problem. If you feel right, you can help me; if you don't feel like helping, it is your decision."

I said, "This is what real love should be."

> IN TRUTH THAT WHICH YOU CALL FREEDOM IS THE STRONGEST OF THESE CHAINS, THOUGH ITS LINKS GLITTER IN THE SUN AND DAZZLE YOUR EYES.

What do you call freedom? -- mostly the political, the economic, the outside freedom, which is not in your hands, which has been given to you. It can be taken away. Only that which has grown within you cannot be taken away from you; hence, Almustafa says:

> IN TRUTH THAT WHICH YOU CALL FREEDOM IS THE STRONGEST OF THESE CHAINS, THOUGH ITS LINKS GLITTER IN THE SUN AND DAZZLE YOUR EYES.

It happened in Uruguay: The president had been reading my books, listening to my tapes, and he was very happy to welcome me to become a permanent resident in Uruguay. All the forms were ready. He had given me a one year's permanent residency card, so that all the bureaucratic procedure was fulfilled, and nobody could say that I had been favored. And he said, "Then I would like to give you three years' permanent residency, which will turn automatically into your citizenship."

Uruguay is a small country, but very beautiful. I asked him, "Why are you interested in me? -- because all the governments are passing orders that I should not enter their country. Not only that, my airplane cannot land at their airports.

He said, "They don't understand you."

The day the president was going to sign the forms, the American ambassador was continually watching, and the American government dogs of the CIA and FBI were following me everywhere. Their plane was either ahead of me or behind me. When they saw that he was going to sign for a permanent residency, which would turn automatically into citizenship, they immediately informed Ronald Reagan.

Ronald Reagan phoned the president of Uruguay, and said, "My message is not big, it is small: either force Osho to be deported within thirty-six hours from your country, or I will cancel all the loans for the future that we have agreed on" -- which amounted to billions of dollars -- "and I will demand back all the dollars that we have given to you as loans in the past. If you cannot pay, then their interest rate will be doubled. You are perfectly free to choose."

I have never seen such a soft-hearted person. With tears in his eyes, he said, "Osho, I am utterly helpless. For the first time, your coming to Uruguay has made us aware that we are not free. Our country is economically a slave. Our sovereignty, our freedom is just fake. These are the alternatives given to me.

"I asked Ronald Reagan, `What is the need to deport Osho? I can simply ask him to leave -- because for deportation, when he has a one year permanent residency, he would have to commit a heinous crime like

murder, then only can he be deported.' But Ronald Reagan insisted, `I have said what I wanted to say -- he has to be deported.'"

The president's secretary came running to me and said, "It is better that your jet plane leaves from a small airport, not from the international port, because there the American ambassador is present to see whether you are being deported or not."

It was an absolutely illegal demand, a criminal demand -- a man who had not left his room... all those days I was there.

I said, "On what grounds can you deport me?"

He said, "There is no question of demand, no question of any law. It seems that for you, law does not exist."

The president arranged my flight, just because he was feeling so guilty. He was going to give me citizenship, and now he is deporting me for no reason at all. But those American government dogs, seeing that my jet plane had moved from the international airport... where could it go? They immediately came to the small airport and forced the president to send all the necessary papers for deportation. I was delayed for two hours. The papers had to come, they had to be filled in to show that I am deported; my passport had to be stamped that I am deported.

My passport is really a historical thing. I have told my people to preserve it. The twenty-first century is coming, and exactly twenty-one countries have deported me, without any reason.

My attorney came running. He said, "This is absolutely illegal, we can fight it in the court."

I said, "I will not fight with a man who had tears in his eyes and felt so wounded, so humiliated: `... because we cannot pay the debts, and we cannot afford the rejection of future loans.'"

Political empires have disappeared from the world not because of your freedom struggles, but because imperialists have found an easier way of keeping you enslaved, while giving you a superficial idea that you are a flowering, independent, free country.

All these people use very beautiful words -- they are "helping." First, the poor countries used to be called, just three years ago, "undeveloped" countries, but that word, "undeveloped", hurts the ego. Now they are called, "developing countries." Just the word has changed, but the "developing countries" hides the wound.

They are all economically enslaved.

A man's life is small.

Don't waste it in any other kind of freedom.

Be decisive about it: You have to be free in your soul, because that is the only freedom there is.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #2
Chapter title: The real freedom

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BELOVED OSHO,

AND WHAT IS IT BUT FRAGMENTS OF YOUR OWN SELF YOU WOULD DISCARD THAT YOU MAY BECOME FREE?
IF IT IS AN UNJUST LAW YOU WOULD ABOLISH, THAT LAW WAS WRITTEN WITH YOUR OWN HAND UPON YOUR OWN FOREHEAD.
YOU CANNOT ERASE IT BY BURNING YOUR LAW BOOKS NOR BY WASHING THE FOREHEADS OF YOUR JUDGES, THOUGH YOU POUR THE SEA UPON THEM.
AND IF IT IS A DESPOT YOU WOULD DETHRONE, SEE FIRST THAT HIS THRONE ERECTED WITHIN YOU IS DESTROYED.
FOR HOW CAN A TYRANT RULE THE FREE AND THE PROUD, BUT FOR A TYRANNY IN THEIR OWN FREEDOM AND A SHAME IN THEIR OWN PRIDE?
AND IF IT IS A CARE YOU WOULD CAST OFF, THAT CARE HAS BEEN CHOSEN BY YOU RATHER THAN IMPOSED UPON YOU.
AND IF IT IS A FEAR YOU WOULD DISPEL, THE SEAT OF THAT FEAR IS IN YOUR HEART AND NOT IN THE HAND OF THE FEARED.
VERILY ALL THINGS MOVE WITHIN YOUR BEING IN CONSTANT HALF EMBRACE, THE DESIRED AND THE DREADED, THE REPUGNANT AND THE CHERISHED, THE PURSUED AND THAT WHICH YOU WOULD ESCAPE.
THESE THINGS MOVE WITHIN YOU AS LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN PAIRS THAT CLING.
AND WHEN THE SHADOW FADES AND IS NO MORE, THE LIGHT THAT LINGERS BECOMES A SHADOW TO ANOTHER LIGHT.
AND THUS YOUR FREEDOM WHEN IT LOSES ITS FETTERS BECOMES ITSELF THE FETTER OF A GREATER FREEDOM.

Man is born with a soul, but not with a self.

Although all the dictionaries will be saying that these two words, "soul" and "self," are synonymous, it is not true. Soul you bring with yourself. The self is created by the society as a substitute so that you need not feel without identity... because the search for the soul may take long years of pilgrimage, of seeking and searching, and it will be impossible to bear a namelessness, an emptiness, a nobodiness.

The intention to create the self was out of love, so that from the very beginning you start feeling who you are; otherwise how will you live? How will you be addressed? The people who created the idea of the self were full of good intentions, but because they themselves had no idea of their own soul, they remained a man-created self and they died as a man-created self. They never came to know what existence has made them, and for what.

Your soul is part of existence.

Your self is a social institution.

So the first thing to remember is that the distinction is unbridgeable. If you want to seek and know who you really are, you will have to go through a radical change of destroying your own self, because if you don't destroy the self, and by some accident you come to discover the soul, you will not be *one*. That's what is called "schizophrenia" by psychologists.

You will be split. Sometimes you will behave like the self, and sometimes like a soul. You will be in a constant tension. Your life will become simply a deep anguish and anxiety -- and it is impossible to live such a life. Hence the society, the educational system, the parents, the priest -- everybody around you, tries in every way to create such a strong self that you never become aware of the hidden soul. The journey is not long, but certainly very arduous.

The self is not a simple thing -- it is very complex. You are a brahmin, you are a doctor, you are a vice-chancellor, you are a president; you are beautiful, you are very knowledgeable, you are rich, superrich -- all these dimensions are of the self. And the self goes on accumulating more money, more power, more prestige, more respectability -- its ambition is unfulfillable.

You go on and on creating more and more layers of self.

This is the misery of man, the basic misery.

Man does not know who he is, yet he goes on believing that he is this, he is that. If you are a doctor, that is your function, not your reality; if you are a president, that is your function, just as somebody else's function is to make shoes. Neither the shoemaker knows his self nor the prime minister knows his self. Parents start from the very beginning, from the very first day... and this false ego, self, or whatever you call it, almost becomes your reality, and the real is forgotten.

The English word "sin" is very significant -- not in the sense Christians use it, not in the sense it is being understood all over the world, but in its very roots the word comes with a totally different meaning. It means forgetfulness. It has nothing to do with your action, it has something to do with your reality that you

have forgotten.

Because you have forgotten your reality, and you are living with a false substitute, all your actions become hypocritical. You smile, but the smile is not coming from your heart. You weep, you cry, but the tears are very superficial. You love, but your love has no roots in your being. All your actions are as if you are a somnambulist -- a man who walks in his sleep.

It happened in New York that one somnambulist.... There are so many people, somnambulists, that you would not believe it -- ten percent of the whole humanity. They get up in the night, they go to the fridge; they eat something which the doctor has forbidden them, because they are getting fatter and fatter and creating their own death, committing a slow suicide. In the day somehow they manage to repress, but in the night the conscious mind is fast asleep, and the unconscious does not miss the opportunity. It knows the way, and they walk with open eyes; even in the dark they don't stumble.

They are worried, their doctor is worried, their family is worried: "We have reduced your food, we are not giving you any sugar, and still you go on becoming fat!" And they are also worried that things go on disappearing from the fridge. And you cannot hold that person responsible, because he doesn't remember anything at all in the morning.

But this New York case became world-famous. This man used to live in a fifty-story building, on the last story. In the night he would get up, go to the terrace and jump across to the other house which was close by. The distance was such that nobody could have dared, with consciousness, to take such a jump -- and it was an everyday routine!

Soon people became aware and started gathering underneath to see, because it was almost a miracle. The crowd started becoming bigger and bigger, and one day, when the man was just about to jump, the crowd shouted loudly, hailing the man. That made him wake up. But it was too late -- he had taken the jump. He could not reach the other terrace -- although each day he had been going to the other terrace, coming back, going to his room and falling asleep. But because he became conscious and he saw what he was doing.... But he had already taken the jump. He fell down from fifty stories and his body was shattered in fragments on the road.

The self of man is his sleep.
The soul is his awakening.

And to keep the self, the society has given you certain rules and disciplines. For example, every small child is made ambitious. Nobody says to anybody, "Just be yourself." Everybody is giving him great ideals: "Be a Gautam Buddha or a Jesus Christ or an Albert Einstein... but be someone! Don't just go on remaining yourself -- you are nothing."

Your self needs many degrees, your self needs recognitions, honor. Those are its nourishments; it lives on them. And even the people who renounce the world -- become sannyasins, monks -- do not renounce their selves. It is easy to renounce the world; it is very difficult to renounce the self, because you don't know anything else about yourself. You know your business, you know your education, you know your name -- and you know perfectly well you had come without a name. You had come a tabula rasa; nothing was written on you, and your parents and your teachers and your priests started writing all over you.

You go on believing in the self your whole life. It is very touchy, because it is very thin. Thin, in the sense that it is false. That's why the egoist is a very touchy person.

I used to go for a morning walk when I was a teacher in the university. I had no idea who he was, but there was an old man, and just because of his age I used to say, "Good morning," to him -- and we were the only two persons at that early hour, three o'clock in the morning. One day I forgot to say good morning to the man, and he said, "Hey, have you forgotten?"

I said, "This is strange! I don't know you at all; it was just out of sheer courtesy towards an older man, who was as old as my grandfather, that I used to say good morning to you. But it is not a contract that I have to do it every day."

He was demanding it because it had become a fulfillment of a certain part of his self. I had no idea who he was, but he had every idea about me, and it was hurting to him that I had not said, "Good morning, sir."

I said, "I will never say it again to you -- or to any old man -- just out of courtesy, because I was poisoning your mind."

Have you ever wondered: you have entered the world without a name, but if somebody says something against your name you will be ready to fight without knowing, "I had come into the world without a name; this name is a false label."

You don't have any name -- namelessness is your reality.

People who renounce the world are worshiped as saints, but nobody sees that their egos have become even more subtle, stronger than ever before.

I have heard that there were three Christian monasteries deep in the hills, and one day three monks, one from each monastery, just by chance met on the road. They were tired -- they had been coming from the city -- so they rested under a tree.

The first monk said, "I am proud of my monastery. We may not be as knowledgeable as the people who live in your monasteries, but you cannot compete with us as far as living in austerity is concerned."

The second monk laughed. He said, "Forget all about austerities! -- austerity is nothing but torturing yourself. The real thing is the knowledge of your ancient scriptures. Nobody can compete with us. Our monastery is the oldest, and we have all the scriptures, and our people are so scholarly. What about austerities? -- that you fast, that you don't eat in the night, that you eat only one time a day. How dare you? -- all these things can be done by any idiot. But what wisdom have you gained?"

The third monk was listening silently. He said, "You both may be right. One lives in a very arduous and hard way, sacrificing his body; and the other may also be right -- that his people are great scholars."

They both asked, "But what about you and your monastery?"

He said, "What about me and my monastery? We are the tops in humbleness."

Tops in humbleness! It is so difficult.... Now they have grown, for their self, a religious garment. It has become stronger. Hence I say even sinners may have reached to the ultimate shores of life, but not the saints... because the sinner knows he is neither living in austerity, nor is he knowledgeable, nor is he humble; he is just an ordinary person who knows nothing. And perhaps he is the person who is more religious because he is less of a self, and coming closer to his soul.

Almustafa is touching on very significant things; hence, don't just hear, but listen too. He says:

AND WHAT IS IT BUT FRAGMENTS OF YOUR OWN SELF
YOU WOULD DISCARD THAT YOU MAY BECOME FREE?

The real freedom is neither political, nor economical, nor social; the real freedom is spiritual. If it were not so, then Ramakrishna could not have become what he became -- a light unto himself -- because the country was living under the slavery of the British rulers. Then Raman Maharshi would not have been such a glory, such a silence, and such a blessing, because the British imperialism was still keeping the country under slavery.

Spiritual freedom cannot be touched.

Your self can be made a slave, but not your soul.

Your self is sellable, but not your soul. Almustafa is saying that if you want to know what real freedom is, you will have to go on dropping fragments of your self -- forgetting that you are a brahmin, not a sudra; forgetting that you are a Christian, not just a human being; forgetting what your name is -- knowing it is only an ordinary utility, but not your reality; forgetting all your knowledge -- knowing that it is all borrowed, it is not your own experience, your own attainment.

The whole world may be full of light, but deep inside you are living in darkness. What use is the world full of light, when you don't even have a small flame inside you, slowly, slowly trying to understand that whatever has been added to you after your birth is not your true reality?

And as fragments of the self disappear you start becoming aware of an enormous sky, as vast as the sky outside... because existence is always in balance. The outer and the inner are in harmony and in balance. Your self is not that which is confined to your body; your real soul is that which will not be burned even if your body is burned.

Krishna is right when he says, *nainam chhindanti shastrani* -- "No weapon can even touch me"...*nainam dahati pravaka* -- "And neither can the fire burn me." He is not talking about the body, the brain, the self -- they will all be destroyed -- but there is something in you indestructible, immortal, eternal. It was with you before your birth and it will be with you after your birth, because it is *you*, your essential being.

To know it is to be free, free from all prisons: the prisons of the body, the prisons of the mind, the prisons that exist outside you.

IF IT IS AN UNJUST LAW YOU WOULD ABOLISH, THAT LAW WAS WRITTEN WITH YOUR OWN HAND

Laws go on changing, constitutions go on changing. That shows that no law is ultimately true, no constitution is forever. As man's understanding grows, he has to change his laws, his constitutions, his governments -- everything.

But Almustafa is saying, "Don't condemn anybody because the law that looks unjust...." For example, the law of the Hindu society that divides it into four castes is absolutely unlawful, unjust. It has no reasonable support for it -- I have seen *idiots* who are born in a brahmin family. Just because you are born in a brahmin family, you cannot claim superiority.

I have seen people who are born in the lowest category of Hindu law, the sudras, the untouchables, so intelligent: when India became independent, the man who made the constitution of India, Dr. Babasaheb Ambedkar, was a sudra. There was no equal to his intelligence as far as law is concerned -- he was a world-famous authority.

Brahmins were not called; *shankaracharyas* were not called and told, "You are superior beings -- you should make the constitution of this country," but a man who just by chance slipped out of the torturous, unlawful, unjust division of Hindu society. Somebody who had riches saw in the boy a great potential, and he sent him to England to study, because in India no sudra in those days was allowed in any school, college, or university. From the very roots their intelligence was destroyed.

Ambedkar was educated in England, and he became the world-famous authority as far as constitutions are concerned. And when he came back to India, India became free and there was no choice; nobody was even close to him....

But for five thousand years the Hindu society has remained immobile; no movement is allowed. Even a Gautam Buddha is not accepted as a brahmin; he remains belonging to the second category lower than the brahmins. And the brahmins have not been able to create a single Gautam Buddha. But the man who wrote the Hindu law code, Manu, was a brahmin, and naturally, prejudiced.

So for the brahmins there are all facilities, and for the lowest -- who work the hardest, who do all the dirty work of the society.... In fact they deserve to be respected more, because the society can exist without brahmins, but the society cannot exist without those poor people. They are so absolutely essential, and still they are condemned. Even animals are better; they are below animals. Even their shadow, if by chance it falls upon you, makes you dirty; you have to go and take a bath. And this continues even today.

Everybody knows nobody can argue for the reasonability, justification, of this strange, fixed division. No education, no understanding, not even enlightenment can move you from the fixed structure of the society; you cannot go higher.

And those who are born higher, they may be criminals. They *are* criminals, because all that they do are nonessential things. But they exploit the whole society in that they are uncreative, unproductive. They are sitting on the chest of everybody to suck his blood, and still you have to respect them, you have to touch their feet.

Almustafa is saying, "Still, five thousand years ago, when Manu was writing this Hindu law, you were also involved in it" -- because the same blood, and the same bones, and the same marrow goes on being inherited by everybody. So you cannot just get yourself free from the responsibility -- that it is others who have done something unjust; you are also to feel the responsibility. His effort is to show that human society is an organic whole, so whatever is done by one part is done by the whole. At least either you support it or you remain silent, you do not oppose.

Certainly you were not there in the same body, but you must have been present somewhere, in some other body. Manu should have been opposed, but he has not been opposed for five thousand years. And if I oppose him today, I am opposing my own forefathers; I am not opposing anybody else.

I am condemned. I am ordered not to criticize anybody, but I am going to criticize anything that is unjust, because I am also part of it -- however far away. Jesus is a cousin to me. Seeing anything unjust, if I do not criticize him then I also become a partner. Nobody will know it, but those who understand the deepest core of human being will not forgive me. Should I listen to the police commissioner of Poona, or should I listen to my own soul?

I am not criticizing anybody else; I am criticizing only my own heritage. Even if you are lost in the morning, if you come back home in the evening, you should not be considered lost. If I can correct something which is unjust -- it may have been there for thousands of years, it does not matter: I have been a part in it, either actively or silently. But now that I have become aware that the whole humanity -- not only

the contemporary humanity but the whole humanity of the past and the future -- is one single whole.... So when I criticize somebody, I criticize mercilessly, for the simple reason that I am criticizing myself.

To me, the Mohammedan, or the Hindu, or the Jaina, or the Buddhist, or the Christian, are arbitrary, artificial discriminations. Within me, Moses also has a part, just as Zarathustra has a part, just as Mahavira has a part. They are not somebody's properties. Nobody can monopolize Gautam Buddha; he is yours just as he is mine.

And unless I am merciless, it will be impossible to destroy the unjust, the unlawful, the unreasonable that we have inherited. I would like to burn it all! And remember, in burning it, I am burning something in me too.

YOU CANNOT ERASE IT BY BURNING YOUR LAW BOOKS NOR BY WASHING THE FOREHEADS OF YOUR JUDGES, THOUGH YOU POUR THE SEA UPON THEM.

Just burning the law books will not help; or even if you pour the whole sea upon your judges, it is not going to wash away all the crimes that we have committed in the name of religion, in the name of nation, in the name of riches. Any excuse seems to be enough. People can fight so easily -- it seems they are just looking all around to find some excuse.

In a court there was a case.... Even the magistrate was surprised, because those two men were known in the whole area as bosom friends. What had happened? -- because they had been fighting, hitting each other's heads, blood was oozing.... He could not believe it. He said, "What happened? -- you were the ideal of friendship."

Both stood, ashamed, in the court and each said, "You explain what happened." But the other said, "*You* explain what happened."

The magistrate said, "It does not matter who explains, just explain to me what happened."

They said, "We are ashamed to." One of them gathered courage and told the whole story: "We were sitting on the beach, and I said that I was going to purchase a buffalo." He was just *going* to purchase a buffalo -- he had not purchased it.

The other had said, "I am going to purchase beautiful land to cultivate, and I warn you that your buffalo should never enter into my field. Our friendship is one thing, but I cannot see my crops being destroyed by your buffalo. I will kill it!"

Things became so hot that the other man said, "You will kill my buffalo? Let us see!"

On the sand of the beach he drew a small field and said, "This is your cultivation land," and the other man said, "Agreed. Now let your buffalo enter." This man, with the same finger that he had made the field, drew a line and said, This is my buffalo entering into your field. Now do what you can do! Touch my buffalo!"

And of course the challenge was so great that buffalo and field were lost, forgotten completely: "We started hitting each other, and we ended up in your court; that's why we are feeling ashamed. Neither do I have any field nor does that idiot have any buffalo. Not only have we destroyed our friendship, we have shown our stupidity. I have nothing to say, but just forgive us."

The magistrate must have been a man of intelligence. He said, "All fights are like that, whether real or imaginary. The question is not on what excuse you fought -- any excuse will do." People are burning to fight, as if in their heart there is only hate, violence; they have never tasted any love, any friendship.

So it is not going to help, just burning the scriptures, because those scriptures are not *outside* you. You can burn the MANUSMRITI -- the basis of all Hindu ideology about social system, social structure; you can burn the holy KORAN, upon which millions of Mohammedans depend; you can burn THE HOLY BIBLE... almost half of humanity believes in it.

So burning the books is not going to help. Those books have entered into your blood, they have entered into your hearts; and unless you are ready to destroy the self which contains them all -- Hindu or Mohammedan or Christian, it does not matter -- unless you are ready to burn your false self, there is not going to be any real revolution in the world.

AND IF IT IS A DESPOT YOU WOULD DETHRONE, SEE FIRST THAT HIS THRONE ERECTED WITHIN YOU IS DESTROYED.

It is not only that for thousands of years human beings had been auctioned in the marketplace as slaves. Although now that kind of slavery does not exist, if you look a little deeper it has only changed its form. Now you have better slaves and less expense.

To have a slave, first you have to buy him. That is an investment. Then you have to keep feeding him; otherwise how is he going to work? You have to provide shelter, clothes; otherwise how is he going to serve? In sickness you have to take care of him, and call a doctor, and find medicines, because if he dies, your whole investment is gone down the drain. It is not the slave that you are trying to save; you are trying to save your investment. That is a very costly thing.

Having servants is simpler, easier, more economical -- and on the surface it looks more human. To go into a marketplace and to auction for a man looks ugly -- man is not a commodity. But if somebody comes seeking employment, you need not go to purchase a slave. This looks more human, but it is the same thing improved, made more reasonable -- he himself is asking, and there is no investment. If he becomes sick, you can get rid of him. If he becomes old, you can get rid of him. At the most, only in the advanced countries you may have to pay one month or two months' salary, or to give him an advance notice -- that's all. This is slavery in a new form, not in any way favorable to the slaves; it is still favorable to the masters.

India has remained, for two thousand years, under slavery. Masters went on changing; slaves remained the same. My whole family was involved in the freedom struggle; everybody has been punished and jailed. I was continuously -- because I was too young -- fighting with my uncles, with my father, saying, "Can't you see a simple thing? For two thousand years in a country, which is not a country but a continent so vast that the whole of Europe can be accommodated in it, small countries like England, which is not bigger than a big district of India, control and rule. And it is not a single instance: Moguls came, Turks came, Mongols came, Hunas came. To anybody who wanted, this country was available, ready to be enslaved.

My point was that the real question is not to fight the people who have become your rulers. The real question is to fight within you the one who has become a slave. Otherwise this seems to be absolutely impossible. How could small groups of people come and rule all over the country? Certainly there must have been a slave in everybody's being.

And you can see it even today. After forty years of freedom, what have you got? When China attacked India after freedom, the first prime minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, was immensely annoyed. Forces were sent, and they were defeated; China had taken over thousands of miles of beautiful Himalayas. And once they were defeated, Jawaharlal Nehru said, "That land was useless -- not even grass grows there." Then why had you sent all those people to be murdered and butchered? -- to save a land where nothing grows, not even grass.

Since then no Indian president or prime minister has even mentioned it, or said, "What about those thousands of miles of beautiful Himalayas? When are you going to return it?"

Pakistan has taken a part of Kashmir. The man who was in charge of the Indian armies, General Chaudhuri... his wife was very interested in me and in my ideas. She told me the inside story. General Chaudhuri was ready, and he wanted to attack before the sun rose, before the Pakistani armies were even awake. And his logic was absolutely right: "We should not only take our part that Pakistan has taken, we should go deeper towards Lahore, which is not far away. We should take Lahore too."

Then you have the upper hand when the question of negotiations comes: "We can leave your Lahore to you; you leave our part to us." Otherwise how are you going to negotiate? For what? You are not giving anything, you are just asking for something. For forty years continuously India has been asking, "The part you have taken should be returned." But rather than returning it they have made it, constitutionally, part of Kashmir. Now it is not an invaded part, now it is an essential part of Kashmir. And the Indian leaders have been silent; nobody has even objected.

General Chaudhuri was phoning continually to say, "Allow me to go ahead." But Jawaharlal Nehru and his cabinet could not decide; they said, "You have to wait until sunrise." And you will be surprised to know that if he had waited until sunrise the whole of Kashmir would have gone into the hands of Pakistan.

He did not wait -- he was a real, courageous man -- but they delayed him so much that he started attacking just nearabout when the sun was going to rise, without the orders from the prime minister. It was through his courage that Pakistan could take only a small part -- but the most beautiful part, and the most significant part as far as military science is concerned, because that small part allows Pakistan to be joined with China. That small part is so significant -- without it the boundaries of China and Pakistan were

separate. Pakistan has taken that part, and now China has made a thousands-of-miles-long superhighway, reaching to Lahore. Both are the enemies of India, and now they are connected.

Chaudhuri was insisting, "Allow me.... Forget about that part, because Pakistan is focused on taking it. Let them take it -- don't waste time. Allow me: I will take Lahore, their most important city" -- and it was only fifteen miles away, a few minutes' job. But the cabinet discussed and discussed -- this country is very clever as far as discussing is concerned; for centuries it has been discussing everything, and doing nothing.

As they became aware that Chaudhuri was going to take over Lahore, they stopped him and said, "Without our orders, who are you?" and Chaudhuri was punished, retired before his time. His wife was telling me, "If he had been allowed to take Lahore, we would have had an immediate solution to the problem. Pakistan would not have been ready to lose Lahore, because Lahore joins us with Afghanistan and the Soviet Union."

Chaudhuri was very clear in his conception that they would not take the risk of India becoming joined by road, by railway trains, to the Soviet Union. They would have rather changed and negotiated: "You can take the part we have taken, and you give the part that you have taken."

This country has learned, in two thousand years, to be slaves. So even though forty years of freedom have passed, there is no freedom anywhere -- only in the words of the constitution; otherwise how could the police commissioner have dared to prevent me... and tell me to leave Poona within thirty minutes, on the grounds that I am controversial?

I simply want to know: Has there been anybody in the whole world who was of any significance and *not* controversial? Was Jesus not controversial? If he had remained just with his father in his carpentry, I don't think people would have crucified him. They did not crucify his father.

Was Buddha not controversial? But was he ordered by any kingdom...? India was divided into two thousand kingdoms at his time, and he was moving freely from one kingdom into another; not even a visa was asked, not even a passport. And nobody can be more controversial than Gautam Buddha, because he was against the VEDAS, which are the base of the Hindu religion. He was against the brahmins, who are the priests and the lawgivers of Hinduism. Still nobody prevented him just because he was controversial.

It seems we have become such slaves in our minds that we have written a constitution which is simply a copy of all the best constitutions of the world; we have chosen fragments from here and there. Whenever I think of the Indian constitution I always, without exception, remember a small story: It was Darwin's birthday, and the children of his neighborhood wanted to present him with something, because he was the most famous man, and of course the most controversial man, of his time. He was very friendly with children and used to play with them; they were all his friends.

For his birthday, they were thinking about what to present him. Because his single-minded interest was to know about animals, birds, how life has arisen, why life has taken so many forms, what the children did was -- children are very intelligent before they are corrupted by their elders -- they gathered a few insects and cut pieces from them: wings from one, legs from another, a body from the third, a head from the fourth -- from different insects -- and they glued them and made a new insect. They waited to see whether Charles Darwin, the greatest expert on insects and animals and birds, could even say what kind of insect *this* was.

They were very much excited, and in the evening they brought it to him. Even Darwin could not figure it out. He had seen... over his whole life he had been around the world. But these little children of his neighborhood, where had they found such an original insect? Then he looked closely -- he was getting old -- and he said, "Bring my glasses... because I have never seen such an insect."

And when he put on his glasses, the children said, "Now tell us the name of the insect."
He said, "This is a humbug!"

The Indian constitution is a humbug: something from the Soviet constitution, something from the American constitution, most of the English constitution, and from every other country whatever they could find which is good, sounds good -- freedom of the individual, no discrimination, freedom of expression, government by the people of the people for the people. Everything is borrowed. It looks good when you read it, but it is not applicable.

Because I am controversial I should leave Poona within thirty minutes. Where should I go? -- because I will be controversial wherever I am! And if to be controversial is a crime, then there is no place for me anywhere in my own country, which goes on bragging to the whole world that this is the greatest democracy.

This is the freedom for which my whole family fought, went to jail, suffered. And because all the elders of the family were suffering, only women were left in the house; the business was closed. We were children,

small children, and we were suffering because there was even no money to pay the school fee. And this is the freedom for which not only my family, but thousands of families, suffered, thousands of people died.

And they were all controversial people.... Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, Muhammad Ali Jinnah, Dr. Ambedkar -- they were all controversial people. If you have even a little intelligence you are bound to be controversial. Only in the armies is your intelligence crushed and destroyed so that you cannot say no, even if you see something is wrong. You have been trained to say yes in every condition.

I am not a soldier, neither am I a saint -- because saints are also very afraid of controversy; their whole reputation.... Just today I heard that one young Jaina nun -- just twenty-one years old, but she must be very daring -- escaped. And everybody thought -- it happened in Indore, which is a very Jaina-dominated city -- everybody thought somebody had abducted her. But that was wrong, because soon her letter came: "Nobody has abducted me. I am now adult; I have passed my twenty-first year. Now it is my right to choose my life. I don't want to remain a Jaina nun. I have fallen in love with a young man, and I want to live the way I want.

"And don't try to find me; otherwise I will expose everything about what kind of inhuman treatment has been given to me and what is going on behind the scene, behind the screen. All kinds of things which the Jaina monk and the Jaina nun go on teaching to people are wrong things -- behind the screen all those things are happening. And I don't want to be tortured.

"If you try to find me I am going to expose everything. Then don't blame me. In the first place, to force me when I was very young and could not understand what you were doing... I became a nun."

The Jainas are very angry; they want the girl to appear in the high court. Seeing her letter, I feel that she is capable of exposing them; and if she is not, I invite her to come to me. I will appear with her in the high court and will expose all the inhuman behavior that goes on behind the walls -- all kinds of sexual perversion. The same people are teaching that celibacy is divine -- and none of them is a celibate. If anyone is a celibate, let him come out and be examined in a medical college. Except that... just his word is not enough. I know them very intimately -- this is the situation all over the world.

In one monastery of Christians in Europe, half of the monks are fighting with the other half, and the monastery is divided now into two parts, because half of the monks are saying that everybody in the monastery is homosexual. The other half are trying to save their face and saying that this is not right. But if you force so many young people, full of sexual energy, into one place and don't allow any contact with the other sex, what do you expect from them? Yes, they will teach celibacy and they will behave just the opposite of their own teaching.

So the real thing is not to burn the scriptures.

The real thing is to burn the self which carries inside you the scriptures, the tradition, the past and all kinds of rotten things and superstitions. The dead people seem to be very cunning: they go on dominating the living people. What right has anybody to dominate the children of the future?

I have been asked again and again, "What about the future? What will happen to sannyasins, their children, when you are gone? You should write the discipline, the code, the morals; you should give them the ideals."

But I will be dead -- and I am against the dead ruling the living. The living should find their own life, their own discipline, their own morals. And they will be living in a different time, in a different age, in a different atmosphere. Nobody should look backwards, and nobody should try to control even those who are not born.

Just live your life with as much joy and celebration, as a gift of God. Dance with the trees in the sun, in the rain, in the wind. Neither do the trees have any scriptures, nor do the animals have any scriptures; neither do the stars have any scriptures, nor do they have any saints. Except man, nobody is obsessed with the dead. This obsession I call one of the greatest mistakes which has been committed over thousands of years. It is time it should be stopped completely.

For each new generation, leave the space open to search, to find the truth, because finding the truth is less blissful than searching for it. The pilgrimage is the real thing, not the reaching to the temple.

FOR HOW CAN A TYRANT RULE THE FREE AND THE PROUD...?

Help your children to be proud, not obedient, not slaves. Help them to be free. Teach them that there is no higher value than freedom of living and freedom of expression. Make them capable... that if the need arises it is better to die than to accept any kind of slavery.

But this is not being done. And unless it is done you cannot save the world from Adolf Hitlers, Joseph Stalins, Mao Tse-tungs, Ronald Reagans -- you cannot save humanity from tyrants, dictators. In fact, deep down you desire them. Deep down you want somebody to dictate the terms and style of your life. You are so afraid of committing mistakes... because if you are free, naturally you will commit many mistakes. But remember, that is the way of life.

Many times you will fall. There is no harm. Get up again and learn not to fall. Be more alert. You will commit mistakes, but don't commit the same mistake again. This is how one becomes wise. This is how one becomes an individual, a proud man like a cedar tree rising high, reaching to the stars.

Don't be pygmies. Try to reach to the ultimate height of which you are capable.

AND IF IT IS A CARE YOU WOULD CAST OFF, THAT CARE HAS BEEN CHOSEN BY YOU RATHER THAN IMPOSED UPON YOU.

What are your anxieties? What are your problems that are torturing you? You have chosen them; they have not been imposed on you. Who has told you to be jealous of somebody who is more intelligent, of somebody who is stronger, of somebody who is richer? Why have you chosen to be jealous? Your jealousy will destroy your energy unnecessarily. Rather than being jealous, find out what you can do with your energy, what you can create.

And I say unto you that not a single man is born in the world who has not a certain capacity which will make him proud, who is not pregnant with something to produce, to give birth to something new and beautiful, to make the existence richer. There is not a single man who has come into the world empty.

Have you seen children when they are born? Their hands are closed. A closed hand, a fist, is a mystery: one never knows what is hidden inside. And have you seen the dead man? When somebody dies... have you seen any dead man with a fist? It is impossible. A dead man dies with an open hand, empty, spent. These are only metaphors. I am saying a child is born full of possibilities -- he need not be jealous of anyone.

I have never felt jealous of anyone; however great they may be -- Lao Tzu or Moses or Krishna or Buddha -- I have not felt jealous. I have simply felt immensely happy that at least a few people realized their potential. And it has given me the incentive: "You are also a man belonging to the same race. If Buddha can rise to such a height, certainly you can rise to the same height in some direction. Perhaps you may rise higher, because twenty-five centuries have not gone in vain. You are richer than any Buddha, because twenty-five centuries of learning, experience, and twenty-five centuries of thousands reaching to the same heights -- Kabir, Nanak, Jesus, Rabindranath.... Why cannot you?" Except yourself, nobody is preventing you.

AND IF IT IS A FEAR YOU WOULD DISPEL, THE SEAT OF THAT FEAR IS IN YOUR HEART AND NOT IN THE HAND OF THE FEARED.

What can one take away from you? At the most your life, which is anyway going to disappear one day. And if somebody can be made happy, why miss the chance? Let him be happy! But there is no need to be afraid.

I have been going around the world alone, without any firearms, and I have been fighting with people who have nuclear weapons. And it is strange that *they* are afraid; I am not afraid. Sometimes I have even wondered: either they are mad or I am mad. They have all the powers to destroy me.

I don't believe in destroying anything, not even an ant. My whole philosophy can be called a reverence for life.

Why are they afraid? The seat of fear is in their own heart. Now it is one year, more than one year, since they destroyed my commune in America. But they destroyed it only after they had arrested me and forced me to leave America, because they knew perfectly well that if I am there.... For two years they had been trying to come, but.... We had sent them invitations -- to the president of America, to the attorney general of America, to the governor of Oregon: "You are welcome; you just come and see. Don't go on deciding on rumors."

None of them had the courage even to visit the commune. And the commune was in a desert -- the nearest American town was twenty miles away; we were not in fact in America. And we were not doing

anything to them. Still, on the boundary of the commune they had gathered thousands of armed guards. Strange people.

And the attorney general, Mr. Meese, who is now in trouble -- everybody who has committed the crime against the innocent people of the commune is going to have trouble. Every cause produces its effect. This man, the attorney general of America, was the cause. And in a press conference a representative from his office admitted, "Our first priority was to destroy the commune." But why? Why should it be your priority to destroy the commune?

Asked, "Why did you not send Osho into jail?" he said, "First, we were not ready to make him a martyr." Certainly the desire was there, but also the fear that if they put me in jail, all their embassies around the world would be burned; it would be made difficult for every American to live outside America.

In making me a martyr they would help my work, because my people would become stronger and would come together with force. And those who had always been sympathizers and lovers would come out of their dark holes to support me.

And thirdly, he said, "Osho has not committed any crime. We don't have any evidence, any proof." The same man was standing in the court against me and forced the judge to fine me four hundred thousand dollars, nearabout sixty lakh rupees. He must have been thinking that I don't even have pockets: from where am I going to produce four hundred thousand dollars? He was shocked because my people, who were present in the court, collected the money within ten minutes.

The jailer told me, "Your people have shocked all of us. Even the richest man in the country would find it difficult... because all his money is invested. Four hundred thousand dollars your people managed, and threw it on the table before the judge."

Now it becomes a strange case. He is accepting that I have not committed any crime. Then for what have I been punished? Just because I criticized Christianity -- and Ronald Reagan is a fanatic Christian. I had challenged him, I had challenged the pope. They can all be together; I alone am enough for an open, public debate on the fundamentals of Christianity, because they are so idiotic that nobody can support them on reasonable, logical grounds.

How can you support the idea that Jesus is born out of a virgin mother? Just produce another child out of a virgin mother. You are speaking against the whole medical science... that Jesus is the only begotten son of God. What happened to God? Has He started following birth control? Or perhaps He has become impotent? Or perhaps Friedrich Nietzsche is right, that He is dead. But what happened -- why should there be only one child? Even beggars in India create dozens of children.

And in the Christian trinity there is no woman: God the Father, God the Son, Jesus Christ, and a certain strange guy, the Holy Ghost. What are these three fellows doing without a woman? These are very pertinent questions today. Certainly it is a gay group.

They will have to prove.... They have all the powers. Now it has been one year that my people are being continually told by the prime minister of Italy, "We are going to give the visa next week." It is now one year! And just the other day one sannyasin came from Italy and he said, "Now he is saying that a fresh application is needed. We are sorry, because the time... one year has passed." But whose fault is it? It is not that we were not reminding him. Our sannyasins were sitting there the whole day, for the whole year!

But the pope is the problem; he was insisting that I should not be allowed in Italy. And these powerful people, prime ministers and presidents.... I am not powerful, but deep down there is fear. I have every right -- because I am only asking for a three-week tourist visa -- but the prime minister is afraid: the country is Catholic, elections are coming near, and if the pope is not listened to, then Catholic votes will not be given to him. What kind of power is this, that depends on others? If they give you their vote you are a beggar, and constantly afraid.

Now in Italy it has almost become a great problem because one hundred and fifty celebrities, Nobel prize-winning people, scientists, painters, poets, world-famous actors, actresses have all signed a petition for me saying that this is absolutely against the freedom of expression and freedom of movement.

Now the prime minister is in much more difficulty because these one hundred and fifty people are world-famous: they also have weight. If they all go against him in the elections, then even the pope will not be able to save him. That's why he is saying, "A fresh application, a little more time...." Really he wants the time to pass so that this election passes. Then for five years he will not be afraid. But he is wrong.

Whenever I go into Italy... I have a standing challenge for the pope. And I don't want him to be here or amongst my people -- I have many sannyasins in Italy -- I want him to have an open discussion in the

Vatican before all the Catholics. So he need not be worried; all his people will be there, and I will enter alone.

I know truth has a power of its own. And this Polack pope certainly knows that he has no answers for me. And it is better to avoid confrontation because my simple proposal is: If I am defeated I will become a Catholic; but if *you* are defeated I become the pope! A simple proposition. Then the Vatican becomes *my* kingdom.

And even if I get the visa I can predict it: for those three weeks he will escape from Italy. I am just closing the door so he cannot escape.

VERILY ALL THINGS MOVE WITHIN YOUR BEING IN CONSTANT HALF EMBRACE, THE DESIRE AND THE DREADED, THE REPUGNANT AND THE CHERISHED, THE PURSUED AND THAT WHICH YOU WOULD ESCAPE.

Your life is a hell for a simple reason: nothing is whole in you; everything is divided. You are living a life of contradictions. You desire something, and at the same time you are afraid to desire it. You feel something is very attractive but you are also afraid, and half of you says it is repugnant. *...the pursued and that which you would escape*.... You are doing both the things together.

Just watch yourself. When you condemn something, just look within yourself; there must be some appreciation. And when you love, just behind it, like a shadow, follows the hate.

So it is not accidental that couples are continually fighting, and loving also. In fact, every fight ends in love. By and by it becomes such a conditioning that if they don't fight they cannot love -- just like small children. They go on carrying their teddy bear -- dirty, greasy, looking like an Italian pope. They want to get rid of it, but they have become so accustomed to it, they cannot sleep without it. Only when they are hugging their teddy bear will they go to sleep.

The husband may be fighting with the wife, but unless some negotiation happens he cannot feel at peace, at rest. He will bring ice cream, flowers, a new sari. He will feel at ease only when the wife shows signs that it is time to drop the fight: "It is late and we have to go to sleep." They both have become teddy bears to each other.

In one neighborhood, everybody was fighting, every couple was fighting.... And have you noticed? When a woman throws anything at you -- a saucer, a cup -- it never hits you. It is half-hearted. She does not want to hurt you because if you are hurt, immediately she will run and find the ointment and.... But why in the first place hurt the poor fellow? Husbands and wives have found a very good thing to fight with: that is pillows. They don't hurt each other; they throw the pillows at each other, and they shout at each other.

The whole neighborhood was worried because one Sardarji who used to live in the same apartment building... from his apartment nobody heard anybody screaming or anybody shouting. On the contrary, they always heard laughter every night. They could not believe it: Are they really husband and wife, or has he abducted somebody else's wife? Why do they go on laughing? for what?

One day the whole neighborhood gathered around the Sardarji as he was getting out of his taxi -- he was a taxi driver -- and they asked, "We cannot resist the temptation any more. What is the secret? -- because *we* come home and a fight starts, and it goes on late into the night. You are an exception -- just laughter! Just tell us your secret. We would also like to laugh."

The Sardarji said, "It would have been better that you had not asked, but if you are so curious to know, I will tell you the truth. The truth is that when she throws something at me, if she misses, I laugh. And if she hits me, *she* laughs. This is an agreement. So you always hear laughter; but we are in the same boat -- there is no difference at all."

Man is divided in himself. You are never doing anything whole-heartedly -- a half embrace. Such a state cannot create peace, silence, joy.

These things move within you as lights and shadows in pairs that cling.... Here is light; just outside the net the darkness is waiting.

AND WHEN THE SHADOW FADES AND IS NO MORE, THE LIGHT THAT LINGERS BECOMES A SHADOW TO ANOTHER LIGHT....

There are layers and layers and layers in you. You peel one layer, another fresh layer is found.

AND THUS YOUR FREEDOM WHEN IT LOSES ITS FETTERS BECOMES ITSELF THE FETTER OF A GREATER FREEDOM.

These are immensely important statements. The journey is eternal; never think that the pilgrimage stops somewhere. You get rid of one thing, and suddenly you see another thing is waiting. Again you are fettered; as you get rid of it you find something even more subtle that you have never seen before.

These statements are true, but Kahlil Gibran does not know anything beyond your mind. He goes the deepest in the mind -- deeper than any Sigmund Freud, or Jung, or Adler, or Assagioli -- but he never goes beyond the mind. And in the East our approach has been just totally different. We know the mind is like an onion -- layers upon layers. Why waste time? Just transcend it. Fifteen years of continual psychoanalysis and still the man is the same; nothing changes.

But only a small effort towards meditation... and meditation is just a step out of the mind. Leave the mind behind; there is no need to go on peeling its layers.

You are not the mind, just as you are not the body.

You are part of an immortal life.

Your body, your mind are all centered on a false self. As you go beyond the self, you suddenly discover a sky that has no limits. A few have called it God, a few have called it Brahma, but the best word is used by Mahavira and Gautam Buddha: they have called it *moksha*. Moksha means "total freedom" -- freedom from all that binds you, freedom from all that is false, freedom from all that is going to die. And as you become free from all that is false and mortal, immediately doors of immortality open for you.

The VEDAS have declared you *amritasya putrah*: sons and daughters of immortality. And except meditation, there has never been any way and there will never be any way.

Those who miss meditation miss the whole dance of life.

I hope that none of you misses that dance, that song, that music of eternity.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #3
Chapter title: Each moment a resurrection

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BELOVED OSHO,
AND THE PRIESTESS SPOKE AGAIN AND SAID:
SPEAK TO US OF REASON AND PASSION.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOUR SOUL IS OFTENTIMES A BATTLEFIELD, UPON WHICH YOUR REASON AND YOUR JUDGMENT WAGE WAR AGAINST YOUR PASSION AND YOUR APPETITE.
WOULD THAT I COULD BE THE PEACEMAKER IN YOUR SOUL, THAT I MIGHT TURN THE DISCORD

AND THE RIVALRY OF YOUR ELEMENTS INTO ONENESS AND MELODY.
BUT HOW SHALL I, UNLESS YOU YOURSELVES BE ALSO THE PEACEMAKERS, NAY, THE LOVERS OF ALL YOUR ELEMENTS?
YOUR REASON AND YOUR PASSION ARE THE RUDDER AND THE SAILS OF YOUR SEAFARING SOUL.
IF EITHER YOUR SAILS OR YOUR RUDDER BE BROKEN, YOU CAN BUT TOSS AND DRIFT, OR ELSE BE HELD AT A STANDSTILL IN MID-SEAS.
FOR REASON, RULING ALONE, IS A FORCE CONFINING; AND PASSION, UNATTENDED, IS A FLAME THAT BURNS TO ITS OWN DESTRUCTION.
THEREFORE LET YOUR SOUL EXALT YOUR REASON TO THE HEIGHT OF PASSION, THAT IT MAY SING;
AND LET IT DIRECT YOUR PASSION WITH REASON, THAT YOUR PASSION MAY LIVE THROUGH ITS OWN DAILY RESURRECTION, AND LIKE THE PHOENIX RISE ABOVE ITS OWN ASHES.
I WOULD HAVE YOU CONSIDER YOUR JUDGMENT AND YOUR APPETITE EVEN AS YOU WOULD TWO LOVED GUESTS IN YOUR HOUSE.
SURELY YOU WOULD NOT HONOUR ONE GUEST ABOVE THE OTHER; FOR HE WHO IS MORE MINDFUL OF ONE LOSES THE LOVE AND THE FAITH OF BOTH.
AMONG THE HILLS, WHEN YOU SIT IN THE COOL SHADE OF THE WHITE POPLARS, SHARING THE PEACE AND SERENITY OF DISTANT FIELDS AND MEADOWS -- THEN LET YOUR HEART SAY IN SILENCE, "GOD RESTS IN REASON."
AND WHEN THE STORM COMES, AND THE MIGHTY WIND SHAKES THE FOREST, AND THUNDER AND LIGHTNING PROCLAIM THE MAJESTY OF THE SKY, -- THEN LET YOUR HEART SAY IN AWE, "GOD MOVES IN PASSION."
AND SINCE YOU ARE A BREATH IN GOD'S SPHERE, AND A LEAF IN GOD'S FOREST, YOU TOO SHOULD REST IN REASON AND MOVE IN PASSION.

Humanity has suffered more because we have lived in divisions than for any other reason. Man is one organic whole.

This has to be your fundamental understanding: there is no way to cut any of your parts and yet remain blissful. Yes, all those parts have to be brought into a harmonious whole, just like an orchestra... so many people are playing on different instruments, and if they don't know how all those different instruments should melt and be one, in one music, then there is not going to be music at all -- only noise, which will not be soothing to your soul, but a disturbance.

Man's whole history is the history of divisions. Discard this, discard that, and just cling to one part of your being... you will remain in misery, because bliss is born when all your parts are dancing together in a deep harmony, without any conflict.

Why has man created this schizophrenic state of mind? It is not without reason. Those who want to dominate you, those who want to exploit you, those who want you to remain enslaved forever... this is their device. A man who is whole cannot be oppressed, cannot be exploited and cannot be reduced to a slave. And there are people whose only ambition is for power. Power seems to be their only cause for living.

Friedrich Nietzsche died in a madhouse. It is an unfortunate thing... while doctors were declaring him mad, priests were declaring him mad, his own friends and family were declaring him mad, he was writing his greatest book -- in the madhouse. The name of the book is THE WILL TO POWER.

Looking at the book and its greatness, anyone can see that all those people who forced him into the madhouse were simply trying to get rid of someone whose every word was an arrow. They were not able to bear the height of his being. They wanted him to be completely forgotten and ignored. Certainly he was not mad; otherwise the greatest book of his life could not have been written in the madhouse. He himself never saw the book published -- it was published posthumously.

I have looked into all his works. It seems in THE WILL TO POWER he has put together everything that was scattered in many books of his writings. Each statement is so pregnant that it is impossible for a madman to have written it. It is so logical, so profound, that if you are ready to read it without any prejudice, you will be amazed that one of the best books in the world was written by a madman, in a madhouse.

His only fault was that he was not obedient to the society or its out-of-date disciplines, rotten rules. His simple crime was that he was an individual in his own right -- and the slaves cannot tolerate a man who knows freedom, and lives freedom.

His actions and his words are out of freedom, but the slaves feel irritated, annoyed, because they cannot even understand what he is saying. He is shouting from a hilltop to the people who are creeping in the dark valleys of their so-called comfort. They are in the majority, and this man is disturbing them on each point

that they have been clinging to as wisdom. He is proving that it is sheer stupidity.

Kahlil Gibran was immensely impressed by Friedrich Nietzsche. In his work, THE WILL TO POWER, he has opened the heart of humanity: Why is there no music, but only misery?

The reason is that the priests of all religions, and politicians of all kinds of ideologies, are so desirous of power that they don't want humanity to listen to a man who is talking of unity, inner harmony, being undivided, one and whole.

Yes, there are going to be changes, because things in your being have been put by the society in such a way that you are in a mess: the servant has become the master, the master is being treated as a servant.

The heart cannot shout, it only whispers; the mind shouting loudly makes it completely impossible for the heart to give his message to you.

These very important statements Kahlil Gibran is making through the mouth of a fictitious mystic poet and philosopher, Almustafa. I have always wondered why he has chosen to speak indirectly, and my feeling is absolutely clear about it: he did not want to suffer the same fate Friedrich Nietzsche suffered -- and nobody is serious about poetry. Friedrich Nietzsche writes prose, although his prose is so beautiful that you can call it poetry. But he is speaking directly to humanity.

Almustafa creates a fiction. Kahlil Gibran is never declared mad, is never forced to live in the madhouse, for the simple reason that he is only a fiction writer -- at the most a composer of poems. He has secured himself by hiding behind Almustafa. So I want you to remember, whatever Almustafa is saying are the words of Kahlil Gibran.

AND THE PRIESTESS SPOKE AGAIN AND SAID:
SPEAK TO US OF REASON AND PASSION...

of mind and of heart, of logic and of love.... For centuries man has thought of them as opposed to each other. He has been told by the vested interests that if you listen to both, you are going to be mad -- they are contradictory; you will have to choose.

Those who choose reason have all the opportunities to be powerful in the world, but empty inside. Those rare souls who choose passion, love, the heart, are aflame inside with beauty, blissfulness, fragrance, but on the outside they have no power.

The priestess is asking one of the fundamental questions:

SPEAK TO US OF REASON AND PASSION....

What is your approach to these two things? Both exist in man, and both appear -- at least superficially -- contradictory. A choice has to be made; otherwise man will be riding on two horses, and the ultimate result cannot but be a disaster.

She was not aware that Kahlil Gibran has a far deeper insight than the priests and the priestesses, the politicians and the people who have power -- either of money or of prestige.

AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOUR SOUL IS OFTENTIMES A BATTLEFIELD..

because you have never gone to the roots of your being.

Reason says one thing, the heart longs for something else, and whatever you choose you will suffer, you will remain miserable, because half of your being will remain starved, hungry. Slowly, slowly, the distance between the two will become so great... as if you have been cut by an electric saw in two parts.

These split people are fighting within themselves; they have become a battlefield. This is a strategy, a very cunning strategy: if a man is put in a situation where he is fighting with himself, he has neither energy nor time to revolt against slavery, against oppression, against exploitation; his inner fight has made him so weak that anybody can dominate him. It is a subtle way of psychological castration.

Man has been made impotent with a very clever device. If you are together and one, you have the integrity, individuality, and energy to fight against anything that wants to destroy your freedom, and if the

whole humanity has that integrity, dictators will disappear. Politicians have no place in a right human society. In a cultured society, what is the need of laws, of courts? The judges, the police commissioners lose all their power. So as not to lose the power, they have to keep you divided.

Nietzsche spoke directly, and suffered for it. Nietzsche is one of the greatest sacrifices humanity has made -- because of power hungry people. But they are not bothered about Kahlil Gibran. People will read him as a poet, a beautiful entertainment, but nothing more.

YOUR SOUL IS OFTENTIMES A BATTLEFIELD, UPON WHICH YOUR REASON AND YOUR JUDGMENT WAGE WAR AGAINST YOUR PASSION AND YOUR APPETITE.
WOULD THAT I COULD BE THE PEACEMAKER IN YOUR SOUL, THAT I MIGHT TURN THE DISCORD AND THE RIVALRY OF YOUR ELEMENTS INTO ONENESS AND MELODY.
BUT HOW SHALL I, UNLESS YOU YOURSELVES BE ALSO THE PEACEMAKERS, NAY, THE LOVERS OF ALL YOUR ELEMENTS?

Whatever is given to you by existence cannot be without a hidden purpose. You have reason. Reason has eyes, capacity to think, to find out the right part. You have the heart and all its passions. But the heart knows how to sing, how to dance, how to love. The heart cannot create science and technology, neither can reason create love, peace, silence -- all the qualities that make you transcend ordinary humanity.

The heart can give you the wings for transcendence and the flight of the alone to the alone. The heart is the door to where God can be found.

Reason is absolutely incapable. It can create money, it can create thousands of other objective things, but it has no capacity to enter into your inner world.

There is no need for any conflict. Reason fuctions in the objective world, and the heart functions in the subjective world. And if you are alert, meditative, you can easily manage a balance between the two.

I have called your heart the Zorba, and the flight of your intelligence -- which is nothing but refined energy of reason -- Gautam the Buddha. Until now, Zorba and Buddha have been fighting. Both are losers, because the Buddha does not allow total freedom for the Zorba; neither does the Zorba allow the Buddha any life of his own.

So there have been Zorbas in the world... all their smiles, all of their joy, is without any depth; it is not even skin deep. And there have been Buddhas whose joy is profound, deep -- but there is a constant disturbance from the Zorba because the Zorba does not want to starve. And there is no difficulty in bringing them closer, to create a friendship between the two and finally a deep oneness.

There is an ancient story... two beggars, one was crippled and could not walk, and the other was blind but could walk.... Of course, they were competitors. Begging is a business where there is continuous competition -- you don't know which is the beggar who owns you. When I came to know this, it was a great surprise. Because I was traveling continually, I was coming and going to the railway station so many times, an old beggar had become accustomed -- in fact, he had started taking it for granted -- that whenever I came back from a journey, or went for a journey, he was entitled to have one rupee each time.

In the beginning he used to be grateful. When I, for the first time, gave him one rupee, he could not believe it -- Indians don't give rupees to beggars. But slowly, slowly, everything becomes taken for granted. Now it was not a question of gratitude, it was a routine. And I could see from his eyes that if I don't give him the rupee he will be angry -- I am depriving him of one rupee.

I never deprived him, but one day I was surprised: the old man was gone, and a young man was sitting in his place and he said, "Don't forget that one rupee."

I said, "How did you come to know about the one rupee?"

He said, "You don't know... I got married to that old beggar's daughter."

Still I could not understand, "If you got married, where is the old man?"

He said, "He has given the whole area of the railway station as a dowry to me, and he has given me all the names -- and your name is the first name. You have been giving him one rupee each time, whether you enter the railway station or you come out."

I said, "This is a revelation, that beggars have their territories." They own it. They can give it as a dowry to their sons-in-law. I said, "This is great! Where is the old man?"

He said, "He has found another place near a hospital, because the beggar who used to sit there has died. And he looks old, but he is a very strong man. Nobody wants to fight with him." Beggars are also in continual conflict to own the clients, customers....

Both these beggars were born enemies, but one day... they lived outside the town, in the forest. In the middle of the night, the forest got on fire. There was nobody to save them. The cripple knew that the fire was coming closer and closer, and all the trees were going to be burned; but he could not walk. And the blind man felt intense heat rising. This was for the first time they spoke to each other in friendly terms: "What is happening? -- you have eyes, you can see." And they came to a compromise, forgetting all their fights of the past.

The blind man said to the crippled one, "You sit on my shoulders, so that we become one man. I have enough strength to carry you, and you have eyes to see where to go, where to find a way out of this constantly increasing fire." And they both were saved.

The whole town was awake and they were worried about the beggars, but nobody was courageous enough to enter into the forest to find out where they were. They knew that one could not walk. They knew that the other could not see, but they had not thought of the possibility that they both could become one. And when they saw them coming out of the forest alive, they could not believe their eyes. What a miracle had happened!

This is an old, very old story. India has one of the most ancient books of parables, the PANCH TANTRA; from the PANCH TANTRA comes this story. And this is the story of you, about you. The house is on fire, death is coming closer, but you are not yet one solid individual; you are a battle field inside yourself.

Reason can see, but alone, seeing is not of much help. The heart can feel -- but alone, feeling is not much of a help. Is it possible that seeing and feeling are no longer competitors, but join in an adventure for the search of the meaning of life?

That is what Kahlil Gibran is saying: "I know the remedy, but...*unless you yourself be also the peacemakers, nay, the lovers of all your elements*... this miracle is not possible."

Hence, I have been proclaiming the new man as Zorba the Buddha -- which is a meeting of East and West, which is a meeting of science and religion, which is a meeting of logic and love, which is a meeting of the outer and the inner. Only in these meetings will you find peace; otherwise, you will remain a battlefield. If you are miserable, remember that the misery is arising out of an inner battle that goes on day in, day out.

There have been great Zorbas in the world. "Eat, drink and be merry" is their simple philosophy. "There is no life beyond death. God is nothing but an invention of cunning priests. Don't waste your time on unnecessary things; life is short."

In India we have a whole philosophy, the system of the *charvakas*. Perhaps a *charvaka* is the most articulate Zorba, and if you try to understand him he is very convincing: "There is no evidence, no eye-witness of any God or of any life after death. There is no evidence or proof that you have an immortal soul. Don't get caught in these words, which have been created just to create a conflict in you so you can become Christians, Hindus, Jainas, Buddhists, Mohammedans."

India has also known great Buddhas. They say the world is illusory; all that is true is inner, and all that is untrue is outside. So don't waste your time in desires, in ambitions; they are nothing but the same stuff as dreams are made of. Use the small time that you have in your hands to go as deep inside as possible so that you can find the temple of God -- your godliness.

If you listen to the Buddhas, they seem to be convincing. If you listen to the Zorbas, they seem to be convincing -- and then you are in trouble, because you have both within you.
I want you to be a peacemaker, not a battlefield.

Let there be a deep friendship between your reason and your passion, so that you can enjoy what is available on the outside... and much is available. It is not illusory, the actions of the Buddhas prove it. They need food -- it does not grow inside. They need water -- they have to seek and find it outside. And still they go on saying, "All that is outside is illusory."

And the Zorbas, although they say that they are only living on the outside, are simply unreasonable -- because the outside can exist only if there is an inside. They are inseparable. Have you seen anything which has only outside and no inside? Have you seen a coin which has only one side? Howsoever thin you make it, both sides will remain together.

The first step to understand is: The most significant approach is to relax and be in love with your body, with your heart. Don't create any conflict, bring them closer -- because centuries have made them so unbridgeable. And as they come closer and become one you will not be just a Zorba or just a Buddha, you will be Zorba the Buddha. You will be a total man. And in your totality is beauty, is bliss, is truth.

YOUR REASON AND YOUR PASSION ARE THE RUDDER AND THE SAILS OF YOUR SEAFARING SOUL.

When you have understood their unity and they are no longer in conflict, suddenly you will see a new space arising in you: you will see your soul. Now that there is no conflict in your body, your reason, your heart, you have time, silence and space to see something of the beyond -- the soul.

You are basically a triangle: reason, heart and soul. But very few people have reached to the soul, because the battlefield continues. You don't have any time to explore -- the Zorba goes on pulling you outside, and the Buddha goes on pulling you inside. It is a strange struggle that has been imposed on you by all those who want you to be weak, who want you to be without souls -- just machines, robots.

He is saying:

YOUR REASON AND YOUR PASSION ARE THE RUDDER AND THE SAILS OF YOUR SEAFARING SOUL.
IF EITHER YOUR SAILS OR YOUR RUDDER BE BROKEN, YOU CAN BUT TOSS AND DRIFT...

and that is what almost all of humanity is doing, tossing and drifting...*or else be held at a standstill in mid-seas* -- that is a kind of death before death.

FOR REASON, RULING ALONE, IS A FORCE CONFINING.

Reason has its limits. It cannot accept that which is limitless.

AND PASSION UNATTENDED IS A FLAME THAT BURNS TO ITS OWN DESTRUCTION.

Your passion is your fire -- fire of your life. But unattended, unlistened to, ignored, the fire is going to destroy itself. The same fire could be used by reason to destroy the limits, to burn the limited imprisonment, and you would have the whole sky for yourself.

THEREFORE, LET YOUR SOUL EXALT YOUR REASON TO THE HEIGHT OF PASSION.

Passion knows no limits. Your energy is a source inexhaustible, because your energy is the energy of the whole universe.

LET YOUR SOUL EXALT YOUR REASON TO THE HEIGHT OF PASSION, THAT IS MAY SING.

Blessed is the man whose reason starts singing and dancing -- because reason knows only curiosity, doubt, questioning; it does not know anything about singing, dancing, celebrating -- those belong to your heart. But if your soul, your awareness, brings them together they will become partners in a dance, partners in a song so deeply in tune that all their duality disappears.

To me, this disappearance of duality is the beginning of a new life without any conflict, without any battlefield. Your life starts to become the garden of Eden. All your energies are enough to create a paradise within you.

It has been told to you that if you follow certain conditions as a Christian, a Hindu or a Mohammedan, you will enter into paradise. But I say to you: You never enter paradise. It is paradise which enters you the moment the battlefield has disappeared, and your heart and your reason are dancing in tune. Paradise is waiting for the moment when it can enter. In this joy, silence and peace, paradise has to come to you.

The whole idea of you going to paradise is nonsense. There is no paradise outside you, and there is no

hell outside you. You are living in hell when you are in conflict, fighting with yourself. And heaven is in you when there is absolute silence, and a song arises in your being of totality, of organic unity.

AND LET IT DIRECT YOUR PASSION WITH REASON, THAT YOUR PASSION MAY LIVE THROUGH ITS OWN DAILY RESURRECTION...

What Kahlil Gibran is saying.... Never forget, because these are not only words, they are seeds which can transform you into a beautiful garden where birds will start singing, flowers will start opening and paradise is waiting for that moment to knock on your doors: "I have come, you are ready."

What he is saying is that the first thing is that reason should be raised by you, your awareness, to the height of passion, "that it may sing." And the second thing is more important: *and let it direct your passion with reason*... so that you are not lost in a blind groping. On the heights, having no eyes is very dangerous -- then it is better to remain in the valley with all other blind people. Even if you fall, you will not die -- maybe a scratch, or maybe a fracture, but not death.

Let reason direct your passion, let it become the eyes of your heart, and then you will come to know why Christians say that after the crucifixion there was resurrection. It may not be -- perhaps it is not a historical fact -- but it has a deep psychological and spiritual depth.

Each moment your passion dies, because passion knows nothing of the past and nothing of the future; those are the accumulations of reason. Passion knows only this moment -- each moment it dies, and if directed with the eyes of reason, each moment there will be a resurrection. It will die and it will be reborn fresher, younger, better, more refined.

... AND LIKE THE PHOENIX RISE ABOVE ITS OWN ASHES.

The mythological bird, the phoenix, is really a way of telling you that you should learn to die each moment and be born again each moment. Your life should be a continuous death and a continuous resurrection so that you remain fresh to the very last breath; otherwise dust goes on gathering, and you die almost thirty, forty years before people understand, "This fellow is dead."

The hippies used to say, "Never trust anyone who has passed the age of thirty" -- because almost at the age of thirty or nearby a person dies, and then he lives for forty years, fifty years, a posthumous life, because resurrection does not happen.

But hippies were only a reaction, that is why you don't find any old hippies. They had all died at the age of thirty; now they are living their posthumous lives in the marketplace very efficiently. They have forgotten all about that, it was just a dream that every young man has to pass through; now they laugh about it -- it is nothing but a fading memory.

I have been in search of an old hippie -- I have not been successful. Old hippies don't exist for the simple reason that they don't know: It is not a question of reacting against the society. It is a question of inner transformation, of learning the alchemy of how to die peacefully and allow the energy to resurrect -- just like the phoenix bird -- on its own ashes.

That is one of the most powerful and meaningful metaphors. I have not come across another metaphor that is so significant and so strong. It is the whole philosophy of religion: Dying and being reborn you remain always fresh, you remain always in a flow; you don't just grow old, you grow up.

Growing old is not a great quality -- all animals grow old, all trees grow old. Only man has the privilege, the prerogative, that he can grow up and can remain as fresh and young, even in old age, as he was when he was below the age of thirty. Full of dreams of the beyond, even on the deathbed he is not sad that he is going to leave this earth; on the contrary, he is immensely excited about the new pilgrimage that is going to start, because he knows that no death is a death... every death is a resurrection too.

This becomes a truth only when your reason and your passion are together, when your Zorba and Buddha are not fighting, but hugging each other.

I WOULD HAVE YOU CONSIDER YOUR JUDGMENT AND YOUR APPETITE EVEN AS YOU WOULD TWO LOVED GUESTS IN YOUR HOUSE.
SURELY YOU WOULD NOT HONOUR ONE GUEST ABOVE THE OTHER; FOR HE WHO IS MORE

MINDFUL OF ONE LOSES THE LOVE AND THE FAITH OF BOTH.

I have heard about a man who was in love with two women. Both the women wanted an assurance, a security, "Be honest and say whom you are going to marry." And it was difficult for the poor man, because the woman who was very beautiful was very poor, and the woman who was just homely was immensely rich, and all those riches were going to be his. You can understand his dilemma.

They had gone in a boat just to enjoy the sea and the sun. Suddenly the rich woman told him, "Stop the boat here in the middle of the ocean. I cannot wait anymore. You have to make the decision. Tell us whom you love!"

The man must have been very intelligent. He said, "What kind of question are you asking? I love each of you more than the other." And both the women were immensely satisfied.

AMONG THE HILLS, WHEN YOU SIT IN THE COOL SHADE OF THE WHITE POPLARS, SHARING THE PEACE AND SERENITY OF DISTANT FIELDS AND MEADOWS -- THEN LET YOUR HEART SAY IN SILENCE, "GOD RESTS IN REASON."
AND WHEN THE STORM COMES, AND THE MIGHTY WIND SHAKES THE FOREST, AND THUNDER AND LIGHTNING PROCLAIM THE MAJESTY OF THE SKY -- THEN LET YOUR HEART SAY IN AWE, "GOD MOVES IN PASSION"
AND SINCE YOU ARE A BREATH IN GOD'S SPHERE, AND A LEAF IN GOD'S FOREST, YOU TOO SHOULD REST IN REASON AND MOVE IN PASSION.

This is the greatest synthesis which man needs -- and needs immediately -- because the whole humanity of the past has missed this synthesis, this synchronicity. But I want my people to enjoy God in every possible situation -- when it is day, God is light, and when it is night, God is darkness. Don't create any conflict.

Once you are no longer a battlefield, you have become a temple -- and you are not going to purchase a statue of God to enshrine in the temple. The living God has always entered into the being of the man who has turned into a holy place, who has become sacred.

You have all the elements that are needed.

You have all the possibilities that are required.

If you miss, nobody else will be responsible for it except you.

God is just waiting on the door, but you are in such a mess that who would like to enter inside? And even if He knocks on your door, you cannot listen... there is so much going on, so much fight, that you are not going to listen to the small knock on the door. And there is no strong electric button on your door that God can go on pushing... He still uses the old human way of knocking with His own hand. That gives Him the idea whether you are prepared or not, whether you are ready to receive Him or not: Have you become a host that he can become a guest?

Okay Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #4
Chapter title: Breaking the shell of the past

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BELOVED OSHO,
AND A WOMAN SPOKE, SAYING, TELL US OF PAIN.
AND HE SAID:
YOUR PAIN IS THE BREAKING OF THE SHELL THAT ENCLOSES YOUR UNDERSTANDING.
EVEN AS THE STONE OF THE FRUIT MUST BREAK, THAT ITS HEART MAY STAND IN THE SUN, SO MUST YOU KNOW PAIN.
AND COULD YOU KEEP YOUR HEART IN WONDER AT THE DAILY MIRACLES OF YOUR LIFE, YOUR PAIN WOULD NOT SEEM LESS WONDROUS THAN YOUR JOY;
AND YOU WOULD ACCEPT THE SEASONS OF YOUR HEART, EVEN AS YOU HAVE ALWAYS ACCEPTED THE SEASONS THAT PASS OVER YOUR FIELDS.
AND YOU WOULD WATCH WITH SERENITY THROUGH THE WINTERS OF YOUR GRIEF.
MUCH OF YOUR PAIN IS SELF-CHOSEN.
IT IS THE BITTER POTION BY WHICH THE PHYSICIAN WITHIN YOU HEALS YOUR SICK SELF.
THEREFORE TRUST THE PHYSICIAN, AND DRINK HIS REMEDY IN SILENCE AND TRANQUILITY:
FOR HIS HAND, THOUGH HEAVY AND HARD, IS GUIDED BY THE TENDER HAND OF THE UNSEEN,
AND THE CUP HE BRINGS, THOUGH IT BURN YOUR LIPS, HAS BEEN FASHIONED OF THE CLAY WHICH THE POTTER HAS MOISTENED WITH HIS OWN SACRED TEARS.

It seems that it is very difficult, even for a man of Kahlil Gibran's caliber, to forget a deep-rooted, male chauvinistic attitude. I am saying this because the statements that Almustafa is going to make are right in a way -- but still they miss something very essential.

Almustafa forgets that the question is raised by a woman, and his answer is very general, applicable to both man and woman. But the truth is that the pain and suffering that women of the world have gone through is a thousandfold more than man has even known. That's why I say Almustafa is answering the question, but not the questioner. And unless the questioner is answered, the answer remains superficial -- howsoever profound it may sound. I would like you to remember again and again: Wherever I see that just a small sentence or sometimes just even a word would have made it truer, far deeper, far more compassionate....

The answer seems to be academic, philosophical.

It does not have the insight into what man has done to the woman -- and it is not a question of one day, but of thousands of years. He does not even mention it. On the contrary, he goes on doing the same that the priests and the politicians have been doing always -- giving consolations. Behind beautiful words there is nothing but consolation. And consolation cannot be a substitute for truth.

AND A WOMAN SPOKE....

Is it not strange that out of that whole crowd no man asked about pain? -- is it just accidental? No, absolutely no. It is very relevant that a woman asked the question, "Tell us of pain," because only the woman knows how many wounds she has been carrying, how much slavery -- physical, mental and spiritual -- she has suffered and is still suffering. A woman is hurting in the deepest core of her being. No man knows the depth pain can go into you and destroy your dignity, your pride, your very humanity.

Almustafa said:

YOUR PAIN IS THE BREAKING OF THE SHELL THAT ENCLOSES YOUR UNDERSTANDING.

A very poor statement -- so superficial that I feel ashamed of Kahlil Gibran sometimes. Any idiot can say it. It is not worthy of Kahlil Gibran: *your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding.* It is a very simple and general statement.

EVEN AS THE STONE OF THE FRUIT MUST BREAK, THAT ITS HEART MAY STAND IN THE SUN, SO MUST YOU KNOW PAIN.

I hate this statement; he is supporting the idea that you must experience pain. It is a truism, but not a truth. It is very factual -- a seed has to go through great suffering, because unless the seed dies in his suffering the tree will never be born, and the great foliage and the beauty of the flowers will never come into existence. But who remembers the seed and its courage to die for the unknown to be born?

The same is true, if...*the shell that encloses your understanding*... goes through suffering, breaks down, allows freedom to your understanding, there is going to be a certain pain.

But what is the shell? That's how poets have escaped from crucifixions; he should have explained what the shell is. All the knowledge, all your conditionings, the whole process of your upbringing, your education, your society and civilization -- they constitute the shell which keeps you and your understanding imprisoned. But he is not mentioning a single word of what he means by "shell."

Obviously no religion has condemned Kahlil Gibran. If he had been more sincere and honest then he himself would have known what pain is. He has received only praise for his beautiful poetic sayings, but behind that praise there is some weakness; something of the coward is still lurking in the darkness of his soul.

If he had said, "Your religion, your philosophy, your political ideology, your nationality, your race -- these are all constituents of your imprisonment," then, instead of having international respect and honor, he would have been condemned by all the religions, by all the nations, by all the races -- which means by almost the whole world. I have been passing through that pain for my whole life, so when I say it, I say it out of my own experience.

Just make a single statement against those who are benefited by reducing the whole humanity to slaves, and all the powerful ones are going to be against you. And the masses are blind, the masses are not intelligent, the masses are poor; they are not going to listen to me -- because what can I give them? I can give to them understanding, but they cannot eat understanding, they cannot live by understanding. And their own conditioning is all that they have been taught -- that it is wisdom.

So it is not only the powerful ones; those who are being exploited, whose power has been taken away by the powerful ones -- otherwise from where will they get the power? -- they are also going to follow them. The powerful ones are the shepherds, and they have reduced the whole humanity to a crowd of sheep.

It is almost unbelievable that those who could have raised humanity and its consciousness to such beauty, wisdom and joy have never been heard -- although they were shouting from the housetops. Every effort has been made that either they should be forced to remain silent, or they should be crucified. Those who had not the courage -- seeing the whole thing -- have remained silent; but in remaining silent you are also participating in the suffering the whole humanity is going through.

Only very few people have spoken -- and they have been poisoned, crucified, killed, assassinated. You have been killing your friends. You have been killing those who have loved you so much that they were ready to sacrifice their life, but were not ready to remain silent. And you have followed your enemies, who are sucking your blood every moment.

When I spoke for the first time for birth control, for legalization of abortion, I was condemned by everyone. If they had listened to me at that time, today India would have been rich, because when I started telling people, "This growth of your population is going to kill you, to destroy you," there were only four hundred million people in India. After thirty years there are nine hundred million people; five hundred million people could have been prevented, and the country would not be starving.

But still they are not willing to listen to me. They are still listening to the *shankaracharyas* who are against birth control, they are listening to Mother Teresas who are against birth control. THEY are your enemies. But it seems you are so blind you cannot see a simple fact.

Almustafa is saying: *your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding*. It is true, but it would have been more sincere if he had explained what he means by "the shell," because the whole thing depends on the meaning of the word "shell" -- what is the shell?

People will read it just like fiction, poetry, and nobody will ever take note that they have passed the word "shell," which contains your whole past. And unless you are ready to disconnect yourself from your past, there is going to be pain -- it is your past; it is not easy just to get out of it. It is not like clothes that you

can change, it is like peeling your skin. But without passing through this pain there is no possibility of any understanding.

This is true for both men and women, but it is more true for women because the whole past is created by the male; the female has been simply a shadow, not very substantial. All Hindu incarnations of God are men; it is so surprising and shocking that they can accept animals as the incarnation of God, but they have not accepted a single woman as an incarnation of God.

The woman has been completely ignored, has not been taken into account at all. She constitutes half of the world, and for thousands of years she has had no voting right. In China it has been believed that she has no soul, so the question of pain does not arise. If you destroy your furniture do you think the furniture will go through great suffering? that there will be pain? If you slap the table do you think there will be tears? China, for centuries, has categorized woman with things; hence, in the Chinese morality, to murder your own wife is not a crime. It is your wife, it is your possession; you can do anything you want to do.

In India.... Gautam Buddha is a man, his great disciples -- Mahakashyap, Sariputta, Moggalayan -- all are men. Was there not a single woman who could have been raised to the same consciousness? But Gautam Buddha himself was denying initiation to women, as if they are a species not of humanity but of some subhuman state. Why bother with them? -- let them first attain manhood.

The statement of Gautam Buddha is that man is the crossroads from where you can go anywhere -- to enlightenment, to ultimate freedom. But the woman is not mentioned at all. She is not a crossroads, but just a dark street where no municipal corporation has even put lights; it goes nowhere. Man is a superhighway; so first let the woman come on the superhighway, let her become a man, be born in the body of a man -- then there is some possibility of her becoming enlightened.

Says Almustafa...*so must you know pain* -- but for what? If the woman cannot become enlightened, why should she go through pain? She is not gold, in that going through fire she will become purer.

AND COULD YOU KEEP YOUR HEART IN WONDER AT THE DAILY MIRACLES OF YOUR LIFE, YOUR PAIN WOULD NOT SEEM LESS WONDROUS THAN YOUR JOY....

It is true, but sometimes truth can be very dangerous, a double-edged sword. On one hand it protects, on another hand it destroys. It is true that if you keep the wonder in your eyes you will be surprised to know that even pain has its own sweetness, its own miracle, its own joy. It is not less wondrous than joy itself.

But the strange fact is that the woman is always more like a child, more full of wonder than man. Man is always after knowledge -- and what is knowledge? Knowledge is just a means to get rid of wonder. The whole of science is trying to demystify existence, and the word "science" means knowledge. And it is a very simple fact that the more you know, the less you wonder.

Just go for a morning walk with a small child.... My father used to drag me out of bed so early in the morning, at five o'clock. It was still one hour before the sun would rise; everything was dark. And I had told him many times, "I cannot understand; what kind of arithmetic is this? -- when I want to remain awake I am forced to go to bed. When the night sky is so full of stars and I want to go to the river, I am prevented. And then, when the stars have started disappearing, the sun has not yet arisen, and I am feeling sleepy, I am forced to go for a morning walk. You are dragging me! -- it is not a morning walk. I just want to understand the logic of it."

Every child feels it -- every child, without exception, because the family wants to get rid of him: "Go to sleep." Don't disturb them. And they want the child to get up early in the morning.

And my father quoted an ancient saying which exists in all the languages all over the world: "Early to bed and early to get out of the bed keeps you healthy and wise."

I said, "A strange kind of logic."

But there was no way... he was so insistent I had to go. But as darkness started disappearing and the birds started singing... and the morning freshness... and the beautiful sunrays, as if a new sun had come -- the old died last night -- I would ask him many questions. He said, "While walking you have to be silent."

I said, "I can be silent only on one condition."

He said, "What?"

I said, "My condition is -- don't disturb my sleep in the morning. You can choose. If you wake me up, you also wake my intelligence. It is good that people in England take their dogs for walks: I am not a dog! So either you have to go alone for your walk -- wherever you want to go, go.... Even if you don't want to

return, nobody is going to worry about it. One day you will go and you will not return -- and that can be any day. But if you drag me out of my bed, then be prepared for my questions. And my questions are not out of curiosity... I feel so full of wonder about each and every thing."

He said, "I cannot leave you sleeping. I am creating a foundation for your whole life. It is a healthy habit -- because the air is fresh, the sun is young, everybody is asleep, all over there is silence. And the birds only sing once in a while; their singing does not disturb the silence, on the contrary, it deepens it."

I said, "I am ready."

He said, "Let us have a compromise."

I said, "I don't believe in compromises. Either I am right or I am wrong. What kind of compromise? What do you mean by...?"

He said, "You don't have to do anything; it is all on my part. I will take you for the morning walk, and you can ask any questions you like, as many questions as you like, but I am not going to answer."

I said, "That's perfectly okay."

And it was really a joy! I would pull his shirt, nudge him, that there was a question. For a few minutes he would keep silent; finally he would get angry. He would say, "What kind of boy have I got? You don't allow me to enjoy my walk!"

And I said, "What about my sleep?"

Finally he dropped it; he said, "You sleep and I'll go for a walk."

As you grow older you lose the sensitivity for wonder, you become more and more dull. But the reason for it is that now you know everything. You *know* nothing, but your mind is now full of borrowed knowledge, and you have not ever thought that underneath it is nothing but darkness and ignorance.

In India there were only two persons who were known as *Mahatma*, the great soul. One was Mahatma Gandhi, another was Mahatma Bhagwandin. Mahatma Bhagwandin used to stay with my family -- he was constantly traveling. I have never seen such a knowledgeable man, about everything; he knew so much that he was almost the ninth wonder of the world! With him I used to go for a morning walk. He needed me because he was so full of knowledge, he wanted somebody to ask questions.

My father said, "This is strange. I am tired of you, and whenever Mahatma Bhagwandin comes he asks for nobody else's company, he simply asks about you. I have to drag you out of the bed, but when he is here, *you* drag *him* out of the bed. Not five, but four o'clock will do, even three will do: `Let us go for a walk.'"

Sometimes he would say, "This is too early!"

I would say, "Nothing is early. The earlier it is, the wiser you become."

But he enjoyed my company because I was constantly asking about everything. He knew the names of all the trees, he knew all their medicinal uses. He himself was a wonder. But one day our friendship was finished because I asked a wrong question, although he realized before he died....

I was present three days before he died, and he confessed before his death, "You were right, just forgive me -- because now I know my life-energy is spent. It is only a question of a few hours, or at the most a few days. And you have come at the right time to see me. I was waiting for you, because I owe this apology to you."

I said, "What are you talking about?" I had completely forgotten. It was many years before that he had become angry because I had asked him, "I do understand that you know much about trees, you know much about the stars, you know much about the earth, you know much about everything -- and whatever I have asked you have never said, `I don't know' -- but now I want to ask, `Do you know yourself?' And don't deceive a child, because that will be a real sin. I am asking out of my love and respect for you.

"And secondly, is all this knowledge that you have gathered going to help you to know yourself? And is not all this knowledge simply borrowed? What is the point of your knowing the Latin name of a tree, the medicinal use of its leaves, of the bark, of the roots, of the flowers? Is it your own discovery? -- or have you just been collecting information?"

He became angry. I said, "Your anger is enough of an answer. You have never become angry before, because I was asking things about which you have collected information. You are a walking ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA -- that is accepted. But what about *you*? All this knowledge will disappear when death knocks on your door, and this is not going to help YOU."

He was so angry that he told my father, "From tomorrow I am going alone for my morning walk."

My father said, "I had suggested that to you from the very beginning. Why take unnecessary trouble on yourself?"

He said, "He has never been a trouble up to now, but today he has certainly troubled me. The whole day

has passed but his question is still ringing into my head."

Before he died... it must have been many years afterwards; he died somewhere near 1960. It was just a coincidence that as I was coming from Warda.... Mahatma Gandhi's son Ramdas was very much interested in me for the simple reason that, as he said, "You are the only man who has criticized my father -- everybody worshiped him. I could see many times that he was going too far in illogical, superstitious things, but he was a man of great weight. It was better to remain silent -- because what happened with my eldest brother, Haridas? He was thrown out of the home, and my mother was told, `If you allow him any entry in the house, remember -- you will be the next to be thrown out.'"

And Haridas never could enter the house again. Twenty years more Mahatma Gandhi lived, but he always refused him, saying that he did not even want to see Haridas' face. And what was Haridas' crime? His crime was that he wanted to be educated. Gandhi was against education -- he was against everything that was modern, contemporary. So naturally the other children were very afraid.

Ramdas was very interested in me because I had been criticizing Gandhi point by point, and no Gandhian had dared to answer me on anything -- they could not answer. So when Gandhi died, Ramdas became the head of his ashram, and he used to invite me once in a while.

So I was coming from Warda, and Mahatma Bhagwandin was in Nagpur, which was on the way. Just in the train, by coincidence, one of my friends, who was also very intimate with Mahatma Bhagwandin, told me, "Do you know that he is going to die any moment? So just stop here, at least for one day."

I went to the hospital. I have never seen such a sad state -- Bhagwandin had become just bones, just a skeleton covered with skin, and he was continually coughing and throwing up mucus. His lungs were just about to fail any moment. And the doctor said, "Sad, we don't have any remedy."

Seeing me, Bhagwandin smiled and he said, "I was hoping that somebody would inform you, because I wanted, before I depart from the world, to apologize for my anger. You were right: all my knowledge is of no use. The whole world one can know, but unless one knows oneself it is futile knowledge -- a burden that you are carrying for no purpose."

He said, "I am dying; still I don't know how to answer you. Your question has remained with me all these years, but I don't know how to know myself. And it is too late -- perhaps tomorrow I will be gone."

I said, "It is never too late. Anybody can be gone tomorrow; even a young man, perfectly healthy, may be gone tomorrow through a heart attack. It will be difficult for you... I can see you -- you cannot even talk, you are coughing and throwing up mucus and your body has become a skeleton; but even in this condition a simple meditation, Vipassana, may be able to open the doors.

"And as you have realized that all your knowledge is meaningless, you are almost ready to take a jump into silence, into your own inner center, because that is the only thing that is going with you. Before you leave the body, at least be introduced to it. That small introduction to yourself may give you a new life on a higher level."

Almustafa does not mention the fact that women always remain more like the child than men; that is one part of their beauty -- their innocence, they don't know. Man has never allowed them to know anything. They know small things -- about keeping the house and the kitchen and taking care of the children and the husband -- but these are not the things that can prevent.... This is not great knowledge; this can be put aside very easily.

That's why, whenever a woman has come to listen to me, she has heard me more deeply, more intimately, more lovingly. But when a man first comes to hear me, he is very resistant, alert, afraid that he may be influenced, hurt if his knowledge is not supported. Or, if he is very cunning, he goes on interpreting whatever is said according to his own knowledge, and he will say, "I know it all -- there was nothing new." This is a measure to protect his ego, to protect the hard shell. And unless that shell breaks and you find yourself wondering like a child, there is no possibility of your ever being in a space which we have always known as the soul -- your very being.

This has been my experience all over the world -- that the woman listens, and you can see the glitter of wonder in her eyes. It is not superficial, its roots are deep into her heart. But Kahlil Gibran does not mention the fact, although the question is asked by a woman. In fact, man is even so cowardly that he is afraid to ask questions, because your question proves your ignorance.

All the best questions in THE PROPHET you will find are asked by women -- about love, about marriage, about children, about pain, authentic, real... not about God, not about any philosophical system, but about life itself. They may not look like great questions but they are really the greatest questions, and the person who can solve them has entered into a new world. But Almustafa answers as if the question has

been asked by anybody, any XYZ -- he is not answering the questioner. And *my* approach is always that the real question is the questioner....

Why has the question arisen in a woman and not in a man? Because the woman has suffered slavery, the woman has suffered humiliation, the woman has suffered economic dependence, and above all she has suffered a constant state of pregnancy -- for centuries. She has lived in pain and pain and pain. The growing child in her does not allow her to eat -- she is always feeling like throwing up, vomiting. When the child has grown to nine months, the birth of the child is almost the death of the woman. And she is not even free of one pregnancy and the husband is ready to make her pregnant again. It seems that the woman's only function is to be a factory to produce crowds.

And what is man's function? He does not participate in her pain. Nine months she suffers, the birth of the child she suffers, and what does the man do? As far as the man is concerned, he simply uses the woman as an object to fulfill his lust and sexuality. He is not concerned at all about what the consequence will be for the woman, and still he goes on saying, "I love you." If he had really loved her, the world would not have been overpopulated. His word "love" is absolutely empty: he has treated her almost like cattle.

AND YOU WOULD ACCEPT THE SEASONS OF YOUR HEART, EVEN AS YOU HAVE ALWAYS ACCEPTED THE SEASONS THAT PASS OVER YOUR FIELDS.

True, and yet not absolutely true: true if you forget about the questioner, but not true if you remember the questioner. Just as a philosophical statement it is true.

AND YOU WOULD ACCEPT THE SEASONS OF YOUR HEART....

Sometimes there is pleasure, and sometimes there is pain, and sometimes there is just indifference -- no pain, no pleasure. He is saying, "If you accept the seasons of your heart, even as you have always accepted the seasons that pass over your fields...."

Superficially it is true. Acceptance of anything gives you a certain peace, a certain calmness. You are not too worried, you know this too will pass. But as far as the woman is concerned there *is* a difference. She is constantly living in one season -- pain and pain. The seasons don't change from summer to winter... or to rain. The woman's life is really hard.

It is not so hard today, but only in the advanced countries. In the so-called developing countries, which are not really developing, which are really undeveloped countries.... Only the word has been changed; they used to be called "undeveloped" countries. And this is the cunningness of human mind, that the word "undeveloped" hurts -- hence "developing countries," to hide the fact that nothing is developing.

Eighty percent of India's population lives in villages, where you can see the real hardship that the woman goes through. She has been going through that hardship for centuries, and the season does not change. If you look into this fact then this statement becomes anti-revolutionary, this statement becomes a consolation: "Accept the slavery of man, accept the torture of the man."

You will be surprised that one of the great saints that Hindus worship, Tulsidas... it is his book about the life of Rama which is perhaps the book most read by the Hindus. He says, "Just as you cannot produce sounds without beating the drum...." And of course Nivedano will support the fact that a drum has to be beaten; otherwise there is no sound. Tulsidas puts the woman in the same category -- the drum, the untouchable, the animals and the woman... unless you go on beating them, your life will become miserable. Once in a while a woman has to be beaten, whether there is any excuse for it or not, so that she understands her position.

This man, Tulsidas, is thought to be one of the greatest saints of Hinduism -- and I am asked not to criticize him! This man is a criminal. It is not a criticism; it is a simple fact that a man who puts the woman in the category of drums.... It is good that Nivedano has not read him; otherwise the life of Gayan would have been a constant practice of beating. "When you are tired of the drum, beat Gayan -- only then can you keep the woman in control." What kind of people, what kind of sayings...?

And it was his own wife... without her, Tulsidas would have never been known to the world. The story is so significant, I would like you to understand it, and that will make you understand the statement too -- that it is really his violence and his anger against his wife. Tulsidas must have been a very passionate man,

too sexual. His wife had gone for a few days to her father and mother's house. It was impossible for Tulsidas to live without his wife, even for a few days. It was the rainy season, and the house of his father-in-law was not far away -- on one side of the river he lived, and on the other side lived the family of his wife. But the river was a mountainous river, and it had been raining for days. The river had become a vast ocean; you could not see the other shore.

In the middle of the night, Tulsidas was so full of mental, cerebral sex, that he jumped into the river, and a dead corpse.... Lust makes a man blind -- he thought it was a piece of a tree. So taking that corpse which was floating in the river as a help, he passed across the river. Of course he was afraid to enter through the front door in the middle of the night, so he went to the back of the house. He was immensely happy that a rope was hanging there, because his wife lived on the first floor, and so there was no need to disturb anybody. He could just catch hold of the rope and get to the first floor. But it was not a rope, it was a snake. That's how blind lust is.

But he reached the first floor and knocked on the doors of his wife's rooms. She came out with a lantern, and she saw the snake. She said, "What have you done? This is a snake, this is not a rope! And why have you come in the middle of the night? The river is going mad with such a current!"

He said, "My God, perhaps the thing that I had taken the support of to pass across the river was not wood -- because it was smelling, stinking like a corpse."

His wife said to him, "If you had loved God, if you had loved truth with such passion, the way you love me, you would have been a transformed man. Feel ashamed! Go back -- because I am feeling ashamed that my husband cannot live for a few days without me, and he is so blind that he could not see what was a corpse, he could not see what was a snake! And what will my family say when they find you in the house in the morning? How will I show my face today? Just think of me too! Go back and remember: with this much energy, this much love, you can find God -- and you are being blind for a poor, ordinary woman."

Insulted, he went back, but not to his home. He traveled to Varanasi, the holy city of the Hindus. He renounced the world -- he became a saint because he renounced the world -- and he wrote a beautiful book on the life of Rama. And that book is so simple that even villagers, who are not educated, can understand it. So it became one of the most famous books of the Hindus, and he became a great saint.

Can you see the ugliness of his behavior? It was his wife who provoked in him a sense of searching for the truth, it was his wife who made him a saint, but he became a saint in anger. This statement shows his anger towards his wife, but he is not courageous enough to say clearly, "I am talking about my wife." He condemns all women.

That's how the human mind functions: one man deceives you, and you start distrusting the whole humanity. He should have worshiped the woman. But his ugliness is that he is taking revenge not only on his wife, but on the whole of womankind, categorizing them with drums, with animals, with untouchables: "Beat them! -- the better a beating you give them, the more they will be humble, the more they will be within your hands."

The woman has lived in such pain... and yet Almustafa completely forgets who is asking the question. It is possible to accept the change of seasons, but not ten thousand years of slavery. The season does not change....

The woman needs revolt, not acceptance.

Man is the most lustful animal on the earth. Every animal has a season when the male becomes interested in the female. Sometimes the season is only for a few weeks, sometimes a month or two months, and then for the whole year they forget all about sex, they forget all about reproduction. That's why they are not in a situation of overpopulation. It is only man who is sexual all the year round, and if he is American then he is sexual in the night, he is sexual in the morning. And you are asking the woman to accept the pain?

I cannot ask my people to accept such pain, pain which is imposed by others on you.

You need a revolution.

And if man is treating you as a drum then you have to treat your man also as a drum. You have an equal right: beat your man, so then he remains in his senses.

AND YOU WOULD WATCH WITH SERENITY THROUGH THE WINTERS OF YOUR GRIEF.

Why? When we can change it, why should we watch?

Watch only that which cannot be changed.

Watch only that which is natural -- be a witness to it.

But this is poetic cunningness. Beautiful words: *and watch with serenity*... what about Kahlil Gibran being beaten by his own wife? "Watch with serenity!"

Watch anything that is natural with serenity, and revolt against all suffering that is imposed by anybody. Whether it is a man or woman, whether it is your father or mother, whether it is the priest or the professor, whether it is the government or the society -- revolt!

Unless you have a rebellious spirit you are not alive in the true sense of the word.

MUCH OF YOUR PAIN IS SELF CHOSEN.

This is true. All your misery, all your pain... much of it is not imposed by others. Against that which is imposed by others, revolt, but that which you have chosen yourself -- drop it. There is no need to watch. Just the understanding that "I have imposed it upon myself," is enough -- throw it away. Let others watch you throw it! Seeing you throwing it away, perhaps they will also understand, "Why unnecessarily suffer? -- the neighbors are throwing away their grief."

Your jealousies, your anger, your greed -- they all bring pain. Your ambitions, they all bring pain. And they are self-chosen.

IT IS THE BITTER POTION BY WHICH THE PHYSICIAN WITHIN YOU HEALS YOUR SICK SELF.

Again he comes back to console you. He is not making a clear-cut distinction. There are pains which are imposed by others -- revolt against them. And there are pains which are natural -- witness them, and witness them with serenity, because it is the bitter medicine that nature, the physician, within you uses to heal your sick self.

THEREFORE TRUST THE PHYSICIAN, AND DRINK HIS REMEDY IN SILENCE AND TRANQUILITY.

But remember it is about the *physician* -- not about your husband, not about the government. They impose pain over you, not to heal you but to destroy you, to crush you, because the more you are destroyed, the more easily you can be dominated -- then there is no fear of rebellion from your side. So remember who the physician is. Nature heals, time heals: you simply wait, witness. But be very clear what is natural and what is artificial.

FOR HIS HAND, THOUGH HEAVY AND HARD, IS GUIDED BY THE TENDER HAND OF THE UNSEEN.

Nature is nothing but the visible part of the invisible God. Even if his hand is heavy and hard, it is guided by the very spirit of existence. So don't be worried.

THE CUP HE BRINGS, THOUGH IT BURN YOUR LIPS, HAS BEEN FASHIONED OF THE CLAY WHICH THE POTTER HAS MOISTENED WITH HIS OWN SACRED TEARS.

Whatever is natural, against which no rebellion is possible.... Then don't be miserable; then accept it with gratitude. It is the invisible hand of the divine which wants to heal you, which wants to bring you to a higher state of consciousness. But whatever is unnatural....

To yield to any kind of slavery is to destroy your own soul. It is better to die than to live as a slave, because the death of a rebel gives a dignity to him.

Socrates has that dignity, even today. He could have easily saved his life. The chief judge had given him the opportunity, because he also felt that the man had not committed any crime -- he was innocent. But it was a city-democracy, and the votes were divided. There was not much difference: forty-nine percent were for Socrates, and fifty-one percent were against him. But all laws are blind. Just because of two percent of

the people of the city -- who may be retarded, who may be idiots, who may be mad -- they destroyed their best flower.

Since then, Greece has never come to the same glory. It has gone down and down, and today what status has Greece in the world, what power? Just killing one man who was their highest consciousness, a bringer of the good news to the people.... They destroyed him because what he was saying was painful. He was saying, "Get rid of all that is old; only then will you be reborn. Trust only in that which is your experience; otherwise you are just carrying rubbish."

The chief judge was feeling sad. The same sadness was in the heart of Pontius Pilate when Jews asked that Jesus should be crucified. Pontius Pilate was more cultured, more human, and he had no Jewish prejudices because he was not a Jew. The situation with Socrates was very different. He was himself a Greek, and there were many who felt offended because of his height. Every camel feels offended if you take him to the mountains. That's why they never go to the mountains, they live in the desert; there *they* are the mountains.

The judge said, "I give you some alternatives, you can choose. You can leave Athens. And it is only a city-state -- you can be just outside the boundary of Athens, and those who love you will reach there. It is not far away."

Socrates said, "No, because that will show that I was more interested in saving my life than fighting for the truth."

The judge said, "Then you do one thing: Remain in Athens, but don't do your teaching work. Stop talking about truth; be silent."

Socrates says, "Then what is the purpose of my being alive if I cannot speak the truth?"

The chief judge said, "Then you are putting me into such a helpless situation that the only alternative is to kill you by giving you poison."

Socrates said, "That seems to be the best out of all the alternatives you have proposed, because at least I can die with dignity, and I will be remembered with dignity." And certainly Greece has not produced another man of the same dignity. With Socrates something essential died in the very soul of that land.

So always remember that truth is higher than life.

Everything can be sacrificed, but truth cannot be sacrificed.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #5

Chapter title: Not even the heart... only a witness

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BELOVED OSHO,
AND A MAN SAID, SPEAK TO US OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOUR HEARTS KNOW IN SILENCE THE SECRETS OF THE DAYS AND THE NIGHTS.
BUT YOUR EARS THIRST FOR THE SOUND OF YOUR HEART'S KNOWLEDGE.

YOU WOULD KNOW IN WORDS THAT WHICH YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN IN THOUGHT.
YOU WOULD TOUCH WITH YOUR FINGERS THE NAKED BODY OF YOUR DREAMS.
AND IT IS WELL YOU SHOULD.
THE HIDDEN WELL-SPRING OF YOUR SOUL MUST NEEDS
RISE AND RUN MURMURING TO THE SEA;
AND THE TREASURE OF YOUR INFINITE DEPTHS WOULD BE
REVEALED TO YOUR EYES.
BUT LET THERE BE NO SCALES TO WEIGH YOUR UNKNOWN TREASURE;
AND SEEK NOT THE DEPTHS OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE WITH
STAFF OR SOUNDING LINE.
FOR SELF IS A SEA BOUNDLESS AND MEASURELESS.
SAY NOT, "I HAVE FOUND THE TRUTH," BUT RATHER,
"I HAVE FOUND A TRUTH."
SAY NOT, "I HAVE FOUND THE PATH OF THE SOUL." SAY
RATHER, "I HAVE MET THE SOUL WALKING UPON MY PATH."
FOR THE SOUL WALKS UPON ALL PATHS.
THE SOUL WALKS NOT UPON A LINE, NEITHER DOES IT GROW LIKE A REED.
THE SOUL UNFOLDS ITSELF, LIKE A LOTUS OF COUNTLESS PETALS.

I really feel sad and sorry whenever I have to criticize a man, so beautiful in many ways, like Kahlil Gibran. I love him tremendously, and because of my love I have the right to criticize him. It is because of my love that I cannot support him when he is not right.

There are many times when he is not right -- and he cannot be right, so I also feel compassion. He has the capacity, the potentiality, to go much higher, but he knows not the way. He remains, most of the time, a poet, a dreamer. His poetry is beautiful, his dreams are beautiful, but they are not the truth we are seeking. I wonder sometimes... perhaps his great capacity to express prevented him from experiencing.

It will not be possible for his readers to find where he is walking on the earth, and where he is flying in the sky. I have walked on the earth and I have gone to the farthest end possible to man in the heights, in the depths, but he has only dreamt about it. Alas, if he were not such a good poet perhaps he may have searched for truth. It is a very extraordinary case.

There are men who have found the truth and remained silent, because they don't know how to express it. Kahlil Gibran is just the opposite -- he has not found the truth, but he is capable of expressing. And for the humanity which lives in darkness, even his poetry appears as if it is coming from the source of self-knowing. It is not so, and you will see why I am saying that it is not so....

AND A MAN SAID, SPEAK TO US OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

The first thing to be noted.... Do you see the difference when a woman asks from when a man asks? A woman asks about that which is intimate, close; she's deeply rooted in the earth. Man is a vagabond; he's curious about many things, he wants to know everything. The woman is satisfied to know a few essential things which will transform her being, but man's curiosity knows no limits.

The very question shows that the man is not a meditator; he is not even aware that nobody can speak about self-knowledge. He seems to be a learned scholar... this is exhibitionism. How can he ask about ordinary, mundane things? His questions must show to the world that here is a man who is asking the question which is the most important. His very question may befool the ignorant, but to me it exposes him and his ignorance.

AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING: YOUR HEARTS KNOW IN SILENCE THE SECRETS OF THE DAYS AND THE NIGHTS.

Kahlil Gibran never goes deeper than the heart -- and the heart is not you, and the heart cannot contain self-knowledge. It is better than the head, but self-knowledge means going beyond both mind and heart, going beyond both thinking and feeling. Only then do you know what silence is.

Neither the mind knows silence -- it is a marketplace -- nor the heart knows silence, because it is so full of emotions, sentiments. You don't hear them because the heart can only whisper; it is not so articulate, because it has not been educated. Mind has been trained to express, the heart has been ignored. So I cannot

agree with him as far as his continual emphasis on the heart goes. The heart is a midway station, it is not the terminus. The terminus is your being; there the road ends, because there is nowhere else to go.

The man is asking about self-knowledge, and the answer is not consistent with the question: *your hearts know in silence the secrets of the days and the nights*... that is not the question. The secrets of the days and the nights is not self-knowledge. Perhaps, unconsciously, he himself does not realize that his answer is off-the-wall.

BUT YOUR EARS THIRST FOR THE SOUND OF YOUR HEART'S KNOWLEDGE.

I feel hurt myself when I say that sometimes his statements are stupid. *But your ears thirst for the sound of your heart's knowledge*.... The thirst is in the being, not in the ears. Ears are thirsty only for curiosity; they don't mean much. And how can the heart speak to the ears? -- because the heart itself does not know who you are.

Yes, the heart can give you beautiful dreams, but those beautiful dreams can become the greatest hindrance in your pilgrimage towards the truth, because you will start believing in those dreams. And Kahlil Gibran seems to be believing in those dreams. They may be beautiful, and you may feel that now there is no need to go ahead; you have found such a beautiful space... remain here.

But you are not the heart. The heart is still part of the body, and you are only a witness -- just as you were the witness of the outside world of your mind and its constant traffic of thoughts. You have gone a little deeper, and now you are thinking, "I have arrived."

The heart is not going to fulfill you. Soon you will be tired of those dreams, because they are non-substantial, they cannot nourish you. You will have to go still deeper, till it becomes impossible to go further because there is no way -- you have come to the end. Only then you know who you are.

Poets sing about it, dream about it, write about it, but it is all just describing the moon, looking at the reflection of the moon in the lake; it looks like the moon, but it is not the moon. And if you jump in the lake to be closer to the moon, it will disappear. A disturbed lake cannot reflect the moon, neither can the disturbed heart create beautiful poetries -- very satisfying to people who have always lived in the ugly world of the mind.

The heart is certainly a step towards self-knowledge, but it is *not* self-knowledge.

YOU WOULD KNOW IN WORDS THAT WHICH YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN IN THOUGHT.

This statement is simply crazy, because the truth has never been known in words, and the truth has never been formulated in thoughts. Thought belongs to the mind, and words also belong to the mind.

Mind can philosophize, the heart is a poet, but the home of the mystic is in your being, where thoughts, words, innocence... all are left behind and forgotten.

People ordinarily think -- and it appears as if it is very rational -- that silence means no thoughts, no words, no noise. This is a negative perception of silence; you are not saying anything about silence.

Silence has its own positive existence, much more solid, much more valuable -- a part of eternity. Silence is not a thought or an absence of thought; when you see the absence of your thoughts and dreams, they have simply gone to sleep. You can be deceived that their absence is silence, but this silence will be empty -- there will be no dance in it, no blissfulness in it. It will be the silence of the graveyard. People who have died cannot speak, but that does not mean that the dead have attained to silence.

A silence in its real, positive existence is almost music; it is the silence of a garden where, without words, flowers are sending messages to other flowers.

Scientists have discovered that perhaps bees have a certain kind of language. We cannot understand it, but their behavior shows that there must exist a communication system different than ours -- and this is a research of years. The scientists were puzzled.

One bee will go to find the garden where flowers are available, and then the bee will come back; she will dance before other bees, and in a strange way, all the bees will reach the garden. In her dance, the bee has spoken -- but scientists are still unable to find how she can indicate the direction, the distance, the kinds of flowers. She will continue to dance till all the bees have moved to the garden. The first bee will reach there as the last one.

Sometimes the first bee may not find flowers, again she will dance. It is very difficult for us to make out the difference between the two dances. No bee will come out, and no bee will go in any direction -- she has communicated that there are no flowers around. Not a single word has been uttered. And with our very sophisticated instruments, we have not been able to see the difference between the two dances. To us, they look absolutely the same, but there must be a difference because all the bees have understood.

Silence is not only absence of words and thoughts; silence is a living music, a dance, a song that is not composed of words. That is the way of the heart.

If you are in deep love with someone, the hearts will start a deep communion of which the mind will never become aware, because the mind cannot understand silent messages; it cannot understand a music that is arising without instruments, and it cannot understand the dance which cannot be seen -- but another heart has the capacity.

This is the secret of the East: Just sitting at the feet of your Master, nothing is said, and everything is conveyed. The mind is not even aware that a great communication, a communion, is happening.

But still, the silence of the heart, although a great step towards self-knowledge, is not in itself self-knowledge; it simply opens the door for the road that goes to self-knowledge.

YOU WOULD KNOW IN WORDS.... This is absolute nonsense. No mystic anywhere in the world will agree with this -- that you will know in words what you have always known in thought. This is how philosophy functions, but not mysticism. Philosophy is nothing but words and thoughts; mysticism is a totally different world, a different dimension.

YOU WOULD TOUCH WITH YOUR FINGERS THE NAKED BODY OF YOUR DREAMS.

That's where poets go on missing. They are hypnotized by their own words, and they hypnotize millions of people by their words, which are nothing but lullabies.

You would touch with your fingers.... Can you think of anything more nonsensical? -- self-knowledge is touched by your fingers? It is reduced to an object. And if you can touch it with fingers, you can drag it out and show it to others too. If fingers can touch it, then the fist can carry it out and convince everybody that, yes, you have a soul. But who will do this? -- is the soul in your hands? The body cannot in any way know its own interiority, because it does not belong to the body. Your soul simply lives in the body -- the body is nothing but a house.

Not only will you be able to touch -- this statement becomes so absurd -- you will be able to touch even the naked body of your dreams! Dreams don't exist; dreams are only non-existential desires which you have not been able to fulfill.

Dreams are like mirages in the desert: from far away you see a beautiful oasis. Not only are your eyes deceived, your reasonability is also deceived because you can see the water, the lake, and your logic is convinced -- because the trees standing on the bank of the lake are reflected in water. If there is no water, trees cannot be reflected. But as you come closer the mirage starts disappearing.

When you reach, trees are there, but there is no lake, no water -- it was created only by the sunrays; when they start returning from the sand, they create the illusion of a lake -- you can even see waves in the lake, because those rays return wavering. But when you are standing on the spot, you will not find anything. So are your dreams... and dreams are not self-knowledge.

Kahlil Gibran has fallen into the same trap as Sigmund Freud. He also used to think that if we can understand all the dreams of man, there is nothing more to understand; you will have understood man's very being.

But these people never think for a single moment: Who are you, who is understanding the dreams? Certainly a dream cannot understand another dream. It has never been heard that a dream can analyze another dream. And as you wake up, where do all your dreams disappear? Are they realities? -- then you can dissect the man and you will find his dreams hiding somewhere within him. But no dream has ever been found.

A dream is just the opposite of the truth. That's why I say, this is the most absurd statement made by Kahlil Gibran.

And it is well you should... go to the heart, touch your dream before it has stopped half-way. Neither he's a Zorba, nor he's a buddha; he's just a gap between the two, empty and of no meaning, of no substance. I say unto you, it is *not* well that you should do such a thing.

THE HIDDEN WELL-SPRING OF YOUR SOUL MUST NEEDS RISE AND RUN MURMURING TO THE SEA.

How has the soul come suddenly in? To him, the heart and the soul are synonymous. They are not. The heart keeps the body alive, but not the soul.

The soul knows only one nourishment, and that is not material -- it is the positive silence, the positive serenity, the positive ecstasy.

The hidden well-spring of your soul must needs rise and run murmuring to the sea.... There is no need for the soul to go anywhere, murmuring and running -- these are the ways of the mind and the heart. The soul is already part of the sea.

The moment you reach your soul, you are in for a great surprise: Your soul is not only *your* soul, it is the universal soul. The body was yours, the mind belonged to the society, the heart belonged to your biology, chemistry, physiology. The soul belongs to eternal life. It is part of it, it has not to go anywhere. But poetically, it looks very beautiful:

THE HIDDEN WELL-SPRING OF YOUR SOUL MUST NEEDS RISE AND RUN MURMURING TO THE SEA....

It *is* the sea itself.

AND THE TREASURE OF YOUR INFINITE DEPTHS WOULD
BE REVEALED TO YOUR EYES.

It is absolutely impossible! Your eyes can see only objects, they can see only matter. And by the way, I should remind you that the English word "matter," and the French word "meter," come from a Sanskrit root, *matra*, quantity. That which can be measured cannot be infinite.

He is saying: *and the treasure of your infinite depths would be revealed to your eyes....* Your eyes can see only outwards. Objects are measureable, that's why we call them matter. But your being is immeasurable -- it is not matter; it is a *quality*, not a quantity. Can you touch love? Can you measure love? And when you propose to a woman do you mention exactly how many kilos of love you have for her? Hearing you, the woman will start running, saying, "This man seems to be mad. He's saying, `I love you twenty kilos.'" Qualities cannot be measured -- "I love you twenty miles long." No method of measurement is possible.

"The infinite treasure of your depths," he's saying, "will be revealed to your eyes." The body cannot see the soul -- your eyes belong to the body. Hence it is possible, and it has happened, that blind men, who have no eyes, have come to self-knowledge -- because eyes are not needed. Hands are not needed, so you can cut the hands, but that is not going to prevent the person from knowing himself.

A beautiful story -- very ancient, of the days when the UPANISHADS were written -- is about a man, a young man. He was tremendously intelligent, but he had a body which was so ugly; one hand was long, one hand was small, one eye was missing -- even the legs were not of the same length.

There was a great discussion happening in the court of the king, and the father of the young man, a well-known, learned scholar, had gone to participate. But discussions never come to a conclusion -- particularly discussions of scholars, and the so-called learned people. If two enlightened persons meet, discussion never starts. Looking into each other's eyes, the conclusion has happened.

So, it was getting late... the mother of the boy told him, "You should go and see what is happening, and tell your father the food is ready and getting cool." He went.... He was a strangely crippled man, almost like a camel, or perhaps worse. His name was Ashtavakra. Ashtavakra means he was strangely bent in eight places of his body -- the hand was not straight; in the middle there was a bend. He could not keep his head straight because his neck was bent. He was certainly made for some circus, some carnival, some museum.

All the learned people were in the court, and as he entered the court everybody started laughing -- they had never seen such a strange creature. But he was immensely intelligent, and finally became one of the great awakened people of the world -- of the same height as Gautam Buddha. They were all laughing and joking about him, and his father felt ashamed -- why has he come here?

Ashtavakra went directly to the king and he said, "It seems you have gathered shoemakers here, CHAMAR" -- that is the word for people who work on leather -- "Disperse all these idiots! They can only see my skin, my body; they are blind, they don't have any heart -- no love, no compassion -- and they are talking about self-knowledge, self-realization. What has the self to do with the body?"

There was great silence, because what he said was absolutely true. And he said, "I had not come here to see all these shoemakers. I have come just to find my father; my mother is waiting." The king himself was so impressed, because the boy felt neither ashamed nor shocked, but the statement he made was far more important than the things all these learned people had been discussing.

"I am not my body, and these people can see only the body. If they had any self-knowledge, they would not have laughed looking at my body. They would have felt the presence of a man who is enlightened."

The whole conference was dissolved, and the king told Ashtavakra, "From tomorrow you come and teach me, prepare me. I want to be your disciple."

In the book ASHTAVAKRAGITA the songs of Ashtavakra are compiled, the statements that he made to the king... each statement is a diamond, invaluable.

AND THE TREASURE OF YOUR INFINITE DEPTHS WOULD BE REVEALED TO YOUR EYES.

No, the treasure is revealed when you have forgotten your eyes, your ears, your body, your mind, your heart. It is self-luminous, it is self-evident. It does not need the eyes to witness that "Yes, this is the self." What do the eyes know?

BUT LET THERE BE NO SCALES TO WEIGH YOUR UNKNOWN TREASURE.

He has got into a fix because, as I have told you, he's capable of rising to the heights, but most of the time he's able only to walk. He's like a peacock, so beautiful, carrying a rainbow in his tail -- such brilliant colors nature has not given to anybody else. He has wings, but he cannot fly high like an eagle; he hops from one tree to another tree, from one house to another house. While he's hopping from one house to another house, from one tree to another tree, between the two trees he's free from the gravitation of the earth, and he has great insights. But soon, he's sitting again on a tree. On the one hand he says: *and the treasure of your infinite depths would be revealed to your eyes*.... On the other hand, immediately he hops to another tree:

BUT LET THERE BE NO SCALES TO WEIGH YOUR UNKNOWN TREASURE.

He must have felt what he's saying... eyes can see only objects which are measureable; so he corrects himself in time and quickly says:

BUT LET THERE BE NO SCALES TO WEIGH YOUR UNKNOWN TREASURE;
AND SEEK NOT THE DEPTHS OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE WITH STAFF OR SOUNDING LINE.
FOR SELF IS A SEA BOUNDLESS AND MEASURELESS.

He has corrected himself, but again....

SAY NOT, "I HAVE FOUND THE TRUTH," BUT RATHER, "I HAVE FOUND A TRUTH."

It looks humble, full of understanding, but it is only an appearance. Reading his sentence, I was thinking he would say, "Say not, I have found the truth...." I thought he was saying, "I, the ego, the self, cannot find the truth." I thought he would say, "Truth has found me," or he would say, "I have not found the truth because I is a barrier. Truth has been found, but I have lost my I." Then it would have been a profound statement.

But he had something else in his mind. He says...*but rather, "i have found a truth*." He was not denying the I, he was changing *the* truth to A truth -- and again missed the target. Truth is always *the* truth.... A truth? -- that means there are many truths. How can there be many truths?
There can be many lies, but there cannot be many truths.
Truth has to be one; it has to be *the* truth.

Hence, I say to you, say not "I have found the truth," but rather, "Truth has been found, but I have lost myself -- I and truth cannot coexist." The I is your self -- false, manufactured by the society.

In the light of the truth, all darkness is bound to disappear. In the fire of the truth, all that is false is going to be burned.

> SAY NOT, "I HAVE FOUND THE PATH OF THE SOUL." SAY RATHER, "I HAVE MET THE SOUL WALKING UPON MY PATH."

To understand Kahlil Gibran is troublesome, unless you are very alert, unless you have reached to profounder depths than him; otherwise, you will be deceived. His words are golden.

The first statement was absolutely wrong. There is only one truth, there are not many truths, so the question of finding A truth does not arise. The truth of Gautam Buddha, and the truth of Bodhidharma, and the truth of Tilopa, and the truth of Naropa... it is *the* truth.
Seekers are many, but the sought is one.
And the beauty of seeking is:

The closer you come to the sought, the more you start melting and disappearing.
But, in the second statement, he has again a very deep insight:

> SAY NOT, "I HAVE FOUND THE PATH OF THE SOUL." SAY RATHER, "I HAVE MET THE SOUL WALKING UPON MY PATH"

-- I am the path, at the most, and I have found the soul walking upon my path.
There is a very beautiful story, but never interpreted rightly in five thousand years. I have told you about Krishna and his insistence to his disciple, Arjuna, to fight the war against his cousin-brothers, because it is cowardly for a warrior of the quality of Arjuna... people will call you an escapist. He did not know the word "hippie"; otherwise he would have used the word "hippie," because hippie means the escapist -- one who has shown his hips to the society and forgot, ran away, seeing the troubles and problems. The word "hippie" comes from hips.

Krishna persuaded him finally -- in a very fascist way. Seeing that his arguments were not working, he said, "It is God's will that you should fight. Don't be worried about violence because the soul never dies, and don't be worried about being defeated, because I can see the enemies are just waiting for their death -- just a little push and the corpses will be on the earth. So it is going to be a simple job. Don't be worried and don't be a coward; follow God's will -- God will be behind you." This is not an argument; this is just exploiting the belief in God that has been forced into the mind of Arjuna from the very beginning.

The war happened, millions of people died.... But you are not here forever. The day came when all the five brothers -- Arjuna and his four brothers -- and their one wife... that is a rare case in the history of the world. There are men who have many wives, but Draupadi is the only woman in the whole world who had five husbands. But don't think that it was out of respect or love, no....

In those days particularly the kings' daughters used to choose certain devices to find a husband -- it was a trust in nature. A great crowd of princes and kings had gathered. Draupadi was so beautiful -- she was Krishna's sister -- and she had chosen a very complicated device. The device was a steel fish hanging by the ceiling and moving continuously, so that you could not see the fish, you could only see a circle because the fish was moving so fast. And underneath, on the ground, there was a beautiful pond made, silent without any waves -- inside the palace.

Draupadi had declared that whoever, looking at the reflection of the fish in the pond, throws his arrow -- without seeing the real fish, which is moving fast -- and kills the iron fish, destroys it... then she's going to marry that man. So many kings tried, but it was such an impossible job to destroy that fish which was moving fast like a fan -- you cannot see the wings of the fan, just a round circle. It was impossible even to directly destroy the fish -- even the best archer would not have been able to do that.

But the condition was almost impossible... you have to look into the pond but your arrow has to point towards the real fish. And looking at the pond, the reflection, you have to destroy the fish by a single arrow -- there is no second chance.

Hundreds of princes who thought they were great archers were so nervous -- they had never thought that such a device had to be faced. A few never participated, because it was impossible. Arjuna managed -- he was the greatest disciple of a master archer, Dronacharya -- so, he won Draupadi's hand. But the four brothers who had also gone there felt very jealous.

Arjuna was not the eldest brother; the eldest brother was famous all over India as the most virtuous man. But it was not a question of virtue -- you had to know archery. Another brother, Bhim, was known to be the greatest wrestler of the times, but it was not a question of wrestling either -- you had to be an archer, and a unique archer, a genius.

So, all the brothers were very angry; they were not happy about what had happened. They knew that they could not defeat Arjuna in archery, but the device had not been declared before; that was part of the game -- when you reached there, the device was declared. Immediately, the remaining four brothers thought, "We are finished." Only Arjuna participated -- but there was no need of anybody else's participation. He finished it and got Draupadi.

But when they reached home their mother was inside the house. Arjuna knocked on the door and said, "Mother, just open the door and see what a gift I have brought for you." And the mother said, "I will see later on. You divide the gift amongst your brothers first" -- she was not aware that it is a woman.

The obedience to mother, to father, to parents was such a conditioning that all four brothers were immediately happy. They said, "This is good. So, in a week, Draupadi will be the wife for one day to one brother, another day to another brother... and for two days she will have her weekend."

When the mother opened the doors, she was shocked at what she had said, but it was too late; they had already decided how to divide her, with a condition that when one brother was with the wife, no other brother could enter their private chambers. Again the woman is thought to be almost a thing -- you can divide her, you can force her to have five husbands.

The time came of their death; they all died... and this is the story that I wanted to tell you, but without this introduction you would not have been able to understand. When they died they started moving towards heaven, but it is so high and the snow becomes thicker and thicker. By and by, one brother fell and was lost in the snow, another brother fell, the wife fell....

Only Yudhisthira, who was known as a very virtuous man, and his dog reached to the gate of heaven. The doors were opened, and the gatekeeper said, "You can come in, but no dog has ever been allowed in heaven." So Yudhisthira said, "My brothers, my wife, have all melted and disappeared in the snow. This dog is far more virtuous, and he has been my companion to the very last -- I cannot leave him out. You can close your doors. I am also not going to come in."

The doorkeeper was in a trouble. He enquired of his boss, who said, "Let both of them come in, because Yudisthira is a man of his word. He has said, `We will both go together or we will both remain out'... if we leave Yudisthira out, we will be in trouble soon. Once God hears it, the whole bureaucracy from the Police Commissioner of Poona to God will be in trouble. It is better... what can the dog do? And that dog certainly seems to be far more virtuous than Yudisthira's brothers and his wife."

They were allowed in. This way, it has always been interpreted that if you are virtuous -- even if you are a dog -- heaven has to open its doors; but if you are not virtuous, even if you are the greatest archer of the world like Arjuna, or the greatest wrestler of the world like Bhim, it does not matter. These qualities are not counted and you will disappear on the way, evaporate completely. This is the Hindu interpretation of the story, but I have always been unconvinced by the interpretation.

My own interpretation is based on my inner experience that as you come closer to your real heaven, the paradise of your being, you start melting and disappearing. In fact, only that dog and Yudisthira did not melt and reach simply as souls; they don't have any understanding of what the search of truth is. Of course, the dog is not interested in truth, so there was no need for him to disappear. He would have passed truth, or may have pissed on it -- he is not concerned about truth; find a good place... he would have pissed without hesitation!

Yudisthira, all the Hindus say, is a very virtuous man -- I don't consider him to be. They call him Dharmaraj, the king of religion. I don't consider him at all a religious person, because he was a gambler to the point that he lost his whole kingdom, all his treasures, and finally the only possession left -- which was also not only his possession, five brothers were the owners of Draupadi... he staked his wife, and lost his

wife too. Strange people... they call this man who had no compassion, no respect for a human being, his own wife, the king of religion.

So, my feeling is that these two people reached whatever gate it was -- most probably a fake gate, just like the fake police officers coming here to listen, coming to the Ashram. It is very easy to find a uniform or borrow from a friend.... They must have reached a fake gate; it was not heaven.

The real people who are virtuous, and particularly Arjuna.... He never wanted the war, but just because Krishna insisted that it was God's will he reluctantly participated in it. And even though victorious, he was not happy. He was never known to smile again, because he had killed all his friends, relatives -- either he had killed them because they were participating from the other side, or the other side had killed them because they were participating from his side -- with a sadness he lived. He wanted to go to the Himalayas to renounce this whole nonsense and just meditate.

Krishna is the criminal of the whole massacre that happened, because without Arjuna there was going to be no war. Then all his four brothers would have dropped the idea -- without Arjuna they were not going to win it. He was the man to bring victory....

My interpretation is that as you come close to truth, you start melting and disappearing. Truth is found, but you are lost.

SAY NOT, "I HAVE FOUND THE PATH OF THE SOUL." SAY RATHER, "I HAVE MET THE SOUL WALKING UPON MY PATH."

We are paths, and if we allow God to walk... that's what religion should mean -- we allow existence to enter into us, without any resistance, but with deep welcome. Then Kahlil Gibran is making a very beautiful statement: We are the paths upon which our soul, or the soul of the universe, walks. Paths should be clean and clear, without any hindrances. Our paths should be loving welcomes.

FOR THE SOUL WALKS UPON ALL PATHS
THE SOUL WALKS NOT UPON A LINE, NEITHER DOES IT GROW LIKE A REED.
THE SOUL UNFOLDS ITSELF, LIKE A LOTUS OF COUNTLESS PETALS.

So you will have to become accustomed to Kahlil Gibran rising high towards the stars and falling back down to the earth. He is making statements which make my argument absolutely clear.
He has wings -- but not strong enough.
He has insight -- but not something absolute.
He has glimpses, but very fleeting.

Once in a while he almost becomes a mystic -- but only once in a while; otherwise, he falls back to his habitual style of life, the life of a poet. He is a mixture, a divided soul himself.

But this is such a beautiful statement, and so profound that any Gautam Buddha is bound to agree with it: *The soul walks not upon a line* -- it is freedom -- neither does it grow like a reed.

The soul unfolds itself, like a lotus of countless petals.... True, very true -- but how are you going to manage to unfold your soul in countless petals? About that he says nothing -- because he knows nothing. But he's certainly a genius.

Without knowing, without experiencing, sometimes he comes so close to the experience that it is very easy for those who have never moved in depth and heights to be convinced that this is a man who knows himself. He could have known -- but rather than going to America, he should have come to India, or to Japan, where there are people who understand, not intellectually only, but from their very roots.

When I was arrested in America, thousands and thousands of telegrams and telexes and telephone calls started coming to the jailers. The first man to call was a Zen master from Japan making it clear in his statement: "You cannot understand the man you have arrested. In our monastery, we are teaching Zen through his books. Zen is a Japanese phenomenon, but we don't have books comparable to his interpretations."

The sheriff of the jail brought the telegram to show me. I had no idea that a Zen master, well-recognized as a man of self-realization -- he has thousands of people in his monastery where, from all over the world,

people go to meditate -- was the first man to inform the jailer and the president of America, "You don't have the eyes or the experience to understand that man. Don't harass him. It is beyond your capacity. You don't even know the meaning of meditation."

America became a calamity to Kahlil Gibran. A man of such potential should have moved more deeply towards the East -- then he would not be just a poet. He would have been recognized as one of the greatest enlightened men of human history.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #6
Chapter title: Within your own self

22 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

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BELOVED OSHO,
THEN SAID A TEACHER, SPEAK TO US OF TEACHING.
AND HE SAID:
NO MAN CAN REVEAL TO YOU AUGHT BUT THAT WHICH
ALREADY LIES HALF ASLEEP IN THE DAWNING OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE.
THE TEACHER WHO WALKS IN THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE, AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS, GIVES NOT OF HIS WISDOM
BUT RATHER OF HIS FAITH AND HIS LOVINGNESS.
IF HE IS INDEED WISE HE DOES NOT BID YOU ENTER THE HOUSE OF HIS WISDOM, BUT RATHER LEADS YOU TO THE
THRESHOLD OF YOUR OWN MIND.
THE ASTRONOMER MAY SPEAK TO YOU OF HIS UNDERSTANDING OF SPACE, BUT HE CANNOT GIVE YOU HIS UNDERSTANDING.
THE MUSICIAN MAY SING TO YOU OF THE RHYTHM
WHICH IS IN ALL SPACE, BUT HE CANNOT GIVE YOU THE EAR WHICH ARRESTS THE RHYTHM, NOR THE VOICE THAT ECHOES IT.
AND HE WHO IS VERSED IN THE SCIENCE OF NUMBERS
CAN TELL OF THE REGIONS OF WEIGHT AND MEASURE, BUT
HE CANNOT CONDUCT YOU THITHER.
FOR THE VISION OF ONE MAN LENDS NOT ITS WINGS TO ANOTHER MAN.
AND EVEN AS EACH ONE OF YOU STANDS ALONE IN GOD'S KNOWLEDGE, SO MUST EACH ONE OF YOU BE ALONE
IN HIS KNOWLEDGE OF GOD AND IN HIS UNDERSTANDING OF THE EARTH.

Kahlil Gibran again rises high in the sky, very close to the stars. Whatever he is saying in these statements is so profound that it is unbelievable that he was only a poet; even mystics have not been able to say things which he is saying. His intelligence is unparalleled.

Perhaps, just as sometimes blessings come in disguise, sometimes curses also come in disguise. Because his intelligence is so profound, he forgets that there are even more profound truths. Because his flight

towards the stars is so high, he forgets that there are skies beyond skies -- and there is no limit.

If Kahlil Gibran were a lesser poet, less intelligent, less articulate, perhaps he would have tried to find the deeper meaning hidden in life, the significance of which is not visible. But his being such a great poet has prevented him from seeing that there can be anything higher than this. His intelligence has become a barrier, not a bridge. It is a strange case.

But, even without any experience of the ultimate, his words are so beautiful that I can give the meaning and content to his beautiful -- but empty -- words. I can see where he has missed, and why he has missed -- he has missed because of his great intelligence. He has missed because of his great creativity, his sensibility, his art of playing with beautiful words and arranging them in such a way that they carry at least some semblance, some similarity, to the real, awakened consciousness.

THEN SAID A TEACHER, SPEAK TO US OF TEACHING.
AND HE SAID:
NO MAN CAN REVEAL TO YOU AUGHT BUT THAT WHICH ALREADY LIES HALF ASLEEP IN THE DAWNING OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE.

All that is great, magnificent, absolutely true, nobody can give to you -- because it is not a commodity. You cannot purchase it in the market, nor can you be taught it in the universities. It lies already half asleep within your own self.
So what you are seeking is not somewhere else.

The seeker himself is the sought.
The archer himself is the target.

All that you need is not more knowledge but more awareness, so that which is asleep in you is no longer asleep. God is nothing but another name of your awakening.

NO MAN CAN REVEAL TO YOU AUGHT BUT THAT WHICH ALREADY LIES HALF ASLEEP IN THE DAWNING OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE.

Why does he say *half asleep*? -- because the question is coming from a teacher: *speak to us of teaching*. It is coming out of sincerity; otherwise the teacher would not ask, "Teach us about teaching," because that shows that he does not know what teaching is, and yet he has been pretending to be a teacher.

The question needs the courage to expose yourself in your nudity. The teacher is not a man who is afraid of exposing his ignorance about his own profession. Usually the teachers, the professors, hide their ignorance in all kinds of borrowed knowledge. They never ask a sincere question.

I have been a teacher in universities, and you will be surprised that I have never come across more ignorant people anywhere else. Although they are burdened with knowledge, their ignorance has not disappeared -- it is only repressed. They have made every effort to cover it up. But remember, ignorance is a wound; if you cover it up you are not going to be healed. Your wound needs the fresh air, the fresh sunrays. Don't cover it! Expose it to the healing forces of existence.

What is true about your bodily wounds is even more true about your spiritual wounds. For bodily wounds you are not worried about having to go to a doctor, to a physician, to a healer. But for your spiritual wounds you never go to a master, to a mystic -- he is also a healer. Because the spiritual wound is so deep, and you are afraid to open your wounds and allow others to see you in your nudity, you go on covering it. But the more you cover it, the more pus is gathered; the more you cover it, the more it is going to become a cancer. Almost the whole humanity is suffering from a spiritual cancer.

But because the teacher has asked about his own profession, Kahlil Gibran can share with him his deepest insights: *No man can reveal to you aught but that which already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge....* Because the question has come out of innocence, the wisdom, the awakening, the enlightenment is already only half asleep. If the question had come from knowledge, not from innocence, then your real being is fully asleep.

Your question shows much, from where it comes. That's why Almustafa is saying that you are already half awake; just a little more courage, and you will not need to ask anyone what truth is. And the authentic teacher is one who knows what truth is. Out of his knowing the truth, his teaching becomes honest, sincere;

then it has authority of its own, not dependent on any scripture or anybody else.

His truth becomes his teaching. His truth transforms him into an authentic teacher.

Kahlil Gibran is not aware of the difference between the two words, the teacher and the master; otherwise he would have said that if you are only professionally a teacher -- that means you are a medium of transferring knowledge from one generation to another generation -- you don't have anything of your own to share and to give. But if your truth is awakened in you, and your house is full of light and your being is full of fragrance, you have become a master; you are no longer just a teacher. When you are sharing your own truth, you are a master.

But that distinction, between the teacher and the master, is Eastern. The West is unaware. The West thinks the teacher and the master are synonymous: they are not. In fact, the more you are full of borrowed teachings, the less is the possibility of your ever becoming a master. That's why it is very rare to find a knowledgeable man who has depth, whose very gestures speak, whose very silence is a message, whose very presence reaches, just like an arrow, into your being.

The master is the most precious miracle in the world, because he can become the door to millions towards the divine. The teacher is simply carrying a load which is not his own, and throwing it into other people's minds -- it is just his profession. But as far as the master is concerned, it is his very life.

Just this evening, Nirvano was telling me, "You have been harassed and tortured all your life. Why don't You stop speaking?" I can understand, when I am harassed and tortured, and it has been going on for years continually.... Just today I have received another summons. Somebody in Kanpur has filed a case against me; his religious feeling is hurt. It seems to be the strangest religious feeling -- seems to be so weak....

In India we have a very beautiful plant with very small leaves, but which is a real coward -- its name is Chhuimui -- because if you touch it, all the leaves immediately close; you touch one leaf and all the leaves of the bush immediately start closing up. I have never come across another plant who is so cowardly. These so-called religious people are just Chhuimui.

If your religion is so weak that any argument against it hurts you, then it is not worth remaining in that religion. Change that religion: it is your sickness, it is your weakness, it is your impotence. Whatever I am saying -- if you are just a little bit intelligent -- either agree with me or disagree with me, but why should you get hurt and run immediately to the court...?

I have been asked by my friends, disciples, thousands of times, "Why do You unnecessarily get into trouble?"

I am not a teacher -- it is not my profession.

I am a master -- it is my very soul.

And if I stop speaking the truth, it will be committing suicide: What will be the point for me of living any more, even for a single second? Because as far as I am concerned, I am fulfilled -- I am not living for myself. And I was surprised that since I have started living for those who are thirsty for truth, who are thirsty for love, I have found a life that is not mine; now it belongs to existence.

In fact, I am receiving all these summons on behalf of God, because these idiots cannot find God and his address -- only I am left. But it does not disturb me; it simply makes me feel sad and compassionate for these people, because they think they are religious. They don't know even the ABC of religion. If somebody is hurt in Kanpur, rather than going to the court he should come here, he should expose his wound that has been hurt. And the way I know how to hurt people, I know how to heal.

The court is not going to help. The court knows nothing of healing the spirit of people. Hundreds of cases... and finally the court has to dismiss them, because I am simply stating the facts which are in your own scriptures. If you are really hurt, burn those scriptures, because *they* are hurting you. You go on printing all kinds of nonsense in your scriptures, and distributing them.

If I indicate that your scriptures are full of rubbish, and if you are really a religious man, either you will have an argument, sharper, higher, deeper than my argument... quash my argument, or I am going to quash all your arguments. And the courts are not going to help, for the simple reason that your scriptures are stating the fact.

I have never spoken against any religion without solid evidence. If you are hurt, that simply means you were making castles in sand -- just a little breeze and your castle disappears. And rather than thinking that you were idiotic -- castles are not made in the sand, out of sand -- you feel hurt because your castle has been destroyed. Send a summons to the breeze, "This breeze has hurt my feelings very much." Perhaps it was not a castle, it was a temple....

Your religious feelings are hurt, but I cannot stop speaking -- for the simple reason that it is not me who

is speaking. I am not a teacher. I have allowed the hidden secrets of life to speak through me, to speak through my eyes, to speak through my hands. I have offered everything to existence.
Now, only existence can stop me from speaking.

It is not in my hands: I am no more.
And the moment you are no more, you become a master.

If you are just a parrot, repeating other parrots, dead parrots, you are a teacher.... It was a very strange experience. When I was in the university, on the first day, it was just an accident that one chair in the common room, where all professors were sitting while they had no periods, waiting for their time... I sat on a chair. People were interested -- I was a new man in the university -- but soon they became aware that it is dangerous even to say hello to me, so my chair became my absolute monopoly. Not only that, a few chairs on this side, a few chairs on that side always remained empty -- almost seven chairs I was occupying alone. Sometimes there were many more people, but nobody dared to sit by the side of my chair -- because I may hurt somebody's religious feeling.

But even professors who are well-educated and cultured are not able to defend their religion, because it is not their finding. It has been handed over to them by their parents, by the priests, but always by others; they don't know the source of what they are believing in. They don't know whether there is such a thing as they are feeling hurt about because I have spoken against it.

THE TEACHER WHO WALKS IN THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE, AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS....

You can see he does not understand the distinction between the teacher and the master, because why should the teacher walk in the shadow of the temple among his followers? No teacher has a follower; teachers only have students, and teachers are only servants of their students because they're paid for whatsoever knowledge they impart. And what business has the teacher to walk in the shadows of a temple? He is using a wrong word, unconsciously.

THE TEACHER WHO WALKS IN THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE, AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS, GIVES NOT OF HIS WISDOM BUT RATHER OF HIS FAITH AND HIS LOVINGNESS.

Again, I have to remind you of the poverty of the Western tradition, because it is not only that the master is missing; many things along with the master are also missing as a natural and logical corollary -- because the teacher has no wisdom, the teacher has only knowledge. Only the master has wisdom. But his insight is right, although he is using wrong words because he is not aware of the fine distinctions which the East has made between teacher and master, between knowledge and wisdom.

Knowledge is that which comes from outside and settles in you, and prevents your wisdom; it becomes a wall, China Wall, around your own wisdom. Wisdom is that which comes from your innermost core. In knowledge you are not sharing anything of your own being.

Wisdom is the child that has grown in your very being. Knowledge is the adopted child. It has grown in somebody's womb, but nobody knows who the father is, who the mother is -- and perhaps it is only a test tube baby. Wisdom grows in you, and radiates outwards to be shared with those who are thirsty, who are seekers. It does not ask anything in return. Its joy is that it has been shared.

THE TEACHER WHO WALKS IN THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE, AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS, GIVES NOT OF HIS WISDOM BUT RATHER OF HIS FAITH AND HIS LOVINGNESS...

Again he is using wrong words for right things. "Faith" should be substituted by "trust." Faith can be given by the teacher; the master is not needed for that. In fact, the teacher, the priest, gives you faith. The master only creates in you a trust -- a trust in yourself. Faith is always in some knowledge, in some belief, in some doctrine, in some dogma.

It is faith that has destroyed the whole of humanity. Somebody is a Hindu, somebody is a Mohammedan, somebody is a Christian... not that they know different truths, because the truth is one. They are different

because they have been given different faiths; they have not been helped to grow their trust in themselves, that they are capable of finding the truth which is hidden in their own being.

That's why the master does not give you the wisdom -- cannot give -- but he creates the right milieu of trust in which your wisdom starts flowering, becomes awake. You will be grateful to him -- perhaps in the beginning you will think he has given it to you. He has not given anything; he has simply given you confidence. He has taken away many things from you -- your fear, particularly the fear of being alone, because if you are a seeker, one day you have to learn the art of being alone.

He has created a synchronicity because he loves, and his love becomes a challenge in you and provokes love in you, and because he trusts, it provokes trust in you. Because he is truth, a tremendous longing arises in you to be as awakened as he is, to be as beautiful as he is, to be as profound a truth as he is, to have such depth of being, and such wings that you can go as far as you desire. He makes your wings strong, he makes you strong. He cannot just give you wisdom, but he creates the atmosphere in which wisdom starts growing on its own accord.

Kahlil Gibran is saying something immensely beautiful. But, poor fellow, he does not know that he is using wrong words. But that is not his fault; he never came in contact with Lao Tzu, with Chuang Tzu, with Basho, with Kabir, with Nanak. His whole upbringing remained Christian -- all that he knows is Christianity; and Christianity is a very poor religion. It is not accidental that only the poor around the world become converted to Christianity. The reason is simple: it speaks the language of the poor.

It is difficult for the poor to understand Gautam Buddha -- he speaks the most cultured language; he is a prince, well-versed, well-educated by all the wise people of his times. Just to understand him is not easy; whatever he says is going to pass above your head. Jesus is a poor man, a carpenter's son, uneducated. He speaks the language of the poor man, and it is easy to understand Jesus because there is nothing of any complexity. It is very difficult to understand THE UPANISHADS, because each sentence has so many implications.

In the East it has been a tradition that unless a man is capable of producing commentaries on three sources -- one is the four VEDAS, the second is the one hundred and eight UPANISHADS, and the third is Badarayana's BRAHMASUTRAS -- unless a man is capable of producing commentaries on these, he will not be called even a teacher. This much sophistication is needed just to be a teacher. Of course, the master needs no conditions. He may not have even heard about Badarayana, and the VEDAS, and the UPANISHADS. The master can find the source, the same source from where Badarayana spoke, the same source from where the UPANISHADS have arisen -- why should he bother?

While I was touring all around the country, talking on BRAHMASUTRA, on the UPANISHADS, on the GITA, on the VEDAS, many times scholars would come to me and say, "The way you quoted it is not correct." And they were shocked when they heard my answer.

I said, "Then correct your VEDAS, because whatever I have spoken *is* correct. I depend on my inner sources; I am not quoting your VEDAS. So if you find some discrepancy between me and your VEDAS, correct it -- because you may not find another chance of correcting them. They are five thousand years old; they need continuous correction, new editions, new impressions. Much has become rotten and which has to be thrown away, and much new light has come into the world which should be incorporated."

IF HE IS INDEED WISE HE DOES NOT BID YOU ENTER THE HOUSE OF HIS WISDOM, BUT RATHER LEADS YOU TO THE THRESHOLD OF YOUR OWN MIND.

It would be true, if he had not used the word "mind."*If he is indeed wise he does not bid you enter into the house of wisdom*... because there is no possibility. I cannot allow you to enter into my being, neither can I enter into your being; that is simply against the fundamental laws of nature...*but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind*. That's where he needs correction. I would like to say that he leads you beyond the mind to the very door of your own inner wisdom.

But Kahlil Gibran is continually using only two words -- the mind and the heart, the thoughts and the feelings. It seems he never even heard that there is something more -- more than the mind, more than the heart... your being, which is beyond your body, beyond your mind, beyond your heart.

The master simply creates trust in you, "Don't be afraid," because you will be going alone. The deeper you will go, the more alone you will find yourself, and more afraid -- not one but thousands of fears: Am I going in the right direction? -- there are no signposts, there are no milestones, no map can be provided -- or

am I going in the wrong direction? And who knows whether this road leads anywhere or is just a dead-end street? And the fear: Will I be able to go back if I find that the road is wrong. Will I be able to find my own footsteps to help me to go back?

The inner world is almost like the sky -- birds fly, but they don't leave any footprints. When you go inwards you don't make any footprints; it is impossible to find the way that you have traveled if you want to come back. You will need tremendous courage, great trust, and a constant nourishment by the master, through his love.

THE ASTRONOMER MAY SPEAK TO YOU OF HIS UNDERSTANDING OF SPACE, BUT HE CANNOT GIVE YOU HIS UNDERSTANDING.

Obviously there are things which cannot be given, and they are the most valuable things in the world -- the most essential, the most fundamental. A man without them is just a pauper; he may be an emperor -- it does not matter. But a man with those things which cannot be given *is* an emperor, even though from the outside he may look like a beggar.

THE MUSICIAN MAY SING TO YOU OF THE RHYTHM WHICH IS IN ALL SPACE, BUT HE CANNOT GIVE YOU THE EAR WHICH ARRESTS THE RHYTHM, NOR THE VOICE THAT ECHOES IT.

Certainly the musician can sing songs so beautiful, so enchanting, that you almost feel that you are no longer on the rotten earth but have entered into paradise, and the angels are playing on their harps. But even the greatest musician is unable to give you the ear, the musical ear.

In India, we have a proverb: "Don't waste your time playing on your flute before a buffalo." Whatever you do, the buffalo is not going to pay any attention to it. At the most you are making some noise and disturbing her chewing the grass -- with which she is absolutely content.

Remember, just as there are born musicians, so there are people born who have the capacity to receive music. *He cannot give you the ear which arrests the rhythm*.... The rhythm he can produce. He can fill the whole sky, the whole space with the rhythm, but unless you have the ear to arrest it, to allow entry into your inner world, for you it does not exist. ...*nor the voice that echoes it*. He may sing a beautiful song to you, but he cannot give you the voice. What to say about singing the song? -- you cannot even echo it. Even the valleys can echo it, the mountains can echo it.

Just nearby there is a hill station, Matheran, where there is a very beautiful scenic spot. I have seen many mountains and many places where mountains echo, but Matheran's echo point is very rare. You sing a song or you start barking like a dog, and the valley and the mountains repeat it seven times successively. Each time the echo becomes less loud, farther away, very faint, but you can count that it has been echoed seven times.

When I was there for the first time, leading a meditation camp, a few friends said, "We know that you don't bother to go here and there, but this echo point is worth taking the trouble to visit." And particularly in Matheran it is more troublesome, because you have to walk or you have to sit in a rickshaw which is pulled by a man -- which is even more ugly, which hurts -- sometimes an old man, perspiring... and on the mountain, the roads are not worthy to be called roads. It was impossible for me because of my own asthmatic condition -- I cannot go for miles, reaching towards the highest peak. Both ways it was difficult. But they were so persistent that I agreed to go. It was arduous for my heart -- I had an attack that night, and could not sleep the whole night -- but it was worth it.

The man who was the most persistent had the capacity to make noises of many animals. He was a very good imitator -- he could imitate many actors, many leaders -- so first he started barking just like a dog, and the whole mountain was filled as if there were thousands of dogs barking and barking, although it was getting less and less loud... perhaps the dogs are moving farther away, but you can count at least seven times.

I told the man, "This is one of the stupidities of humanity. Why have you chosen to bark? You could have imitated the sound of a cuckoo -- and you are a cuckoo; otherwise, why should you bother about learning animals and their sounds?" The Indian cuckoo is so sweet, particularly in the season when mangoes are becoming ripe. It seems almost the sweetness of the mangoes, which are known in this country as the

king of all the fruits... they are. And from mango groves -- cuckoos love mangoes -- the call from one grove to another grove....

I said to him, "Why have you chosen a dog? All the hills must be laughing at you, that some madman has come who is barking like a dog."

He immediately started making the sound, the musical sound of the cuckoo, and the whole space for miles around was filled with echoes. But even that cannot be given to man. Of course, the music cannot be given, the musical ear cannot be given, the song cannot be given -- even the echo of it cannot be given.

It is good that the most valuable things in life have no price, because you cannot purchase them -- you are born with them. They may remain dormant if you are born in an ugly society, like the society we have inherited. But if you are fortunate enough, in your future rebirth at least, to be helped to be yourself, to search and find what is your born talent... that's the only way to find it. There is no other way; everything else is pseudo, false, imitation.

AND HE WHO IS VERSED IN THE SCIENCE OF NUMBERS CAN TELL OF THE REGIONS OF WEIGHT AND MEASURE, BUT HE CANNOT CONDUCT YOU THITHER.

The man who is versed in the science of numbers, the regions of weight and measure, a great mathematician like Albert Einstein.... His whole life he traveled everywhere, perhaps in every university of the world, because he was continually visiting, being invited. At the end of his life he said, "As far I understand, there are not more than twelve people in the whole world who really understand me. Others have listened to me because of the weight of my name, but they don't understand what I am saying, what I am talking about."

Just twelve persons in the whole world! It must be a born quality.

Even a great philosopher like Bertrand Russell, who tried hard to grasp Albert Einstein's philosophy -- particularly the theory of relativity -- could only write a book ABC OF RELATIVITY. When asked, "Why are you not writing about the whole theory of relativity?" he said, "First I have to understand it. This is all, with years of effort, that I have been able to figure out of what it means -- just the ABC, just the beginning. I have shown it to Albert Einstein. He said, `That's good, you stop there; beyond that you will not be able to go.'"

And this is sad for a man who wrote one of the greatest books on mathematics, PRINCIPIA MATHEMATICA. Nobody reads it, because it is impossible to understand it. I have never come across any professor of mathematics.... They say, "Yes, we have seen the book, but trying to understand it a fear arises -- one may go mad." Just to explain that two plus two are four, he has taken two hundred and thirty-five pages, there exists no other book on mathematics which has covered the whole ground.... Even such a man could not understand Albert Einstein. Einstein said, "You write ABC OF RELATIVITY, but don't go further." And I don't think there is anybody, even today, who can write the XYZ OF THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY.

All that is great, in any dimension, is something that comes asleep in you. All that can be done is that it can be provoked, challenged. You cannot be taught, but you can be awakened to your own potential. And the potential I am talking about -- your enlightenment -- is the only thing which is not a talent given to a few people and not to others. It is your intrinsic nature -- not a talent. Everybody cannot be an Albert Einstein, but everybody can be a Gautam Buddha.

Remember the distinction: mathematics or music, poetry or painting, are talents -- but awakening is not a talent. Just as everybody wakes up in the morning -- not only the talented people, it is an intrinsic capacity -- so, in the same way, everybody wakes up if a right atmosphere can be created.

The only person that you cannot wake up is one who is pretending to sleep; otherwise you can wake up everybody. But if somebody is pretending to sleep, then there is no way. You can go on creating the atmosphere, you can put alarm clocks all around and call to Nivedano, "Drum! Beat the drum!" But if the man is pretending, then it is impossible; even nuclear weapons cannot wake him. For example, if I am asleep and Poona is bombed, I will go on sleeping -- because I am only pretending to sleep, there's no problem in it. And why bother? So many people are bothering. Later on they will give me the information.

I never read any newspaper, any news magazine, nothing, because I know that if anything happens anywhere... I have so many people, it is going to come to me. People who are reading or listening to my discourses must think that I am aware of what is happening in the world, in all the newspapers of the world.

I don't bother at all about your newspapers, but whenever something important happens, somebody immediately brings it to my notice. When I have got so many eyes and so many hands working for me, why should I waste my eyesight on third-class yellow journalism?

FOR THE VISION OF ONE MAN LENDS NOT ITS WINGS TO ANOTHER MAN.

Words to be written in gold -- pure, twenty-four carat gold. You should not pollute such words: *For the vision of one man lends not its wings to another man*... that is simply not possible. Wings cannot be borrowed; one eagle cannot ask another eagle, "Just give me your wings for a few hours only." It is not possible. Wings are part -- not mechanical, but organic parts.

The vision of one man is just like wings. In his vision he rises high in the sky, to the point where he becomes, to us, almost invisible. But he can create a trust in you that you also have wings, just you have never used them; or perhaps you have been made afraid by other people telling you that it is dangerous -- it is not dangerous.

The only danger that I know of is not to use all your potential in its totality. Except that, I don't see that there is any danger in life. Death is not a danger, death is entering into eternal rest -- or perhaps into another body. Death can be left till the time comes. But in life there is one danger which it seems man is not aware of, and that danger is the fear of opening up all your potential.

The danger is not to live in totality and intensity, not to make your life a dance, a celebration.

AND EVEN AS EACH ONE OF YOU STANDS ALONE IN GOD'S KNOWLEDGE, SO MUST EACH ONE OF YOU BE ALONE IN HIS KNOWLEDGE OF GOD AND IN HIS UNDERSTANDING OF THE EARTH.

Aloneness is one of the most mysterious experiences. But you are all afraid of being alone, you have become accustomed to being a sheep. I want my people to be all shepherds. That is the real transformation. You are, in fact, shepherds, but society has forced the idea on you that you are just sheep, so you behave like sheep.

And when parents say that, priests say that, teachers say that, all the scriptures say that... you become surrounded with such pressure. You have just arrived on the earth, you don't know who you are, and everybody is telling you that you are a sheep; naturally, you live as a sheep your whole life. This is wastage, wastage of millions of people -- their joy, their integrity, their individuality. This is real murder. There cannot be any crime which is bigger than this.

I say unto you: you are born a shepherd. Remember it, and behave like a shepherd. Your old habit, your old conditioning, will again and again interfere. There are a few advantages in being a sheep... the coziness of millions of sheep surrounding you -- you are never alone -- snuggling with each other. Have you seen sheep when they walk? -- with no fear; they know real brotherhood and sisterhood. There is some safety, security, but there is no life.

This is not a good bargain -- losing life for safety and security. For whom is the safety and security needed? You have already lost that treasure of your life for which you needed the security and safety. But you have lived always in a paranoia, a fear, that you should not be left alone. Your real being is that of a lion; it is that of a shepherd.

Seek aloneness.

Whenever you can find moments to be alone, be alone, and never try to convince yourself that you don't have time to be alone. You have time to go to a movie, you have time to gossip for hours, you have time to read all kinds of yellow newspapers, you have time to look at pornographic magazines, you have time to play cards, you have time to play chess, you have time to see stupid things -- like a football match -- for hours on end. And if asked by someone, you say, "I am killing time."

Whom are you befooling?

Time is killing you.

You cannot kill time. You cannot even catch hold of time. You can break your watch -- that does not mean you have killed time.

You are destroying your life.

You have enough time to be alone. Use it, because aloneness is so precious that it cannot be bartered for

anything in life; it is aloneness that will slowly, slowly bring you to your innermost being, and if you die without reaching to your innermost being, you have lived in vain... you have not lived, you have simply been seeing football matches.

So never try to console yourself, "What to do?" I have heard it so many times that I am tired of hearing it -- "I don't have time." And you have time to read novels written by idiots, detective novels, for hours on end. They are so tempting that, unless you finish them, you cannot go to sleep.

And what do you find in them?

Don't waste a single moment that you can afford for aloneness, because that is the only moment that you are really living.

At the time of death you will remember what I am saying, because all else will look like a dream -- except those few moments that you used to live in your aloneness, silence, serenity with yourself.

In death all else will be taken away, but not your aloneness. Your aloneness is your very soul.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #7

Chapter title: Friendliness rises higher than love

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BELOVED OSHO,
AND A YOUTH SAID, SPEAK TO US OF FRIENDSHIP.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOUR FRIEND IS YOUR NEEDS ANSWERED.
HE IS YOUR FIELD WHICH YOU SOW WITH LOVE AND REAP WITH THANKSGIVING.
AND HE IS YOUR BOARD AND YOUR FIRESIDE.
FOR YOU COME TO HIM WITH YOUR HUNGER, AND YOU SEEK HIM FOR PEACE.
WHEN YOUR FRIEND SPEAKS HIS MIND YOU FEAR NOT THE "NAY" IN YOUR OWN MIND, NOR DO YOU WITHHOLD THE "AY."
AND WHEN HE IS SILENT YOUR HEART CEASES NOT TO LISTEN TO HIS HEART;
FOR WITHOUT WORDS, IN FRIENDSHIP, ALL THOUGHTS, ALL DESIRES, ALL EXPECTATIONS ARE BORN AND SHARED, WITH JOY THAT IS UNACCLAIMED.
WHEN YOU PART FROM YOUR FRIEND, YOU GRIEVE NOT;
FOR THAT WHICH YOU LOVE MOST IN HIM MAY BE CLEARER IN HIS ABSENCE, AS THE MOUNTAIN TO THE CLIMBER IS CLEARER FROM THE PLAIN.
AND LET THERE BE NO PURPOSE IN FRIENDSHIP SAVE THE DEEPENING OF THE SPIRIT.
FOR LOVE THAT SEEKS AUGHT BUT THE DISCLOSURE OF ITS OWN MYSTERY IS NOT LOVE BUT A NET CAST FORTH: AND ONLY THE UNPROFITABLE IS CAUGHT.
AND LET YOUR BEST BE FOR YOUR FRIEND.
IF HE MUST KNOW THE EBB OF YOUR TIDE, LET HIM KNOW ITS FLOOD ALSO.
FOR WHAT IS YOUR FRIEND THAT YOU SHOULD SEEK HIM WITH HOURS TO KILL?
SEEK HIM ALWAYS WITH HOURS TO LIVE.
FOR IT IS HIS TO FILL YOUR NEED, BUT NOT YOUR EMPTINESS.
AND IN THE SWEETNESS OF FRIENDSHIP LET THERE BE LAUGHTER, AND SHARING OF

PLEASURES.
FOR IN THE DEW OF LITTLE THINGS THE HEART FINDS ITS MORNING AND IS REFRESHED.

My eyes become full of tears when I see that Kahlil Gibran is only sometimes a vehicle of godliness, of truth -- but not always.

I would have loved him to be always on the sunlit peaks of consciousness, but he goes on down into the valleys, which are dark. Although his articulateness remains the same, and his poetry carries the same beauty, the truth is lost. He is so articulate that unless you know the truth you will not be able to make any distinction, where he goes on falling down and where he rises to the highest peaks.

His Zorba and his Buddha are not together; they are not an organic unity yet. So when Zorba speaks of course the language is the same as that of Buddha, but the meaning is not of Buddha. It seems he has a split personality, and I feel tears for him, that a man of such great genius could not manage to become one; he remained two -- just as every ordinary man is.

Kahlil Gibran is not enlightened; hence he cannot see the bird's eye view of the whole. But because he has great intelligence he manages, whenever he is falling down, to make his words hide his fall. I love the man, because it is very rare to find such a man, but I feel sorry for him too because he could not become integrated, crystallized. You will not be able to find when he is flying high like an eagle, and when he is just walking on the earth amongst you; you will not be able to recognize him. That's very unfortunate.

We have missed another Gautam Buddha for the simple reason that he was praised all over the world by those who knew nothing of the organic unity. He himself cannot see the contradictions, and neither will you be able to see the contradictions. But I want to be honest and sincere, because I love him, and love is a fire; it burns all that is false and saves only that which is true.

AND A YOUTH SAID, SPEAK TO US OF FRIENDSHIP.

The very word "friendship" is not of the heights -- the word "friendliness" rises to the moon, to the sun -- because the word "friendship" is just of the mind. It is confining -- you can be in friendship with only a few people. But friendliness is vast; you can be friendly to the trees, to the mountains, to the stars.

Friendship is hiding a bondage too. All words like "relationship," "friendship," are superficial. Lovingness, friendliness, have a totally different meaning. When you are talking about friendship it is a very small thing -- a kind of bondage, and dependence on the person with whom you feel the friendship.

But friendliness is freedom -- you are not dependent on anybody. Friendship is objective, and friendliness is your love shared unconditionally with the whole existence. They don't mean the same thing. Friendship can become any moment its opposite -- the so-called friend can turn into your enemy. But friendliness has no particular address. It is not for anybody, it is for the whole existence. It can never turn into its opposite.

Remember, that which can turn into its opposite very easily -- and you know friends become enemies, enemies become friends -- is very superficial, a false substitute. But friendliness is not addressed to anyone; it is the love overflowing within you, unconditionally. There is no possibility of it turning bitter -- you are the master of it. In friendship you are not the master. Friendship is like marriage, an artificial thing, but friendliness is your very nature.

AND A YOUTH SAID, SPEAK TO US OF FRIENDSHIP.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOUR FRIEND IS YOUR NEEDS ANSWERED.

This is an ugly statement, but it is a logical consequence because he has not changed the basic question. He should have told the youth that friendship is worthless; friendliness is invaluable.... *your friend is your needs answered*. I say it again: it is ugly, because friendship is demanding.

Friendliness simply gives its fragrance to all without any exception -- and it is fulfilled in giving it. It is not a need; it is an overflowing love. You can be friendly with the trees, you can be friendly with the stars, but there is no demand, no condition. Of course your needs will be fulfilled, but not because you have been demanding. Your friendliness will bring you tremendous treasures. Make a clear distinction between these

two words.
Friendship is a prison.
Friendliness is absolute freedom.

You give out of your abundance; it is not a need. Of course, existence understands that the person who is giving without any demands is a rare being. Existence takes care of your needs, but they are not demanded. Even if it does not fulfill your needs, it simply shows that deep down in your unconscious you are clinging to the idea of friendship. Only fools can be deceived just by changing the words.
Existence is so abundant; just don't ask.

Because Kahlil Gibran remained a Christian.... Although he was a great intellectual, he was not a meditator. He is repeating Jesus Christ in different words; Jesus says, "Ask and it shall be given." He reduces you into a beggar. I say unto you, "Never ask and you will receive it. Ask and you are not going to get it." Your very asking is ugly.

Jesus says, "Seek and you will find." I say to you, "Just be silent, a nobody, and existence will pour into you from all directions" -- because the man who seeks is still seeking decorations for his ego, and existence does not understand the language of ego. No tree is an egoist, no mountain is an egoist, no bird is an egoist, but existence goes on and on giving them all that they need or even more than they need.

Jesus says, "Knock and the door shall be opened." These are superficial statements, because I know there is no door where you can knock. God is all over the place. Don't knock -- that is violence. Just wait.

Your waiting... you will be mature in your waiting. You will become capable of receiving, open. God always comes as a gift. God always comes to the emperors, not to the beggars. You need not go to God -- and even if you want to, where are you going to find Him? He can find you because He is the whole.

Neither ask nor seek nor knock on the door -- trust. If you are worthy, ripe, the spring is bound to come with thousands of flowers in your being.

Your friend is your needs answered.... The statement is Jewish, business-like.
Love is not a business.
Love is the song of your soul.

Friendship is the fragrance of that love, and winds will carry it over the seas, over the mountains to the faraway stars.
Love is not getting.
Love is giving -- and so is friendliness.

HE IS YOUR FIELD WHICH YOU SOW WITH LOVE AND REAP WITH THANKSGIVING.

Sounds good; Kahlil Gibran is a genius in finding beautiful words, but he knows nothing. Even behind his beautiful words and poetry there is darkness, unconsciousness. *He is your field*.... A friend is your field? You are going to exploit the field by sowing with love? It does not matter -- your love is not for the friend, your love is for reaping the crop.

And reap with thanksgiving.... It will be very strange to you that friends are one soul in two bodies. There is no question of thanksgiving, it is understood in silence. It is not the ugly "thank you," which is just a formality. And... SOW WITH LOVE.... You are going to exploit the friend. How can you sow with love? Your love is a facade, a bribe, a persuasion -- because of your love the friend will become a field for you. But your real interest is sowing the seeds and reaping the crop, and your thanksgiving is empty. If the friend has not given you anything, your thanksgiving will disappear.

Hence I say to you: Give, share with love, with no desire in your heart lurking anywhere for return, and the question of thanksgiving then takes a new dimension. You are thankful that the friend received your love, received your songs, received your abundance.

You should be thankful not because you have received from the friend; you should be thankful that he has not rejected. He had every right to reject. He was humble and he was understanding. Feel grateful, but for a totally different reason.

AND HE IS YOUR BOARD AND YOUR FIRESIDE.

What nonsense is he talking about? It hurts me because he is a very sensitive man. *And he is your board*

and your fireside -- your friend? *You* should be a board for your friend and *you* should be a fireside for your friend. That is the difference between friendship and friendliness. I can forgive the youth who asked the question, but I cannot forgive Kahlil Gibran who is giving the answer.

WHEN YOUR FRIEND SPEAKS HIS MIND YOU FEAR NOT THE "NAY" IN YOUR OWN MIND, NOR DO YOU WITHHOLD THE "AY."

Why should one be afraid of a friend? -- then what are you going to do with the enemy? So when the friend speaks his mind, don't be afraid to say "no," because he will understand. And...*nor do you withhold the "ay*."

What *is* friendliness? If you cannot expose your heart, naked, in friendliness then you are a cunning businessman. You think of profit, you think of future, you think of the response.

Although you are feeling to say no, you are afraid that the friendship will be destroyed by your no. And he is your need, he is your board, he is your field... are you a cannibal?

It shows the secrets of a cunning mind: Say yes when you know that he will be happy, say no only when you are certain that he will be happy. You are not being honest, straightforward.

If you cannot be honest with a friend, with whom are you going to be honest? That's why I say: friendliness is a far greater and higher value. It can say no without any fear, because it knows the friend will understand, and he will be grateful to you that you were not deceiving him.

Friendliness means: standing exposed to each other, because you have a trust. Friendship is a very poor thing.

AND WHEN HE IS SILENT YOUR HEART CEASES NOT TO LISTEN TO HIS HEART.

This is the split personality of Kahlil Gibran. In the very invention of Almustafa he is being political. He is not speaking directly, he is speaking through Almustafa because Almustafa is only a fiction. But it is a good security; people will take it as poetry, a fiction, beautiful.

He has been praised all over the world for this small book, THE PROPHET. Perhaps I am the first one who is trying to shift and create a clear-cut division between when he is honest and when he is not honest.

FOR WITHOUT WORDS, IN FRIENDSHIP, ALL THOUGHTS, ALL DESIRES....

He never goes beyond the mind. Friendliness is beyond the mind just as love is beyond the mind; in fact, friendliness rises higher even than love.

In the UPANISHADS there is a tremendous statement.... It has been a tradition in the East that when somebody gets married he goes with his wife to a seer, to a sage, for his blessings. And such a strange blessing does not exist anywhere in any literature, in any tradition.

The sage, the man of enlightenment, blesses them with the words, "You should give birth to ten children, and after that your husband will be your eleventh child." It looks absurd -- the husband is going to be the eleventh child? -- but it has such a profundity. You have loved enough, you have given birth to ten children; now it is time to rise above love itself. Even your husband is your eleventh child. Go beyond love, and merge and melt into friendship. Refine it to the point where it becomes friendliness; then neither are you a wife nor is the husband a husband, but you are two souls living together in friendliness.

ALL EXPECTATIONS ARE BORN AND SHARED, WITH JOY THAT IS UNACCLAIMED.

Love or friendliness have no expectations.

That is the beauty of friendliness -- you don't expect anything, because wherever there is expectation, just behind it, like a shadow, is frustration. And you cannot dictate to the future; you don't even know what the future is going to be.

When I was a postgraduate in the university, one very beautiful girl was also studying the same subjects

as me. For two years we remained studying the same subjects -- philosophy, religion and psychology -- and then finally we had to depart. She was a rich girl, the daughter of the collector of the city. I had gone out. Her car was waiting -- and perhaps she was also waiting; there was no need for her to sit inside the car and wait. It took two years for her to say to me, "I have been very much frustrated. I wanted you to say to me, `I love you.'"

I said, "Love is not an expectation; and if it is an expectation, frustration is bound to happen." Why does the whole world look so frustrated? For the simple reason that you have so many expectations. I told the girl, "What you are saying today you should have told me the first time you started feeling love towards me."

She said, "The gone is gone; we cannot go back to the past. But this is my last day in the city. I was staying with my father here, because he is the collector, but my whole family lives in New Delhi. By the evening I will be gone. So I gathered courage and asked you, `I love you. Can you not promise me that whenever you will love I should be given the priority?'"

I said, "I cannot promise about the future -- the future is absolutely unknown. I cannot even promise for tomorrow or the next moment." To me, promising shows the retardedness of the mind. Every promise is going to be a trouble because you are unaware of a simple fact: the future is absolutely unknown.

Where you will land tomorrow nobody knows. Any promise is irreligious, because it shows a stupid mind that cannot understand the future. A religious person can neither expect -- because that too is concerned with the future -- nor can he promise, because that too is concerned with the future. The religious person lives in the moment. But he says, "When expectations from your friend...."

WHEN YOU PART FROM YOUR FRIEND, YOU GRIEVE NOT;
FOR THAT WHICH YOU LOVE MOST IN HIM MAY BE CLEARER IN HIS ABSENCE.

There is some truth in it. Human mind is such that we start taking everything for granted, so only in absence do we become aware that that was our foolishness -- to take something for granted.

We live our whole lives without friendliness, without love, because we had taken it for granted: "It is always somebody else who dies; I'm always alive." So you can postpone living. And everybody is postponing living, not knowing what the future contains for you.

I again insist and emphasize:

Don't take anything for granted.

Live in the moment.

And living in the moment will give you the strength to live in any other moments -- if there is going to be a future. Your strength will go on growing. Otherwise... it is sad that there are many people who, when they are dying, realize for the first time, "My God, I was alive for seventy years but I went on postponing. And now there is no future to postpone to."

Never give any promises, because you may not be able to fulfill them. Make it clear, "I am not the owner of the future." But there are people who are promising about everything. To their lovers they are saying, "I will love you forever." These are the promises that become their imprisonments.

Say to your friends, to your lovers, "Only one moment is given to me at a time; not even two moments are given together. So this moment I can say absolutely that I love you, but for tomorrow it is impossible to say that I will love you. Yesterday I was not in love with you. Tomorrow perhaps the fragrance of love, just as it came without any advance notice, may leave. Then I will be in bondage to my own promise, ashamed of my own words."

Promising, keeping your word... the whole humanity has imprisoned itself. Live, and live totally, but *now* -- because that is all that you have, for certain, in your hand. But I know the stupid minds of people. If you say to a woman, "I promise that I will love you this moment, but I cannot say about the next moment. Neither do I want any expectations from you, nor will I give any expectations to you; otherwise life is going to be a continual frustration...."

AND LET THERE BE NO PURPOSE IN FRIENDSHIP....

That is the strangeness of Kahlil Gibran, his split personality. He has to be sorted out -- when he starts

speaking as a Zorba, and when he starts speaking as a Buddha. He was never able to come to a synthesis between the two -- the lowest and the highest.

AND LET THERE BE NO PURPOSE... SAVE THE DEEPENING OF THE SPIRIT.

But that too is a purpose. Sometimes people who have such clear eyes about everything in the world are absolutely unconscious about what they are saying. First he says: *and let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of the spirit*... but that too is a purpose. In fact if there is no purpose, the deepening of the spirit will happen of its own accord. It need not be mentioned; otherwise the sentence becomes contradictory. The first part and the second part are contradictory.

First he says: *your friend is your needs answered*... and now he says, "There should be no purpose in friendship." But what are your needs except purposes? Every purpose destroys the beauty of friendliness.

Friendliness should have no purposes, no needs -- although this is a miracle of life, that if you have no purposes, no needs, your needs will be fulfilled, your purposes will be fulfilled. But that should not be in you mind; otherwise you don't have the friendliness, you don't have love.

FOR LOVE THAT SEEKS AUGHT BUT THE DISCLOSURE OF ITS OWN MYSTERY IS NOT LOVE BUT A NET CAST FORTH: AND ONLY THE UNPROFITABLE IS CAUGHT.

...love that seeks aught but the disclosure of its own mystery is not love... because love is a mystery, and there is no way to make it open.

Love is like the roots of the trees, hidden deep in the earth. Share the fragrance, the flowers, the foliage, the greenery, but don't try to pull out the tree to see from where it is getting so many colors, so much fragrance, so much beauty, because that will be the death of the tree. The roots have to remain hidden, secret, a mystery -- not that you want... but you cannot go against the laws of nature.

Share your fragrance, share your flowers. Dance in the moon, in the wind, in the rain. Have you seen this morning? -- all the trees were so happy, dancing in the rain, throwing all the dust away, becoming fresh and young again. But the roots have to remain mysterious. Once you expose the roots, love is going to die. And it is unfortunate that every lover, every friend, is very curious to know your mystery, to know your secret. Lovers are fighting continually, saying, "You are hiding something."

Thousands of years... and man has come to conclude that it is impossible to understand the mystery of a woman, because she has deeper roots in the earth. Men's eyes are fixed towards the sky. It is idiotic -- the effort to reach the moon. Now the effort is to reach Mars.

You are not able to live on this beautiful earth with peace and silence, with love, without boundaries of nations, without discriminations of color, without making half of the humanity -- the woman -- just a purchased prostitute, a life-long prostitute. You have not been able to figure out how to live on the earth, and your eyes are fixed on the moon.

Do you know that in English there is a word "lunatic"? It comes from the root "lunar." Lunar means "the moon." Man is a lunatic. In fact, to try to find out the mystery of your lover is being just as ugly as all Peeping Toms are. Nature does not want you to be demystified, because it is in mystery that love blossoms, friendliness dances.

It is good that neither men understand women, nor women understand men. There is no need for knowledgeability. What is needed is enough space for each other, so that your secrets and your mysteries remain hidden. It is because of that mystery that you have fallen in love. If you demystify the woman, the love may also disappear.

Knowledge is so meaningless, and mystery is so profound. Wonder about the mystery, but never question what it is; your friendliness, your love will know no bounds. The closer you will be, the more the mystery will go on deepening.

But Kahlil Gibran seems to be continually confused -- and it is natural. Sometimes there are glimpses when he says tremendous truths, and sometimes there are moments when he falls back into darkness and starts talking like an idiot. In all the statements you can see it.

First he says: *your friend is your needs answered*... and second he says, "There should be no purpose." What are the needs if not purposes? And immediately he says, makes an exception, that the deepening of

your soul should be your only purpose. In existence, in reality, there are no exceptions.

And look again...*but a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught*. Purpose should not be there except the deepening of the soul -- which is a by-product. And again he forgets what he is saying. *Unprofitable* -- now it becomes almost the language of the businessman, not of a poet, because the unprofitable takes you to the higher realms of being. The profitable drags you down to the gravitation of the earth.

AND LET YOUR BEST BE FOR YOUR FRIEND.

He walks in a zigzag. I am not condemning him, I am simply making it clear that a man of his genius cannot see simple things in one statement. And *let your best be for your friend*... but tastes differ. What is best for you may be worthless for your friend. Who are you to decide what is best for him? I will not say that. I will say, "Open your heart and allow the friend; whatsoever he choses is his."

IF HE MUST KNOW THE EBB OF YOUR TIDE, LET HIM KNOW ITS FLOOD ALSO.

That is just a truism. You should open your heart totally. Ebbs or tides, all should be available for the friend.

FOR WHAT IS YOUR FRIEND THAT YOU SHOULD SEEK HIM WITH HOURS TO KILL?

All friends are doing that -- they are killing each others' hours, because they are both empty, and they don't know how to be alone, how to enjoy being alone.

SEEK HIM ALWAYS WITH HOURS TO LIVE.

Not to kill time but with hours to live. This is great, glorious. But he seems to be like a pendulum of a clock that goes on moving from one extreme to the other. Certainly he is not a man of awareness, although a man of immense capacity to express -- a man who can express with golden words.

SEEK HIM ALWAYS WITH HOURS TO LIVE.
FOR IT IS HIS TO FILL YOUR NEED, BUT NOT YOUR EMPTINESS.

Do you understand what I am saying... the pendulum? But Kahlil Gibran himself is not aware that one statement is contradicting the other statement immediately. *For it is his to fill your need* -- What happened about expectations? What happened about profit? He has forgotten, it seems -- *but not your emptiness*. This is something to be understood -- that man's greatest need is not to be empty, not to be dark, not to be alone. His greatest need is to be needed. If nobody needs him he becomes more and more aware of his emptiness.

So even this single sentence is contradictory. For it is his will.. *for it is his to fill your need*... but is not emptiness your greatest need? For what are you continually engaged? -- just so that you don't feel empty. You *are* empty.

The East has a far more profound answer: that the emptiness need not be negative. Don't fill it with all kinds of rubbish. Emptiness can becomes you temple filled with godliness. Still it will be empty, because godliness is on a quality. Fill it with light -- still it will be empty. Fill it with silence.... Transform the negative emptiness into a positive phenomenon, and you have done a miracle to yourself.

AND IN THE SWEETNESS OF FRIENDSHIP LET THERE BE LAUGHTER, AND SHARING OF PLEASURES.

Kahlil Gibran, again and again, goes on saying things without giving you the key to how it is possible. Any idiot can come and say, "Fill your garden with greenery, with rose flowers, with ponds, with beautiful lotuses," but this is not enough. You are talking to a man who has never known greenness, who has never known roses, who has never known lotuses, and who is absolutely unaware of how he is going to do it. The key is missing.

This is not only with Kahlil Gibran; almost all the religions of the world are in the same boat. They say, "You should not be angry." But what is the way? Anger is there. "You should not be jealous." But what is the way to get rid of jealousy? "You should not be competitive." Bogus commandments!

It is beautiful to be silent, but where is the meditation that brings silence to you? "You should not be jealous" -- but where is the understanding that in jealousy you are burning your own heart? It does not harm anybody but yourself.

How can you get rid of competitiveness -- because they all are teaching, "Don't be competitive," and on the other hand, "Be something." They are giving ideals to you: "Be a Jesus." But there are millions of Christians; you will have to compete. They are saying, "Don't be jealous," but they are forcing people to be jealous, tying one man to one woman. When the love disappears and the spring is gone then the man starts finding backdoor ways -- and the woman too.

I have heard... there was a case in the court. The husband and wife wanted a divorce. The story must be old -- divorce was almost impossible, immoral, unvirtuous. The magistrate said, "Love each other. Remain together until death separates you."

The woman asked, "You are giving good advice, but how to love a man whom I simply hate? And I also know he cannot love me; he also hates me. So please give us some method so that the hate disappears and is transformed into love."

The man said, "My God, I don't know anything about it. But you will have to take an oath that you will make every effort to remain together. Don't create a precedent of immorality in the society."

The woman said, "I am ready to take the oath, putting my hand on my son's head."

It was a strange scene, because the judge became fidgety. He said, "No, not on your son. Just use your religious book."

The woman said, "I am a mother and to be motherly is my religion. But why are you looking so fidgety? Do you want me to expose you before the court? -- because the son is yours!"

What a hypocritical society we are living in. The magistrate is trying to rule that they should live together, and the magistrate is a secret lover of the woman. Not only that, even the child is his, not of the husband of the woman. That's why he is afraid.

She said, "Now do you understand? You are unfaithful to your wife. This son is your son, I am only his mother. My husband has his own relationships -- and you will be surprised: it is your wife! And the children that you think are yours are not yours."

It is such a hypocritical society. We go on and on living in misery, in untruth -- even in our courts.

Once I was in a court in Jabalpur.... There was a church, a very beautiful church. But when the British government left in 1947, all the worshipers of the church also left for their country. The church has remained locked for almost ten years. It has a beautiful garden, which was completely destroyed. The church belongs to the Church of England -- it is their property.

I had a few friends who were Christians and I said, "You are idiots. Your Christ has been in imprisonment, not in a church, for ten years, and perhaps he is going to be there for his whole life. You gather a few young Christians...." They were very much afraid because the property belongs to the Church of England. I said, "Don't be bothered. I will inaugurate the church. You just clean it, renovate it, throw out all those locks, break them. The church belongs to those who worship there. It is not a property. You worship there so it is *your* church."

They said, "You are creating trouble. Soon there will be a case in the court."

I said, "Don't be worried. I will fight with you. You can tell the court the truth -- that it was I who have told you."

It was so reasonable, so they somehow -- but reluctantly, wishy-washy -- managed to break the locks, renovate the church and clean the garden. And on one Sunday I inaugurated it.

Immediately other Christians informed the Church of England, "This is trespass. Not only trespass, these people have taken the property." And it was a big property, almost twenty acres of land, and the church was very beautiful.

The church of England had its representative bishop in Nagpur. In those days Nagpur used to be the

capital of Madhya Pradesh. So he informed them, "Drag all those people" -- particularly me, because I am not even a Christian -- "to the court."

Standing in the witness box I asked the magistrate, "Before I take the oath for truth, a few things have to be cleared that after taking the oath will be impossible to clear."

He said, "This is a strange thing. First the oath has to be taken."

I said, "The things that I am going to say to you are about the oath, so why should I not be allowed to say some things before?"

He said, "Okay, you can say it, but it is not the routine way."

I said, "The first thing is: I have seen you visiting prostitutes. And the whole city knows you are a homosexual; hence I don't have any respect for you. I can say to a donkey, `Honorable Sir,' but I cannot say to you truthfully, `Honorable Sir,' because that will be a lie. My heart will not be with it. So allow me, if you insist on the oath, to say what my heart says is true; otherwise drop the idea of the oath. Secondly, I want to know on what I should take the oath."

He said, "You can take oath on the BIBLE, the Hindu GITA or any religious book."

I said, "They are all full of lies. Have you ever looked into them? And this is such an absurdity -- that an oath for truth has to be taken holding a book which is full of lies.

And thirdly: the very idea of oath is repugnant to me, because by implication I am accepting that without oath I am going to lie, that only under oath will I be saying the truth. I cannot accept this condemnation of me. I speak the truth as I feel it in my own being, and these rotten books, thousands of years old... I have no respect for these books either. Only people like you can have faith in these obscene -- but called holy -- books. But I am ready to do any formality.

"Just remember: once I have taken an oath holding a holy book which is full of lies I will be lying continually. I have to follow the book. First you prove that these books consist of truth, first you prove that you are worthy of being called `Honorable Sir,' and first you convince me that the very concept of oath is not ugly.

"It means my whole life I have been lying -- only under oath can I speak the truth. And you are an intelligent man; you can see that if a man can lie his whole life, his oath can also be a lie. Who can prevent me?"

I said, "I don't belong to any religion, I don't belong to any superstition -- so it is up to you."

He immediately said, "Call the second witness."

I said, "Not yet, because I have one point still to make. A temple belongs to those who worship there. A temple is not just a piece of land, is not a house. It cannot be owned by anybody. The Church of England has no right to own the church. The church belongs to those who pray there, meditate there; they are the real owners."

He was trembling. He said, "I have heard you, but you have raised such fundamental questions that it is better... call the second witness!"

This world is so full of hypocrisy. Your leaders are lying continually. Nobody is allowed to live, but to lie....

AND IN THE SWEETNESS OF FRIENDSHIP LET THERE BE LAUGHTER, AND SHARING OF PLEASURES.

But how? You have destroyed man's capacity even to smile. And if you want -- the idea is good -- then tell people how they can resurrect their life, their laughter, their dancing, their sharing of pleasures. All the religions are against pleasures. No religion has talked about sharing but: "Give to the poor, because in return you will receive one-thousandfold more after death." This is pure business! In fact, even to call it business is wrong; it is gambling. No church, no synagogue, no temple would allow people to laugh, to dance, to sing. You have crushed man's spirit so completely that he is almost a corpse.

The trouble with Kahlil Gibran is that he is a great intellectual power; all these statements he is making through his reason, but not through his experience. If he was talking through his own experience he would have given the keys -- how to undo all that centuries have done to man.

FOR IN THE DEW OF LITTLE THINGS THE HEART FINDS ITS MORNING AND IS REFRESHED.

He writes beautiful words -- but of what use? The highest evolved being on the earth cannot laugh. All the religions have been teaching, "Renounce the world." You should have contradicted that if you want....

FOR IN THE DEW OF LITTLE THINGS THE HEART FINDS ITS MORNING AND IS REFRESHED.

No religion allows you pleasure; no religion allows you laughter; no religion allows you to enjoy the little things of life. On the contrary, they condemn every little thing -- small things. And life consists of small things.

Religions talk about God, but not about flowers; they talk about paradise, but not about nourishing food; they talk about all kinds of pleasures in heaven, but not on the earth. The earth is a punishment. You have been thrown to earth the way somebody is thrown into a jail.

Kahlil Gibran is great in his words, but something of the coward is present in his unconscious; otherwise he should have also added, "Those who are teaching otherwise are not your friends, they are your enemies. All religions are enemies of man, all priests are enemies of man, all governments are enemies of man." But you will not find a single sentence like that. That's why he is respected all over the world -- because he has not annoyed anybody. I am saying the same things, but filling the gaps that he has left out, changing the words that he is unaware of.

He is a beautiful man, but not courageous. He is still a sheep, not a shepherd; a sheep, not a lion. He should have roared like a lion -- because he had the capacity. But a great man has died without even getting his books listed by the Polack pope on his black list -- that no Catholic should read these books.

All my books are on the black list. To read them is a direct and short-cut way to go to hell. In fact, I am perfectly happy that you will all be with me in hell. We will transform it into heaven. And one day you will find God knocking on the door, saying, "Please let me in. I am bored and tired of all kinds of idiots."

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #8

Chapter title: Into the very center of silence

23 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

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BELOVED OSHO,
AND THEN A SCHOLAR SAID, SPEAK OF TALKING.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOU TALK WHEN YOU CEASE TO BE AT PEACE WITH YOUR THOUGHTS;
AND WHEN YOU CAN NO LONGER DWELL IN THE SOLITUDE OF YOUR HEART YOU LIVE IN YOUR LIPS, AND SOUND IS A DIVERSION AND A PASTIME.
AND IN MUCH OF YOUR TALKING, THINKING IS HALF MURDERED.
FOR THOUGHT IS A BIRD OF SPACE, THAT IN A CAGE OF WORDS MAY INDEED UNFOLD ITS WINGS

BUT CANNOT FLY.
THERE ARE THOSE AMONG YOU WHO SEEK THE TALKATIVE THROUGH FEAR OF BEING ALONE.
THE SILENCE OF ALONENESS REVEALS TO THEIR EYES THEIR NAKED SELVES AND THEY WOULD ESCAPE.
AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO TALK, AND WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OR FORETHOUGHT REVEAL A TRUTH WHICH THEY THEMSELVES DO NOT UNDERSTAND.
AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE THE TRUTH WITHIN THEM, BUT THEY TELL IT NOT IN WORDS.
IN THE BOSOM OF SUCH AS THESE THE SPIRIT DWELLS IN RHYTHMIC SILENCE.
WHEN YOU MEET YOUR FRIEND ON THE ROADSIDE OR IN THE MARKET-PLACE, LET THE SPIRIT IN YOU MOVE YOUR LIPS AND DIRECT YOUR TONGUE.
LET THE VOICE WITHIN YOUR VOICE SPEAK TO THE EAR OF HIS EAR;
FOR HIS SOUL WILL KEEP THE TRUTH OF YOUR HEART AS THE TASTE OF THE WINE IS REMEMBERED.
WHEN THE COLOR IS FORGOTTEN AND THE VESSEL IS NO MORE.

Kahlil Gibran, even in his most profound statements, always misses a few things -- and those few things are so essential that their absence destroys the whole profundity. It also shows that he is not speaking from experience.

The first thing is: he always answers the question as if the question has been asked by an empty sky. A man who knows does not answer the question: he always answers the questioner. But Kahlil Gibran continuously forgets the questioner.

Secondly, he never goes deeper than the heart -- and the heart is not your real being. Just as you are surrounded by a thick wall of thoughts called mind, you are surrounded by a more delicate but still very strong wall -- sometimes even stronger than your thoughts -- the wall of your feelings, emotions, sentiments. Unless you go beyond both, howsoever beautiful the statement may be, it lacks life, it lacks the truth.

AND THEN A SCHOLAR SAID....

Scholars are the most foolish people in the world because they know nothing, yet they behave as if they know all. They are the people who are living on borrowed knowledge -- rotten knowledge which has been out of date for centuries. Their heads are full, their hearts are empty -- and they know nothing of the being.

The only knowledge worth calling knowledge is an experience of your innermost center, the center of the cyclone. The feelings, the sentiments, the emotions, these are all cyclones. Thoughts, howsoever decorated, are nothing but the outer part of the cyclone.

Your being is utterly silent, still: there is no thought, there is no feeling, there is no emotion -- just a pure isness. Its very purity is so virgin.... What to say of others? -- even you have not entered in your virgin soul.

The scholar is a collector of all kinds of junk. I have met scholars of almost all religions, I have met philosophers teaching in the universities, but everything they say is only skin-deep; just scratch a little and you will be aware of their darkness, ignorance. Hence they are very, very touchy. That's why every day I go on receiving summons from people -- their feelings are hurt, their religions are hurt. Truth is never hurt -- only lies are hurt -- because truth can never be exposed. Lies can be exposed any moment....

But they had believed in a lie as a truth. They have not bothered even to look at the roots -- to see whether they are carrying a real rosebush, or just something plastic. And they are perfectly happy -- at least to the outside world -- because the world pays them respect and goes on fulfilling their egos. And because their ego is fulfilled, they go on collecting more and more junk.

In Jabalpur there was a special market called the thieves' market, Chor Bazaar; you could get anything there -- everything that had been stolen in Jabalpur, or in surrounding towns, was sold there. I was a constant visitor, particularly to a small shop one old man used to run. He used to sell newspapers, old magazines, books, stolen books. He had no price for them; they were sold by their weight -- SHRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA, one kilo.

The old man started, by and by, loving me because I was a constant visitor. I told the old man, "You must be the greatest scholar in the world."

He said, "What? I'm a poor man. I can read a little bit, but I'm not a scholar."

I said, "But you have so much junk...." From his shop you could have found all the religious scriptures, all great novels, Nobel Prize winner books. I am remembering him today because I had got

THE PROPHET from his bookshop, just for two annas -- that was the price, because the book is small and it has not much weight.

I said, "I am saying that you are a great scholar, because your shop is nothing but a magnified form of the mind of a scholar." He is loaded with knowledge -- and knows nothing. And if you question him, you hurt him, if you argue against his knowledge, he will take you to the court.

What kind of a strange world have we created? To be a scholar you don't need any intelligence, just a mechanical memory; intelligence is a totally different phenomenon. The scholar can answer only that question which is stored in his memory system, in his bio-computer. Sometimes even computers are more intelligent.

I have heard about a computer.... A man was very much amazed when he heard about the miracles that a computer can do. He said, "I would like to check it. I cannot believe that a machine can answer your questions."

So he went to the central system where the biggest and the most sophisticated computer was available, and he asked, "Can you tell me where my father is?"

For a moment the computer was silent and then he said, "Your father? He has been dead for almost five years."

The man laughed. He said, "I knew from the very beginning that it is all nonsense! My father has gone fishing. Just now I have left him on the riverbank and I have come here; and you are saying my father has been dead for five years."

He could not believe it when the computer laughed loudly. He said, "My God, you can laugh also!"

The computer said, "Why not? -- because the man you think you have left on the boat is not your father; he is only the husband of your mother."

He was very shocked -- and so many people heard it. The whole office knew, "This man is a bastard. The man he thinks is his father is only the husband of his mother; his real father has been dead for five years. Even this much intelligence you will not find in a scholar. Ask only what has been fed into his bio-computer. He can repeat the question, he can give the answer, but if something new arises, which has not been fed into his memory, he is absolutely impotent. Intelligence is a totally different matter. It is your awareness encountering a new situation, and finding out ways and means to deal with it.

This country has known the greatest scholars of the world for ten thousand years, but what is their contribution? They cannot contribute anything. They can only repeat what has been repeated by others to them.

Situations go on changing, life brings new problems, new questions. But these scholars -- they somehow go on giving old answers which are absolutely irrelevant to the real situation through which they are passing; otherwise ten thousand years of intelligence... this country would have been a real paradise, not a dream but a reality. But on the contrary, this country has become a hell. And who *is* responsible? -- all your scholars. Memory is cheap -- even idiots have memory.

Intelligence needs arduous effort -- to go into your aloneness, inwards, in the darkness, and to find the center of your life. The moment you find that center, immediately something that was asleep is awakened. We have called that awakened man the real and authentic man. We have called him the *jina*, because he has conquered himself. We have called him the Buddha, because he is enlightened. We have called him the seer, because now -- only now, for the first time -- he has eyes: up to now he has been a blind fellow.

Almustafa would have done better if he first hammered the scholar a little, and he looked at the poverty of his question.

AND THEN A SCHOLAR SAID, SPEAK OF TALKING....

Only parrots can ask that question. Talking? -- was the scholar a baby who does not know how to talk? Almustafa did not indicate, "Your question is stupid and you are a very scholarly idiot." He started answering him. He is not taking any note of the questioner. And I say unto you again and again: unless the questioner is answered, just to answer the question is not of much use, because it is arising out of the questioner and his ignorance. You have to light a candle into his being first; perhaps then he may be able to understand what you are going to say. This is not a small matter: it is the most important matter.

That's why Kahlil Gibran's very profound statements have been read by millions just like poetry; nobody has thought that there is any truth in it. Yes, everybody has said that his way of saying has a beauty of its

own -- his words are so poetic and so musical. But that is as if you are talking about the beauty of a woman and you talk about her clothes -- "You are a great beauty, your clothes are so beautiful, your ornaments are so valuable" -- and you don't mention her eyes and you don't mention her face and you don't mention the warmth of her body and you don't mention the love that surrounds her. She is going to freak out, "You seem to be a cloth merchant or a goldsmith! I am not my clothes, neither am I my ornaments. You have not mentioned anything that belongs to me."

YOU TALK WHEN YOU CEASE TO BE AT PEACE WITH YOUR THOUGHTS....

That is not necessarily true. *You talk when you cease to be at peace with your thoughts*. Why should you talk -- and about what are you going to talk -- when all your thoughts are at peace, fast asleep? I would like to say to you: you talk, or you are capable of talking, when your mind completely stops disturbing your consciousness -- but it is not necessary. If you want troubles, you talk. If you want to remain peaceful and silent and enjoy, you remain silent. In this insane world, to say anything true is challenging all the idiots -- because their lies are exposed. But it is not only that the thoughts are at peace.
Thoughts are never at peace.
Either they are, or they are not.

It is a contradictory statement. Perhaps he has a certain faraway insight into the truth, but he is not clear. His words...*at peace with your thoughts*... are a self-contradiction. Either you can have thoughts, or you can have peace -- because thoughts are the only disturbances in your consciousness.

YOU TALK WHEN YOU CEASE TO BE AT PEACE WITH YOUR THOUGHTS;
AND WHEN YOU CAN NO LONGER DWELL IN THE SOLITUDE OF YOUR HEART YOU LIVE....

Why do people want to talk? Everybody all over the world is talking. I have heard that only once, far back, for one minute, all talking on the earth had stopped, because a prophet had declared, "If you want to hear God... for one minute, when the sun is exactly in the middle of the sky, has crossed half way, as your clocks start chiming that it is twelve o'clock, for one minute... stop! -- if you want to hear God."

It is an ancient story, told by Chuang Tzu -- in whose name this auditorium is dedicated. I love many, many people, but Chuang Tzu stands separate as a class, a category in himself. He was really a great rascal saint. I love him, not because he was a saint -- because saints are one rupee a dozen -- but because he was a rascal saint, which is rare -- a very rare combination.

Because Chuang Tzu was respected all over China, people believed him, and for one moment there was silence all over the earth. Nobody heard God -- because there *is* no God. But nobody complained. The story has such a beautiful meaning. Nobody complained "You have deceived us, unnecessarily wasted our time -- one minute. We could have smoked a cigarette or gone on chewing our gum or talking about beautiful things; you stopped us for one minute."

But nobody came to complain to him. He himself asked people, "Are you disappointed in me?"

They said, "No. The moment we became silent, we heard a very still, small voice within our own heart, within our own being. We have come to show our gratitude to you and touch your feet, because we would never have stopped -- even for one minute -- and would never have been able to discover that God is not in the sky, but within our own being."

But He does not shout, He whispers -- just the way lovers whisper to each other, just as secrets are whispered from one mouth to another ear.

It is said that if you want your wife to listen to what you are saying, don't say it loudly; just whisper to somebody, and she will hear it, certainly. The very whispering makes it clear that something is being hidden from her, something is being kept as a secret, and she is not included in it. But if you are talking loudly, no wife listens. This is an everyday ritual....

I was staying in Calcutta, and I had to reach a meeting -- and I hate to be late. The husband who was driving me was honking the horn for his wife to come. Everybody heard the honking of his horn -- "Has he gone mad or what? The car is standing... nobody is ahead -- why is he honking?" And then his wife opened the window and said, "I have said to you at least one thousand times that I am coming in one minute, but you go on honking your horn. Go on -- but I will take my time. I will come in one minute!"

I said, "My God, she cannot even say `in one minute' one thousand times!"

The husband said, "You will not be able to understand; you are not a husband."

I said, "I am not a husband because of people like you. Seeing all around me the situation of husbands, I decided that it is better not to be a husband than to remain in a constant hell."

Almustafa is saying: *You talk when you cease to be at peace with your thoughts*. It has a different meaning also. I have given you the meaning that I would like, but you must be made aware of the different meaning. He is saying, "When you are not involved with your thoughts you cannot remain silent." You have become so accustomed to continually talking inside your mind. What else is your mind? -- a talking machine, most of the time, like a gramophone whose needle has stuck at a certain point, so you go on again and again -- every day the same ritual, the same thought, the same fear -- and it stops at the same point.

He is saying that you talk only when your thoughts are not available to you. When your thoughts are not playing football in your mind, then you start playing football with somebody else. What is your conversation? -- just a football match, throwing words at each other. Nobody is listening. Have you ever listened to anybody? You simply pick up a certain word from which you can start talking -- you don't listen to what he is saying. He waits just out of courtesy, looking for the right word from which he can start again. This is called conversation: it is simply a football match.

Almustafa is right, that a man of silence will enjoy his silence. But you cannot remain silent even for a few minutes; you have to do something.

I used to live with a friend who could not stay at rest either in mind or body for a single moment; he was fidgeting in the body, tossing and turning. I said, "What kind of yoga have you learned? I have gone through Patanjali and all other yoga scriptures; I have never come across this exercise that you do."

And he was always in search of somebody to start conversation. People who used to come to me started asking me, "Is your house owner in the house? Then we are not coming, because he catches hold of us just at the gate. He holds our hands so we cannot even escape -- it looks very odd -- and he starts talking about all of kinds of things. We go on saying `We have come to meet your guest.' He says, `First meet the host. This is the price you have to pay.' So just tell us when he is not at home, then we will come; otherwise meet us in a nearby garden and let him wait at the gate."

I asked him many times, "Were you an American in your last birth?"

He said, "Why do you say that?" -- because smoking cigarettes is a substitute for conversation when you don't have anybody else; chewing gum is a substitute for talking when you have nobody else. At least the chewing gum gives you an excuse to open your mouth and close your mouth, and open your mouth and close your mouth. Without chewing gum you can also do it, but then it will look very absurd....

AND WHEN YOU CAN NO LONGER DWELL IN THE SOLITUDE OF YOUR HEART YOU LIVE IN YOUR LIPS, AND SOUND IS A DIVERSION AND A PASTIME.

When you are unable to live in silence, your whole life becomes concentrated in your lips. This is nothing but a diversion and a pastime. You are destroying your time, and you are destroying the time of others; and it is such a self-deception that you are not even aware of it.

AND IN MUCH OF YOUR TALKING, THINKING IS HALF MURDERED.

Thinking needs solitude, aloneness, so that you can figure out things in a sane way. But you continually murder your thinking, because all your energy is wasted in talking. And people are talking without thinking -- what can they talk about? They repeat the newspaper they have been reading, they repeat the film they have seen, they repeat the fight that went on in their house. It is all rubbish.

Almustafa is saying that thinking should come out of contemplation; but contemplation needs that you try to be silent. Contemplation is not the greatest thing in your life. Higher than contemplation is meditation.

So these are the three layers in you: talking, which murders half of your thinking; contemplation, which can give you new insights, but they will also be converted sooner or later into thoughts; meditation, which takes you beyond, into the very center of silence and solitude. Thinking is not born out of it.

A man of meditation *can* talk because for him his mind has become a servant; he can use it like any machine.

Ordinarily it is just the opposite. Mind has become your master, and it has filled your whole inner space with thoughts. Even contemplation is difficult, and meditation is not even heard of.

FOR THOUGHT IS A BIRD OF SPACE, THAT IN A CAGE OF WORDS MAY INDEED UNFOLD ITS WINGS BUT CANNOT FLY.

For thought is a bird of space.... It is such a great insight that only now has science become aware that thoughts are only certain vibrations moving in space. If you have the right instrument to catch them, you can catch them. But words become cages... *that in a cage of words may indeed unfold its wings but cannot fly*.... You must have seen cages in words.

I used to visit one of the great freedom fighters. He had traveled all over the world many times; he was a very well respected man, very rich. He was next only to Winston Churchill in being continually a member of Parliament for sixty years, nonstop. From every country he used to bring birds -- he loved them -- and he was rich, so the cages were very beautiful. But I said to him, "You are deceiving yourself that you love these birds. If you love them, open the doors, let them fly, because love always gives freedom. Any love that becomes an imprisonment is not love, it is hate." He was shocked.

Next morning he came to me and said, "Perhaps you are right. I don't love the birds, I simply love decorating my garden and my palace." His house was called a palace, because his father served the British government, and the British government had given him a title of *raja*, a king. Hence his house -- it was palatial -- had been called since then "the Palace of Raja Gokuldas," because that was his father's name.
I said, "You simply love your ego."

He said, "Come with me... help me to free all those birds." And it was such a joy to see those birds again opening their wings into the sky and disappearing into space.

I said, "This will give you some sense of what love is: it never encages anybody, it gives only freedom."

THERE ARE THOSE AMONG YOU WHO SEEK THE TALKATIVE THROUGH FEAR OF BEING ALONE.

You go to talkative friends for a simple reason: you are afraid of being alone. I have seen people even talking to themselves. In my village, just by the side of my house there was a dark street, and I managed to create a rumor in the whole city that it was full of ghosts -- just to keep my house in complete silence, so that at least in the night nobody would go by. Almost ninety-nine percent of people stopped.

A few priests used to live there, and they did not believe the rumor. But it was half-hearted -- who knows? Perhaps there are ghosts. But they had lived there for a long time, and this small boy has filled the whole city with the rumor.... They were not going to be dominated by my rumor. So they used to start chanting mantras -- "Hare Krishna! Hare Rama!" -- and running fast. I was amazed: "This is strange. Why do they shout their mantras? In the day they don't shout them."

Speaking creates the feeling that there is somebody else with you, because you always speak to somebody else -- it is a deep association.

I had stopped one person too, with just a small bamboo stick. The street was very narrow, and there were only two or three persons left, but they were making more noise than all the people who lived beyond the street had ever made. So I I used a simple strategy. I would just take a bamboo, tie it to a tree on this side, and to one on the other side, and the priest would come "Hare Krishna! Hare Rama!" and... flop. Then he would run saying, "My God, that boy is right!" And they had not even the courage to see that it was just a bamboo that had prevented them. Once those priests also stopped passing... it was a little tedious for them, because they had to go almost half a mile to go to their house if they wanted to avoid that street -- it was a short cut.

The street became so silent, and so peaceful, that I used to meditate there. The night became, in that street, so sacred -- no temple is so silent. And since I used to sit there for hours, late in the night, those priests spread another rumor that not only should you be afraid of the ghosts, this boy is also in conspiracy with the ghosts; we have seen him sitting there for hours. We cannot pass the street, but he sits there and no ghost tortures him.

And people started asking me.... Even the principal of my school asked me, "I have heard many rumors: first I heard that the whole street is filled with ghosts, and now I hear that nobody goes there after the sun

sets, but you have been found sitting there in the middle of the night. So what is the secret of it?"

I said, "Are you capable of keeping a secret to yourself? -- because it is a dangerous secret. If you open your mouth about it to anybody, then it is beyond me, I cannot help you. Those ghosts...."

He said, "You keep it to yourself, because it is one of the most difficult things in life to keep a secret. One is tempted to tell it to somebody, to share it."

I said, "That is your choice. I am willing to tell you, but then I'm out of the game; then the ghosts and you are in direct contact."

He said, "I don't want that! And today I had asked myself... I'm sad, and I ask to be forgiven. Never on your account tell me the secret. Don't tell anybody; just keep it to yourself. This is your business -- why should I get into it? I don't have to pass that street, I live on another road. Just out of curiosity I had asked."

I said, "I am willing to fulfill your curiosity. But once the secret is open.... The contract between me and the ghosts is that if I tell anybody, then they will take care of that person. I cannot do anything, I cannot prevent it -- I'm helpless."

He said, "You simply go, and even if you do some mischief, which you are continuously doing in the school -- a day rarely passes when your teachers are not sending you to my office -- I am circulating a notice that this boy should not be sent to my office, because someday if he opens his mouth.... It is very difficult to keep the secret -- I can understand -- and you are so young you may open the secret -- then I'm finished. I have children, I have a wife, I have an old father, I have an old mother. Be compassionate!"

I said, "That's good... that is another contract between me and you -- no teacher can send me to the principal."

He said, "Agreed."

I said, "This is how I make contracts."

And whenever any teacher said, "If you do this kind of mischief...." And they were not mischiefs, just simple things, but people who are in power are always worried -- if just a brick is taken out of their power, then the whole house can collapse.

One day I had just brought a donkey in the class. Now it is not a mischief, because I told the teacher, "This poor fellow wants to be enrolled. I am going to give his fee."

The teacher said, "I have never seen a boy like you -- a donkey...."

I said, "You are teaching so many donkeys; you yourself have been taught. Who are you? -- just a donkey."

He said, "This is too much. I will send you to the principal."

I said, "I am ready, my donkey is ready. I will ride on the donkey and go to the principal. But remember that he has sent a notice to every teacher that I should not be sent to him. And you are sending me not only alone, but with my donkey. You will be in trouble!"

He said, "Wait! Just don't torture me -- let the donkey go, because I am only temporarily appointed. If the principal gets angry at me -- and he is bound to get angry, seeing you coming on the donkey to his office -- my service will be finished. I am not yet confirmed."

So I said, "Okay, when you get confirmed please inform me. This is a contract."

He said, "You are a strange person. You go on making contracts with everybody -- one-sided contracts."

I said, "It is not one-sided. I am saving your children, your wife, your mother, your old father. What are you giving in return? It is just out of compassion. If you find or think that I am doing something which is a mischief, ignore it; otherwise the donkey will be back.

"And this donkey is no ordinary donkey. He used to live very close -- he was a donkey of a washerman who used to wash our clothes, so he used to come every day. The washerman used to collect the clothes while I used to talk to the donkey. Slowly, slowly we became very close friends. If I simply give him the sign `Come in,' he will come in; and if I say `Go out,' he will go out. So," I said, "this is no ordinary donkey. It is very intelligent. Do you want to see?"

He said, "An intelligent donkey?"

I said, "What do you think about yourself? Just because he cannot speak, innocent dumb fellow, you think he has no intelligence?" I said, "Come in!" And he immediately came in. I said, "He even understands English." And I said, "That's okay, you can go." He went out.

That teacher said, "Okay, the contract is made. How many contracts do you have, and how do you remember?"

I said, "I have a notebook with me. Every contract is written in it, and the person with whom I make the

contract has to sign it, because I don't believe in verbal things. So this is your contract -- you sign it."

He said, "This is strange. If you show it to anybody he will think I am also a donkey."

I said, "There is no question of anybody thinking -- you are! So simply sign it; otherwise I am going to the principal. Should I call my donkey?"

He said, "No, wait!" and he immediately signed.

And I said, "Write in your own handwriting that `This contract will remain valid as long as I am alive.'"

He said, "Do you mean even when I have left this school, and am working somewhere else?"

I said, "It does not matter where you are. Once a contract is signed with me, it is signed until death parts us."

He said, "Okay."

Somewhere, somebody is preserving that diary, in which all the contracts that I used to make are still written. It is a historical monument against the whole humanity, asking, "What kind of people do you have?"

THERE ARE THOSE AMONG YOU WHO SEEK THE TALKATIVE THROUGH FEAR OF BEING ALONE.

You don't talk because you have to convey something, you don't talk because your talk is going to enhance the richness of the person, you don't talk because you want some intimacy, some friendship; you are destroying that person's time simply out of your own fear because you don't want to be alone.

Every woman knows it; whenever the husband gets angry she throws her keys and says, "I am going!" and immediately all anger disappears. "I am going to my father's and mother's!" -- and the man knows perfectly well he cannot live alone. This woman is a constant pain in the neck, but what to do? -- this is the fate of man and there is no medicine for it. Have you ever heard of any medicine which can help a pain in the neck? For a pain in the head there are medicines. A pain in the neck is a psychological phenomenon; no medicine can help it.

So the wife comes back, and you come with ice cream and flowers -- perhaps. I say "perhaps," because it depends on different people. Some women will rejoice that you take care of them; some women will suspect that there is something cooking -- why have you brought ice cream? Just to hide some guilt? Are you after some other woman? -- because that's what happens; whenever a man starts being interested in some other woman, his conscience pricks. Just to erase it he comes with sweets, ice cream, flowers, new clothes, for the wife, chocolates for the children.

But any intelligent woman can say, "You never come with these things. Suddenly today -- and it is not Christmas time, it is not the Hindu festival of Diwali -- what special reason is there that you wasted your money? It is not even the date when you get your salary; you must have brought all these things by borrowing money from someone, because it is the end of the month, so don't try to deceive me!" So it depends on each woman, each man, what the outcome will be. But one thing is certain; nobody wants to be alone.

And to be alone is the greatest gift of existence.

This is the poverty of man and his consciousness, that he is destroying the greatest gift -- because it is only in your aloneness that you can blossom, that you can find the source of your life, which is also light and which is also laughter.

THE SILENCE OF ALONENESS REVEALS TO THEIR EYES THEIR NAKED SELVES AND THEY WOULD ESCAPE.

Talking, seeing a movie or sitting before a television set helps you only in one thing. These are all alcoholic drugs, whether you understand it or not, because their function is the same. People drink alcohol to forget their ugliness, their jealousy, their anxiety, their competitiveness, their meanness, their greed -- and the line is long. To forget it all, they drink; to forget it all, they talk, they become engaged in talk. Naturally, their mind cannot do both things simultaneously.

AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO TALK, AND WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OR FORETHOUGHT REVEAL A TRUTH WHICH THEY THEMSELVES DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

They say something borrowed, something upon which they have stumbled accidentally; they don't even understand that it is truth. You may stumble upon a diamond on the road, but unless a jeweler cuts it, shapes it, gives it as many aspects as possible, you will not be able to recognize that it is a true diamond. You may think it is a good stone -- at the most. Or you may throw it off the road, because it may hurt somebody else.

AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO TALK, AND WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OR FORETHOUGHT REVEAL A TRUTH WHICH THEY THEMSELVES DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

It is not that you are the first one in the world who is going to find the truth; it has been found again and again by thousands of people, it has been given expression in different ways by different people. You may stumble upon it, you may start talking about it, but you don't know what you are talking about; neither can you explain it to the person who is listening to you.

AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE THE TRUTH WITHIN THEM, BUT THEY TELL IT NOT IN WORDS.

They are the mystics. They have realized it, and also realized that it is next to impossible to express it in words; hence, they remain silent.

IN THE BOSOM OF SUCH AS THESE THE SPIRIT DWELLS IN RHYTHMIC SILENCE.

These are the people who are the very salt of the earth, but because they remain silent, they don't help much in rising -- awakening -- those who are asleep. They are awake, but they are not at all interested that the whole world is asleep. They will not nudge you, they will not shake you, they will not throw cold water in your eyes. They have found the truth, but they are not the people who are ready to sacrifice themselves for the truth they have found. Hence there is one category, even above the mystics, which Kahlil Gibran completely forgets -- perhaps he is not aware of: the category of the masters, who *are* mystics.

As far as their own growth is concerned, mystics have reached to the highest peak; but they seem to be dry souls, unconcerned about others who are struggling in darkness, searching and seeking, and whose lives are nothing but misery.

The master is a mystic who knows that it is very difficult to express.... but makes every effort -- even to the point of being crucified, even to the point of being stoned, even to the point of being poisoned.

I would have remained silent -- there was no police commissioner's order: "You have to speak within thirty minutes!" -- but I could not see the point. If I am not going to speak, to live on the earth, which is unnecessarily crowded, already overcrowded.... If I have found it, it means everybody else is capable of finding it.

It is natural that if you disturb somebody in his sleep, he is going to be angry. Hence, whatever has happened to me -- all kinds of harassments from religions, from governments, from police officers, from ordinary idiots of all religions -- I don't blame them. It is my own responsibility.

What they are doing is simply showing their irritation -- "We were sleeping so silently, perhaps we were seeing a beautiful dream, a naked girl from the Playboy magazine, and this man comes and starts waking us."

In the day people don't allow.... Even Playboy magazines or Playgirl magazines and that type of pornography is sold under the table, because even the seller is ashamed, the buyer is ashamed, and anybody else standing may spread the news that this professor, this doctor, this engineer was buying a pornographic magazine. And they hide all these magazines in their BIBLES, in their BHAGAVAD-GITAS, in their RAMAYANAS, so nobody in the home is aware -- because nobody touches these books. BIBLES, GITAS, KORANS... nobody touches these books.

It happened.... A man who used to sell encyclopedias knocked on a door. The woman of the house opened the door, and she said immediately, "We have a very good encyclopedia. You can see it there on the table, so please don't bother us again."

The man looked at the table and he said, "That is not an encyclopedia, that is the HOLY BIBLE."

The woman said, "You seem to be a magician. From that far, how can you assume that it is the HOLY BIBLE?"

He said, "The dust on it is enough proof that nobody ever touches it." These are untouchable books; all your holy books are untouchable. They simply gather dust.

So if you disturb somebody's sleep, naturally he's going to be angry; hence, I have no complaint against anybody. Just once in a while I think, would it not have been better not to get involved with this insane humanity? But now it is too late. Now I'm going to speak harder and harder, and hurt as many people as possible.

I have asked my legal advisor, Tathagat, who is here, "Ask permission for me to enter directly into the courts, and to fight the cases." Why harass advocates and waste money unnecessarily? I can fight far better myself.

I am going to fight to the very last breath of my life, because I still believe in this vast oceanic crowd of humanity; there must be a few people who will be benefited -- and I have nothing to lose. Particularly for the people who have gathered around me... for them I have to speak. And I have to speak for the new man who is going to be born, a new humanity, and a new earth. Any sacrifice is small, compared to the future generations.

I would like to become a demarcation line between the past and the future.

WHEN YOU MEET YOUR FRIEND ON THE ROADSIDE OR IN THE MARKET-PLACE, LET THE SPIRIT IN YOU MOVE YOUR LIPS AND DIRECT YOUR TONGUE.

But not without the movement of your spirit.... If this simple statement is followed, the whole world will fall into a deep silence. What have you to say? -- it is not the movement of your spirit, but only rubbish thoughts gathered in the head.

LET THE VOICE WITHIN YOUR VOICE SPEAK TO THE EAR OF HIS EAR.

He's saying: *Let the voice within your voice*... because there is a voice that will be heard outside. But before it is heard outside, there is a voice you hear inside. That which you hear inside, in the deepest parts of your being, only *that* is worth speaking, and only that is worth listening to. But the moment you listen only with the ears which are outside, it is not of any use. Unless you listen with the ear which is hidden inside the ear, which is directly connected to your being.... All your senses have two sides -- one, the roots that go inwards; and the other, the branches and the trunk and the foliage that go outside. If you don't have roots, please, don't speak -- the tree is dead or perhaps is made of plastic.

Speak from within, use the voice that can take it on it's wings to the outside. And the same has to be as far as listening is concerned: Don't just hear, listen -- let it reach to the very roots of your being. Then only is there a communion.

WHEN YOU MEET YOUR FRIEND ON THE ROADSIDE OR IN THE MARKET-PLACE, LET THE SPIRIT IN YOU MOVE YOUR LIPS AND DIRECT YOUR TONGUE.
LET THE VOICE WITHIN YOUR VOICE SPEAK TO THE EAR OF HIS EAR;
FOR HIS SOUL WILL KEEP THE TRUTH OF YOUR HEART AS THE TASTE OF THE WINE IS REMEMBERED.

You must have heard of people who, with blindfolded eyes, taste the wine and can tell what make it is, in what year it was made, from what country it is coming -- just by tasting it; they still remember the taste. I have heard... one man entered a pub and said, "I challenge all the drinkers here: These are one thousand dollars. Blindfold my eyes and give me any kind of wine, and I will give you the wine's name, the manufacturer's name, the country, and the year. If I fail, these one thousand dollars are yours. But if I succeed, then whoever takes the challenge and brings the wine to me, puts one thousand dollars on top of it, so the challenge goes on becoming bigger -- then it is two thousand at stake, then it is three thousand dollars at stake, then it is five thousand dollars at stake."

Everybody was excited; it was worth accepting the challenge. The man seemed to be insane, because to tell the year, the country, the name of the wine, the name of the makers -- such a difficult job -- just by tasting it.... But the man went on winning, and winning. Ten people lost, and there was a pile of eleven thousand dollars.

Then a man brought a cup, and he tasted it, wondered for a moment, tasted it again, and then opened his blindfold. He said, "Who is this man? This is man's urine, this is not wine." And somebody in the crowd said, "But tell us whose; otherwise you are lost. It is fresh, there is no need to be bothered about the date, but tell whose it is." But there are experts: if Morarji Desai were there, he would have told if it was not fresh, or fresh; he would have told whether it belonged to a Hindu or a Mohammedan, whether it belonged to some royal family or some sudra, whether it belonged to a Ghandian or to a controversial man -- Osho.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #9

Chapter title: This moment... the only reality

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BELOVED OSHO,
AND AN ASTRONOMER SAID, MASTER, WHAT OF TIME?
AND HE ANSWERED:
YOU WOULD MEASURE TIME THE MEASURELESS AND THE IMMEASURABLE.
YOU WOULD ADJUST YOUR CONDUCT AND EVEN DIRECT THE COURSE OF YOUR SPIRIT ACCORDING TO HOURS AND SEASONS.
OF TIME YOU WOULD MAKE A STREAM UPON WHOSE BANK YOU WOULD SIT AND WATCH ITS FLOWING.
YET THE TIMELESS IN YOU IS AWARE OF LIFE'S TIMELESSNESS,
AND KNOWS THAT YESTERDAY IS BUT TODAY'S MEMORY AND TOMORROW IS TODAY'S DREAM.
AND THAT THAT WHICH SINGS AND CONTEMPLATES IN YOU IS STILL DWELLING WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THAT FIRST MOMENT WHICH SCATTERED THE STARS INTO SPACE.
WHO AMONG YOU DOES NOT FEEL THAT HIS POWER TO LOVE IS BOUNDLESS?
AND YET WHO DOES NOT FEEL THAT VERY LOVE, THOUGH BOUNDLESS, ENCOMPASSED WITHIN THE CENTER OF HIS BEING, AND MOVING NOT FROM LOVE THOUGHT TO LOVE THOUGHT, NOR FROM LOVE DEEDS TO OTHER LOVE DEEDS?
AND IS NOT TIME EVEN AS LOVE IS, UNDIVIDED AND PACELESS?
BUT IF IN YOUR THOUGHT YOU MUST MEASURE TIME INTO SEASONS, LET EACH SEASON ENCIRCLE ALL THE OTHER SEASONS.
AND LET TO-DAY EMBRACE THE PAST WITH REMEMBRANCE AND THE FUTURE WITH LONGING.

Kahlil Gibran is a category in himself. That is what is most surprising in him, and the most mysterious. There are moments when he seems to be a mystic of the highest order -- a Gautam Buddha, a Jesus, a Socrates. And at other times the mystic simply disappears, leaving behind only a poet who sings beautiful but contentless songs, who speaks in words of gold. But there is no authentic experience in those words, no

existential taste.

It is very difficult for an ordinary man to distinguish between when Kahlil Gibran is a mystic and when he is just a poet. Sometimes, when he is just a poet, he appears more beautiful. He is a born poet; he is like a river that sometimes becomes very shallow -- but when the river is very shallow it sings songs. And sometimes the river becomes very deep -- but then there is only silence.

Today's statements would have been perfectly right on the lips of a Heraclitus, or Chuang Tzu, or Nagarjuna. There would have been no surprise if Buddha were speaking these words.

The surprise is that Kahlil Gibran is not yet an awakened man, yet in some miraculous way, he speaks of those depths and those heights which are available only to the enlightened. That's why I say he is a category in himself -- a strange mixture of the mystic and the poet.

As a poet, the greatest mystic will look poor in comparison to Kahlil Gibran; but as a mystic, Kahlil Gibran only once in a while spreads his wings in the open sky and reaches to the boundless, to the unlimited -- without any fear, without even looking back.

In his soul, the poet and the mystic are both present -- he is a very rich man. The poet is more often awake, the mystic once in a while, but the mixture of these two has created a new category to which only one other man, Rabindranath Tagore, can belong. I know only of these two persons who belong to this strange category.

The statements that we are going to discuss are of tremendous profoundness, and about the most mysterious subject: time. We all think as if we know time; we have taken it for granted. There are people who are playing cards, going to the movies, and if you ask them, "What are you doing?" they don't hesitate in saying that they are "killing time." They don't know what time is.

Down the centuries thousands of philosophers have pondered and contemplated the subject, but nothing very tangible has come into the hands of humanity. But these statements are not from a philosopher, these statements are from a poet who knows the beauty of language.

Once in a while, when his mystic is a little awake, a window opens into the unknown. He catches a glimpse and he is articulate enough to bring that glimpse into words, to translate it into such words that perhaps he himself may not be able to explain what he means.

It happened once... a professor of English in the University of London was stuck at a certain point while he was teaching the poems of Coleridge, one of the great poets of England. The professor must have been very honest. Ordinarily professors are never honest; even if they don't understand, they go on pretending that they understand. Even if they don't know, they never say, "I don't know." It is rare to find a professor who can say, "Forgive me, I can understand the words but I cannot catch the meaning behind them. So just give me one day's time, because Coleridge lives in my neighborhood so it is not a difficult problem.

"I will go to him and ask him directly, `What do you mean? I understand the beauty of your words, the linguistic meaning of your words, but that is not all. I feel continually that something is missing, that I am missing the real meaning and the significance. I am able to catch hold of the rose, but the fragrance simply eludes me -- and the fragrance is the significance of the rose.'"

The next day he approached Coleridge. He was watering his plants in the garden -- an old man. The professor said, "Forgive me for disturbing you, but it has become absolutely necessary for me.... I cannot be dishonest to my students. If I know something, I say I know; if I do not know, I cannot pretend. Although they will not be able to figure out, they will not be able to see, that they have been deceived, I can see that I am deceiving them.

"This is your poem and this is the part where I am stuck. The whole night I tried to figure it out -- I have found layers upon layers in it -- but still the meaning is missing. So I have come to ask you: What is the meaning of these words?"

Coleridge said, "You are asking a very difficult question. At the time when I wrote this poem, two persons knew the meaning."

The professor was very happy. He said, "Then there is no problem. I don't care about the other person -- you just tell me what the meaning is."

He said, "You misunderstand me. When I was writing it, two persons knew the meaning: I knew the meaning and God knew the meaning -- and now only God knows. I have tried hard myself... beautiful words, but nothing substantial. You have to forgive me. If you meet God somewhere you can ask your question to Him; and you can also ask on my behalf, because I am very much disturbed.

"This is not the first time you have come to me; this has happened three or four times before. Other people who have a deep insight into poetry have approached me and this is the point where they get stuck.

Those closed words are clear, but empty, words."

Kahlil Gibran is one of the greatest poets -- with a unique quality: once in a while his poet transforms into a mystic. And when that mystic speaks it is not Kahlil Gibran who is speaking.

In the words of Coleridge, "It is God who is speaking." He has become just a vehicle, allowing that existence to express itself. If you go to him, he himself may perhaps not be able to explain to you many things that he has said -- and said so beautifully that they have never been said so beautifully ever before.

AND AN ASTRONOMER SAID, MASTER, WHAT OF TIME?

The astronomer is continually concerned with the reality of time. That is his whole profession, his whole search.

AND HE ANSWERED:
YOU WOULD MEASURE TIME THE MEASURELESS AND THE IMMEASURABLE.

He is saying that your very effort is absurd. *you would measure... the measureless and the immeasurable?* Just the very idea shows your ignorance. Life has many dimensions which are measureless and immeasurable; time is only one of the aspects.

By the way, it will be significant for you to understand that the English word "measure" comes from the same Sanskrit root as "matter." The Sanskrit root is matra -- that which can be measured.

Matter is that which can be measured.

Spirit is that which cannot be measured.

The only difference between matter and the spiritual is that of measurement, because one measure is a quantity -- matter -- and the other measure is a quality -- spirit, love, time. These are qualities; there is no way to measure them. You can experience them, but you cannot describe your experience in words which indicate any kind of measurement. Can you tell someone how much you love them? -- one kilo, two kilos, or one mile, two miles? How much do you love? Even the whole sky will seem to be too small. All measurements are dropped.

So whenever somebody says, "I love you very much," he does not understand what he is saying -- because "very much" indicates quantity. Love is simply love. It is never more, never less. It is enough to say, "I love you." Or perhaps it is better even not to say that. Let your eyes show it, let your hands speak it, let your songs give hints, let your dance indicate it. Don't say, "I love you," because the moment you say, "I love you," you have confined something vast to a small word, "love." You have killed something.

The vastness of love, if confined to a small word, is imprisoned. Its wings are cut; it is a dead word.

My own experience of thousands of my people has given me strange insights, which perhaps Gautam Buddha missed -- because he never talked about love. The moment you say to someone, "I love you" -- watch! Perhaps it is the beginning of the end.

When there was love there was no need to say it.

Without saying it, it was heard.

Without uttering a single word, every vibe around you showed that you are in the spring, blossoming, dancing in the wind, in the sun, in the rain. The man in love does not walk, he dances. Only people who do not know love, walk.

The moment love blossoms in your being, the phenomenon is so great and so overwhelming that it changes everything in you. Your eyes are no longer the same as they used to be -- dull, dead; suddenly they become aflame. Suddenly the darkness in your eyes disappears and there is light; the shallowness of your face disappears and there is a depth beyond depth. You touch somebody, and your hand is no longer just a physical thing; through it is flowing something non-physical, non-material -- the warmth.

You must have seen, shaking hands with people.... With a few people, when you shake hands, it seems as if you are shaking hands with a dead branch of a tree. And with a few others -- rarely -- when you shake hands you know it is not simply shaking hands, but a meeting of two energies. You feel the passing of energy from your side and the passing of energy from the other side. There has been a communication, a communion.

Almustafa says: You would measure time the measureless and the immeasurable. Please don't be so

stupid. But astronomers, for centuries, have been doing that.
Almustafa says:

> YOU WOULD ADJUST YOUR CONDUCT AND EVEN DIRECT THE COURSE OF YOUR SPIRIT ACCORDING TO HOURS AND SEASONS.

That reminds me.... One of my friends -- although he was very old, of the age of my grandfather -- loved me immensely, so the distance between the ages, the generation gap, disappeared. He remained a member of the parliament for sixty years continuously. It is now a fact of history that only two men have remained for so long, non-stop, as members of parliament. One was Winston Churchill and the other is Dr. Govindas.

He was very traditional, and everybody wondered that he was so traditional, so orthodox.... Even orthodox people used to ask, "How do you both manage to sit for hours and discuss?" I used to stay with him whenever I used to pass through New Delhi. Even his wife told me one day, "This is so strange... everything that you say is against him. Listening to you both I get so confused. He goes on listening to you and he goes on doing his thing."

His superstitions were such that if he were going somewhere by train or by plane, first he would call his astronomer to ask, "What is the right time to move towards the north or towards the south -- exact minute, seconds?" And the astronomer would figure out the situation of the stars.

I told him, "This is going too far." The stars are not concerned where Govindas is going. I don't see any reason why the stars should be worried that Govindas is going north, when he should go to the south, that he is going one hour too early....

I said, "This is just the ego of the man -- as if the whole existence moves around his ego!"

He would listen to me and he would say, "You may be right, but I don't want to take any risk."
I said, "This is strange; you never argue the point."

He said, "It is not a question of argument, it is a question of risk. You may be right, but who knows?" -- for centuries people have consulted astronomers all over the world, birth charts have been made....

It was so difficult to stay with him, and it was very difficult not to stay with him, because if I was in Delhi not staying with him, and he came to know the next day, by reading in the newspapers, he would come rushing to me, angry, saying, "I have told you that whenever you are in Delhi you have to stay with me."

He wouldn't listen at all, he would simply drag me to his house -- and I was very comfortable in his house. He had a very beautiful house -- the best house, like emperors have: all comforts, servants, cars, everything; and only he and his wife, both old, were there.

He used to call people there -- parliamentarians, ministers, cabinet ministers -- to meet me. I said, "Everything is okay except your astronomer. If you would stop calling that astronomer.... Because of him I feel so tortured. The train is going to leave in the night at twelve and the astronomer says I should leave just when the sun is setting. It is not in my hands: The train will leave in the middle of the night; it cannot leave at six o'clock in the evening." So the astronomers have found a *via media*. They say, "You leave the house at six o'clock and wait at the station." So for hours I was waiting at the station.
I said, "This is the only trouble with you; otherwise, everything is okay."

I would reach Delhi, and if I was going to stay with him he would come to pick me up. But he would not move from the station until the time the astronomer had said he should reach the house. Even if we reached the house earlier, just by chance, if there was not much traffic, then we would go round and round.
I said, "This is strange. You harass me and you harass yourself."

He said, "We will reach the house at exactly the time the stars intend us to enter into the house."
I said, "No stars have told you anything."

But the astronomers, for thousands of years, have been obsessed. Their obsession is that they discipline their conduct according to their astronomical calculations. When to get married....

You will be surprised to know that in the ancient Indian astronomical treatises even the time when you should make love to your wife has to be asked by the astronomer, because she may get pregnant at a wrong time. Then you will get an Adolf Hitler bomb into your house, or a Ronald Reagan. So wait a little....

The treatises even say such absurd things like when the mother is going to give birth to the child she should hold and control until the right moment; she should suffer the pain. It is a struggle, because the child wants to be born, but the stars are not allowing it.

Such discipline... even your birth, your impregnation, have to be decided according to the stars and their movements. And everything else -- when you should eat, when you should not eat. For at least ten thousand years Jainas have not eaten in the night -- only between sunrise and sunset.

As a small child I used to suffer, because I had no idea.... What nonsense is this? Why should the stars be worried about me eating in the night? But a strange method is followed. Whatever is left after the supper, at sunset, is given to the beggars. So in the kitchen there is nothing left. So you may believe in the stars or not, but you have to remain hungry. And, particularly, there are ten days of holidays in Jainism when you cannot even drink water in the night; otherwise you will go to hell. Just drinking pure water -- not even polluted water. You are drinking the same water the whole day; there is no problem. The problem is the stars.

Almustafa is saying: *you would adjust your conduct and even direct the course of your spirit according to hours and seasons*. Not only your conduct but even your spiritual growth depends on your calculations of time and stars.

Just a few days ago, a young Jaina nun, a twenty-one year old, beautiful girl, escaped from the temple where she was staying. It was thought that somebody had abducted her, but the truth was something else. After two days a letter was received from the girl to her parents, saying, "Now I am adult. I have completed twenty-one years of age, and now I am absolutely free to make decisions about my life.

"You forced me to become a nun, renouncing life, because the astronomer said that if I became a nun at the age of nine, in a certain month, on a certain day, I will become enlightened."

Now no parents can afford to loose such an opportunity. In the first place a girl in India is a burden. Soon they will have to arrange a marriage. And marriage is so ugly in this country -- the father of the boy who is going to be married to this girl will ask for money. If the boy is a doctor he will ask for all the money that he has spent on his education. And every parent of any girl wants their girl to be in a well-to-do family. People sell their houses, their lands, just for their daughters to be married into a well-to-do family.

So this was a good opportunity -- a double opportunity. Now the problem of marriage is finished. The nun is going to be a celibate her whole life and there is also a great opportunity that she will become enlightened, because the astronomer said so.

The scriptures say that if your son or your daughter becomes enlightened, you are blessed. The father, the mother, they are blessed to have a son or a daughter who becomes enlightened. It raises even their consciousnesses. It is their blood, their bones; it is their extension. Something of the glory of the enlightened person is going to be reflected in the lives of the parents.

So they forced the girl -- and she was not even able to understand what was happening. At the age of twenty-one she saw the whole thing -- that this is sheer stupidity -- and she escaped. And she threatened her parents: "If you try to find me and force me back again, I am going to expose all the tortures that I have gone through, and all the ill treatment, perverted treatment, that has been given to me.

"So if you want to save your monks and your nuns and their so-called purity and celibacy, you simply forget me completely. Don't try to find me."

Stars cannot decide anything.

OF TIME YOU WOULD MAKE A STREAM UPON WHOSE BANK YOU WOULD SIT AND WATCH ITS FLOWING.

This is the way of the philosopher, the speculator. For him, time is just like a stream; and he is sitting on the bank speculating about the stream: where it comes from, where it goes... but the reality is something totally different.

It is not time that goes anywhere; we come and we go. Time remains where it is, where it has always been. It is not a stream; we are streams. Time cannot be a stream because it is not matter.

Modern physics will support Kahlil Gibran in his statement. Albert Einstein will support him because he has reduced time to a dimension of space -- the fourth dimension of space.

Just think of space... you never think of space as a stream. Space is always there: you come and go, you go into the room, you go out of the room, but the space in the room remains where it is. Albert Einstein's whole life effort was somehow to figure out what time is. And his discovery was that time is only a fourth dimension of space; hence certainly it cannot be in a flow.

It is not possible that one of your hands is a flow and your whole body remains static -- then your hand

will have gone to the ocean and you will be left far behind; and then there is no possibility of meeting your hand again.

If time is a fourth dimension of space, that means neither space goes anywhere, nor time goes anywhere. Seasons come and go, people come and go; spring comes and there are flowers, and the fall comes and all the trees are standing naked. So there is much going and coming -- but remember that neither space goes anywhere nor time goes anywhere.

It is strange that nobody before Albert Einstein indicated the fact that time should not be thought of as a stream. It has always been thought, in all cultures, in all civilizations, in all ages, as a stream. There must be something psychological in it. Why has the whole humanity always thought of it in the same way -- as a stream?

As I see it.... I see a very significant psychological fact in it. The psychological fact is that we don't want to be a stream, we want to be here and now, forever. Seasons change, morning comes, evening comes, day changes into night, night changes into day. Everything around us goes on changing; we just remain the same. Our fear of change, our fear of the unknown... because the change may take you into the unknown; it is bound to take you into the unknown.

We also see childhood changes, youth changes, middle age changes, old age changes, but we do not pay much attention to this kind of change, because this is our identity. So we know perfectly well we are changing -- we are in a flux -- but we are afraid to become conscious of it.

A true meditator is one who becomes conscious of the change that is happening in his body, in the world. He has to become aware of everything that changes. Your mind goes on changing, your feelings go on changing -- is there something which does not change? We have called that innermost core of your being the center of your cyclone, your *soul*, which does not change.

Again it will be important to be reminded that only one person in the whole history of man has called the soul "time," and that man was Mahavira. He has called the soul *samaya* -- time. That is the only thing that remains; everything goes on flowing.

So there is within you at the very deepest point, a witness -- a *sakshi* -- a watcher which does not change. And this watcher is really nothing but time. But only one man in the whole of history has actually called it time.

So if you become a witness of all the changes that are happening around you -- outside you, inside you -- sooner or later you will become aware of the one who is watching it all. That witness is eternal. That witness is your immortality. That witness knows no death, because it knows no change.

YET THE TIMELESS IN YOU IS AWARE OF LIFE'S TIMELESSNESS.

That is what I say is the most mysterious thing about Kahlil Gibran. He is not, in any way, of the same category as Mahavira, but what he is saying is exactly the same. He is saying: *Yet the timeless in you is aware of life's timelessness*. Because you conceive of time as a stream, a change within you, there is something which is changeless. You can call it timeless because you are accustomed to time being synonymous with change.

That timeless within you, that unchanging within you is aware of the innermost core of existence too, is aware that all change is superficial.

In death nothing ever changes.

It is always the same.

Just the very idea and you will feel a great serenity and silence descending upon you....

AND KNOWS THAT YESTERDAY IS BUT TO-DAY'S MEMORY AND TO-MORROW IS TO-DAY'S DREAM.

Poets are not expected to say such things; it is not in their dimension. *Yesterday is but today's memory*.... There is no yesterday left behind. It is not like a railway train -- that you have come to this station and you have left the other station behind. Yesterday has come with you. It has not been left behind, it has come with you as memory. It is today's memory, and the same is true about tomorrow.

It is not that it is going to come from somewhere to meet you; you already have it in your dream, in your imagination.

Yesterday is your memory.
Tomorrow is your dream.
But the only real thing is today.

AND THAT THAT WHICH SINGS AND CONTEMPLATES IN YOU IS STILL DWELLING WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THAT FIRST MOMENT WHICH SCATTERED THE STARS INTO THE SPACE.

This is a tremendously potential statement. He is saying, "This very moment what is dwelling within you is not something different; you have not left the beginning, the first moment when stars were scattered into the sky. That first moment is still within you; it is your memory."

He is not saying anything about the last moment, but just a logical corollary.... If the first moment is dwelling within you, when the stars were scattered into the sky, the last moment, when all the scattered stars will be again pulled back into a net and disappear, is also dwelling in you, in your dreams.
You contain the whole eternity in this very moment.

The whole past and the whole future is contained in this small moment. It is not small; you are just not aware of its immensity.

Who among you does not feel that his power to love is boundless?

He is just giving you an example: Everybody feels that the power within him to love is boundless. But you have boundaries. How can the boundless be within you, who have boundaries? You must have read Leo Tolstoy's famous story, How Much Land Does a Man Require? -- how big is your grave going to be?

In this small body you are aware there are things which are boundless. He is giving you the example of love, because that is more common and understandable. In the same way, time also dwells in you in its boundlessness. In the same way, space also dwells in you in its infinity.

It will be far better -- perhaps not linguistically right... but I don't care about language, I care about what is real. To say, "Love dwells within me," is not right. It is better to say, "I dwell in love." Then your boundaries cannot be the boundaries of love. Perhaps you have loved -- but loved without any awareness. If you had loved with awareness you would not have said, "Love is in my heart." No -- your heart is in love.

Love surrounds you -- infinite love. And perhaps that is the reason no lover is satisfied -- because his love is boundless and needs a response which is boundless. Every lover is in search of someone who can love boundlessly -- there will not be any limitation on it -- but your very idea that love dwells in you makes it a small thing.

Think that you dwell in love just as the fish dwells in the ocean, then you can share your love without any fear, then you know it is inexhaustible, then you need not be so miserly about it.

If love is understood as an oceanic feeling around you, there will be no jealousy.

Jealousy is the poison that kills all love and all its joy. But jealousy arises because of your basic misunderstanding. We go on thinking of love also as a quantity, so we are afraid: if the person you love also loves somebody else, you are immediately afraid. He was loving you two kilos -- now only one kilo. And tomorrow, if he finds somebody else -- only half a kilo! And in this way your love will go on disappearing; soon you will be sitting with your scales, with no kilos.

The whole of jealousy is based on the fear that love can be divided, that it is a quantity.
It is a *quality*.

You can give as much as you want, to as many people as you want -- to the whole world -- still your sources are inexhaustible. There is no question of jealousy at all.

In my dreams of the future humanity, I always see that the day must come, one day, when there will be no jealousy, when there will be no anger, when there will be no quarreling over small things -- because you have such a treasure of love, who cares about small things?

Love itself is such a fulfillment that you don't need any other fulfillment. It is the nourishment of your very soul. And the day when there is a possibility of love without jealousy, we will have brought the kingdom of God on the earth.

That is where I differ from Jesus. Jesus wants you to enter God's kingdom: I want you to bring God's kingdom here on the earth -- because this is an unnecessarily arduous thing, to convince so many people, "Come on, follow me, and I will take you to the kingdom of God." Why not bring the kingdom of God here?

All the religions are angry with me, for the simple reason that they have all been exploiting humanity -- that they will make arrangements for you in the kingdom of God. Naturally, they look at me as their most dangerous enemy, because I am telling you, "There is no need to go anywhere. We can pull the whole tent of God's kingdom here, with God and all in it!"
There is no need to go anywhere.
All that is needed is a deep understanding and awareness of love's infinity.

AND YET WHO DOES NOT FEEL THAT VERY LOVE, THOUGH BOUNDLESS, ENCOMPASSED WITHIN THE CENTER OF HIS BEING....

Almustafa is saying: On the one hand love is infinite...*and yet who does not feel that very love, though boundless, encompassed within the center of his being*.... It is both. The circumference is bigger than the sky, and the center is at the very interiority of your being.

... AND MOVING NOT FROM LOVE THOUGHT TO LOVE THOUGHT, NOR FROM LOVE DEEDS TO OTHER LOVE DEEDS?

Love is not a flux, a movement. It is not that from one love thought it moves to another love thought, from one love deed it moves to another love deed. No, deeds and thoughts and feelings all move in the ocean of love. But the love itself remains as it is -- eternal, immortal, ultimate.

AND IS NOT TIME EVEN AS LOVE IS, UNDIVIDED AND PACELESS?

He has brought his conclusion to a beautiful end: *and is not time even as love is*.... I don't think that the astronomer would have understood him, because astronomers are one of the categories of idiots. There are many categories, but astronomers are a very prominent category. They don't know what love is.

The whole argument of Kahlil Gibran is based on a synchronicity between love and time. It is difficult to discuss time, because it is nobody's experience.

In England there was one great atheist, Edmund Burke. His friends told him, "You are a great atheist. One of our great preachers has come -- even the archbishop is going to hear his sermon today. We invite you to come; and you will be convinced."

Burke went to the church with his friends. He listened to the sermon, and at the end, when it was a question-answer hour, he stood up and he asked, "Have not you told us that God is omnipotent, all-powerful?"

The bishop said, "Of course, God is all-powerful. He can do whatever he wants to do. He created the world, he created everything."

Edmund Burke just raised his hand, showed his watch, and told the priest, "I give you and your God five minutes -- let Him stop my watch. A simple thing.... I am not asking Him to create a world, just to stop my watch. And I am giving enough time -- five minutes. In six days he created the whole universe. I can stop my watch within a second."

The congregation was shocked, the archbishop was shocked. The watch continued to move.... Edmund Burke's friends were very much depressed. The whole congregation fell into silence: Edmund Burke laughed and walked out of the church. His friends came out, running, with him.

He said, "Do you understand? I have proved that there is no God. And even if there is any God, He is not even potent enough to stop my watch."

This incident has been quoted again and again in many books written about Edmund Burke -- he was a great thinker. Whenever I have come across this incident, I have to laugh myself. And I have felt that it is unfortunate that Edmund Burke is dead; otherwise I would have entered England, even if the parliament does not allow me, just to say to Edmund Burke, "God did not bother about your watch because time is always at a stop. It is not moving. What to do? Your question was wrong. It is your watch that is moving.

"It is our arbitrary method to measure time, which is immeasurable. But God does not know our arbitrary things; He is not a watchmaker. He is aware of the time; and He must have laughed, 'Time has

always been at a stop. What is this English fool asking?' And how can you stop a thing which is already stopped? -- since the very beginning it has been at a stop. It has never moved."

Our superficial understanding is of movement -- one thought to another, one deed to another. But existence knows, in its roots, everything is at a full stop. Nothing moves.
If you can experience this point where nothing moves, you have come home.
That very experience will explain to you all the mysteries of existence.

AND IS NOT TIME EVEN AS LOVE IS, UNDIVIDED AND PACELESS?
BUT IF IN YOUR THOUGHT YOU MUST MEASURE TIME INTO SEASONS, LET EACH SEASON ENCIRCLE ALL THE OTHER SEASONS.

He is saying, "I can understand your difficulties. Perhaps you cannot rise to such heights, or such depths, and you have to measure time. Then remember one thing...*if you must measure time into seasons, let each season encircle all the other seasons*. He is saying, "Let your birth and your death be the same; don't divide them. Then let the fall and the spring be the same; don't divide them."

The moment you are born you have started dying. It is not that, after seventy years you will one day suddenly die. Nobody has suddenly died, up to now. Death is a process, just as life is a process.
And life and death are almost like your two wings, together.

The moment you are born, you have started dying too. As life grows, so is death growing -- simultaneously, hand in hand. The moment life is complete, death is also complete. They come into the world together, they disappear from the world together. They are not two different things.

LET EACH SEASON ENCIRCLE ALL THE OTHER SEASONS.
AND LET TO-DAY EMBRACE THE PAST WITH REMEMBRANCE AND THE FUTURE WITH LONGING.

If you must divide -- the best is not to divide, but if your mind cannot understand the indivisibility of existence, and you must divide -- then at least remember that your...*to-day embraces the past with remembrance and the future with longing*.

Let, in your present moment, there be a meeting of the whole past and of the whole future.

This moment, which contains the whole past and the whole future, is the only reality there is.
This present moment is time. And it is always present.

I have loved one small incident.... There was an atheist, a great law expert, and he always loved to discuss about God. The easiest thing to demolish in the world is God -- God is the most defenseless hypothesis. He always wanted to bring in somehow, in discussions with friends or strangers, the question of God.

But it is not always easy. Somebody is talking about the weather, somebody is talking about the vegetables... how to bring God in? So he made a device: just behind himself on the wall he wrote in big letters, bold letters: "GOD IS NOWHERE," so anybody who came would look at it. And it was such a thing that just out of curiosity one would ask, "This is strange. Why have you written this sentence here -- don't you believe in God?" So every person who entered in his sitting room had to discuss God with him. And he was ready with arguments.

One day his small child, who was just learning language and was able to pronounce small words, but was not able to pronounce big and long words, was sitting there on the floor when two, three people came -- strangers. They looked at the wall, so the boy also looked at the wall -- for the first time; otherwise he had not cared, he had been living in the house. And because he was trying to learn language... and whenever children are trying to learn something they try it again and again, to grasp it. So he tried himself. He read slowly, "God" -- everybody listened to what he was saying -- "is".... But nowhere was too big a word, so he cut it in two: "God is now here."

Even his father was shocked. Thousands of people had come into the room but nobody had made "nowhere" into "now, here".

A Persian sufi saying is: "When you cannot understand, sometimes God speaks to you through children." You cannot argue with children. Now you cannot argue with him, "It is not `now here,' it is `nowhere.'" The child started repeating it again and again: "God is now here."

That night the father could not sleep. Again and again he heard his child's voice. It is difficult to argue with him: "God does not exist." He tried, but he said, "If He does not exist, then how can He be now here?"

He had to look into his own philosophy of atheism for the first time: "Perhaps the child is right. I have never searched... where God is. All my arguments are only intellectual; I have no existential experience. I have never meditated. I have never experienced what it means to be `now here.'"

If you can experience the phenomenon of "now here," you have experienced something that a few people have called God, a few people have called truth, a few people have called love, a few people have called beauty. It does not matter what you call it.

But the transformation from "nowhere" to "now here" is so vast and unbridgeable... from a negative statement it becomes an absolutely positive statement.

What Albert Einstein discovered -- that time is the fourth dimension of space -- that child uttered without knowing it: because "now" is time and "here" is space.

Where "now" and "here" are together, the whole existence is available to you.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #10

Chapter title: Evil is nothing but an absence of good

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BELOVED OSHO,
AND ONE OF THE ELDERS OF THE CITY SAID,
SPEAK TO US OF GOOD AND EVIL.
AND HE ANSWERED:
OF THE GOOD IN YOU I CAN SPEAK, BUT NOT OF THE EVIL.
FOR WHAT IS EVIL BUT GOOD TORTURED BY ITS OWN HUNGER AND THIRST?
VERILY WHEN GOOD IS HUNGRY IT SEEKS FOOD EVEN IN DARK CAVES, AND WHEN IT THIRSTS IT DRINKS EVEN OF DEAD WATERS.
YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU ARE ONE WITH YOURSELF.
YET WHEN YOU ARE NOT ONE WITH YOURSELF YOU ARE NOT EVIL.
FOR A DIVIDED HOUSE IS NOT A DEN OF THIEVES; IT IS ONLY A DIVIDED HOUSE.
AND A SHIP WITHOUT RUDDER MAY WANDER AIMLESSLY AMONG PERILOUS ISLES YET SINK NOT TO THE BOTTOM.
YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU STRIVE TO GIVE OF YOURSELF.
YET YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU SEEK GAIN FOR YOURSELF.
FOR WHEN YOU STRIVE FOR GAIN YOU ARE BUT A ROOT THAT CLINGS TO THE EARTH AND SUCKS AT HER BREAST.
SURELY THE FRUIT CANNOT SAY TO THE ROOT, "BE LIKE ME, RIPE AND FULL AND EVER GIVING OF YOUR ABUNDANCE."
FOR TO THE FRUIT GIVING IS A NEED, AS RECEIVING IS A NEED TO THE ROOT.
AND ONE OF THE ELDERS OF THE CITY SAID,
SPEAK TO US OF GOOD AND EVIL....

Each single word uttered by Kahlil Gibran has to be understood in all its implications. Why did the elders of the city ask? Why not a young man? Why not a child?

The child is so innocent, he does not know the distinction between good and evil; hence the question does not arise. To the child there is nothing good and nothing evil. It is out of ignorance, but it has a similarity with the ultimate state of a man who is awakened... for him, too, there is no good, no evil. The awakened one has come back to his childhood again -- with a difference, with a great difference. The child was ignorant; the awakened one is really innocent. And the demarcation between ignorance and innocence is very fine.

Jesus said to Nicodemus, a professor of Judaism in the university of Jerusalem, "Unless you are born again you will not understand what I am saying." He is not saying that first you have to die and be born through another womb. He is saying, "Unless you are so transformed that your ignorance becomes innocence... that is true rebirth. And only then will you understand what I am saying."

The child cannot ask the question because he cannot make distinctions, and the awakened one will not ask because he knows that good and evil are two sides of the same coin. If you choose good you have also chosen the evil. And this is one of the great miseries of all the religions and their saints -- they have chosen the good and repressed the evil. Because of this division they themselves have become divided and split. And not only have they become divided and split, they have made the whole humanity schizophrenic.

So it is significant that a child does not ask the question. It is also significant that a young man does not ask the question... because for the young, life is so absorbing and the song of life is so fulfilling and his heart is beating with love. He has no time to think about good and evil. Only the elders... and the elders are those who have spent all their energies, who are empty. They have nothing to do.

The child was full of wonder, the youth was full of love, but the old man has lost all. Neither have his eyes any wonder; because he is so knowledgeable, nothing surprises him, and he has seen that every love slowly, slowly, turns into hate. He is living -- but an empty life. And these empty people become very much concerned about judgment. They cannot do anything themselves, but at least, sitting in their rocking chairs, they can judge everybody -- who is good, who is bad, who is a sinner and who is a saint.

This is their way of somehow feeling more important than the young, than the children. The children are ignorant; the young are blind. Only the old think they have got eyes, because they have lived life, they have experienced everything. But just experiencing everything does not make one wise, because one of the most important criteria for a wise man is that he drops judgment. He can see in the good that the evil is lying. He can see in the evil that the good is present. The saint and the sinner are not different categories. Their choices are different, but they have chosen from the same well. From where good comes, evil comes -- and whatever you choose, you will suffer.

Choice brings suffering. If you choose good, then that which is evil in you will continually create a conflict, a repentance, a doubt, "Perhaps those who have chosen the evil are enjoying life. I have chosen good, and all that it has given to me is just a seriousness, a dryness."

The saint cannot smile, the saint cannot dance; he is afraid. The song may lead him towards the evil, the dance may lead him towards that which he has renounced. But just by renouncing you cannot get rid of things. They remain in your unconscious, waiting for their opportunity. Hence it has happened many times in history that a sinner has become a saint just in a single moment of understanding, and a so-called saint has fallen and become a sinner just in a single moment of unawareness.

A beautiful story is told about a disciple of Gautam Buddha. He was a young monk, very healthy, very beautiful, very cultured. He had come -- just like Gautam Buddha -- from a royal family, renouncing the kingdom.

In the West, just as Cleopatra is thought to be the most beautiful woman in the whole past of humanity, in the East a parallel woman to Cleopatra is Amrapali. She was a contemporary of Gautam Buddha. She was so beautiful that there were always golden chariots standing at the gate of her palace. Even great kings had to wait to meet her -- and she was only a prostitute, but she could purchase kingdoms, she had become so rich. But deep down, she suffered. In that beautiful body there was also a beautiful soul which hankered for love.

When a man comes to buy the body of a woman, she may pretend great love for him because he has paid for it, but deep down she hates him because he is using her as a thing, as an object -- purchasable; he is not respecting her as a human being. And the greatest hurt and wound that can happen to anybody is when you are treated as a dead thing and your integrity, your individuality, is humiliated.

This young monk went into the city to beg. Not knowing, he passed by so many chariots of gold and

beautiful horses. He was amazed, "Who lives in this palace?" As he looked upwards, Amrapali was looking from the window, and for the first time love arose in her heart -- for the simple reason that the moment the young monk saw Amrapali, he bowed down to her with deep respect. Such beauty has to be respected, not to be used. It is a great gift of existence to be appreciated -- but not to be humiliated.

At the moment this young, beautiful monk bowed down, suddenly a great upsurge of energy happened in Amrapali. For the first time somebody had looked at her with eyes of respect, somebody had given her the dignity of being a human being. She ran down, touched the feet of the monk and said, "Don't go anywhere else; today be my guest."

He said, "I am a *bhikku*, a beggar. In your great palace, where so many kings are waiting in a queue to meet you, it won't look good."

She said, "Forget all about those kings -- I hate them! But don't say no to my invitation, because for the first time I have given an invitation. I have been invited thousands of times by kings and emperors, but I have never invited anybody. Don't hurt me, this is my very first invitation. Have your food with me."

The monk agreed. Other monks were coming behind him, because Buddha used to move with ten thousand monks wherever he went; they could not believe their eyes, that the young monk is going into the house of the prostitute. With great jealousy, anger, they returned to Gautam Buddha. With one voice they said, "This man has to be expelled from the commune! He has broken all your discipline. Not only did he bow down to a prostitute, he has even accepted her invitation to go into her palace and have his food there." Buddha said, "Let him come back."

For the first time Amrapali herself served food into the bowl of the monk. With tears of joy she said, "Can I ask a favor?"

The young monk said, "I don't have anything, except myself. If it is in my capacity, I will do anything you want me to do."

She said, "Nothing has to be done. The season of rains is going to start within two, three days...." And this was the rule of Buddhist monks, that in the rainy season they stopped in one place for four months; eight months in the year they were continually moving from one place to another, but for the four months of the rains it was absolutely necessary for them to stay somewhere where they could get a shelter.

Amrapali said, "The coming four months, this palace should be your shelter. I don't ask anything. I will not disturb you in any way, I will make everything as comfortable as possible for you, but don't go for these four months."

The monk said, "I have to ask my master. If he allows me, I will stay. If he does not allow me, you will have to forgive me. It is not in my hands. It is my master who decides where one has to stay."

He came back. Everybody was angry, jealous, and they were all waiting to see if Gautam Buddha was going to punish him. Buddha asked, "Tell me the whole thing. What happened?"

He told Buddha everything. He also said that Amrapali... he did not use the word "prostitute" -- that is a judgment. You have already condemned a woman by the very word, condemned her that she sells her body, that she sells her love, that her love is a commodity -- if you have money you can purchase it.

He said, "Amrapali has invited me for the coming rainy season, and I have told her that if my master allows me, I will stay in her palace. It does not matter...."

There was great silence among the ten thousand monks. Nobody had thought that Gautam Buddha would say, "You are allowed to stay with Amrapali." They could not believe their own ears; what were they hearing? A monk who has renounced the world is going to stay for four months in the house of a prostitute?

One old monk stood up and said, "This is not right! This man is hiding a fact. He says one woman, Amrapali, has invited him. She is not a woman, she is a prostitute!"

Gautam Buddha said, "I know, and because he has not used the word `prostitute' I am allowing him to stay there. He has respect -- no judgment, no condemnation. He himself does not want to stay, that is why he has come here to ask the master. If *you* asked me to stay there, I would not allow you."

Another monk said, "It is a strange decision. We will lose our monk! That woman is not an ordinary woman but an enchantress. This man, in four months, will be completely lost to the virtuous life, the good life, the life of a saint. After four months he will come as a sinner."

Gautam Buddha said, "After four months you will be here, I will be here; let us see what happens, because I trust in his meditations and I trust in his insight. Preventing him will be distrusting him. He trusts me; otherwise there was no need to come. He could have thrown away the begging bowl and remained there. I understand him, and I know his consciousness. This is a good opportunity, a fire test, to see what happens. Just wait for four months."

Those four months, for the monks, were very long. Each day was going so slowly, and they were imagining what must be happening, they were dreaming in the night about what must be happening. And after four months, the monk came back with a beautiful woman following him. He said to Buddha, "She is Amrapali. She wants to be initiated into the commune. I recommend her -- she is a unique woman. Not only is she beautiful, she has a soul as pure as you can conceive."

She fell at Gautam Buddha's feet. This was even a bigger shock to those ten thousand people! And Buddha said to them, "I know these four months have been very long, and you have suffered much. Day in and day out your mind was thinking only about what was happening between the monk and Amrapali, that he must have fallen in love with the woman and gone down the drain; four months will pass, the rains will stop, but he will not return... with what face?

"But you see, when a man of consciousness enters in the house of a prostitute, it is the *prostitute* that changes -- not the man of consciousness. It is always the lower that goes through transformation when it comes in contact with the higher. The higher cannot be dragged down."

Her name, Amrapali, means.... She had the biggest mango grove, perhaps one hundred square miles, and she presented that to Gautam Buddha -- it was the most beautiful place. And she presented her palace, all her immense resources, for the spread of the message of Buddha.

Buddha said to his *sangha*, to his commune, "If you are afraid to be in the company of a prostitute, that fear has nothing to do with the prostitute; that fear is coming from your own unconscious, because you have repressed your sexuality. If you are clean, then all judgment disappears."

So the awakened has no judgments of what is good and what is bad, and the child has no judgment because he cannot make the distinction -- he has no experience. In this sense it is true that every awakened person becomes a child again -- not ignorant, but innocent. But every old person is not an awakened being. It should be so; if life has been lived rightly -- with alertness, with joy, with silence, with understanding -- you not only grow old, you also grow up. And these are two different processes. Everybody grows old, but everybody does not grow up.

Growing up is a spiritual phenomenon; growing old is a physical thing -- your body grows old, but your being remains retarded. If your being also grows UP... and remember the difference. We cannot say that the being grows old -- it never grows old; it only grows up, higher and higher. But it always remains remains young, fresh -- as fresh as the dewdrops in the early morning sun on the lotus leaf.

AND ONE OF THE ELDERS OF THE CITY SAID,
SPEAK TO US OF GOOD AND EVIL.

The old people, if they have not grown up also, are a torture to their whole family -- to the children, to the youth -- because about everything that you are doing you can see condemnation in their eyes. To live with old people who have not grown up is a tremendous strain. Whatever you do is going to be judged, as if you are always standing in a court. You cannot argue with them, because that is an insult to old age; even to speak before your elders has been condemned by all societies.

In the parables of Aesop there is a beautiful small parable.... The very young lamb of a sheep is drinking water in a mountainous stream -- crystal clear water. A lion sees the lamb, and naturally feels happy that this is a good chance for a beautiful breakfast. So he also comes close, and he says to the lamb, "You seem to be very arrogant and stubborn."

The lamb said, "I have not even said a single word -- I have not done anything."

The lion said, "You have not done anything? You are destroying the water, polluting it, disturbing the mud -- and I am going to drink the water. You don't have any respect for the king of all the animals."

The lamb said, "Uncle, you have forgotten one thing. The stream is not flowing towards you; it is going downwards, so if anything is disturbed, it is not coming to you. Whatever *you* do, that will come to *me*."

The lion was very angry because the lamb seemed to be too logical... and nobody wants their breakfast to be so logical! He said, "You are not only stubborn, but you are trying to be very intellectual."

The lamb said, "I am a poor sheep, how can I be intellectual? You are the king."

The lion said, "Forget all about the king and see... what about your father who insulted me yesterday?"

The lamb said, "It must have been somebody else, because my father died almost three weeks ago. To tell the truth, you killed my father three weeks ago, so how could he have insulted you yesterday?"

Now this was too much! The lion said, "You don't understand tradition, courtesy, that elders should be

respected. You should not open your mouth!" And he got hold of the lamb.

The lamb said, "You wasted so much time unnecessarily. I knew from the very beginning that it is your breakfast time. There was no need to rationalize it -- just have your breakfast. My mother you have eaten, my father you have eaten. I am an orphan in trouble; it is better that you eat me too. At least inside you I will meet my father and mother -- a family reunion."

The whole of humanity, for centuries, has been repressing the children, the youth. Yet even if an old man is an idiot, his old age has to be respected.

This kind of question can come only from an old man who has not grown up. He is asking for clarity about what is good and what is evil -- so that he can judge people more easily. In their eyes, everything you do is wrong, because they are spent forces, they cannot do anything. Everything that you are doing they have done, and they still want to do, but they are spent forces. They cannot do anything, but at least they can have the joy of condemning you.

All the saints who have condemned people, saying that they will go to hell, are not saints but only sinners who have covered their sins or their desires and longings for sins with a thin layer of saintliness -- and what kind of saintliness?

I was traveling with a Hindu monk, a very famous Hindu monk. We were going to participate in a conference. You could see in his eyes that everything was wrong.... When we sat in the car to go to the airport I was amazed; on a beautiful car seat the cloth on which he used to sit was put. Until that cloth was put on the car seat, he remained standing, then he got in and sat on his cloth.

I said, "This is strange; the seat was far better! Your cloth is dirty -- you go on sitting on it everywhere." He used to carry it in a bundle. The seat was clean....

But he said, "I cannot sit on a car seat. I am against all luxury."

I said, "This is great! You are sitting in a car, in a luxurious car, and just because you have put a small piece of cloth between you and the seat, I am going to hell and you are going to heaven... just because of the dirty seat that you are sitting on."

He was such a nuisance -- all saints are nuisances. Wherever we were staying, he created so much trouble. He needed only cow's milk -- he did not eat anything else. That was not a big trouble, but the cow had to be completely white! When I heard this, I said, "What do you mean? Are you going to *eat* the cow or are you going to drink the milk? Milk is always white; whether the cow is black or white, it does not make any difference."

He said, "You don't understand. Black symbolizes evil, white symbolizes good." So for him people have to search for a white cow, completely white, not even a dot, a patch; otherwise he will remain without food. The whole family is disturbed that a great saint is sitting without food, and everybody is running around the town to find a pure white cow -- which is very rare!

I said, "You are creating so much nuisance, and you are making all these people so tortured; because *you* have not eaten, they have not eaten. How can the host eat when a great saint is the guest and is hungry?"

These are the thin layers -- stupid, arbitrary, meaningless -- with which one goes on covering over one's real desires, longings, which one condemns. And I have found this: the more a person condemns something, the more he is obsessed with it. Look into your religious scriptures. They have been written by saints, great sages, but whatever they condemn, they condemn in such detail. Just looking into their condemnation you can feel that they are enjoying the condemnation. They have not been able to enjoy; hence, at least they can enjoy condemning it, and condemning all those who are enjoying, and enjoy the idea that all these people will suffer in hell....

Every family in the world is tortured by the old people. My own suggestion is that the moment a man becomes retired, he should be retired from the family too. Every town, city, must have beautiful houses with lawns, with trees, with waterfalls, where old men and old women live together. And you will be surprised that those old fools who were condemning the young people will start falling in love -- because love never dies, never becomes old. It is always there, young in you.

These old people are torturing the young, because before their own children, children's children, they cannot start meddling with some old woman -- that will look very awkward! Leave them alone, and soon they will forget that they are old. They will live longer, and they will not be so irritable; they will become happy people.

Just as we send children to the hostels to study and come home when they have passed their university examinations... that is one third of life, twenty-five years at least. Then for twenty-five years allow them to live in the world, work in the world. And when they get retired, they again go back to the hostel -- not a

hostel where men and women are separate, but a mixed hostel. And you will be surprised that your old pop is looking so happy; he never used to be so smiling.

Now, when once in a while he comes home, he is always bringing a fresh breeze into the house. Something strange is happening? -- nothing strange is happening! He has fallen in love again with an old woman. And there is nothing wrong in it.

Love should be your life to the very last breath.

But, up to now, we have been keeping generations together -- three generations, four generations, together, under one roof -- hence the generation gap. They are not even on talking terms. They talk only when it is business, when it is absolutely necessary; otherwise they avoid each other. This is an ugly arrangement. The right arrangement will be that children should be in school -- girls and boys together -- so they become acquainted with each other. The more they know each other, the better is the possibility for finding the partner in their life.

Do you see the stupid idea...? If you want to purchase a car, you look into all the catalogs of all the cars, you go to a show-room to see which car will be suitable for you. You just don't fall in love with any car that comes by, saying "I have fallen in love with a Ford," and the next day you see a Rolls Royce -- now there will be trouble. The Ford will not allow you to look at the Rolls Royce. The Ford will say, "Close the windows and look ahead!"

It would have been better if you had seen all the cars and then chosen one... and that's what we do with everything, except the most important thing -- a partner, your wife, your husband. You just blindly fall into love, without bothering that there are millions of women, millions of men around; and soon you are going to come to somebody who is far more beautiful, far more intelligent, far more loving. Then you will suffer.

Children should live in mixed hostels; then young people should live in mixed hostels; then finally, the last stage of our schooling, the old people should live in the best possible places where they can play golf, go horse-riding, go to swimming pools, forests, mountains, and they will become young again -- at least ten years will be added to their life. And they will be more understanding, because they will see even more love arises in their heart. So if their young son has fallen in love with someone, nothing is wrong in it. It is just the way of life, it is how existence wants it to be.

But the old people have always been concerned about what is good and what is evil. Almustafa answered:

OF THE GOOD IN YOU I CAN SPEAK, BUT NOT OF THE EVIL.

This is such a pregnant statement, with so much meaning and significance, that if you understand it, your whole approach about people -- judgment -- will change.

Almustafa says: *of the good in you i can speak, but not of the evil*... Why? -- because evil is nothing but an absence of good. And what can you say about absence? It is like darkness; you can speak about light, but you cannot speak about darkness. In the first place darkness does not exist -- it is only an absence. Just bring a candle in, and it is no longer there. And very beautiful statements Almustafa makes on it.

FOR WHAT IS EVIL BUT GOOD TORTURED BY ITS OWN HUNGER AND THIRST?

Darkness is hunger for light; it is thirsty for light because it is empty. And so is the situation about good and evil -- they are not two things.

Good has a positive existence. The sinner is only in search of being a saint. Don't condemn him. He is groping in dark -- help him. Don't go on giving judgments and punishments to him and say, "You will be thrown into hell." The poor man is trying in every way to find out where the light is.

If you go to a religious teacher he will tell you, "Fight evil, and when you have crushed evil you will be good." This is the completely wrong approach, which has destroyed the whole humanity and all its joy.

If you come to a master he will say,"Don't fight with evil -- because that is wasting your energy. Fighting with darkness, you cannot create light. Search for the light, create light, and darkness will disappear."

This is the difference... the so-called religious teachers of all the religions, without exception, are telling you, "Destroy evil." But you cannot destroy it; anything which is just an absence cannot be destroyed.

If I say to you, "Go into your room and destroy the darkness, fight with it, wrestle with it, take a sword and cut off its head," most probably you will cut off your own head. In the darkness, you are fighting with nobody.

An old definition of a philosopher is: A man in the darkest night, in a dark house, blind, is looking for a black cat -- which is not there. Now if everyone is frustrated that they cannot find the black cat....

You have never bothered that you are blind; you have never bothered that the house is dark, that the night is dark. But the search goes on and on. Evil is that black cat that does not exist.

That's why Almustafa says, "From the very beginning I will speak of the good in you, but not of the evil."

Such great insights Kahlil Gibran brings to life....

FOR WHAT IS EVIL BUT GOOD TORTURED BY ITS OWN HUNGER AND THIRST?

The implications of this statement are great. Every child is born good. No child is born as Ronald Reagan, or Adolf Hitler, or Joseph Stalin -- but what happens? These people have tried... Adolf Hitler first wanted to be a painter. No school of painting accepted him, because he was not a great painter. But my understanding is, if he wanted to be a painter... he may have been amateurish in the beginning. If the chance was given he may not have become a genius, a Picasso, but he would have become at least a good painter -- and the second world war would have been avoided, six million people would not have been killed. When rejected from the schools of painting he started thinking of becoming an architect, and was again refused.

It seems we accept only flowers, not seeds.

Our insight is so shallow that we cannot see the flower in the seed -- and every educational system is criminal in this sense. They want you to come as a flower, fully grown, fragrant; then you will be accepted. But why should a flower come to you? It is the seed who is tortured inside, wants to grow, have green foliage, wants to dance in the sun, wants to grow flowers -- just give him the opportunity. And don't ask that every flower has to be a roseflower. What about the marigold? There is no way for the marigold to be a rose, it can only be a marigold.

A right educational system -- an educational system which is wise -- will not impose standards on people but rather find ways how a certain person can grow into his own potentiality.

If Adolf Hitler wanted to be an architect, what was wrong in it? At the most he may not have created great Taj Mahals, but I don't think that he would have not have been able to make your apartments, high-rise buildings... they don't need much intelligence. Absolutely idiotic constructors are making all kinds of things -- they have made humanity live in boxes. What harm could Adolf Hitler have done? But rejected from there, this continuous rejection....

And all Adolf Hitler's efforts were for creativity. He wanted to be a painter or an architect; both are creative dimensions. He may not have gone very far, but what was wrong? Everybody does not want to create a Taj Mahal, and everybody cannot afford a Taj Mahal. There are people who need mediocre architects, because they can only afford mediocre architects and their mediocre designs. But continuous rejection from everywhere was like a wound -- and it was these wounds that turned him into a politician.

The profession of the politician is the only profession where no qualification is needed. It is strange: they have all the power, power over millions of peoples' life and death -- but no qualification is needed. But if you want to be a painter, qualifications are needed; if you want to be an architect, talents are needed. But if you want to become an Adolf Hitler, no qualification is needed.

And he took.... In my view, the second world war was nothing but a revenge against the humanity that had rejected the man, humiliated the man, his creativity, his longing to make something beautiful. The second world war was a revenge with vengeance.

If you don't allow creativity, it is bound to become destructiveness. If you don't love, you are bound to hate. If you don't allow your good to grow, you are bound to fall into the darkness of evil.

VERILY WHEN GOOD IS HUNGRY IT SEEKS FOOD EVEN IN DARK CAVES.

Such insight is very rare. Such compassionate understanding is unique.

Verily when good is hungry.... When your innermost being wants to be good, but finds no food, no

support from anywhere, what are you going to do?

> ... IT SEEKS FOOD EVEN IN DARK CAVES, AND WHEN IT THIRSTS IT DRINKS EVEN OF DEAD WATERS.

And then you condemn the person -- that he is evil, that he is a murderer, that he is a thief. You throw the whole responsibility on the person, who is a small human being. And your whole society is so powerful that if it decides to crush the individual and his good, it is capable, in every possible way. And it is not unnatural -- when you are hungry you can eat anything. I have known people to eat roots of the trees. Fruits of the trees you eat, but if fruits are not available then people start eating roots.

I have heard that in days of famine, people have even eaten their own children, but I cannot call them evil. Mothers have even sold their children; because they could not gather the courage to eat their own child, they sold the child, knowing perfectly well it was going to be eaten by somebody else who was purchasing it. But with the money they have got they could purchase somebody else's child... food was not available. Do you call these people *evil*? Or is it simply that their good has not been given enough opportunity? If you are thirsty in a desert you can drink anything -- water from gutters... you will not think twice that it is a water from gutters. Life is so valuable....

When Alexander the Great came to India, one sannyasin asked him, "Why are you torturing yourself, running all over the world, wasting your life? What is the purpose?"

Alexander said, "My purpose? My purpose is to conquer the whole world."

The sannyasin said, "Can you just be patient enough to answer my one question? If in a desert you are lost, thirsty and hungry for many days, and I come with a glass of water, how much of your empire will you be ready to give in exchange for a glass of water?"

Nobody had ever asked such a question to Alexander. He said, "How much? If I am dying I can give you half of my empire."

The sannyasin said, "But I am not willing to sell for half an empire; then you can die. I need your full empire, the whole empire, as I am giving you the whole glass of water."

Alexander said, "Perhaps in such a situation I may be ready to give you the whole empire and take one glass of water."

The sannyasin started laughing. He said, "Then it is better you go home. Don't bother about this empire; its value is not more than one glass of water."

But these people -- Alexander the Great, or others of his category -- are perhaps searching for something else, and are not aware of it. They are searching for greatness -- but greatness does not come from acquiring an empire. Greatness comes from becoming your real self, bringing your potentiality to actualization. It may be a grass flower, it may not be a lotus -- but nature makes no difference.

When the sun rises it does not dance longer on the lotus. It does not ignore a grass flower and say, "Be out of the way, you untouchable, you *sudra*! I'm here for the lotus flowers, the roses." When the rain comes it does not make any distinction, any discrimination; when the wind comes it makes no distinction, no discrimination.

The real question is not whether you are a rose, or a lotus flower, or just an unnamed grass flower. The real thing is that the grass flower has come to actualize its potentiality, just as the rose flower has actualized its potentiality, just as the lotus flower has actualized its potentiality. The real thing is actualization of the seed that you are carrying within you; that makes you great, and it is a greatness with a tremendous humbleness, with no ego in it.

If your greatness has something of the ego, that means your greatness is not real actualization. You have fallen into a wrong path. You wanted to be a musician, but you have become an engineer. You may become a very great engineer, but something in you will remain tortured, your self will remain continuously in a misery. Out of that misery is all evil -- you are irritated, you are angry, you are jealous of others; because you are crippled you cannot dance -- hence your jealousy.

But nature has given to you all some unique potentiality. That is your good -- to bring it to flowering, to its ultimate growth. You will be contented, you will be grateful, and you will be humble -- humble before this vast existence, grateful because it has not sent you empty, it has sent you with some potential to work upon.

YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU ARE ONE WITH YOURSELF.

None of your religions allows you to be good, because none of your religions allows you to be one with yourself. They divide you. They say,"This is good, and this is bad. The bad part should be neglected, ignored, destroyed, and the good part only should be saved." All the religions have been destructive of human joy, human blissfulness. And it is strange that they have created all kinds of madness, suicides, murders -- for the simple reason that people are not allowed to be one with themselves. They have cut you into two parts. It is just like cutting a bird in two parts -- it cannot fly, it needs both the wings.

When your good and your so-called evil -- because it is only an absence -- function in harmony, in togetherness, when you are not a split personality, but one organic whole, your life radiates beauty, your life radiates godliness.

YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU ARE ONE WITH YOURSELF. YET WHEN YOU ARE NOT ONE WITH YOURSELF YOU ARE NOT EVIL.

Kahlil Gibran tries to go to the very roots. *You are good when you are one with yourself*... but don't start thinking that if you are not one with yourself you are evil -- no. When you are not one with yourself, you are simply the absence of good. Don't call it evil -- that very word unnecessarily condemns you. When the house is dark, it only means light is needed. Don't condemn darkness.

A man of understanding will even enjoy darkness too, because darkness has its own beauty, its own silence, its own depth, which no light can have -- light is superficial. In darkness this small place becomes enormous, because the darkness has no end. In light everything becomes limited, separate; in darkness everything becomes one.

The wise man is one who tries to make even his so-called evil a symphony with his good. A man is an orchestra. If you don't know the art of music the orchestra may be maddening, but if you know the art, different instruments of music all combine into one music. They are different, but they create something which is one -- and that oneness is what Almustafa calls good.

FOR A DIVIDED HOUSE IS NOT A DEN OF THIEVES....

Even if you are not one, don't condemn yourself, because even...*a divided house is not a den of thieves*... it is only a divided house.

AND A SHIP WITHOUT RUDDER MAY WANDER AIMLESSLY AMONG PERILOUS ISLES YET SINK NOT TO THE BOTTOM.

The evil person has just lost his way. Be kind to him, not judgmental. And one who has lost his way can find his way.

YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU STRIVE TO GIVE OF YOURSELF.

He has defined good as being one with yourself; now he expands the definition: *You are good when you strive to give of yourself....* Share yourself, whatever you have. It may be a song, it may be just silence -- share whatever you have. The more you share, the more your consciousness becomes bigger, grows, expands. And the expansion of consciousness is the most blissful experience in the world.

YET YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU SEEK GAIN FOR YOURSELF.

He continually insists that you drop the idea of evil completely, because your minds have been

conditioned for centuries only to think in dualities. If to be one with oneself is good, then of course not to be one is evil. If to share is good, then not to share -- your mind says immediately -- is evil. Kahlil Gibran's effort is of tremendous value. He is saying: *Yet you are not evil when you seek gain for yourself*... because unless you seek gain for yourself, how can you share? What can you share? A Gautam Buddha can share, but before sharing he has to become a Gautam Buddha.

Christian theologians have been very critical about Indian mystics -- that they are selfish. In their eyes, just to meditate is selfishness: "Go and serve the poor, open a hospital, open a school, teach the poor. Become a Mother Teresa." That's why, you see, Mother Teresa can get a Nobel Prize; but a meditator has no chances ever, because a meditator is a selfish person -- he is just going into himself and enjoying blissfulness and benediction and ecstasy.

"Serve the poor, serve the orphans" -- that seems to be real religion. It is not, because if you do not have the benediction that meditation brings to you, all your service is very superficial. And there must be motivations in it which may not be apparent to ordinary people, but one who looks deep can see them immediately. Mother Teresa is serving orphans on the one hand; on the other hand she is against birth control, because if birth control is there, orphans will not be there.

Orphans are absolutely needed; otherwise how will Mother Teresa get a Nobel prize? Orphans are absolutely needed; otherwise how will Catholics go on increasing their number? Already they are seven hundred million; from where will they go on increasing their number? -- because in the West the richer countries are no longer increasing their numbers as they are doing in the East. In fact in a few Western countries the population is decreasing. A few countries are even trying to give incentives to create more children; otherwise they will disappear. If this decrease continues, they will disappear.

In the East the problem is just the opposite. So all these seven hundred million Catholics come from the poor and the orphans of the East. The East is almost like a factory for Catholics: you produce children and you cannot support them -- give them to Mother Teresa.

The pope comes to India, but he does not go to meet any great meditator in the Himalayas. No pope has ever tried to meet J. Krishnamurti, who was in the West. On the contrary, popes have been trying in the past the same strategy that they are trying with me now... so many times J. Krishnamurti's plane was rejected from the airport because Catholics wouldn't let him land. No pope has come to see Ramakrishna, no pope has come to see Raman Maharshi. In their eyes these people are selfish people.

But every pope who comes must go to Mother Teresa, because she goes on gathering more and more Catholics. Inner motives are very ugly. It is not service, it is politics. It is politics of numbers.

Kahlil Gibran is right...*yet you are not evil when you seek gain for yourself*. In fact, first you must seek gain for yourself in all dimensions -- material and spiritual; only when you are richer in all dimensions can you share. So I can not say with Jesus, "Blessed are the poor." That is nothing but consolation. And I agree more with Karl Marx who says, "Your religions are nothing but opium for the people."

"Blessed are the poor for they shall inherit the kingdom of God." Strange... if they are blessed, why don't they get the kingdom of God here and now? No, their kingdom of God is after death. This is sheer cunningness, because nobody comes back after death and tells people that the poor really are blessed. I say to you: Blessed are those who are rich in all dimensions -- material and spiritual -- for they shall be able to share their riches.

Why bring God into everything unnecessarily? The poor fellow escaped six days after He made this world; since then He has not been seen, has not been heard of. Why bring Him in unnecessarily? I say: Blessed are those who are rich in all dimensions, for they shall be able to share their riches. They may be of the soul, they may be of the body, they may be of the mind, they may be of the heart -- it doesn't matter; but sharing is one of the most beautiful experiences of life.

It is sharing that makes you religious.

It does not make you a Christian, or a Hindu, or a Mohammedan; it simply makes you religious. And to be religious is beautiful. To be Christian, to be Hindu, to be Mohammedan, to be Jew -- these are ugly names which should be discarded completely and forgotten. They divide humanity, and they give ideas to people that they are superior to others.

Jews think they are the chosen people of God. So why are you angry with Adolf Hitler? -- because he thinks Nordic Germans are the chosen people of God. Because of this conflict about who are really the chosen people of God, he killed one million Jews in Germany to prove who the chosen people of God are: "Now let us decide it." And if we look at the facts, it seems Nordic Germans are the chosen people of God.

I have heard about one old Jew who was dying. The Rabbi came and asked him, "Have you prayed to

God before your death? Death is very close."
The old Jew said, "I'm praying."
The Rabbi said, "What are you praying about?"

The old Jew said, "I'm praying, `It is enough! -- now you should choose somebody else. We have been tortured for four thousand years just because of your stupid idea that we are the chosen people of God. And you have not given a single indication that we are the chosen people, but this idea of superiority has created antagonism in everybody.'"

Hindus think the same way... everybody has a monopoly over God! It is better not to bring in unnecessary hypotheses when it is a question of the transformation of your real life.

FOR WHEN YOU STRIVE FOR GAIN YOU ARE BUT A ROOT THAT CLINGS TO THE EARTH AND SUCKS AT HER BREAST.

The beauty of his words is impeccable. He is saying, "When you are selfish, meditative -- just trying to unfold your own being -- you are like the roots of a tree which sucks at the breast of the mother earth." But for what? All that juice will rise in the tree, will become green foliage, shadow for the tired and the weary, will become flowers for those who can appreciate beauty, color, fragrance... will become fruits for those who are hungry. The root is sucking at the breast of the mother earth, but not for itself -- the ultimate outcome is going to be shared.

So when you are meditating, you are going to your own roots. And unless you find your roots, you will never be able to find your flowers and your fruits. Roots cannot be shared, but without roots there are no fruits and no flowers. In fact, flowers and fruits are just extensions of roots. Don't call roots evil because they don't share. Directly, they don't share, but indirectly their whole life is nothing but bringing juice to the fruits, to the flowers to be shared by all.

SURELY THE FRUIT CANNOT SAY TO THE ROOT, "BE LIKE ME, RIPE AND FULL AND EVER GIVING OF YOUR ABUNDANCE."

Why can't the fruit say so? It cannot say so:

FOR TO THE FRUIT GIVING IS A NEED, AS RECEIVING IS A NEED TO THE ROOT.

Life is an organic unity. If there is only giving and no receiving, to whom are you going to give? If there are only receivers, and no givers, from whom are they going to receive? Life is a balance between giving and receiving. Roots receive from the earth, and fruits and flowers go on giving back to the earth. It is a circle.

Man, in his ignorance, has broken that circle in many places. That's why there is a great ecological crisis. We go on taking from the earth, but we don't return anything. The earth slowly, slowly becomes barren, dead. And if the earth is dying, something of us is dying also, because we are part of it.

You think that the trees depend on the earth because they have roots, and they suck the juice of the earth. You also depend on the earth, because those fruits, those flowers, ultimately come to you. And you must share -- you are trees who can walk. There are trees in Africa which walk. For walking, solid earth is difficult -- the roots are not in a position to move. But there are places in Africa where the earth is not so solid, and there, trees move. If the water is more towards the north, the trees start moving towards the north; and when the water is finished, then the trees start dispersing to other directions.

We are also trees, we are also connected with existence in many ways. Every second you are breathing in and out. Just try not breathing out -- because that is sharing -- and you will be dead. Sharing is life. These trees are also breathing. And life is such a beautiful unity that you breathe oxygen and exhale carbon dioxide and the trees breathe carbon dioxide and exhale oxygen: there is a kind of brotherhood. Without trees you cannot live; without you, trees cannot live.

There is a constant giving, receiving -- the sun goes on giving you life, vitamins; the moon goes on giving you something that is very mysterious. Except Mahavira, all the mystics have become enlightened on

the full-moon night. On the full-moon night more people go mad -- the number is double -- than any other day. More people commit suicide -- again the number is double -- than on any other day. More people commit murders -- the number is double -- than any other day. The full-moon night has something to do with it.

From enlightenment to murder... the full-moon night somehow stirs you. If you are going deeper into meditation, it takes you deeper into meditation. If you are hankering to kill somebody, and you are not able to gather courage, it gives you courage. So what was not possible before becomes possible on the full-moon night.

For centuries, more people have gone mad on full-moon nights -- so much so that in every language, for madness or mad people, a word exists which connects madness with moon. In English it is "lunatic." It comes from "luna." "Luna" means "the moon." In Hindi it is chandmara, "killed by the moon."

George Gurdjieff had the great insight that it cannot be one-sided: just as with the trees we receive and give, we must be giving to the sun and receiving, giving to the moon and receiving. It has to be balanced. We have not yet been able to decipher exactly what we give to the sun, what we give to the moon -- but we must be giving, because what we receive we know; sooner or later it will be discovered that just as we cannot live without the sun.... If one day the sun does not arise, you will not wake up, not even for your morning tea in bed; you are finished. Your life is coming from that far-away star, the sun.

But I always think -- and I agree with Gurdjieff, although there is no evidence and no proof -- that if every man on the earth, every animal, every tree dies... for which people like Ronald Reagan are making every effort... if everything alive on the earth dies, the sun will not rise the next day. It is impossible that we are just receivers, and not givers. If we are receiving life in some way from the sun, we must be giving life in some way to the sun.

We are all a connected whole, interrelated, one organism. Hence it can be said, as a conclusion: Become richer in every dimension. Be creative, be loving, be meditative, and share. And the more you share, the more existence will shower on you flowers of blissfulness and ecstasy.

The only good is to be in a position of oneness, so that you are not in a constant conflict within yourself -- because that conflict destroys you, leaves no energy to be shared. When you are one, the energy becomes so much that you become almost like a rain cloud, so full of rain that it wants to shower somewhere or other.

Sharing is the most precious religious experience.

Sharing is good.

And Almustafa says, "I will not speak about evil, because evil is only an absence." To be miserly is evil. You have, and you grab it -- whether you need it or not. You have missed the greatest joy of life -- that of giving.

Receive with gratitude.

Give with humbleness.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #11

Chapter title: Only a question of awareness

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BELOVED OSHO,
YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU ARE FULLY AWAKE IN YOUR SPEECH.
YET YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU SLEEP WHILE YOUR TONGUE STAGGERS WITHOUT PURPOSE.
AND EVEN STUMBLING SPEECH MAY STRENGTHEN A WEAK TONGUE.
YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU WALK TO YOUR GOAL FIRMLY AND WITH BOLD STEPS.
YET YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU GO THITHER LIMPING.
EVEN THOSE WHO LIMP GO NOT BACKWARD.
BUT YOU WHO ARE STRONG AND SWIFT, SEE THAT YOU DO NOT LIMP BEFORE THE LAME, DEEMING IT KINDNESS.
YOU ARE GOOD IN COUNTLESS WAYS, AND YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU ARE NOT GOOD, YOU ARE ONLY LOITERING AND SLUGGARD.
PITY THAT THE STAGS CANNOT TEACH SWIFTNESS TO THE TURTLES.
IN YOUR LONGING FOR YOUR GIANT SELF LIES YOUR GOODNESS: AND THAT LONGING IS IN ALL OF YOU.
BUT IN SOME OF YOU THAT LONGING IS A TORRENT RUSHING WITH MIGHT TO THE SEA, CARRYING THE SECRETS OF THE HILLSIDES AND THE SONGS OF THE FOREST.
AND IN OTHERS IT IS A FLAT STREAM THAT LOSES ITSELF IN ANGLES AND BENDS AND LINGERS BEFORE IT REACHES THE SHORE.
BUT LET NOT HIM WHO LONGS MUCH SAY TO HIM WHO LONGS LITTLE, "WHEREFORE ARE YOU SLOW AND HALTING?"
FOR THE TRULY GOOD ASK NOT THE NAKED, "WHERE IS YOUR GARMENT?" NOR THE HOUSELESS, "WHAT HAS BE-FALLEN YOUR HOUSE?"

The very fundamental effort of Kahlil Gibran is to demolish the very idea of evil. And he is absolutely right about it.

The idea of evil is the invention of the priesthood of all the religions. It is a great device to exploit humanity -- because once your mind becomes contaminated with the idea of evil you can never live in peace, you can never live in a togetherness, you cannot stand erect in human dignity. On the contrary, the idea of evil creates wounds in you -- which you have known as guilt.

Anything that is natural is bound to assert itself; whether you call it good or evil does not matter. The sun will rise from the East; it does not depend on your opinion.

Deep inside your being you are not a simple phenomenon -- you are a complexity. Something can be condemned, and the condemnation can be justified by all kinds of rationality and logic if taken out of context; and the same thing can be praised -- if you are not divided into good and bad, into higher and lower. If you are one organic unity, that which looked like evil out of context becomes immensely valuable to the whole, in its right place. The whole question is, how to arrange your inner being?

All the religions are criminals in the sense that they have not allowed man to be arranged as an orchestra. They have divided man: a part they have called good, and another part they have condemned as evil. But they both exist together, and can exist only together.

Now man finds himself helpless. On both sides there is danger. If he follows nature, all the religions are going to call him a sinner; if he does not follow nature but follows the principles and the doctrines preached by the priests, he is in a constant conflict. He becomes a hypocrite. He pretends to be good -- because that is what is respectable, honorable -- and from the back door he goes on allowing his nature.

This dualism, this dichotomy, this schizophrenia has destroyed all dignity of man, all his pride. Even wild animals move with a pride, with a natural dignity and grace, but man is so burdened.... Everything that is natural in you has been poisoned by the religions.

Just a few examples will help you. All the religions are agreed on one point. They differ in their philosophies, but they don't differ as far as destroying the dignity of man is concerned: whatsoever is pleasant has to be condemned -- this is a simple criterion followed by all -- and whatsoever is painful, arduous, has to be praised as virtue, as piousness, as saintlihood.

I have been wandering in this country for almost two decades, meeting all kinds of saints and sinners, and my conclusions are that the sinner is more innocent, because he has chosen the path of nature -- although he is not respectable. He laughs more heartily, he sings more joyously, he dances like a Zorba... but the whole world condemns him. He is just like a child.

And I have seen your saints; they are all cunning, all hypocrites without exception, because whatever they preach and whatever they show to the world is fake, it is only a mask. Deep down, nature is gathering energy to explode; and if you don't allow the natural way, then it is going to explode in some perversion.

The whole credit of all perversions on the earth goes to the religions. No animal in the wild is perverted. Have you come across a deer you can call perverted? -- or a lion, or a bird, free in the vast sky, under the sun? Have you come across some bird who needs psychoanalysis, some deer who needs psychiatry, some tree who needs any kind of psychological treatment? They are not perverted -- because, fortunately, they don't understand the language that the priests have been speaking, because, fortunately, they are not Christians and they are not Hindus and they are not Mohammedans and they are not Buddhists. A rosebush is just a rosebush, without any adjective to it. You cannot call a rosebush Christian -- unless you are mad.

But man has been under the influence of the priests, and they have condemned each single thing in you that can make you smile, that can make you sing, that can make you dance, that can allow your love to blossom. They have crippled you in every way, they have cut your wings -- you cannot fly in the sky. They have taken away your freedom, your dignity. And their strategy is to create the idea of evil. Once you are influenced by the idea of evil, you will live your whole life out of fear. Whatever you do, you will be always afraid -- who knows whether this is good or evil?

Kahlil Gibran's whole effort here is to destroy the very foundation of the exploitation of the priests.
There is no such thing as evil.
Existence is simply good.
Existence is pure innocence.

Yes, it is a very complex phenomenon. You can put things upside down, you can make your life disturbed, retarded, but it is not evil. It is only human to err. And to understand every mistake with deep alertness, so that it is never committed again.... To commit mistakes is good -- that is the only way one grows, learns, matures. But to commit the same mistake again and again is stupid. That too is not evil; it is unintelligent.
Kahlil Gibran says:

YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU ARE FULLY AWAKE IN YOUR SPEECH.

Something about speech has to be understood. There is a certain harmony between your thought, between your speech, and between your action. Speech is just in the middle. Before speech is thought -- thought is words unspoken, still in the womb.

When thoughts are born into the world they become speech, and if your thought and speech are harmonious they will still go one step more, and that will be action. And when all these three are together, not against each other.... Only in your awareness is it possible that whatever you think, you say, and whatever you say, you act. Your action is your innermost thought brought into the full daylight, before the world. It is exposing your heart.

Speech is the medium between thought and action. That's why he has chosen speech -- that if you are fully awake in your speech you are good -- because if you are awake in your speech you will need to be awake in your thought, because thought is potentially speech... just on the verge, the word is just on your lips. You cannot be aware about your speech if you are not aware of your thoughts. And if you are aware of your speech, you will be aware of your action too.

Action and thought are almost like two wings. Speech is exactly the middle part. And one who is standing in the middle, fully awake, can see on both sides -- he can see inside where thought arises and he can see outside where action is born.

You are good when you are fully awake in your speech... in your thought, in your action. This is the greatest criterion ever given to man by all the mystics of the world: awareness of all that goes on inside the mind, of all that goes on in your words, and of all that becomes action -- it is good. Ordinarily people think they have been forced to think that good or bad are qualities of things -- that there are good things and there are bad things. That's not right; good and bad have nothing to do with things.

Awareness is good; absence of awareness is not evil, it is simply not-good. Don't make them synonymous. "Not-good" is only a negative statement; the moment you say, "Evil, bad," you are making a positive statement. The same action -- with awareness -- may be good, and with unawareness may not be good.

Goodness is not a quality of things or actions.
It has something to do with your meditation.
It has something to do with your awakening, with how alert you are.

One morning, Gautam Buddha is passing through a village with one of his most intimate disciples, Ananda. A fly comes and sits on his forehead. He is answering some question of Ananda, and he is so absorbed in answering that without any awareness, mechanically, he waves his hand. The fly is gone, but then he becomes suddenly aware that the waving of the hand was not done in awareness -- it was mechanical. You can do such an act even in your sleep. If you feel something in your sleep creeping on your feet you simply throw it, and your sleep is not disturbed. It is a mechanical process; your body does it without bothering you.

Buddha stopped in the street, and again raised his hand, and with great grace and awareness brought it to his forehead. Ananda said, "What are you doing? The fly has gone away."

Buddha said, "I am not concerned with the fly, I am concerned with myself. I acted in unawareness. I was too much concerned with your question, and with answering it, and my hand moved mechanically; I am trying to see how it should have moved. It has nothing to do with the fly. My hand should have moved with awareness."

Action with awareness is good, but action without awareness is not evil, it is simply not-good. This distinction has to be remembered, because the not-good can be immediately transformed into good: it is only a question of awareness. The first act of Gautam Buddha when he waved his hand was not good. The second time he waved his hand, although now there was no fly, the action was good, the movement had grace and beauty and goodness, because behind it there was awareness. Not-good can be changed into good with a little awareness. But if you make it evil, then it becomes a tremendous problem. Then how to get rid of evil?

Religions have been telling people to fast, but what has fasting to do with evil? You can die by starving. Fasting continuously you can survive, you are healthy for at least ninety days; you will become just a skeleton, but you will be still alive. But there is no relationship at all with good, or with evil. Religions have been telling people, "Fast and that will purify you." If that is true, then the starving millions of the world will be the most pure people... then don't help them, don't make them impure; let them starve and die, they are the most virtuous people in the world. But it has no relationship.

To destroy evil, all kinds of idiotic things have been suggested. They have to be idiotic, because there is no evil in the first place, so whatever you suggest is going to be meaningless, irrelevant.

This is a great insight into true religiousness: Don't divide into good and evil. Only divide into good and not-good. Not-good is only absence of awareness, and good is presence of awareness. Life becomes very simple, transformation becomes easy.

You need not torture yourself, because by torturing you cannot transform yourself. You need not stand on your head and do yoga postures, distorting your body this way and that way. If you are preparing for a circus, that is another thing, but if all these yoga practitioners reach heaven, then God must be surrounded by a continuous circus -- all over paradise people are doing strange and distorting things.

Yoga cannot purify you... it may give you better health. I am in absolute support of yoga as being part of gymnasiums, but not as part of temples. In the gymnasium it has a contribution to make. It can give you better health, longer life, it can prevent many possible diseases, it can cure many diseases that are already with you. But it cannot transform that which is not-good into good, because it cannot give you awareness.

YET YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU SLEEP WHILE YOUR TONGUE STAGGERS WITHOUT PURPOSE.

A Gautam Buddha speaking is God Himself speaking, existence using Gautam Buddha as a vehicle to give you the message, to wake you up -- for what have you come here? It is good because it is coming out of total awareness, absolute silence. It is not Gautam Buddha speaking to you, it is Gautam Buddha only making himself available to existence to speak through him.

Existence cannot speak directly to you; it needs some vehicle, it needs some hollow bamboo to become a flute. Then the lips of existence can create a beautiful song and music. But the hollow bamboo means you are so aware that there is no ego in you.
Ego exists only in the dark corners of your being.
When awareness is total, ego disappears.

The ego has never been found by anyone who has been searching for it inside, with the light of awareness; it does not exist. Again, it is an absence, it is not an evil; ego is not-good, but it is not evil.

Ego means you have never turned towards your being, you have never seen your own inside, you have never brought your awareness to your interiority, to your subjectivity.

Once you turn in, ego disappears.

It will not disappear by fasting, remember; it will not disappear by yoga postures, remember -- it may even become more strengthened, it may become even more subtle, more dangerous. It is not a question of discipline; it is simply a question of being alert.

Kahlil Gibran is right, that even in the night when you sometimes stutter, purposelessly, some words, relevant, irrelevant... it is not evil. It is simply not-good, your sleep is disturbed -- don't condemn it.

AND EVEN STUMBLING SPEECH MAY STRENGTHEN A WEAK TONGUE.

And remember always that the wise man can use his not-good for some purposes to strengthen his goodness, his virtue. A beautiful example he is giving: *And even stumbling speech may strengthen a weak tongue*... so when you are awake, your stronger tongue is a contribution of your sleep, of your stuttering in sleep.

It happened... I used to be a roommate in my university with another student. We had lived together for six months, and he had never stuttered. I had never even thought.... And then one day his father came to visit, and he immediately started stuttering. I was amazed. When his father had gone I asked, "What has happened to you?"

He said, "This is my problem. From my very childhood he has been such a hard disciplinarian, such a perfectionist, that he created only fear, never love. And because we used to live in a very small village where there was no school, he was my first teacher too; and that is my undoing -- my whole life he spoiled, because of his fear. Under his fear I started learning language, speaking language, and everything was wrong, because everything was imperfect."

A small child is not to be expected to be perfect. He needs all kinds of support. Instead of getting support, he was beaten. The stuttering became a fixed phenomenon in him -- not only about the father, but about any father-figure. In the temple -- because God is called "Father" -- he could not pray without stuttering. He was a Christian, and he could not speak to the bishop without stuttering, because first he had to address the bishop as "Father." The moment the word "father" came into his mind, all the associations of fear, of being beaten....

I said, "You do one thing. You start calling me `Father.'"

He said, "What?"

I said, "I am trying to help you. I am certainly not your father, neither am I a bishop, nor am I God the father who created the world -- I am just your roommate. You start calling me father, and let us see how long the old association continues."

He said, "It looks absurd to call you father -- you are younger than me."

I said, "It doesn't matter."

"But," he said, "the idea is appealing."

I said, "You try." And he started trying. In the beginning he stuttered, but slowly, slowly -- because he knew that I am not his father, and it became just a game that he would call me father -- after three to four months his stuttering disappeared. Now, I was not his father; it was just a device, very arbitrary, it was not in any way true -- but it helped.

When next time his father came he looked at me. I gave him the indication, "You start."

His father was amazed, and he said, "What happened to you? You are not stuttering."

He said, "I don't stutter even in the church, I don't stutter even praying to God the Father. Why should I stutter before you? But my real father is sitting here. The whole credit goes to him. He has suffered my stuttering for four months continuously, but he went on encouraging me, `Don't be worried. It is ninety-nine percent now, it is ninety-eight percent now.' And slowly, slowly it disappeared. And one day he said, `Now there is no need; you can speak to anybody without stuttering. Your fear has disappeared -- by a false device."

Kahlil Gibran is right: *Even stumbling speech may strengthen a weak tongue*.... Use that which has been called by the religions as "evil." First change that word, just call it not-good, and you have already made the first step of transformation. And remember, even the not-good can be used in such a way that, rather than becoming a stumbling block, it becomes a stepping stone.

The wise man is one who uses everything that nature has given to him for creating something more beautiful. But the religions have not allowed humanity.... Rather than trying to make man one whole, they have made man scattered into pieces: that is your misery, that is your hell.

Just small changes can bring effects of tremendous importance. Drop the idea of evil completely from your minds; replace it by not-good -- then the good is not very far away. Just the "not" has to be dropped. Between evil and good there is no bridge; between not-good and good all that you have to do is to drop that "not." The difference between an enlightened being and you is only the difference of that simple "not." He is awake, you are asleep. To be awake is good, to be asleep is not!

YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU WALK TO YOUR GOAL FIRMLY AND WITH BOLD STEPS.
YET YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU GO THITHER LIMPING.

In different ways he is giving you the same message: You are good when you are going with firm steps, bold, but you are not evil when you are limping. I say to you: your religions have not been compassionate enough. They have called the limping "evil," the sinner, one who is going to suffer in hell. Rather than helping him so that limping can be transformed into strong steps... perhaps those priests are responsible for his limping, because he is afraid of where he is going. Priests have condemned, and his nature is dragging him towards those same things which priests have condemned -- that's why he is limping.

Limping simply means he is not whole-heartedly in it. Half of his being is saying, "Don't go," half of his being is saying, "Go." Divided between these two, his boldness disappears, he becomes a limping person. He needs all the help, not condemnation.

And a beautiful statement from Kahlil Gibran: *even those who limp go not backward*.... That much is certain! They may reach a little late, you may reach a little earlier, so what? One thing is certain, that they are not going backwards.

BUT YOU WHO ARE STRONG AND SWIFT, SEE THAT YOU DO NOT LIMP BEFORE THE LAME,
DEEMING IT KINDNESS.

This is a very penetrating insight into human psychology. Somebody is limping; out of compassion -- that's what you think, that's what you have been taught to think -- you also limp, so that you are not in any way offending the limping one. But this is not help. Instead of one man limping, now there are two men limping, and soon there will be seven hundred million Catholics limping! It is not kindness, it is sheer stupidity. It is not compassion, it is simply foolishness.

Have compassion on the person who is limping, teach him how not to limp, help him, hold his hand, give him encouragement. Tell him, "Don't be worried, you are not going backward. Even if you are slow, there is no harm. You will reach a little late. In this vast eternity, what does it matter whether you reach in the morning, or in the afternoon, or in the evening? The question is that you reach."

Even the limping ones are going to reach. And sometimes perhaps they may reach earlier than those who are going with strong feet, with bold steps, because the people who are going with strong feet and bold steps are too much in a hurry, too much in a rush. They will be tired before the limping ones. The limping ones will not be tired at all -- they are going with ease. Soon they will find that the the people with bold steps, the speedy ones, are resting, are snoring under a tree. Life has its mysteries!

Sometimes saints are left behind and sinners reach ahead, because they go so slowly that there is no possibility of being tired. The people who are going with a strong step and fast speed think that they can afford to rest a little -- the limping ones are left far behind. But their rest may turn into sleep, and while they are asleep the limping ones may pass them.

Never commit this idiotic idea that with the limping one you have to limp; otherwise he will feel offended, he will feel inferior. Why touch his inferiority complex? Transmitted into actuality... I will give

you the example of Mahatma Gandhi. In India railway trains have four classes -- the air-conditioned, the first class, the second class and the third class. And the country is so poor that even to afford a third class ticket is difficult for almost half of the people of the land. Gandhi started traveling in third class.

I used to have discussions with his son, Ramdas, and I told him, "This is simply crowding the third class, it is already too crowded. This is not helping the poor." And you will be surprised; because Gandhi was traveling in the third class, the whole compartment was booked for him. In a sixty-foot compartment -- where at least eighty to ninety persons would have traveled -- he alone is traveling. And his biographers will write, "He was so kind to the poor."

He used to drink goat's milk because that is the cheapest, and the poorest of people can afford it. Naturally, everybody who is conditioned with the idea immediately appreciates what a great man he is. But you don't know about his goat! I am a little crazy, because I don't care about Mahatma Gandhi much, but I care certainly about the goat.

I inquired everything about the goat, and I found that his goat was being bathed every day with Lux toilet soap. The food of the goat cost in those days, ten rupees -- ten rupees was the salary of a school teacher for one month. But nobody will look into these matters. Only one woman, a very intelligent woman in Mahatma Gandhi's circle, Sarojini Naidu -- later on she became the governor of North India -- joked once that to keep Mahatma Gandhi poor, we have to destroy treasures. His poverty is very costly.

But it worked. As a politician he became the greatest politician, because the poor people thought "This is the man who is our real representative, because he lives like a poor man in a cottage, he drinks goats' milk, he travels in third class." But they don't know the background -- that to maintain his poverty was very costly.

The idea he got was from the Christians. He was born a Hindu, but he was born in Gujarat, which, although it is a majority Hindu state, is mostly influenced by Jainism; the people are not all Jainas, but Jainism has been a subtle spiritual influence all over Gujarat. Then he went to the West to study, and there he came in contact with Christian missionaries, and many times he was on the verge of being converted into Christianity. If you divide his life, he is ninety percent Christian, nine percent Jaina, one percent Hindu.

But this country has a majority of Hindus. To influence these Hindus, he used a totally new kind of strategy, and that was to live like a poor man. His clothes, his house, his food -- everything will give you an appearance of a very poor man. But if you look into everything minutely, with an impartial eye, you will be surprised that everything is more costly than even the richest man living in a palace -- that will be cheaper. But he succeeded in deceiving people.

This is one of the curses that Christianity has brought to humanity. Other religions have helped, but Christianity is at the top. Kahlil Gibran, himself a Christian, is not befooled by that idea.

> BUT YOU WHO ARE STRONG AND SWIFT, SEE THAT YOU DO NOT LIMP BEFORE THE LAME, DEEMING IT KINDNESS.

What are all your saints doing, living like poor people? It does not help the poor people in any way, it simply burdens them.

In India there are millions of monks -- Hindus, Buddhists, Jainas. They all live the life of the poor. The poor cannot manage their own lives, and all these millions of monks, who are not doing anything productive, anything creative, are sitting on the chest of the poor people of India, sucking their blood -- and with great authority, because they are living like poor men; you have to worship them, you have to feed them, you have to clothe them.

I once said to Ramdas, Mahatma Gandhi's son, that if it is sympathy and kindness and compassion to live like a poor man amongst the poor, then what about other things? If there are a few blind people, should I live with a blindfold? Or if there are unintelligent people -- and there are, the whole world is full of the unintelligent -- should I also live like the retarded, the stupid, just out of sympathy?

No, this cannot be the criterion of being good, of being virtuous, of being religious. If somebody is sick, that does not mean that the doctor should come and lie down on another bed, so as to help the sick. Everybody can see the nonsense in it. The doctor has to remain healthy so that he can help those who are sick. If he himself becomes sick out of sympathy, then who is going to help? The same is true in the inner growth of man.

YOU ARE GOOD IN COUNTLESS WAYS, AND YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU ARE NOT GOOD, YOU ARE ONLY LOITERING AND SLUGGARD.

Everybody is good, more or less; there is nobody who is evil -- it is just an invention of the priests to make you feel guilty, and then confess your guilt, so that even your dignity as a man, your pride as a man, is destroyed and you become vulnerable to be enslaved spiritually.

There are good people; there are a few others who are just a little farther away from the good, but coming close.... It is a vast humanity and we are almost standing in a queue.

In one of the ancient scriptures of Tibet the statement is made that the gates of heaven are very narrow -- only one can pass at one time. Naturally, if the gates of heaven are so narrow that only one can pass, you cannot even smuggle your wife with you, or somebody else's wife -- that is not the point. You have to go alone, and those who are behind you are also approaching closer and closer and closer.

There are only degrees of goodness -- a few are more good, a few are less good, but everybody is good. Let this be one of the fundamental declarations: everybody is basically good, and evil is only an invention of crafty priests to exploit man.

YOU ARE GOOD IN COUNTLESS WAYS AND YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU ARE NOT GOOD. YOU ARE ONLY LOITERING AND SLUGGARD...

but nothing is evil in being lazy, nothing is evil in going slowly at your own pace, nothing is evil if you will be reaching later while your friends will be reaching earlier. You should listen to your nature... there are strong people -- everybody need not be Mohammed Ali and everybody need not be a great boxer. You should listen to your own nature, and keep pace with your own nature, and not be competitive with anyone else.

PITY THAT THE STAGS CANNOT TEACH SWIFTNESS TO THE TURTLES.

What to do? Even if stags want to teach speed to the turtles, they cannot. And as far as I am concerned, the world would be less beautiful if there were no turtles at all -- they make variety. If there were only stags and stags and stags, it wouldn't be a rich world. The world is rich because there is variety. All are not saints -- a few are still courageous enough not to be saints, a few are still courageous enough not to be bothered by respectability. The world would miss all its color if everybody were just the same.

Pity that the stags cannot teach swiftness to the turtles.... Kahlil Gibran has not looked into his statement deeply enough; otherwise he would not say it is a pity. On the surface the statement seems to be perfectly right, but I say unto you: it is good that stags cannot teach swiftness to the turtles, nor can the turtles teach a lazy way of life to the stags.

The existence accepts everybody and gives opportunity to everybody; from the smallest grass leaf to the biggest star, existence makes no discrimination. They are all needed, they all make existence colorful, with variety; otherwise it would be so monotonous -- just imagine everybody turning into Mahatma Gandhis; all rainbows would disappear.

Do you know that in Mahatma Gandhi's ashram he did not allow roses to be grown? Nobody thinks about these small things, which show so much more than great acts, such as the freedom of India, which the whole world will think about, history will write about. But nobody will write about such a small thing: that he did not allow roses to be grown in his garden, only wheat -- because the country is poor, and what can you do with roses?

The man had no aesthetic sense at all. He had read Jesus Christ many times, but he seems not to have understood the statement that Jesus made, that man cannot live by bread alone, roses are also needed. That is not Jesus Christ's statement -- half is his and half is mine.

IN YOUR LONGING FOR YOUR GIANT SELF LIES YOUR GOODNESS: AND THAT LONGING IS IN ALL OF YOU.

He reduces to the most essential the definition of goodness: In your longing for your giant self, in your longing for the universal self, in your longing to disappear like a dewdrop in the ocean of existence -- without any conditions, without any expectations -- in this longing is your goodness.

And there is not a single man in the whole world who is not longing -- knowingly or unknowingly -- to be bigger, to be greater, to be vaster, who is not trying to reach to the moon and to the stars. Perhaps he is not fully aware, is half asleep, but still his arrow is searching for the target -- although he is going to miss because he is half asleep. But you cannot call it evil, you can only say that he is unaware.

There is a beautiful story about Mulla Nasruddin. In the city there was a carnival. Nasruddin used to take his disciples to various places to teach them something; he went with his crowd of disciples to the carnival. The whole city laughed, saying, "This man is crazy, but what to do? -- a few other crazy people think that he is a great mystic: now he is taking his disciples to the carnival to teach mysticism."

He went to the place where there was a bull's-eye stall, and the owner was offering one-hundred rupee notes to anyone who could shoot the bull's-eye with an arrow. If he failed, he would have to give one hundred rupees; if he succeeded, he would get one hundred rupees.

A great crowd gathered when they saw Nasruddin reaching the stall, taking the bow and arrow. Even his students thought, "What is he going to do? -- we have never seen him practicing archery. He will unnecessarily waste one hundred rupees, and he has nothing in his pocket -- we will have to give the money! This is a strange teaching; on our account he is playing the game...." And a great crowd gathered, because they wondered what Nasruddin was up to.

He said, "Silence! My beloved disciples, watch what happens. Be careful!" And he shot the arrow. It passed the bull's-eye and landed far away. Everybody laughed, but not Nasruddin, and before the shopkeeper was going to ask, "One hundred rupees," he turned to the disciples and said, "Listen: this is the arrow of the egoist, who always thinks in exaggerated terms. He always misses the target; his arrow passes beyond it." Even the shopkeeper became interested in the explanation.

He pulled another arrow, shot again... the arrow fell just in front of him; the bull's-eye was still far away. But now nobody laughed. He turned to his disciples and said, "Listen, this is the arrow of the person who has imposed upon himself humility. He is always hesitant, half-hearted. Even if he wants to do something, even if he does it, he is never totally in it."

Now more and more of a crowd gathered, and the disciples said, "Certainly what he is saying is true." He pulled the third arrow and shot the bull's-eye, and without turning towards the students, took the one hundred rupee note.

The owner said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "This is *my* arrow. The first was that of an egoistic person, the second was that of a humble person. This is *my* arrow."

His disciples said, "He is a great master anyway. Wherever he takes you, never doubt him; there is always going to be some surprise." And the whole crowd agreed with him, "That's true. His explanations were very philosophical; he deserves those one hundred rupees. And as far as he says... he is a very religious man, he cannot deceive you; this third arrow was *his* arrow."

And all his disciples knew -- and he knew -- that if he had failed he would have found an explanation! Until he succeeded, he was not going to declare, "This is MY arrow."

IN YOUR LONGING FOR YOUR GIANT SELF LIES YOUR GOODNESS: AND THAT LONGING IS IN ALL OF YOU.

In some it may be a seed, in some a small sprout, in some a thick bush, in some it may have come to flowering, in some it may have come to give ripe fruits; but the difference is only of degrees. Between the fruit and the seed there is no basic difference. They belong to the same category -- different stages of one longing.

Looking at humanity with these eyes, with this vision, you will never judge anybody as evil, as bad; you will never create the feeling of guilt in anybody, and you will drop all feelings of guilt that have been conditioned in you. Free from all guilt, a man has a beauty with which no tree, no animal, no star can compete. Without guilt, full of awareness, you are the greatest flower in existence, what Gautam Buddha used to call "the lotus paradise." The lotus is the biggest flower in the world.

The moment your being opens up, and you are full of longing for the universal self, you have become a lotus -- and you have become a paradise too.

> BUT IN SOME OF YOU, THAT LONGING IS A TORRENT RUSHING WITH MIGHT TO THE SEA,
> CARRYING THE SECRETS OF THE HILLSIDES AND THE SONGS OF THE FOREST.
> AND IN OTHERS IT IS A FLAT STREAM THAT LOSES ITSELF IN ANGLES AND BENDS AND LINGERS
> BEFORE IT REACHES THE SHORE.

Whether you are a river coming from the Himalayas -- with all the beauty of those high peaks and the deep valleys and the songs of the silent forests and the joy of moving in virgin lands -- or a river who has never known the mountains, who has never known the forest, but knows only the plains... both are reaching towards the ocean. They will meet the ocean with the same dance, with the same ecstasy, with the same contentment.

Don't say one is good and another is evil. Their paths have just been different, their territories have been different, but they have arrived to the universal, to the oceanic: that's the only thing that counts, ultimately.

> BUT LET NOT HIM WHO LONGS MUCH SAY TO HIM WHO LONGS LITTLE, "WHEREFORE ARE YOU SLOW AND HALTING?"

That is ugly. And that's what all your saints have been doing, and all your priests have been doing -- condemning you: "*Wherefore are you slow and halting?*" But who are you to ask anybody? If he enjoys being slow, if he enjoys halting here and there, who are you to condemn? It is everybody's birthright to move according to his own freedom.

> BUT LET NOT HIM WHO LONGS MUCH SAY TO HIM WHO LONGS LITTLE, "WHEREFORE ARE YOU SLOW AND HALTING?"

The more I have become acquainted with religious scriptures, the more I see that they are all insulting and humiliating to humanity. They have been written by very egoistic people condemning everybody -- "Why are you not moving faster? Why are you enjoying the cool breeze and the shadow under the tree?"

Who are you? No saint, no priest possesses you; you are nobody's monopoly. You are an individual, total in yourself, and if you don't want to reach right now, why should you be condemned? It is your will, it is your longing. But it is the most sad story that man has not been given this basic freedom. You cannot be yourself. Everybody is pushing, everybody is forcing, everybody is trying to give you a mould, an ideal. This is where I differ from all religions and all philosophers.

My only function to be with you is to take away all your chains, and you have so many chains... to take away all your burdens -- you have so many burdens of centuries that you cannot move -- and to give you total freedom to be yourself.

And it is up to you: you can turn back even from the ocean -- that is your freedom. If you want a little more to sing in the forest, a little more to move in the valleys, to remain a little more just a dewdrop, shining in the early morning sun on a lotus leaf, this is your freedom.

Even the ocean cannot say, "You cannot go back." You can come back even from the house of God when He is standing there to welcome you. You can say, "You will have to wait a little; although I have lived much, much is still left unlived. I am going back. I have to live life in its totality and then I will come. You can wait, there is no hurry." This much freedom I believe to be everybody's birthright.

> FOR THE TRULY GOOD ASK NOT THE NAKED, "WHERE IS YOUR GARMENT?" NOR THE HOUSELESS, "WHAT HAS BEFALLEN YOUR HOUSE?"

The truly good, even seeing you naked, will not ask, "Where are your garments?" That is none of his

business. If you enjoy being naked under the sun, in the rain, in the wind, it is nobody's business to ask, "Where are your garments?" But we have created a world of prisoners. Don't do it -- at least in Poona! Remember the police commissioner. He is bound to ask you, "Where are your garments?" He is not even a gentleman. A really, truly good man, a religious man, never asks anything that may embarrass you, never asks any question for which you may not have the answer.

I dream for a world where each human being will be so courteous, so religious, that he will not trespass anybody's boundaries, anybody's territories. Then there is no need of searching for any paradise in the clouds. We would have created it just in our being so respectful, so loving, giving so much dignity to people. It is possible.

At least, I hope my people will understand that we are not wasting our time on beautiful words: We are going through a transformation while listening to these significant statements of a man of tremendous genius.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #12
Chapter title: The silent gratitude

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BELOVED OSHO,
THEN A PRIESTESS SAID, SPEAK TO US OF PRAYER.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOU PRAY IN YOUR DISTRESS AND IN YOUR NEED; WOULD THAT YOU MIGHT PRAY ALSO IN THE FULLNESS OF YOUR JOY AND IN YOUR DAYS OF ABUNDANCE.
FOR WHAT IS PRAYER BUT THE EXPANSION OF YOURSELF INTO THE LIVING ETHER?
AND IF IT IS FOR YOUR COMFORT TO POUR YOUR DARKNESS INTO SPACE, IT IS ALSO FOR YOUR DELIGHT TO POUR FORTH THE DAWNING OF YOUR HEART.
AND IF YOU CANNOT BUT WEEP WHEN YOUR SOUL SUMMONS YOU TO PRAYER, SHE SHOULD SPUR YOU AGAIN AND YET AGAIN, THOUGH WEEPING, UNTIL YOU SHALL COME LAUGHING.
WHEN YOU PRAY YOU RISE TO MEET IN THE AIR THOSE WHO ARE PRAYING AT THAT VERY HOUR, AND WHOM SAVE IN PRAYER YOU MAY NOT MEET.
THEREFORE LET YOUR VISIT TO THAT TEMPLE INVISIBLE BE FOR NAUGHT BUT ECSTASY AND SWEET COMMUNION.
FOR IF YOU SHOULD ENTER THE TEMPLE FOR NO OTHER PURPOSE THAN ASKING YOU SHALL NOT RECEIVE:
AND IF YOU SHOULD ENTER INTO IT TO HUMBLE YOURSELF YOU SHALL NOT BE LIFTED:
OR EVEN IF YOU SHOULD ENTER INTO IT TO BEG FOR THE GOOD OF OTHERS YOU SHALL NOT BE HEARD.
IT IS ENOUGH THAT YOU ENTER THE TEMPLE INVISIBLE.
I CANNOT TEACH YOU HOW TO PRAY IN WORDS.
GOD LISTENS NOT TO YOUR WORDS SAVE WHEN HE HIMSELF UTTERS THEM THROUGH YOUR LIPS.

AND I CANNOT TEACH YOU THE PRAYER OF THE SEAS AND THE FORESTS AND THE MOUNTAINS.
BUT YOU WHO ARE BORN OF THE MOUNTAINS AND THE FORESTS AND THE SEAS CAN FIND THEIR PRAYER IN YOUR HEART,
AND IF YOU BUT LISTEN IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT YOU SHALL HEAR THEM SAYING IN SILENCE:
"OUR GOD, WHO ART OUR WINGED SELF, IT IS THY WILL IN US THAT WILLETH.
"IT IS THY DESIRE IN US THAT DESIRETH.
"IT IS THY URGE IN US THAT WOULD TURN OUR NIGHTS, WHICH ARE THINE, INTO DAYS WHICH ARE THINE ALSO.
"WE CANNOT ASK THEE FOR AUGHT, FOR THOU KNOWEST OUR NEEDS BEFORE THEY ARE BORN IN US:
"THOU ART OUR NEED; AND IN GIVING US MORE OF THYSELF THOU GIVEST US ALL."
THEN A PRIESTESS SAID, SPEAK TO US OF PRAYER.

It is strange that a priestess should ask about prayer. What is a priestess, if she does not know what prayer is? But this is true not only about one priest or one priestess. I have come across many priests, and it was, in the beginning, a great shock to me that they are people who know nothing about religion; they are the people who know nothing of prayer; they are the people who have never meditated. They worship, but their worship is superficial -- it is not of the heart -- and they worship on behalf of someone else. They are servants, not really priests.

In India, every rich man has a small temple in his house. But the rich man has no time for God. Why waste time for God? In that much time, he can earn much. A priest can be purchased -- and he will pray on behalf of you.

Man is so deceptive that he can deceive even himself. The god is dead; he has purchased it from the market. It is nothing but stone, carved into the shape of some unknown god who has never been seen by anyone. The god is just a thing. Of course, the richer the man, the costlier will be the god. But whether costly or not, it is a commodity. And on top of that, even the priest is a salaried servant. He has nothing to do with God -- he has something to do with money. I have seen priests running from one temple to another. If a priest can manage to pray in twenty temples, then he is a rich priest.

The whole idea is so absurd and unbelievable. It is just as if you have a paid servant to love your beloved on your behalf. Perhaps one day it is going to happen -- because the time you waste in loving your beloved can produce much money, much power. This game of love can be done by an ordinary servant. Why waste your time? And if the woman is also intelligent, there is no need for her to be there; she can also afford a woman servant. They both can love each other. Why waste time unnecessarily?

I have heard that one superrich man was psychoanalyzed by a famous psychoanalyst. The psychoanalyst was very happy because the man used to pay him more than expected. But he was such a bore that to listen to him for two hours, three hours, four hours a day, was too much. It was getting on the nerves of the psychiatrist. He started feeling, "If this goes on and on, soon this man may perhaps be cured, but I will never get out of this sickness that he is transferring to me."

He had read an ancient parable about a king who was a great chess player. The game of chess is very complicated; it is mathematical -- the king went mad. All kinds of remedies were tried, but nothing succeeded. Then his prime minister said to him, "We should declare that if there is anyone who can defeat our king in chess, immense will be his reward."

One of the greatest chess players came to the palace, but to play chess with a madman.... In the first place, chess itself is a very mad game. The best players of chess have to think at least five steps ahead: "I will do this; the opponent most probably will react in this way, then I will do this." The longer one can visualize the process, the better a chess player he is.

One has never seen a chess player smiling -- he is a serious man. And to play chess with a madman, and not an ordinary madman -- a king who was playing chess according to his own laws.... But the chess player was paid enough to suffer it, and after one year the king was back to his sanity; but the chess player became mad.

The psychoanalyst remembered the parable and thought, "This is going to happen to me too. This man has so much money it does not matter to him; he can continue his psychoanalysis for years. But listening to him every day was starting to enter into the mind of the psychoanalyst; even in his dreams he was listening to him. Then he became really freaked out, saying, "Some way has to be found. The patient cannot be lost, because he is giving so much money -- but he cannot be heard, because my own sanity is in danger."

So he devised a simple thing. He came with a tape recorder and put it by the side of the couch where the

rich man was lying down, ready to start. The psychoanalyst said, "I have so many patients and because you take three, four hours -- and you can pay for it, so there is no question of preventing you, you are my most important client -- I have found a device. You talk to my tape recorder, and in the night, in the silence when the whole world has gone to sleep, I will listen to it."
The rich man said, "There is no problem."

The next day, when the psychoanalyst was entering the office, he saw the rich man going out. He said, "What is the matter? The office has just been opened. Are you not going to talk to my tape recorder today?"

The rich man said, "I have also found a way. In the silence of the night, I talk to my tape recorder. Now my tape recorder is lying on the couch, talking to your tape recorder. So you are free, I am free -- nobody is at a loss. You will get your money, I will get my psychoanalysis."

The priests have been doing this from the very beginning: They invented the god, they invented prayers, they found their customers who were eager to have some bank balance in the other world. This is how millions of priests and priestesses have lived like parasites on humanity.

It is strange, but significant, that a priestess asks Almustafa: *speak to us of prayer*. Can you conceive of a lover asking somebody, "Speak to us of love"? He *knows* love. His very being is dancing with love, his whole life is a song of love. Why should he ask anybody, "Speak of love"? A lover knows that nothing can be spoken of love.

But *only* a lover knows that nothing can be spoken of love. Those who have never loved can ask, "Say something about love." You can love, you can experience it, but nobody can speak about it. It is beyond words, beyond language, beyond your mind.

Love is a flower that blossoms in the innermost being of your consciousness, where words are left miles behind -- only silence prevails. In that silence, love dances, love sings; but to bring that dance to words is impossible. There is no way to translate that dance into the words of any language.

Prayer is the most profound form of love -- love for the whole existence, unaddressed to anybody, just radiating from your being because you are so full of it. Out of your abundance, it flows in all directions. Those who will come close to you will be touched by it. Nothing will be said, but everything will be understood; nothing will be said, but everything will be heard. It is not a question of words, it is a question of opening your doors for love to enter in. You may be dissolved into it, because it is not a problem to be solved; it is an experience in which the only way is to dissolve yourself.

Prayer is the highest form of love. There is no beloved, but love goes on radiating from your being towards all that exists.

Love is like a rose which has blossomed in the wilderness, where perhaps nobody will ever pass to know the beauty of it, to feel the fragrance of it. But that does not deter the flower from blossoming. It does not ask for whom. It blossoms because it is so full it cannot remain closed any more. It has to open its petals, it has to release its fragrance to the winds, to whomsoever it may concern -- that is not the concern of the flower. Its concern is to pour all that is throbbing in its heart -- in color, in beauty, in fragrance.

Prayer does not need a god. If prayer needs a god, you have not understood prayer at all. But all your prayers are addressed to some god -- a Hindu god, a Christian god, a Jewish god; and all those gods are created by you. What kind of game are you playing with yourself? First you create the god, then you start creating, or asking, or inquiring, "What is prayer?" -- the god is pseudo, the prayer is borrowed.

AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING: YOU PRAY IN YOUR DISTRESS AND IN YOUR NEED....

Why did people need God in the first place? It is now an established psychological fact that man feels so helpless. There is disease, there is starvation and old age, and finally, there is death -- and man cannot do anything to avoid it. Out of this helplessness, fear, need, is born the concept of God.

God is your fear, God is your consolation, God is a promise given to yourself on behalf of God: "Don't be afraid, I am here to protect you" -- although he has not protected anybody. Millions of people have prayed. Old age comes, disease comes, death comes -- God never comes to interfere in all these processes; but still, there is a lingering consolation that perhaps, beyond death, He will be waiting for you.

The priests have used your fear to exploit you. They have been giving you continual consolation. It is nothing but psychological opium. And you can see the fact in your own life. When you are happy, young, in love, in joy, you don't bother about God, you don't bother about prayer. Just go to any church, and see who the people are who are in the congregation -- mostly old women. Rarely will you find a young man. And if

you find one, you will also find that he is retarded.

The archbishop of Greece threatened that he would burn me alive if I didn't leave Greece within twenty-four hours. I had not even gone out of the house -- for fifteen days I was there. I inquired about his congregation in which he had threatened me. And Amrito, one of my sannyasins, laughed, and she said, "You ask strange questions. He's threatening to burn You and the house and the people who are staying with You -- almost twenty-five people -- and You are asking about his congregation?"

I said, "You will understand the relevance of my question. Just answer first."

She said, "Nobody goes there, only six old women."

He had announced that he was going to take a protest march, but it never happened -- because, with six old women, what kind of protest march are you going to take? You will simply become a laughingstock. But why are these poor old women listening to this idiot? I call him an idiot, because he does not understand what he is saying.

The archbishop is the representative of one of the most significant human beings, Jesus Christ. And the Greek Orthodox church is one of the oldest churches -- older than the Vatican. Jesus was first translated in Greece; hence, his name has changed -- his name was Joshua, not Jesus. He never knew the word "Christ" or "Christian." They are Greek translations of the Hebrew words "Messiah, the Messenger."

Such an old tradition in the world this archbishop represents. Every day he reads the words of Jesus, and Jesus says, "Love your enemies," -- and I am not even an enemy. He is ready to burn a friend alive. Perhaps as these people go on reading, it becomes a mechanical habit.

In the university where I was a student, one of the professors, a Mohammedan, was well-known as a very religious and spiritual person. In that area, there were very few students who ever came to his department because it was a Hindi-speaking area and he taught in Urdu, the language of the Mohammedans, so he had almost no work. The whole day in the university, sitting in his office, he would go on reading the holy KORAN. He was an old man, and once in a while he would fall asleep.

His department was just by the side of the department of philosophy where I was studying. Passing by his department, I used to look from the window to see whether the old man was asleep or reading -- most of the time he was asleep.

Whenever I found that he was asleep, I would go in and turn the KORAN upside down.

The first time, I had thought that when he woke up he was surely going to be very angry: "Who has done it?" But I was amazed. I was in for a great surprise -- because I was watching from my department. When he woke up, he started reading again. I could not believe it! But the reality was: He had read the KORAN so many times -- his whole life -- that it had become a mechanical memory. It mattered not whether the KORAN was there or not -- he could read the KORAN even if the KORAN was not there.

I could not contain my curiosity. I went into his room and I said, "Your KORAN is upside down; and you are still reading it."

He cleaned his eyes, and he looked at the KORAN. He said, "My God! Who has done this?"

"I think it must have been the devil. Who would disturb your religiousness? But even the devil cannot disturb it. You can read... whatever the position of the KORAN is does not matter."

And I managed it many times. I would go in.... I made a book. The cover was of the KORAN, and the book was made of cuttings from newspapers. Whenever he was asleep I would put my book there, and his KORAN back onto the shelf. Whenever he would wake up, he would start reading his KORAN. He had a beautiful voice -- even in his old age his voice was pure gold -- and the KORAN can be sung, even if you don't understand it. There is nothing much to understand in it, but the very pronunciation of those words is so poetic that you can enjoy it without understanding it -- just like music. You don't have to understand music, but it is soothing, pleasant.

One day he caught me red-handed. When I was changing the books, he caught hold of me. He said, "This is too much. So many times I was wondering... this is strange. The KORAN is on the shelf, and this rubbish... and I have been reading it. And I am an old man; my eyesight is not right, so I cannot figure out what it is. But it doesn't matter; I know it, and I can repeat it even in my sleep -- my wife does not sleep in my room."

I said, "Why?"

He said, "She is tired and bored because, she says, `Any time in the night, you start reciting the KORAN... fast asleep.'"

This is bound to happen if a person is reciting one thing the whole day. It does not matter whether he is awake or asleep. I said, "You don't be worried. Even in your grave you will recite the KORAN."

He said, "Don't tell this to my wife; otherwise, she will not come even to my grave, even to put two flowers there."

But he was considered by the Mohammedans and by others, a very spiritual man. He was very sick. This is not spirituality: this is stupidity.

You remember God and prayer and the KORAN and THE BIBLE and the GITA only when you are in need. When you are not in any need, and life is going smoothly, you completely forget about God and prayer. Looking at the fact simply shows that the concept of God, and a communication with him in prayer, is nothing but a beggar's bowl. Whenever you are in need, and you feel helpless but you cannot do anything about it... perhaps God can do something. So your prayers are really prayers of a beggar, and the real prayer you never even become aware of.

The real prayer is never that of the beggar, never out of any need. The real prayer is just a thankfulness -- not to any god, but to this whole existence. This whole existence is alive. Everything is throbbing, full of life, full of joy. Look at the trees, look at their greenery, look at their flowers. Look at the mountains, look at the stars, look at the ocean. They are all in prayer -- although they know nothing of God, although they never utter a single word of prayer; but the tree dancing in the wind and the rain and in the sun is in prayer. It is not a need; it is a thankfulness. It is gratitude towards life.

If there is any god which is not man-made, then it is life itself. All gods are man-made; they may be good and beautiful statues, but they are dead, utterly dead. Even an ordinary tree has more of godliness in it than the gods in your temples. Its life, its greenness, is not its own creation -- it is a gift from existence itself.

Real prayer is nothing but a deep gratitude.

You cannot say it, you can only *be* it.

Linguistically it looks strange because we have always thought of prayer that we have to say it, we have to do it. I am saying to you: neither can you say it, nor can you do it. You can only *be* it... a prayerfulness, a simple gratitude, unuttered, unsaid. Existence understands the language of silence. In fact, it understands *only* the language of silence.

> YOU PRAY IN YOUR DISTRESS AND IN YOUR NEED; WOULD THAT YOU MIGHT PRAY ALSO IN THE FULLNESS OF YOUR JOY AND IN YOUR DAYS OF ABUNDANCE.

Kahlil Gibran is saying that your prayers are empty -- because a beggar's bowl is always empty. You should be an emperor! Out of your abundance, out of your joy, out of your love, out of your very life a silent communication arises; you are in tune with existence, with the mountains and with the stars and with the earth. Suddenly you have found a harmony -- that harmony is prayer. All your temples are false, all your masks are empty, all your churches are dead.

Leo Tolstoy, a very significant and creative person, has written a small parable: The archbishop of Russia was hearing everyday -- and was getting more and more irritated and annoyed -- that beyond the lake, outside the city, there had suddenly sprung out of nowhere, three saints. In India nobody would be surprised, because saints don't need anybody's certificate, or anybody's permission -- "I want to be a saint, sir. Am I allowed?" -- but in Christianity the very word "saint" comes from "sanction." Unless the archpriest sanctions you, you will not be a saint; so this was strange, because he had not sanctioned anybody. From where had these three saints arisen? And so many people were going to touch their feet, his huge cathedral was becoming almost empty.

One day he decided he had to go and see who these people are. He took a motorboat and went to a small island on the lake. Those three saints were sitting under a tree. Just looking at them, he could not believe that these could be the saints. They looked uneducated, uncultured, just farmers, fishermen, gardeners maybe, woodcutters -- that kind of people, simple people -- so he gathered courage.... Up till now he had been feeling nervous. Where were thousands of people going? Every day news was coming... he was feeling nervous to go there; but now he gathered courage, speeded up the motorboat, landed just by the side of the tree, and asked, "Are you the three saints people are talking about?"

They said, "Saints! We are simple people; somebody must have created a rumor."

He said, "But people come here in thousands every Sunday to touch your feet."

They said, "That is true, but just forgive us -- we are poor people."

He said, "What is your prayer? Do you know the prayer of the Orthodox church of Russia?"

They looked at each other and said, "Prayer? We are uneducated; we don't know the prayer of the Orthodox church."

"Then what is your prayer?"

They started nudging each other, "You tell him." They all felt very embarrassed.

He said, "Why are you feeling embarrassed? Tell me what your prayer is -- I'm the archbishop."

They all touched his feet. "If you are the archbishop, then we have to tell you the truth, but it is very embarrassing. Don't tell anybody, keep it a secret; we never do our prayer before others. When there is nobody, when only we three are left -- we are old friends -- then we do our prayer. We have made our prayer, it is very simple...."

In Christianity God is a trinity: God the Father, God the Son, and the Holy Ghost. They said, "Finding that God is three, and we are also three, we have made a prayer: `You are three, we are three, have mercy on us.'"

Although angry still, the archbishop had to laugh. He said, "You are idiots. This you call prayer?"

They said, "Up to now we have been doing it because nobody ever taught us... if you tell us the authorized prayer, we will do it. But it should be simple, it should not be long."

But the prayer of the church was long and complicated. They listened and they said, "Please repeat it again."

Two times, three times, four times.... He said, "Are you absolute idiots? Can't you get this small prayer?"

They said, "We want to be completely sure that nothing can go wrong. Big words... but we will try; we will divide it into three parts. That way it will become simple -- one part I can recite, one part the other fellow can, the third part the third fellow can."

He said, "No, this is not the way -- you have to do the whole prayer!"

They said, "My God... but we will try our best, and we are very grateful that you came. You should not have come, you should have simply sent a message; we would have come ourselves."

Very satisfied that he had put those idiots right -- and now he would see the crowds: "What kinds of fools are you? They don't know even the basic prayer, and you are hailing them as great saints." He was happy that a great trouble was finished.

But in the middle of the lake, suddenly he heard noise. He looked back: all those three were coming running on the water, shouting, "Wait! We have forgotten the prayer!"

The archbishop could not believe it. They were standing on the water by the side of his boat, and they said, "Just one time more."

The archbishop said, "Forget the prayer that I told you -- your prayer is perfectly good. `You are three, we are three, have mercy on us.' And when you pray, please pray for me too."

Prayer is the fragrance of a silent heart. Even if it comes into words, it never comes as a need, but only a thankfulness, a gratitude.

Prayer is innocence.

FOR WHAT IS PRAYER BUT THE EXPANSION OF YOURSELF INTO THE LIVING ETHER?

Melting and merging into the sky, into the vastness that surrounds you, that is prayer. Sitting by the side of the ocean, melting and merging with the waves and the sound of the waves hitting the rocks on the beach -- become one with it, and it is prayer. When the birds are singing, be silent; let their song reach to your being too, and it is prayer.

Prayer has no authorized version -- Hindu or Mohammedan, Christian or Buddhist. Prayer is simply a deep love for all that is, an expansion of your consciousness to the whole that surrounds you, in which you are rooted, from which you get all your life, all your juice, all your dance. Just feeling one with this infinity, this eternity, disappearing into it, is prayer.

AND IF IT IS FOR YOUR COMFORT TO POUR YOUR DARKNESS INTO SPACE....

Just listen to people's prayers -- they are only pouring their darkness into the space. Their prayers are complaints, their prayers are grumpy, their prayers are telling God, "What you are doing is not right." Their

prayers are trying to improve upon the intelligence of God. This is pouring darkness, ugliness.
But even if you do it, at least remember:

IT IS ALSO FOR YOUR DELIGHT TO POUR FORTH THE DAWNING OF YOUR HEART.

Sometimes pour your love, too; sometimes pour your light, too. But as far as I understand, you can do only one -- either you can pour darkness or you can pour light. Once you have poured your joy, your song, your dance, you will come to know so much, you will feel so blessed that it will become impossible to complain or to pour your darkness into existence.

AND IF YOU CANNOT BUT WEEP WHEN YOUR SOUL SUMMONS YOU TO PRAYER, SHE SHOULD SPUR YOU AGAIN AND YET AGAIN, THOUGH WEEPING, UNTIL YOU SHALL COME LAUGHING.

People's prayers are nothing but their tears -- tears of sadness, frustration, depression, despair, anguish. Are these the presents you give to existence? Kahlil Gibran says, "Don't be worried -- if you can only weep, then go on weeping. There is a moment when all your tears will be dried out. Don't stop unless your weeping becomes a laughter."

Laughter is authentic prayer. Whenever you are crying and weeping, you are asking for consolation, you are asking for somebody to help you in your despair. But when you are having a belly laughter, you are not asking for anything, you are giving something to existence, just like the cuckoos which are pouring their sweet songs into existence.

Your laughter is a giving away, and a gift worth giving. And if you have experienced, even once, the joy of laughter as prayer, even your tears will not be tears of despair. They will go through a transformation; they will be tears of your joy, of your abundance.

Tears are not necessarily of misery. If you see a friend after many years, your eyes may be filled with tears of sweet memories, of peaceful yesterdays, of all that has transpired between you and the friend. Those tears are simply a remembrance; they have a beauty of their own. And it happens... there are people here to whom it has happened, and thousands more of my people who have reported to me, "It is strange. People think we are mad because we are laughing and weeping together." Then the prayer is complete.

When tears and laughter have the same quality and the same rhythm, then prayer has come to a completion.

Yes, people will think you mad, because they live a divided life -- either of tears or of laughter. They live a life of "either/or."

One of the most famous Danish philosophers, Soren Kierkegaard, has written a book, EITHER-OR. The book became so famous -- and he was a man.... Not only has he written the book, he lived the life of "either/or." The book is very representative of his duality, his split personality.

One woman told him that she loved him and she wanted to marry him. He remained silent, and the woman said, "Say something -- even a no will be better than this silence."

He said, "I cannot say so quickly. I have to weigh -- either, or. It will take time." And he could never decide his whole life whether to get married or not because the pros and cons were all equal. He would come out of his house, lock the door, go a few yards, come back again to check the lock -- perhaps he has forgotten.... He used to come out of his house only one time every month.

Seeing his situation, his father deposited money in the post office -- "Every month a certain amount has to be given to him, because I don't see that he can work, or he can do anything or earn anything." So every month, on the first day, he would go to the post office with urchins following him shouting, "Either/or! Either/or!"

The whole of Copenhagen was aware of the man, that he was a very strange type. In the post office he would get his monthly installment, he would count it, and after five minutes on the way he would again count it. After ten minutes, reaching near the house, he would again count it. The question was always... perhaps he had forgotten, perhaps he had counted wrongly. And he was one of the great thinkers of Denmark! He is the father of a certain school of philosophy, which is the most prominent today in Europe, particularly on the Continent: Existentialism.

The day he got his last installment, the postmaster said, "Now you need not bother to come again; the

money your father has deposited is finished with this installment."

Hearing this -- you will be surprised -- the man fell down and died, because that money was the only thing that he had in the world. He lived in a dark house, dismal, dirty, alone... he would not even open his windows because those urchins were continuously torturing him. They would come to the windows and knock on them, and call in, "Either/or!" -- that had become his name.

Man has been living with the same kind of approach to life, "Either/or" -- either tears or laughter. So when you see somebody laughing *and* with tears flowing, you will think he is mad. But, in fact, he has become whole -- he is no more split. His laughter and tears have joined hands together in a dance.

So if it happens to you -- and it is going to happen to every meditator some time or other -- don't be worried; you are not going insane, you are going sane for the first time. You have lived an insane life because of the division of everything -- body and soul, matter and spirit, this world and that world, mundane existence and sacred God. You have always lived with this continuous division, and nobody can live as a divided house. That destroys your energy, because you are constantly in conflict with yourself.

In India, in the villages particularly, I have heard... and I could not figure out in my childhood what these uneducated women meant when they said to their children, "Don't laugh too much; otherwise you will start weeping." I was puzzled, because I thought weeping and laughter are opposite poles, diametrically opposite. But these village women have somehow been carrying a wisdom for centuries: "Don't laugh too much; otherwise you will start crying." From both the sides... if you laugh too much, you will find tears joining in the dance; if you weep too much, you will find laughter joining in the dance.

But we are never total in anything. We weep and we weep half-heartedly; we laugh and we laugh only a Jimmy Carter type of laughter -- it is just an exercise of the lips, it does not have any roots in the heart. I have heard that his wife used to close his mouth every night. The whole day if you are keeping your mouth open -- ear to ear -- it becomes a fixed style of your lips. They lose their elasticity. I don't know how far the story is true, but I suspect that there is every possibility of its being true.

One night, Jimmy Carter's wife phoned the President's personal physician, "Come immediately! A mouse has entered my husband's mouth."

The doctor was puzzled. He said, "What you are doing?"

She said, "What can I do? I have never heard of such a case. Suggest something -- because it will take half an hour for you to reach here."

He said, "You do one thing: take a piece of cheese and hang it inside the mouth... perhaps the mouse may turn; the cheese may attract him."

It seemed logical, so the wife tried. When the doctor reached the house, he could not believe it. The wife was hanging a mouse over his mouth. He said, "Are you mad or something? You told me that a mouse had got inside his mouth, and I have asked you to hang a piece of cheese. It seems the cheese has gone in, and you are hanging a mouse."

She said, "You don't know the whole story. By the time I brought the cheese from the fridge, a cat was going in. Then I thought it was better to catch hold of the mouse -- and this is not a real mouse, it is just made of rubber; my children play with it. From where to get a real mouse so quickly? -- I am trying first to get the cat out, then the question of the mouse arises. Things have gone from bad to worse."

I don't know how far it is true... but people are laughing with just their lips, it does not go deeper than that. If it goes deeper, it will reach to the same source from where the tears come. If you are capable of allowing yourself totality, your laughter and your tears will come together in a joyous dance.

WHEN YOU PRAY YOU RISE TO MEET IN THE AIR THOSE WHO ARE PRAYING AT THAT VERY HOUR, AND WHOM SAVE IN PRAYER YOU MAY NOT MEET.

The prayer that I am describing to you, the silent gratitude, is tremendously uplifting.

Kahlil Gibran is handing over to you a great secret. All the people on the earth who are praying at that moment will have a meeting of consciousness -- because their consciousness is uplifted from their bodies, far away in the sky.

This meeting has been known by many mystics, and because of an old association with the word "God" they have thought that their soul is meeting God. It is not God, it is all those souls which have uplifted at the same moment into the higher realms of being. And he is absolutely right that you may not meet these people, ever, in any other way.

And this meeting will give you an immense nourishment. You may have felt it here. Just the other night, Anando was telling me that the discourse was immensely nourishing. It looks a little strange... people say it was interesting, people say it was very profound. But Anando said to me as I was going back, "It was very nourishing."

In this silence, there is a meeting, and that meeting is immensely nourishing.

THEREFORE LET YOUR VISIT TO THAT TEMPLE INVISIBLE BE FOR NAUGHT BUT ECSTASY AND SWEET COMMUNION.

Many people meditating, praying at the same time, create almost a temple of consciousness in the sky, invisible to our ordinary eyes but absolutely visible to our inner being. In the East, we have called it the third eye. When you start seeing the temple of consciousness being created by many meditators or people who are praying at the same moment, these eyes are of no use -- they can see only the material, the visible. But something, a third eye, opens in you. And to see the invisible temple made by the consciousness of many people is a great freedom -- freedom from your man-made temples, synagogues, churches.

Mohammedan mystics have been the most prominent as far as this particular experience is concerned. That's why they pray five times a day, at exact hours, exact time, wherever they are; facing towards Kaaba, their holy temple. But millions of Mohammedans, if they are really in prayer, facing all towards Kaaba, will create a temple of consciousness in the sky. And they have been successful. Other religions have known it, but no other religion has made it so fundamental a discipline to every disciple.

But this is the calamity that falls over every great thing. Their prayers, although they are facing towards Kaaba at the same hour -- millions of people, because Mohammedanism is the second greatest religion in the world, only after Christianity -- but their prayers are not what Kahlil Gibran is talking about.

I used to go often to Udaipur, in Rajasthan. In Udaipur I had my first meditation camp; and I had a very beautiful gathering of people. Going to Udaipur, I had to pass a Mohammedan city, Ajmer. The trains have to be changed, and it was a one-hour gap before we could get the train towards Udaipur.

Many Mohammedans, in the evening, used to do their last prayer on the platform. I used to walk for one hour just behind them, seeing what they were doing. They were praying, looking towards Kaaba, but everybody was also looking again and again backwards to see whether the train was leaving or still standing. It happened so many times -- I was going so many times to Udaipur, every year....

One day a Mohammedan, who was a professor in the University of Jaipur, was traveling in my compartment; he was also praying, down on the platform. It was a beautiful place -- huge trees by the side of the platform -- and he was doing the same stupid thing, knowing perfectly well that the train would leave only after one hour, and that before leaving there would be long whistles, and that it could not leave hundreds of Mohammedans praying on the platform -- but the professor was also doing the same stupid thing.

Finally, I sat by his side. He could not speak in his *namaz*, in his prayer time, but I nudged him many times; and whenever I nudged him, he looked back -- he thought perhaps the train was going. And he was getting very angry because I was disturbing his prayer. When he finished his prayer he said, "I never had expected from you that you would disturb a pious Mohammedan's prayer."

I said, "I was not disturbing -- I was myself worried that the train was leaving so I was nudging you because you may be left here. And even without my nudging, I have seen you looking back again and again. The train was standing there, just a question of not more than twelve feet. Even if it leaves -- and it is a meter-gauged train, goes slowly -- you can catch up with it without any trouble. But what kind of prayer is this that you cannot forget the train? If you are really honest, it would be better that you face the train rather than facing Kaaba. At least you will not be disturbed by Kaaba. Facing the train, you can do your prayer more at ease."

He said, "Facing the train? Whoever has ever heard that when you are praying, face the train? That would not be prayer."

I said, "That *will* be prayer, because you will at least be relaxed that the train is standing -- there is no problem. But looking back twenty times, even Kaaba must be getting irritated with you. It is not prayer."

Mohammedans are very clever in that matter; they don't leave their shoes outside the mosque. It is a very strange thing. In every temple -- Hindu, Jaina, Buddhist -- you have to leave your shoes outside. But that is a trouble: people are praying, but they are looking at the shoes, because the best place to steal shoes

is a temple where rich people go.

Mohammedans have their strategy: They take their shoes inside, but with a certain method. They put the shoes sole-to-sole together, so that the sole does not touch the floor, because the sole is dirty, not the whole shoe -- seems logical. And the way the Mohammedans sit to pray, it is easy to sit on their shoes. So, completely free from the fear that anybody can steal their shoes, they are sitting on them -- inside the mosque.

In my childhood, particularly in the month of Shravana, when all over India the birthday of Krishna is celebrated for many days, and every temple is decorated, and people go with their best clothes, best shoes -- it is a celebration -- I used to go to change my shoes.

My father asked me one day, "I always see new shoes, and you never ask for the money. From where are you getting these shoes?"

I said, "I have found that in the town there are at least thirty temples. Once I get fed up with one pair of shoes, I simply go to the temple. I never go in, I simply sit outside watching, because I have to find my size. And there is no trouble, even if sometimes I get the wrong size -- a little long or a little small -- I can change them, thirty temples...."

He said, "You are something... but this is not right; and you never go inside the temple?"

I said, "Once in a while I go, because in the celebrations for Krishna's birthday, great musicians come to the temple. And if I hear that something really beautiful is happening, I go inside."

Then my father asked, "What about your shoes?"

I said, "For that, I have also a method. I never keep both my shoes together -- one shoe on this side, one shoe on another side. Who is going to steal one shoe? My shoes have never been stolen."

He said, "This is great! I will try it, because my shoes have been stolen many times. This is a good idea, and no harm to anybody. They are our shoes... we can put one here, one far away. There are so many shoes in between, and anybody who is going to steal is in a hurry -- he cannot manage to look for the other shoe."

But I told him, "Don't say this to anybody, because if people start doing this, then I will unnecessarily waste my time: I will have to find the other one. I know if one is there, the other is bound to be there -- it will take just a little effort to find the other."

Hindus, Jainas, and Buddhists who leave their shoes outside, I have seen them -- their hands are towards the statue of God, and their faces are towards their shoes. I have asked many, "To whom are you praying? Should I believe in your head, or should I believe in your hands? And if you have to pray to your shoes, what is the point of coming to the temple? Just put your shoes in front of you in your house and pray -- it will be more relaxed."

Everything gets perverted. The Mohammedan mystics were right -- but how to prevent all these Mohammedans who are looking somewhere else, who are worried because their luggage is in the train? They are doing a ritual, but it has lost its meaning.

FOR IF YOU SHOULD ENTER THE TEMPLE FOR NO OTHER PURPOSE THAN ASKING YOU SHALL NOT RECEIVE....

The very state of asking and begging, "Give us this, give us that," destroys the whole beauty and the sanctity of prayer. You are not concerned with God, your concern is somehow to get something; and because you have to get something, your prayer is nothing but praising God just the way you buttress people's egos: "You are great, you are the greatest, you created the world... just cure my wife of cancer."

How suddenly you come to the cancer of your wife! And what has the "greatest" to do with it -- to do with your wife and cancer? -- praising God and asking, "My son is unemployed. Just be compassionate, don't be too hard...." You are complaining, you are buttressing -- this is not prayer.

It is one of the great problems in India -- how to get rid of *baksheesh*. You can manage anything -- you just have to give a few notes under the table, and what was absolutely impossible becomes immediately possible. India cannot get rid of it, because it has been doing the same with God. What to do with a constable, a police commissioner? These are poor fellows -- even God is being given *baksheesh*.

Before every temple, you will find a shop of coconuts. People purchase coconuts as *baksheesh*. There is a strange story behind the coconut. In the old days, people used to cut the heads of their slaves as sacrifices to God, to please Him. Now that looks very barbarous, so they had to change to some substitute. The coconut looks like a head, with two eyes, a little beard, and mustache, it looks just like a head. And in

Hindi, the coconut is called *khopra*, and the head is called *khopri* -- just the same words. In fact, you are doing better with a *khopra*, because that is male and *khopri* is female. They used to offer blood. Now they only use red color -- but these are the remnants of a barbarous past. And nobody bothers about what you are doing.

Strangely, if you go to the market, the coconut has gone up in price almost eight times more than it used to be in the beginning of this century. Then it used to be only five *anas* -- one third of a rupee. In the shops before Hindu temples, it is still sold at the same price. It is a miracle. In the market, you have to pay eight times more -- how is the shopkeeper before the temple managing? It is the same coconuts that have been going in a circle -- every day people purchase them, offer to God... every night, the priest brings them back to the shop. They are the most rotten things in the world. Inside there is nothing; they may be half a century old. So the price has remained the same, and it is a business partnership between the priest and the shopkeeper -- perhaps the shopkeeper is his brother.

Just offering a coconut, you are asking employment for your son, admission in a medical college, success in your love affair -- all kinds of things. I have been sitting, hiding in temples, and listening to what people are asking. I was puzzled. There is not a single thing in the world that you will not hear being asked. Somebody is after some woman, and the woman is not paying any attention to him. Offer a coconut, and God will take care of it.

In India, it is impossible to destroy *baksheesh*. If even God takes it, what about the police commissioner? You try it. Purchase a coconut from a temple shop, and go to the police commissioner -- and he is a worshiper, because whenever we phone he is always in worship. I am puzzled, for what is he being paid? During office hours, he is in worship. And what is he worshiping? For what? He must be worshiping... how to become somebody higher than the police commissioner -- the *Chief* police commissioner.

A big promotion, a longer life... these are not prayers, these are not worships -- you are doing business. And the business mind has no possibility of understanding anything of real value: prayer, love, gratitude, blissfulness. These are not commodities which are sold and purchased.

AND IF YOU SHOULD ENTER INTO IT TO HUMBLE YOURSELF YOU SHALL NOT BE LIFTED.

Kahlil Gibran is far more profound than Jesus. Jesus says, "Ask and it shall be given to you." And Kahlil Gibran is saying, "Ask and it shall never be given to you" -- even if you are asking, "God, make me humble." It looks very nice -- you are not asking anything wrong; you are just asking, "Make me humble." But the person who asks, "Make me humble," is indicating two things: one, he is not humble -- he is an egoist -- and he is asking humbleness also as a decoration to his ego. Then he can say, "There is nobody more humble than me." Even humbleness will not be given if asked....

A prayer has to give something to existence -- not to ask. I say to you: Give to existence, and it will be returned to you a thousandfold, but never ask. Religion is not for beggars, it is for emperors -- those who can give.

Or even if you should enter into it to beg for the good of others you shall not be heard.

It looks a little hard, but it is true. You are not asking for yourself, you are asking for others. But the very asking is wrong. You are not trusting the wisdom of existence; hence, you are asking. It is a kind of advice: you know better, existence does not know better.

Don't try to be wiser, to be holier, to be higher than existence. Just relax and surrender yourself. The only thing that you can offer to God is yourself. Offer yourself without any conditions, and without any expectations.

It is enough that you enter the temple invisible.

You should go to a temple -- just stand by the side so nobody observes you, and watch the people who come to pray. If there is a crowd, they pray long, because so many people are seeing them -- they will spread the rumor in the city that this man is very religious. If there is nobody to observe them, their prayer is a shortcut. They finish it quickly and... gone. What is the point? -- nobody is watching.

I have seen the same person praying before the crowd -- then he goes long -- and the same person alone

in the temple, unaware that I am hiding there -- he quickly finishes the prayer. If there is nobody seeing him, what is the point? Your prayer gives you respectability and honor -- that's why Kahlil Gibran is saying, "Enter the temple invisible, as if you are nobody -- almost absent. Don't make noise, don't shout your prayers -- God is not deaf."

There is a beautiful song of one of the mystics, the greatest of the great: Kabir. A Mohammedan is praying very loudly, so loudly that the whole neighborhood can hear. Kabir goes and taps on his shoulder and says, "Remember, God is not deaf. Even if you whisper, He will listen; even if you don't say anything, He will listen even more, because He understands silence, not shouting."

I cannot teach you how to pray in words.

God listens not to your words save when He Himself utters them through your lips.

Unless you are so silent that you allow God to utter a few words through you -- not that you say them, but you allow God to say them, only He hears those words -- your words are not heard.

AND I CANNOT TEACH YOU THE PRAYER OF THE SEAS AND THE FORESTS AND THE MOUNTAINS.

And that is the true prayer. All the trees are in deep meditation, all the mountains are in deep meditation, all the rivers are in deep meditation. Their silence is their prayer.

But you who are born of the mountains and the forests and the seas can find their prayer in your heart.

You are also born of the same earth, of the same seas, of the same forests, so deep in your heart, you can also find the same silence. And that silence is the essential prayer.

AND IF YOU BUT LISTEN IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT YOU SHALL HEAR THEM SAYING IN SILENCE:
"OUR GOD, WHO ART OUR WINGED SELF...."

This is so beautiful -- remember it. Kahlil Gibran is saying, "In the night, in the deep silent hours of the night, you will hear the trees whisper, the mountains whisper, in silence..."Our God, who art our winged self...."

You are nobody else, just your winged self. We have forgotten our wings. You have not remembered your wings yet. The moment you remember your wings, there is no difference between you and God.

The moment you remember your freedom, the moment you drop all your chains, all your prisons, there is no difference between you and God. There is no need of any prayer, because there is nobody other than you -- but you are on a different plane, winged in the sky.

... It is thy will in us that willeth....

And at that moment you will understand that whatever you do is His doing, whatever you will is His will.

Jesus, on the cross, remembered this profound truth. First, he was annoyed, because no miracle was happening, and he shouted at the sky, "Father, have you forsaken me?" This is not the way of prayer, not the way of meditation. Only in the end, he realizes that his expectation for a miracle is begging; it is not prayer. It is an expectation, a demand; and nobody can demand from existence.

Hence he says, "Thy will be done, not mine." He knows his will is that a miracle should happen, but he has come very close to the truth: "Thy will be done. You simply do your will -- don't listen to me and my will." After this statement a great silence descended on Jesus.

"IT IS THY DESIRE IN US THAT DESIRETH.
IT IS THY URGE IN US THAT WOULD TURN OUR NIGHTS, WHICH ARE THINE, INTO DAYS WHICH ARE THINE ALSO.
WE CANNOT ASK THEE FOR OUGHT, FOR THOU KNOWEST OUR NEEDS BEFORE THEY ARE BORN IN US...."

What is there to demand and ask? Existence knows you -- you are born out of it; you are children of the earth, and the mountains, and the sun, and the moon, and the stars. Even before you become aware of a certain desire, the earth knows it, the sky knows it.

You are rooted deep into existence. Before the flower comes to know, the roots know it; and before the roots come to know, the earth knows it -- so the man of understanding simply relaxes in a deep let-go: Thy will shall be done.

"THOU ART OUR NEED; AND IN GIVING US MORE OF THYSELF THOU GIVEST US ALL."

The only real prayer is a silent thirst, a silent hunger: Thou art our need, we don't have any other need. Our hearts are empty. We are ready to be Your host... You be our guest.
In deep silence, calling God to be your guest is the only prayer.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #13
Chapter title: The seed of blissfulness

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BELOVED OSHO,
THEN A HERMIT, WHO VISITED THE CITY ONCE A YEAR, CAME FORTH AND SAID, SPEAK TO US OF PLEASURE.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
PLEASURE IS A FREEDOM-SONG, BUT IT IS NOT FREEDOM.
IT IS THE BLOSSOMING OF YOUR DESIRES, BUT IT IS NOT THEIR FRUIT.
IT IS A DEPTH CALLING UNTO A HEIGHT, BUT IT IS NOT THE DEEP NOR THE HIGH.
IT IS THE CAGED TAKING WING, BUT IT IS NOT SPACE ENCOMPASSED.
AY, IN VERY TRUTH, PLEASURE IS A FREEDOM-SONG.
AND I FAIN WOULD HAVE YOU SING IT WITH FULLNESS OF HEART; YET I WOULD NOT HAVE YOU LOSE YOUR HEARTS IN THE SINGING.
SOME OF YOUR YOUTH SEEK PLEASURE AS IF IT WERE ALL, AND THEY ARE JUDGED AND REBUKED.
I WOULD NOT JUDGE NOR REBUKE THEM. I WOULD HAVE THEM SEEK.
FOR THEY SHALL FIND PLEASURE, BUT NOT HER ALONE;
SEVEN ARE HER SISTERS, AND THE LEAST OF THEM IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN PLEASURE.
HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF THE MAN WHO WAS DIGGING IN THE EARTH FOR ROOTS AND FOUND A TREASURE?

Kahlil Gibran has posed every question in its right context. It is not a question coming out of the blue, it

is a question representing the questioner. And he has made every effort to answer the questioner by answering his question. These are two different things.

The philosophical approach towards life answers only the question; it does not matter who is asking it, the question in itself is important to the philosopher. But to the mystic, the question is only a beginning of a deep exposure of the questioner; hence, the real answer is not arrowed towards the question, but towards the questioner. The question has its roots in the heart of the one who has asked, and unless you answer him, you have not answered.

Kahlil Gibran is very careful that, when he is answering the question, he should not forget the questioner. The question is superficial; the real problem is deep down in the heart of the one who has asked.

THEN A HERMIT, WHO VISITED THE CITY ONCE A YEAR, CAME FORTH AND SAID, SPEAK TO US OF PLEASURE.

Does it not look very strange that a hermit should ask about pleasure? It appears so, but in truth the hermit has renounced pleasure and is tortured by his own renunciation. He cannot forget the possibility that perhaps those who are living the life of pleasure are the right ones, perhaps by renouncing life and its pleasures he has simply gone wrong.

The feeling is not just a superficial thought, it is deep in his very being -- because since he has renounced pleasure, he has lost all zest for life, all will even to breathe. Even to wake up in the morning... for what? Since he has renounced, he has died a kind of death, he is no more a living being. Although he breathes, eats, walks, speaks... I say unto you: his life is only posthumous. He is like a ghost, who has died long ago. The moment he renounced existence, he renounced life also; he committed a spiritual suicide.

But all the religions have been teaching nothing but spiritual suicide. They are all anti-life -- and if you are anti-life, naturally the only way for you is to
go on repressing your natural desires, longings.

The hermit, who has been praised down the ages as a saint, as holy, is nothing but a repressed soul who has not allowed himself to live, who has not allowed himself to dance, to love. He is like a tree which has renounced its own foliage, which has renounced its own flowers, and its own fruits -- dry and juiceless the tree stands, just a faded memory.

All this has been done because there are vested interests in the world which want you to be just alive -- but not to live; just to survive, but not in your fullness -- only at the minimum, not at the maximum. They have turned every human being into a summertime river. They don't allow you to be flooded with rain, and to have a taste of something widening, expanding, some dream of a future meeting with the ocean. A summertime river has shrunken, has become shallow, has become broken.

The hermit has died at the very center of his being. His body goes on living, but he does not know what life is, because pleasure is the only language that life understands. Although pleasure is not the end, it is certainly the beginning -- and you cannot reach the end if you have missed the beginning. The hermit needs all your compassion, not your worship. Your worship has been the cause of many people committing suicide, because you have been worshiping those who are renouncing pleasure. You are fulfilling their egos and destroying their souls. You are partners in a great crime: they are committing suicide, but you are also murdering them by your worship.

The question -- coming from a hermit asking Almustafa: *speak to us of pleasure* -- is immensely significant. It needs courage even to ask such a question -- as far as your so-called sages and saints are concerned.

It must have been twenty-five years ago, when I happened to speak in a conference.... Just before me a Jaina monk, Chandan Muni, who was very much respected by his community and religion, inaugurated the conference. He spoke about great blissfulness, great joy in renouncing life, in renouncing the mundane, profane pleasures. I was sitting by his side, watching him, but I could not see any sign that he had known what he is talking about. He appeared dry and dead, his statements were repetitions, parrot-like, from the scriptures. It was not a poetry -- spontaneous, flowing like a stream from the mountains, young, fresh, singing, dancing towards the ocean.

When I spoke, after him, I said, "The man who was speaking just now is simply a hypocrite" -- and he was sitting by my side -- "he knows nothing of ecstasy, nothing of blissfulness, because the man who has

renounced pleasure has renounced the first step -- which leads to the final step of blissfulness. It is impossible to reach to blissfulness if you are against pleasure and against life."

There was a great shock... because people don't speak what they feel; people speak only what other people appreciate. And I could feel the vibrations of Chandan Muni -- it was a beautiful morning, there was a cool breeze, but he was perspiring. But he was a sincere man. He did not stand up to contradict me, on the contrary, I received a messenger in the afternoon, who said, "Chandan Muni wants to meet you, and he's very sorry that he cannot come, because his committee will not allow it."

I said, "There is no problem. I am not imprisoned, my wings are not cut. I don't care about any committee -- I can come."

So he said, "First let me go and make arrangements so that you can meet in privacy."

I said, "What is the matter? Let others be there."

But he said, "You don't understand. Since this morning, Chandan Muni has been crying. He's seventy years old and he became a monk when he was only twelve years old. His father became a monk, the mother had died -- now where was this child to go? This was the most convenient thing, that he also become a monk with his father; so he became a monk. He has never known what life is, he has never played with children, he has never seen anything that can be called pleasant."

So I said, "Okay, you go ahead and make arrangements -- I am coming." Still, a crowd gathered. They had been suspecting since the morning that something had happened to Chandan Muni -- he's not speaking and his eyes are full of tears. He had to beg of the crowd, "Please, leave the two of us alone!"

He locked the doors, and he said to me, "It was hard to hear your words -- they were like arrows going directly into my heart; but whatever you said is true. I am not as courageous as I should be, and that's why I don't want anybody else to hear this, but I have not known life. I have not known anything. I have only learnt from scriptures -- they are empty. And now at the age of seventy, what do you suggest for me to do?"

I said, "I think the first thing is to open the doors and let the people come in. Of what are you afraid? You don't have anything to lose. You have never lived -- you died at the age of twelve. Now, a dead man has nothing to lose... but let them listen. They have been worshiping you; just because of their worship your ego was fulfilled, and you managed to live this torturous life, this horrible nightmare that religions have called saintliness -- it is simply pathology."

He was hesitant, but still he gathered courage and opened the doors. And when the people heard that he knows nothing, rather than praising his honesty and sincerity, they all started condemning him, saying, "You have been cheating us!" They threw him out of their temple.

For truth it seems there is no home, but for hypocrisy, all worship, all respectability, is available.

This hermit reminds me of Chandan Muni. I don't know what happened to him, but whatever may have happened must have been better than what had been happening before. At least he sacrificed his respectability for being sincere, for being truthful, and this is a big step.

The hermit is asking: *speak to us of pleasure*.... The word "pleasure" is without any meaning for the hermit; he has heard only condemnation about it. He may have himself been condemning it, but he has never tasted it.

A beautiful story I would like to tell you: One day in paradise, in one of the ZORBA THE BUDDHA restaurants, Gautam Buddha, Confucius, and Lao Tzu were sitting and chitchatting. A beautiful naked woman -- it is my restaurant, nobody else's, and it is not in the territory of the Poona Police Commissioner -- came with a big jug and asked the three, "Would you like to have some juice of life?"

Buddha immediately closed his eyes. He said, "Be ashamed of yourself! You are trying to degrade us. With great effort and arduous austerities, somehow we have reached here, and you have brought juice of life. Get lost!" And he said all these things with closed eyes.

But Confucius kept his eyes half open, half closed. That's his whole philosophy: the golden mean -- neither this extreme nor that extreme. He said, "I would like to have a little taste, because without tasting it I cannot say anything about it." She poured into a cup some juice of life. Confucius just sipped it, gave it back to her, and said, "It is very bitter."

Lao Tzu said, "Give me the whole jug." The woman said, "The whole jug? Are you going to drink from the jug?" He said, "That's my approach to life: unless you have drunk it in its totality, you cannot say anything about it. It may be bitter in the beginning, it may be sweet in the end -- who knows?"

Before the woman could say anything, he took the jug away, and just drank, in one single breath, the whole juice of life. He said, "Confucius, you are wrong. Everything needs a certain training in taste. It was bitter because it was unknown to you; it was bitter because you were already prejudiced against it. Your

whole talk about the golden mean is empty philosophy. I can say that the more I drank of it, the sweeter it became. First it was only pleasant; in the end it became ecstatic."

Buddha could not stand this praise of life. He simply stood up and moved out of the ZORBA THE BUDDHA restaurant. Lao Tzu said, "What happened to this fellow? He has been sitting with closed eyes. In the first place, there is no need to close your eyes -- the woman is so beautiful. If there was something ugly you can close your eyes, it is understandable, but to close your eyes to such a beautiful woman is to show insensitivity, is to show humiliation, condemnation, is to show some deep-rooted fear. Perhaps that fellow is very repressed, and he is afraid his repression may surface."

Confucius was not ready to listen to Lao Tzu, because he was going too far from the golden mean, so he left. And Lao Tzu started dancing. I have heard he is still dancing....

Life has to be lived before you decide anything about it -- for or against. Those who have lived it in its intensity and totality have never been against it. Those who have been against it are the people who have never lived it in its intensity, who have never allowed it their totality; they have kept themselves aloof and closed -- but that's what the religions have been teaching, and how they have been destroying humanity.
Almustafa replied:

PLEASURE IS A FREEDOM-SONG....

The statements he is going to make are very significant:

PLEASURE IS A FREEDOM-SONG,
BUT IT IS NOT FREEDOM.

Pleasure is only a song, a by-product; when you know freedom, the song will arise in you. But they are not synonymous. The song may remain silent... it depends.

You feel pleasure only when you are living a moment of freedom -- freedom from care, freedom from worries, freedom from concerns, freedom from jealousies, freedom from everything. In that moment of absolute freedom a song arises in you, and that song is pleasure. Freedom is the mother, the song is only one of the children; there are many other children to the mother. So they are not synonymous. Freedom brings many flowers -- it is only one of those flowers. And freedom brings many treasures -- it is only one of those treasures.

IT IS THE BLOSSOMING OF YOUR DESIRES,
BUT IT IS NOT THEIR FRUIT.

Flowers are beautiful. You can enjoy them, appreciate them, but they cannot nourish you, they cannot become your food. You can have them for decoration but they cannot become your blood, your bones, and your marrow. This is what he means...*it is the blossoming of your desires, but it is not their fruit*.

So don't stop at pleasure -- there is much more ahead. Enjoy the flowers, collect the flowers, make a garland of the flowers, but remember, there are fruits also. And the fruit of your ripening is not pleasure; the fruit is blissfulness.

Pleasure is only a beginning -- the tree is ready. The flowers are a song to announce that the tree is pregnant, and soon the fruits will be coming.

Don't get lost in pleasures, but don't escape from them either. Enjoy them, but remember -- there is much more to life than pleasure.

Life does not end with pleasure, it only begins with it; the fruit is blissfulness. But pleasure gives you some taste of what is going to be ahead. It gives you a dream, a longing for more; it is a promise, "Just wait, fruits will be coming. Don't close your eyes to the flowers; otherwise you will never find the fruits."

That's what I have been telling you again and again, in different ways. My words may be different, but my song is the same. I may enter the temple from different doors, but it is the same temple.

Zorba is only a flower, Buddha is the fruit. Unless you have both, you are not complete, something is missing; there will always remain a gap in your heart, a dark corner in your soul. Unless Buddha and Zorba

dance together in your being, the flower and the fruit, the beginning and the end, you will not know the real meaning of existence.

The meaning of existence has not to be searched for by your intellect, it has to be experienced in life.

IT IS A DEPTH CALLING UNTO A HEIGHT....

Pleasure is a depth calling unto a height. Remember always that every depth is always close to a height -- only sunlit tops of mountains have deep valleys by their side. Pleasure is in the valleys, but if you have known pleasure, it will create, it will stir in your being, the longing for that faraway sunlit peak. If the darkness is so beautiful, if the valley is so fulfilling, how can you contain your temptation to reach to the heights? When the depths give so much, you have to explore the heights.

Pleasure is a tremendous temptation to reach to the heights. It is not against your spiritual growth; it is a friend, not a foe. And those who have denied it have denied the heights also, because the heights and the valleys exist together. The valleys have their own beauty, there is nothing sinful about them, there is nothing evil about them -- just don't get lost. Enjoy, but remain alert -- because there is much more. And you should not be content with the darkness of the valley. The pleasure creates in you a spiritual discontent: if darkness can give so much, can yield so much, what about the heights?

IT IS A DEPTH CALLING UNTO A HEIGHT,
BUT IT IS NOT THE DEEP NOR THE HIGH.

Pleasure itself is more like plain ground. On one side is the high peak of the mountain; because of the height of the mountain it seems to be the depth, but really it is plain ground.

There are depths and there are heights. If you fall into depths, you will be falling into a painful existence, into anguish -- below pleasure is pain. Above pleasure is blissfulness, ecstasy.

It is unfortunate that millions of very nice people have renounced pleasure and fallen into the dark, bottomless hole of pain, misery, austerity; but they go on consoling themselves -- because their scriptures go on telling them that the more you suffer, the more you will gain after life. Nobody tells them, "There is no need to wait for a paradise after life. Don't go against pleasure, but follow the pleasure into its totality, and it will start leading you, by and by, upwards towards the heights."

Here you can be in hell, you can be in heaven; it all depends on you -- where you are moving. Don't move against pleasure; let pleasure be your arrow moving towards the stars.

IT IS THE CAGED TAKING WING....

In pleasure, the caged bird grows wings, but still it is in the cage; now it has wings, but it has not the sky available to it. It can be said, "Pleasure is caged blissfulness."

Blissfulness is pleasure on the wing, rising higher into the sky. When pleasure becomes free from all prisons, it goes through a transmutation, a transformation. It has the seed in it; somebody just has to remind it, "You are containing tremendous potential." It has wings, but is not aware of its wings.

To be with a master is not to learn something.

To be with a master is to be infected by something.

Seeing the master on the wing, in the air, suddenly you become aware, "I have also got the same wings." The master becomes a remembrance. It is not a teaching that a master transfers, it is a remembrance that he invokes.

IT IS THE CAGED TAKING WING,
BUT IT IS NOT SPACE ENCOMPASSED.

So, those who know pleasure have become acquainted with their wings; now they have to find their way out of the cage. And the cage is your own, home-made. It is your jealousy, which you go on feeding; it is

your competitiveness, which you go on giving energy to; it is your own ego, which you don't drop but go on carrying -- howsoever heavy the burden is. The cage is not somebody else's; hence it is very easy to drop it.

It happened to one of the Sufi mystics, Al-Hillaj Mansoor.... I love the man very much. There have been many mystics, and there will be many mystics, but I don't think anybody will have the same taste as Al-Hillaj Mansoor. He was rare in every sense. For example, somebody asked him, "How to be free? You all go on talking about freedom, freedom -- but *how* to be free?"

He said, "It is very simple, just see." They were sitting in a mosque with pillars like these. Al-Hillaj went close to a pillar, caught hold of the pillar with both hands and started shouting, "Help me! How can I be free from this pillar?"

The man said, "Don't be mad, you yourself are clinging to the pillar; nobody is doing anything, neither is the pillar doing anything. What nonsense are you doing?"

He said, "I am simply answering you. You had asked me how to be free, have you ever asked anybody the art of not being free? That you know perfectly well. You go on creating new chains, new bondages... it is your own doing. Undo it! And it is good that it is your own doing, because you can undo it without anybody else's permission."

Still, Al-Hillaj was holding the pillar. The man said, "At least now I have understood the point, but please leave that pillar because a crowd is gathering. Everybody knows you are mad, but I am feeling embarrassed to be with you!"

He said, "Only if you have really understood will I leave this pillar; otherwise, I will die with this pillar."

He said, "My God, to ask you a question is to create trouble."

And the crowd started abusing the person. They said, "Why did you disturb Al-Hillaj? What kind of question have you asked?"

He said, "It is strange, I had asked a simple question, How to be free? Rather than answering, he went to the pillar, and he's holding the pillar, and he's shouting for help. That's why you all have gathered."

And Al-Hillaj was still shouting, "Help me! How can I be free?"

Finally, the man said, "Forgive me, I will try, but don't make too much mockery of me. Leave that pillar!"

He said, "What do you think? -- am I holding the pillar or is the pillar holding me?"

The man said, "Mansoor, although you have become a great mystic, we were boyhood friends, we studied in the same school; just remember our friendship before this whole crowd. Now the whole town is here, and they are all angry with me. This is not the way to answer a question -- I was asking a philosophical question."

Mansoor said, "Philosophical question? Then you should not come to a man like me. Philosophy is only for fools. Those who are really in search of truth, only they should enter my house -- this is the house of God. And I have answered you, `If you want to be free, you can be free this very moment, because you are holding all your chains as if they are not chains but ornaments. Drop them! Even if they are made of gold, they are not allowing you to be free, and they are not allowing your wings to open in the air.'"

AY, IN VERY TRUTH, PLEASURE IS A FREEDOM-SONG.
AND I FAIN WOULD HAVE YOU SING IT WITH FULLNESS OF HEART....

Man has completely forgotten one thing -- fullness. He loves, but there is not fullness of the heart. He weeps, but the tears are shallow -- perhaps only a formality. He smiles, because he is expected to smile.

I have heard about one boss, and he knew not more than three jokes. But every day he would collect his whole office -- all the clerks, head clerks -- and he would tell one of those jokes. And they all would laugh as if they had never heard it. They had to, because not to laugh was an insult to the boss.

One day one woman typist did not laugh, and the boss said, "What is the matter. Why are you not laughing?"

She said, "I am resigning; I have got another job. Why should I laugh?"

People are laughing out of formality, respectfulness, but this kind of laugh cannot be wholehearted. None of your actions is total: that is your misery, that is your hell.

A king had come to see a Zen master. The Zen master had a beautiful garden and just in front of the gate, an old man was chopping wood. The king asked him, "Can I ask, who are you?"

He said, "Who am I? You can see -- a woodcutter."
He said, "That's true, that I can see, but I have come to see your master."
He said, "My master? I don't have any master."

The king thought, this man seems to be mad. But just to complete the conversation he said, "But is this a Zen monastery?"
The man said, "Maybe."

So the king moved ahead. When he reached the house deep inside the forest, he entered the house, and he saw the same woodcutter, wearing the robe of a Zen monk, sitting in a Zen posture, looking really beautiful and graceful. The king looked at his face. He said, "What is going on? Do you have a twin brother?"
He said, "Perhaps."
The king said, "Who is cutting wood in front of the gate?"

He said, "Whoever is cutting wood, he is a woodcutter. What business is it to talk about a woodcutter? I am a master."

The king was very much puzzled, but the master said, "Don't feel puzzled. When I am cutting wood, I am a woodcutter -- I don't leave any space for anything else. And when I am a master, I am a master. You have not met two persons, you have met one person who is always total. Next time you may find me fishing in the pond, then you will meet a fisherman. Whatever I do, I *am* my action -- in my totality."

Moment to moment, living life in totality, is my whole teaching. Those who have known life and its mysteries are agreed upon one point: that you should be full of heart, whatever you are doing.

Kahlil Gibran is saying: *and I fain would have you sing it with fullness of heart*.... When the song of freedom happens to you, let your whole heart dance, sing.

YET I WOULD NOT HAVE YOU LOSE YOUR HEARTS IN THE SINGING.

This is a very strange, but significant, statement. It seems to be contradictory. He is saying, "Sing the song with the fullness of your heart, but still remain alert. Don't get lost, don't stop witnessing."

When your action is total and the witness is silently watching it, you will not only find the song of pleasure; you will also find something far greater, which we have been calling blissfulness. Blissfulness comes with the witness.

Pleasure needs totality -- but don't get lost into it; otherwise you will have stopped at pleasure and will not move higher than that.

SOME OF YOUR YOUTH SEEK PLEASURE AS IF IT WERE ALL, AND THEY ARE JUDGED AND REBUKED....

Of course, by the old. The swift and the strong and the bold of step are always condemned by the crippled, criticized in many ways. It is a cover-up. The crippled person cannot accept that he is crippled, and he cannot accept that somebody else is not crippled. To cover his inferiority he starts condemning, criticizing.

The old people are continuously condemning the young seekers of pleasure, judging them as sinners, although deep down in their own being they would like still to be young.

Some of your youth seek pleasure as if it were all.... It is wrong to think that pleasure is all, but it is also wrong to judge and condemn them. The man who condemns them is deep down hankering for the same thing, but finds himself weaker, older, no longer adequate enough.

The wiser man will say, "Seek pleasure -- there is no harm in it. But remember this is not all, because I have known higher things, better things. But I will not stop you from seeking. Seek with the fullness of your heart! In that very fullness of the heart and that very search and the experience of pleasure, perhaps you may start looking for something higher, something better; something more alive, more beautiful, more immortal."

The wise man never condemns -- that is the criterion of a wise man -- and those who condemn are simply OTHERwise, not wise.

I WOULD NOT JUDGE NOR REBUKE THEM. I WOULD HAVE THEM SEEK....

Kahlil Gibran has an immense treasure of wisdom.

I WOULD NOT JUDGE NOR REBUKE THEM. I WOULD HAVE THEM SEEK.
FOR THEY SHALL FIND PLEASURE. BUT NOT HER ALONE:
SEVEN ARE HER SISTERS, AND THE LEAST OF THEM IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN PLEASURE.

Here he has referred to an eastern tradition of Tantra, which talks about seven chakras -- seven centers of your growth. This is something to be very carefully understood. Perhaps people who have been reading Kahlil Gibran may have never bothered about who the seven sisters are, and even if they had thought about them, I don't think.... Unless they know something about Tantra and the Eastern findings of the inner ladder of growth, they will not be able to understand.

In the university where I used to teach, there were many professors who loved Kahlil Gibran, and I have asked many of them, "Can you say something to me about the seven sisters?"
They said, "Seven sisters? I know nothing about them."
I said, "What kind of reading do you do?"
Kahlil Gibran is saying:

AND THE LEAST OF THEM IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN PLEASURE."

They used to say to me, "You read things in a strange way. We have passed this sentence, but the question never arose. Now that you ask, we also wonder, Who are the seven sisters?" The people in the West will certainly be unaware. If even in the East they don't know who the seven sisters are, what to say about the West?

Tantra talks about seven centers -- and pleasure is not even the first center. Pleasure is below the first center. Pleasure is a biological phenomenon; it is your sexuality. It uses your energy, but it is a bondage with biology. Biology wants you to reproduce children, because biology knows you are not dependable. You can pop off any moment....

Biology has its own ways to keep the stream of life flowing. If there were no pleasure in sexual experiences, I don't think any man or any woman would reproduce children; then the whole thing would look so stupid -- such strange gymnastics. All women are aware of it, only men are not so aware. While making love, women want to put the light off, but the man wants the light on. It is very strange to find a woman who keeps her eyes open while making love; she closes her eyes -- let this idiot do whatsoever he feels. If there were no pleasure.... It is a trick and a strategy of biology, just like giving a chocolate to a child -- a little pleasure so you can suffer the gymnastics. And slowly, slowly you become so accustomed to the chocolate....

Above the pleasure center is the first chakra, which sometimes -- very rarely -- is experienced by accident. People are not aware of the whole science of Tantra; otherwise everybody would be able to understand the first center very easily. Just a small pleasure of making love does not take you to the first center, but if your lovemaking brings an orgasmic explosion... but people are so quick in making love!

This quickness in making love is a by-product of your religious upbringing, because they have been condemning sex. They have not been able to destroy it, but they have certainly succeeded in making it short. They have not been able to destroy it completely, but they have poisoned it. So even when people in love are making love, both feel ashamed, as if they are doing something ugly -- so the quicker it ends the better!

For biological purposes, it is perfectly okay -- biology is not interested in your orgasmic experience. But if you can prolong the process of lovemaking, if you can make it a meditation, silent, beautiful, if you make it something sacred... before making love you take a bath, and when you enter your bedroom you enter with the same feeling as you enter into the temple. It is a temple of love, but in the temple of love, people are fighting, quarreling, nagging, throwing pillows at each other, shouting, screaming; you destroy the whole

atmosphere.

You should burn incense, you should play some beautiful music, you should dance. You should not be in a hurry to make love -- that should be the climax of your whole game. You should meditate together, you should be silent together, you should dance together. In this dance, in this togetherness, in this singing, with the incense, you must create in your bedroom a temple -- and then only....

You should not make an effort to make love; let it happen spontaneously, on its own accord. If it does not happen, there is no need to worry -- you enjoyed the meditation, you enjoyed the dance, you enjoyed the music. It has been a beautiful experience, leave it.

Your love should not be an action, it should be a spontaneous phenomenon that surprises you. Only in that spontaneity can love become orgasmic. And the moment love becomes orgasmic, you have reached the first chakra, you have met the first sister -- which is far more beautiful than pleasure.

The first three chakras are self-centered: The first is unconscious orgasmic pleasure; the second is half conscious, half asleep; the third is fully conscious orgasmic pleasure. In the third your love and your meditation meet.

The next three... the fourth is the heart center. Only at the fourth is the beginning of a new world -- the world of love. Below the fourth it was only refinement of sexual energy; with the fourth you transcend sex completely. There is no more refinement. You have entered into a new kind of energy, qualitatively different from sex. It is the same energy, but so refined that the very refinement makes it a totally new phenomenon.

At the fourth center, when you are entering into love, you can feel it but you cannot express it. It is so new... you don't have any words. It is so unknown and so sudden that time stops, mind stops. You are suddenly in a silence that you have never dreamt of before.

With the fifth center, expression comes into being: love becomes creativity. It may find expression in different ways in different people -- it may become music, it may become poetry, it may become a sculpture, it may become dance -- infinite are the possibilities. But one thing is certain: when you are at the fifth center, love becomes creative.

Below the first center love was only productive -- productive of children. At the fifth center it becomes creative; you create new kinds of children. For the poet, his poetry is his child; for the musician, his music is his child. At the fifth center everybody becomes a mother, a womb.

These two centers, the fourth and the fifth, are centered on the other. The first three were centered on your own self -- that's why sex is never a fulfillment and sex is always a quarrel, a fight. It creates intimate enemies, not friends, because both the partners are self-centered. They want to get more and more pleasure from the other. Both are wanting; nobody is ready to give.

The fourth and fifth change the direction: from getting, the transformation is towards giving. Hence in love there is no quarrel, no jealousy, no fight. It gives freedom. It is creative -- it creates something beautiful for the other, for the beloved. It may be painting, it may be music, it may be a beautiful garden, but the center is the beloved. It is not for one's own pleasure, it is for the happiness and pleasure of the other. If the other is happy, one is happy.

With the sixth center your energy enters again into a new experience. In Tantra it is called, "the opening of the third eye." It is only a symbol. It means you have now attained a clarity of vision, you can see without any hindrance; there are no longer any curtains on your eyes -- nothing hinders your vision. You can see without any projection, you can see things as they are -- in their truth, in their beauty; it is not that you are projecting something. Before this center, everybody is projecting.

Of course, there are people who will not be able to enjoy classical music, because they have not been trained to project. They can only enjoy modern contemporary western music -- which to the real musical person is nothing but insane noise, a kind of neurosis. People are jumping and screaming from the Beatles to the Talking Heads -- it is all insanity, it is not music.... But to enjoy classical music, you need a certain discipline.

If you want to enjoy the music of the wind passing through the pine trees, you will need a clarity, a silence; you are not expecting anything, you are not projecting anything.

With the opening of the third eye, you are no longer separate from the other. At the first three centers you were self-centered; with the two other centers, you were other-oriented. With the sixth you become one with the other -- there is no longer separation. Lovers start feeling a kind of synchronicity. Their heartbeat has the same rhythm, they start understanding each other without saying a single word.

With the seventh -- that is the highest man can rise in the body, it is called *sahastrara* the seventh center of your being -- you become one with the whole universe. First you become one with your beloved at the sixth center; at the seventh, you become one with the ultimate, with the whole. These are the seven sisters that Kahlil Gibran is mentioning, and this is the whole spectrum of spiritual growth.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF THE MAN WHO WAS DIGGING IN THE EARTH FOR ROOTS AND FOUND A TREASURE?

It is an ancient proverb in Lebanon. A man was digging for roots; he was so hungry he could not afford even to buy fruit, so he was digging for roots to eat. But he found a treasure. Referring to it, he is saying, "We started by digging for roots -- pleasure; but if you go on digging, you may find treasures beyond treasures."

It is a fact established by all the mystics of the East that with the seventh you become absolutely free from all prisons, from all thoughts, from all religions, from all ideologies; with the seventh, your cage has disappeared.

Now you can breathe in the open sky and you can fly to the stars.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #14

Chapter title: A dewdrop cannot offend the ocean

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BELOVED OSHO,
AND SOME OF YOUR ELDERS REMEMBER PLEASURES WITH REGRET LIKE WRONGS COMMITTED IN DRUNKENNESS.
BUT REGRET IS THE BECLOUDING OF THE MIND AND NOT ITS CHASTISEMENT.
THEY SHOULD REMEMBER THEIR PLEASURES WITH GRATITUDE, AS THEY WOULD THE HARVEST OF A SUMMER.
YET IF IT COMFORTS THEM TO REGRET, LET THEM BE COMFORTED.
AND THERE ARE AMONG YOU THOSE WHO ARE NEITHER
YOUNG TO SEEK NOR OLD TO REMEMBER;
AND IN THEIR FEAR OF SEEKING AND REMEMBERING
THEY SHUN ALL PLEASURES, LEST THEY NEGLECT THE SPIRIT OR OFFEND AGAINST IT.
BUT EVEN IN THEIR FOREGOING IS THEIR PLEASURE.
AND THUS THEY TOO FIND A TREASURE THOUGH THEY DIG FOR ROOTS WITH QUIVERING HANDS.

BUT TELL ME, WHO IS HE THAT CAN OFFEND THE SPIRIT?
SHALL THE NIGHTINGALE OFFEND THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT, OR THE FIREFLY THE STARS?
AND SHALL YOUR FLAME OR YOUR SMOKE BURDEN THE WIND?
THINK YOU THE SPIRIT IS A STILL POOL WHICH YOU CAN TROUBLE WITH A STAFF?
OFTENTIMES IN DENYING YOURSELF PLEASURE YOU DO BUT STORE THE DESIRE IN THE RECESSES OF YOUR BEING.
WHO KNOWS BUT THAT WHICH SEEMS OMITTED TODAY, WAITS FOR TO-MORROW?
EVEN YOUR BODY KNOWS ITS HERITAGE AND ITS RIGHTFUL NEED AND WILL NOT BE DECEIVED.
AND YOUR BODY IS THE HARP OF YOUR SOUL,
AND IT IS YOURS TO BRING FORTH SWEET MUSIC FROM IT OR CONFUSED SOUNDS.
AND NOW YOU ASK IN YOUR HEART, "HOW SHALL WE DISTINGUISH THAT WHICH IS GOOD IN PLEASURE FROM THAT WHICH IS NOT GOOD?"
GO TO YOUR FIELDS AND YOUR GARDENS, AND YOU SHALL LEARN THAT IT IS THE PLEASURE OF THE BEE TO GATHER HONEY OF THE FLOWER,
BUT IT IS ALSO THE PLEASURE OF THE FLOWER TO YIELD ITS HONEY TO THE BEE.
FOR TO THE BEE A FLOWER IS A FOUNTAIN OF LIFE,
AND TO THE FLOWER A BEE IS A MESSENGER OF LOVE,
AND TO BOTH, BEE AND FLOWER, THE GIVING AND THE RECEIVING OF PLEASURE IS A NEED AND AN ECSTASY.
PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, BE IN YOUR PLEASURES LIKE THE FLOWERS AND THE BEES.

Man is a very strange being. He was not supposed to be so, but he has been in every way forced to be unnatural -- and that is the source of his strangeness. He has become not only a stranger to others, he has become also a stranger to himself, because anything against nature is against yourself... you are nothing but a song of nature, just as the birds are singing and the trees are standing in silence.

Except man, in the whole existence everything is smooth, beautiful, without any discrimination of the superior and the inferior -- no tree is a saint or a sinner. But man has fallen into such divisions that his life has become not a joy, but a burden that he has to carry somehow from the cradle to the grave.

It is a very subtle logic: First, the priests of all the religions poisoned you against yourself, forced you to be anti-life. And then, when you became miserable, they came from the back door to console you. Then they became mediators between you and God.

I have heard about two brothers who used to do a business in partnership -- that is the business of the priest. The first brother would go to a city in the night, in the darkness when everybody was asleep, and he would put coal tar on people's windows, doors, and walls. In the morning when people would see it, they could not believe what had happened; the whole city had been made ugly.

But suddenly, as they were wondering about who had done it, they would hear the other brother say that if somebody wanted his windows or doors cleaned, he has all the expertise needed to clean them. So he would clean and earn the money. While he was cleaning and earning the money, the other brother would have moved to another city. And in this way they were doing a lot of business.

But it is not business. It is conspiracy.

That's what the priests have done to man.

First they make you sick, and then they come as your saviors. First they crush you into subhuman beings -- degraded, undignified, rejected, condemned -- and then they will come, saying, "Don't be worried. If you follow us, all your misery will disappear; if you listen to us, we will arrange that you are accepted by God, in paradise -- with great rewards."

This conspiracy has been going on since the very beginning. It has become such a big business; almost everybody is a client, a customer, to some kind of priesthood -- Hindu, Christian, Buddhist, Jaina, Mohammedan. But the basic business is the same. And the rivalry between the religions can be understood as the simple rivalry of all shopkeepers who are selling the same commodity.

Every religion is trying to prove that his commodity is better than anybody else's. Jesus says, "Those who follow me will enter into the kingdom of God, and those who do not follow me will fall into eternal hell." But the same is true about all religions. In different ways, in different languages, that is the message: only *we* can save you.

I call it a very strange phenomenon that millions of people have not looked into: Who has made you guilty that you need to be saved from guilt? Who has made you self-condemning that somebody needs to teach you how to drop it? Who has crippled you? The same source that has been crippling you comes to teach you how to walk, how to run -- they are the same people.

They have been fighting amongst themselves -- not for any fundamental question of life, but just on the

number of customers. Every religion wants the whole humanity to belong to it. It is big business.

I have heard that the Jews have never been able to forgive themselves because they crucified Jesus -- who was born a Jew, lived a Jew, died a Jew. Jews are very intelligent people. They have not even forgiven themselves after two thousand years, because by crucifying Jesus they have lost the biggest business that the poor boy was offering. Now Christianity is the biggest religion; it is the biggest established firm which deals in commodities which are invisible. And a business that deals with commodities which are invisible can never go bankrupt.

One man in New York declared, advertised, that he has found the secret of making invisible hairpins for women. Naturally there was a great crowd continually pouring into his shop, and he was handing them beautiful packages. They would open the package and, of course, there was nothing inside. But how can you see the invisible pins?

Just one woman was a little suspicious. She asked the salesman, "Are you sure the invisible hairpins are inside the box?"

He said, "If you ask me, madam, we have been out of stock for three weeks, but business is going on, so we have dropped producing. What is the point? Just empty boxes are being sold, why trouble to create invisible hairpins?"

Religion has been selling you invisible things: a God, which is just a lie -- and one lie leads to another lie... a prayer, and a priest, and a temple, a synagogue, a church, a HOLY BIBLE, a GITA, a KORAN... the business goes on and on. Priests grab the child from the very cradle -- they don't miss a single moment. And they go on exploiting him, even when he is dead. Then, on his behalf, they exploit his relatives -- the rituals that have to be done after death.

Hinduism is perhaps far more clever than any other religion -- obviously, it is the oldest religion in the world. Not only does it go on exploiting you when somebody dies, it goes on exploiting you for all the people that have died -- your father, your forefathers. Every year, a certain ritual has to be done for them. And of course, the priest has to be paid for it.

The priest has invented very special strategies. One of them is repentance; and today's statements of Kahlil Gibran, discuss this ugly idea of repentance.

AND SOME OF YOUR ELDERS REMEMBER PLEASURES WITH REGRET LIKE WRONGS COMMITTED IN DRUNKENNESS.

The elders, when they were young, had enough courage to fight with all the anti-life forces. They lived their life as much as possible according to nature -- they enjoyed, they laughed, they loved, they danced.

But in old age, death starts to be the most important problem. Now they are afraid of all those days of pleasure, now they remember that the priests have been telling them, "Don't commit these sins; otherwise you will suffer." Now death can happen any moment, and they have not gathered any virtue to be rewarded; in their hands are only so-called memories of the sins that they have committed. They regret, they repent, they confess to the priest, "Ask God to forgive us. We were not aware; we are sorry that we did not listen to you."

Every religion has created its own strategy.

Just a few days ago, the Catholic pope declared, "You cannot confess directly to God. It is one of the greatest sins to confess directly to God. You have to confess to the Catholic priest. He is the mediator and he will convey the message to God."

You can see the simple cunningness. How can man not be directly connected with the source of life? He is already connected; otherwise, how can you be alive? Who breathes in you, except God? By "God" I mean the totality of life. Who is beating in your heart? Who sings in you, who loves in you, who dances in you? You are continually in contact with the source of life. You are immersed in it. The mediator is not needed at all.

But the Catholic pope understands that if people start confessing directly to God, then millions of Catholic priests will be out of employment. Not only will they be out of employment, if people don't confess to them they will lose their power over people.

The greatest power in the world is to expose yourself before somebody. Particularly what you think is evil, a sin, you want to hide it. Once you have confessed to a priest, you cannot leave the Catholic fold. You will always be afraid -- the priest can expose you to the public. So it is a very deep psychological slavery.

And it pays too, because the priest will give you some punishment. He will ask you to put in the donation box, ten dollars, twenty dollars, thirty dollars, according to the seriousness of your sin.

One day it happened... A rabbi and a bishop were very great friends, and they both used to go together to the movies, to the racecourse. The whole city wondered, "One is a rabbi, a Jew. One is a bishop." But they had a great friendship. On the Sunday, the rabbi reached the church and was told, "The bishop may not be able to go with you to play golf, because there are so many people waiting for confession. He is in the confession box." So the rabbi went into the box and said, "Finish it quickly."

He said, "I am trying hard, but it seems this week too much sin has been done in the city. A long queue is still waiting, and I have to get ready."

The rabbi said, "Just let me see how you do it, because I don't know what confession is. Just one or two instances, and then you go and get ready. And nobody will know" -- because the confession box is made in such a way... a small window, and on the other side is the confessor; the priest sits behind the wall and listens from there. The rabbi said, "I will do it, you just go."

He had seen two, three confessions. A man came and said, "Father, I am very sorry, but I again raped a woman." The rabbi was at a loss -- what to say? He had never done it before, he was very immature at the profession. But he had heard two, three confessions. He said, "Twenty dollars."

The man said, "This is too much, because last time I raped someone you asked for only ten dollars."

But a rabbi is a rabbi. He said, "Don't be worried -- ten dollars in advance. You can do one more rape and need not come to confess. But give twenty dollars." A Jew understands business.

First, religions make people feel guilty about all pleasures. When you are young, you may not listen. Perhaps the life energy is so strong that all the preachers may shout from the rooftops, but life will take you on its own path.

Life does not believe in any religion.

Life itself is religion.

It does not listen to anybody.

It knows its way, its longing, its desire. It knows where to move. It does not need anybody to guide it -- because all guidance is misguidance.

Never tell a river, "You are moving wrongly. I will show you the shortcut -- and a virtuous one. You are enjoying too much the mountains and the valleys and the forests and the songs of the trees and the flowers. This is unforgivable. I will show you the right path -- the path through the desert."

But rivers don't listen to the priest; they go on singing their song in strange mountains, virgin forests. Without any guide, and without any map, without any preacher, without any church they reach to the ocean -- that is a simple, natural phenomenon.

If one follows life -- without any hitch, without any hesitation, wholeheartedly -- it will lead you to the divine source of all. No priest is needed.

The pope says, "Without the priest you should not communicate, you should not confess to God, it is a sin."

I say unto you that the pope is the greatest sinner by making this statement. He is trying to disconnect you with God and connect you with an agent, the priest. Those dollars that are given as punishment never reach God, and what will God do with dollars? There is no shopping center there. I have looked in all the scriptures of the world, and there is not even a mention that there exists a shopping center or a movie house. What will God do with the dollars?

Those dollars go in the pocket of the priests -- not all, only the commission. The major part goes to the pope, to the Vatican. This is business, pure business -- exploitation disguised as religion.

But all religions have different ways.

I used to go to Allahabad University to speak. Allahabad is one of the holy places of the Hindus, and there you will find a Hindu priest -- which are the ugliest in the world, because they exploit. And because they have to be celibate, a psychological phenomenon is bound to happen: one who is trying to be celibate will start eating too much -- it is a substitute. So they are fat and ugly. I have always wondered -- just as there are beauty competitions, there should be competitions for ugliness; and I am absolutely certain that a Hindu priest would win the world prize.

From the very railway station, as you get down, the priest starts catching hold of you. Just like the taxi drivers say, "Come to my taxi, it is the best," those priests try, "Come to my house" -- they have a guest house where their clients stay. They have to pay the priest, because he will take them to the holy river, the Ganges, for a dip; they will be chanting mantras from the VEDAS, and you take a dip, and all your sins are

washed away -- but you have to pay for it. You can go yourself -- the Ganges is there -- but unless the priest is chanting the mantras from the VEDAS, your sins cannot be washed away.

It happened that one man came to Ramakrishna and asked, "I have become old, and I am feeling very regretful that I wasted my life -- enjoying mundane pleasures, never listening to the saints. Now there is no time left to practice and discipline virtue. But our great sages have found a shortcut for people like me: I am going to the Ganges. And the Ganges was flowing just behind the temple of Ramakrishna, where they were discussing it.

Ramakrishna said, "You are going to the Ganges? But the Ganges is flowing just behind the temple. You can have as many dips as you want; you can swim, you can become a fish, you can remain in the Ganges. Why should you go to Allahabad?"

He said, "Because unless a priest is chanting special mantras, the Ganges will not be of any help. The priest is needed as a mediator."

Ramakrishna was a very simple man. He said, "If you have to go, then you have to go. Just remember one thing: have you seen the big trees standing on the bank of the Ganges?"

He said, "Yes, I have seen them, but what do those trees have to do with it?"

Ramakrishna said, "Perhaps you are not aware.... It is true that when the priest chants the mantras and you take a dip, all your sins are washed away. But have you ever thought, where do they go?"

He said, "I have never thought about it."

Ramakrishna said, "They just jump out of you, sit on the trees and wait for you to come out. How long can you remain in the Ganges, and how long can the priest go on chanting? They really enjoy it; your sins enjoy and laugh at the foolishness -- because soon you will pass under those trees. They will jump on you again. And the danger is that somebody else's sins may also jump on you. They have a choice. They may be getting bored with the person they have been with. Looking at a beautiful guy like you.... Your sins are bound to jump on you, but others' sins... all those trees are not standing there without purpose. You can go, but remain in the Ganges; never come out of it."

He said, "That will mean death."

Ramakrishna said, "I cannot help it."

Every religion first creates the idea of guilt in you. Guilt for what? Because you loved a woman, because you loved a man? What is wrong in it? Because you enjoyed beautiful clothes? What is wrong in it? Existence is not against beauty; otherwise it would not create the peacock, with so many colors. Existence is not against beauty; otherwise there would be no flowers, only thorns.

Existence is not against enjoyment. The birds are singing, calling their lovers, the peacocks are dancing, rainbows appear in the sky, the silent music of the night and millions of stars... existence is so immensely beautiful. But religions say, "To appreciate beauty, to be sensitive to beauty, is a sin. Even to enjoy your food is a sin" -- anything that gives you pleasure, they are all against it -- "and you will regret it, one day. It is better to live the life of a desert, not of a garden."

This anti-life attitude... when people become old, weak, sick, and death is knocking on their doors, they become victims of these ideas. So it is significant that your...*elders remember pleasures with regret like wrongs committed in drunkenness*. This is sheer foolishness! Those pleasures are gifts of existence to you. Rather than being grateful, you are being repentant; rather than being thankful you are suffering regret.

Religions have destroyed human souls so badly that man will never attain dignity until all religions disappear into museums. They don't have any place in life.

Kahlil Gibran says:

BUT REGRET IS THE BECLOUDING OF THE MIND AND NOT ITS CHASTISEMENT.

It does not make you chaste, it simply clouds your mind, makes you miserable. What kind of a virtue is it that does not give you a dance, a smile -- it simply beclouds your mind? You are already full of all kinds of holy cowdung... and then regret.

People die regretting -- miserable, afraid, guilty, sinners. They miss the beauty of death, the silence of death, the depth of death. They miss the highest climax of life.

Death is not an end.

It is the very crescendo of life.

They have missed their life because they never lived totally. They were not allowed, by all these religions, to live totally. They have always been thirsty and hungry because their cups have never been full, never been overflowing. And just a little water does not quench the thirst; instead it makes it worse -- you feel more thirsty. Under the unfortunate influence of religions, man has become almost a skeleton, losing his dignity, his beauty, his courage, his boldness -- just full of rubbish. And he dies with tears, not with a smile on his lips.

It is good to watch somebody dying. Just see the face of the man -- is it radiant with joy? That shows he has lived his life; he has not bothered about all these idiotic ideas irrelevant to life, against life. Anything that is against life is against God, because life and God are simply different names for the same source. But you will rarely find a man dying with a radiant face. You will see the miserable, the sinner -- all has surfaced; fear of punishment, of hell, is written on the face.

I have never found anything more criminal than the teachings of religions... murderous. But their whole business depends on murdering you, inch by inch, destroying your courage to live, making you afraid to go with the unknown.

Kahlil Gibran says:

They should remember their pleasures with gratitude... not with regret.

It was a beautiful life -- full of sweet memories of love, of friendship, of music, of poetry, of painting, of creativity. Such a beautiful life -- which you had not asked for, a free gift -- and you are dying with regret? You should die with gratitude.

All that happened has made you mature, centered, grounded, has made you fulfilled, content, has led you to the highest peaks and greatest depths. You have known the beauty of darkness, and you have known the beauty of light.

Even if there have been mistakes, there is nothing to regret -- you were new in the world, you were a child in the world. Many times you fell, but each fall made your feet stronger, each fall made you fall less. Each fall has been a tremendous learning; it has created compassion in you.

When somebody else falls, you don't condemn him -- you know he is as human as you are. You don't have any judgment about it. One learns only through mistakes; if a person decides that he will not commit any mistake, he is not going to learn anything in life. He will come empty, he will go empty.

I have heard... in a holiday resort in California, a beautiful limousine stopped in front of a hotel. A woman came out and asked the manager, "Send out four persons immediately. My son has to be taken to the room which is reserved."

The manager of course thought that the son must be crippled. He sent four strong men, because he saw that the son was very fat. But those four people found that he had perfect legs. Why should he be carried, like a corpse? Even the manager was amazed -- a beautiful boy, not more than twelve years old, but so fat. The manager asked the woman, who was the mother of the child, "Why are you... is he sick? Is there some problem? Why is he being carried? Can't he walk just a few steps?"

She said, "We can afford it. Walking is for those who are poor. My son will never walk; he has always been carried by servants."

But do you think this son will ever live if he is not allowed to walk because the mother can afford servants? If he cannot walk, can you imagine that he will ever dance? -- servants can dance. Will he ever love? -- servants can do that.

Love is a great exercise. It must be remembered that not a single human being, man or woman, has ever died while making love. No heart attack.... People have been dying in all kinds of situations, but never while making love, because while making love their life comes to its climax. That is not the moment to die; that is the moment to live, and drink the juice. No man has ever died of a heart attack while making love -- that is the safest way to survive. The most dangerous place is your bed: ninety-nine percent of people die in the bed, remember that! When everybody is gone, just slip onto the floor if you want not to die; it is up to you -- but the bed is the most dangerous place.

THEY SHOULD REMEMBER THEIR PLEASURES WITH GRATITUDE, AS THEY WOULD THE HARVEST OF A SUMMER.

Life should be a sowing of seeds -- of pleasure, of songs -- and life should be a harvest of the summer. An authentic man who has lived totally, without being disturbed by all kinds of idiots -- Christian, Hindu,

Mohammedan.... They are dead, and they don't want you to live either. They have been stupid, and they are jealous that you may live and enjoy. So in every temple, every synagogue, every church, whatever is being taught is against life, against love, against enjoyment, against pleasure. But what remains then -- just to be miserable?

If you remain miserable, then naturally your death is going to be a darkness. But if you have lived your life totally -- with joy, all its ups and downs, all its tears and laughters -- your death is going to be a beauty, an opening of a door to more life, on a higher level, to more consciousness.

YET IF IT COMFORTS THEM TO REGRET, LET THEM BE COMFORTED.

There are so many miserable people -- in fact, they are the majority -- and they cannot tolerate anybody else who is not miserable....

Why is the whole world against me? I have not harmed anybody, I have not committed any crime. It is unprecedented that the whole world, all the religions, all the nations, all the politicians, should be against a man who is absolutely innocent.

But I know their reason, why they are against me:

They are miserable, and I teach you to be blissful.

They have been living in sadness -- sadness has become their second nature -- and I teach you to live fully, intensely and totally. Then even your tears will be part of your laughter. Then your dark nights will also be nothing but moments of relaxation and peace, and wombs for a new day, a new dawn.

My teaching is for life, and all the teachings in the world that have gone by are against life -- that is their problem. And they cannot argue.

Kahlil Gibran says: *yet if it comforts them to regret, let them be comforted*. It is their business. Just say the truth, and leave it up to them; don't disturb even their misery. Perhaps deep down they are enjoying their misery.

It is a well-established psychological fact that people enjoy misery because it brings sympathy. When you are miserable, everybody is sympathetic to you, everybody comforts you. When you are happy, nobody comes to you to comfort you, to sympathize with you -- that would be absurd. It is a very cunning game: You are miserable, somebody sympathizes with you; you enjoy the sympathy -- because you have missed love.

Sympathy is a poor substitute for love, very poor. You don't know love. You think sympathy is a very loving attitude, so you enjoy sympathy; and the person who is sympathizing enjoys seeing you in misery. He becomes higher than you; he is the sympathizer, not the sympathized -- he is in a better position. When your house is burning, the whole town will gather to sympathize with you, feeling deeply happy that their houses are not burning.

My grandfather died. In my family, he was the oldest, and I was the youngest, but by a strange coincidence, we were great friends. And all those who were in between were against both of us. They were against me; they said, "You take the old man to the movies? It doesn't look right at his age." And when a great woman dancer had come to the city, and I took my grandfather, the whole family was so angry that when we came home, they would not open the doors.

I shouted to them, "What is the matter? If you don't open the doors, I will wake up the whole neighborhood."

They knew that when I say something I mean business, so they immediately opened the doors. They said, "You are spoiled, but we had never thought that a small child would spoil the oldest man of the family. That woman is a prostitute."

I said, "We had not gone to any prostitute, we had gone to see a beautiful dancer. She may be a prostitute in your eyes, but we have nothing to do with her private life, that is her business. We had gone to see her dance. She dances so beautifully that I could not afford not to take my grandfather; he is my friend."

Whenever a saint had come to the town, he used to take me and he would tell me, "Make a good mockery of him. Ask such questions that he cannot answer. And don't be worried -- I am with you." So I used to stand in the middle of the meeting, and my grandfather would be standing by my side, with his big staff, so nobody could interfere with me. They knew, "That grand old man is also dangerous." Slowly, slowly saints stopped coming, because they had no answers for any real questions -- just small questions, but they had no answers.

When he died, I was sitting.... It was a beautiful winter morning and the sun had risen. I was just sitting at the door, because everybody else of the house was surrounding the old man. One of my uncles asked, "This is strange; your great friend is dead, and you are sitting outside the house enjoying the morning sun."

I said, "When he was alive none of you sat with him, except me. I am just giving you a chance; there will never be a chance again. But you can sit only by the side of the dead, not by the side of the living."

Neighbors came to sympathize, to comfort -- they met me first, because I was sitting outside the house -- and they would start weeping, and tears would be rolling down their face. I said, "Don't pretend," and they were very much shocked. I said, "These tears are crocodile tears, because I never saw you coming to the old man when he was alive. He was a lion; he could have made a breakfast of you. Now that he is dead....

But he had lived so totally, and his death was so beautiful. At the last moment he called me, took my hand in his hand, and said, "I have lived totally, without any regret. Just remember it: never listen to anyone, just listen to your own heart."

So I said to the neighbors, "There is no need to cry for a man who lived so blissfully, so beautifully. When your grandfather dies, then you can cry. And remember, I will not come, even to comfort you."

They could not understand what I was saying, and when somebody from my family dragged them in, they said, "Don't talk to him." They said, "He said very insulting things to us -- that our tears are crocodile tears."

Coming back, I said, "Enjoy that your grandfather is still alive. In this comfort, I can see your heart enjoying that somebody else's grandfather has died. Your grandfather is alive, but I want to tell you -- your grandfather has been dead all his life!"

They said, "We are not even talking to you."

I said, "It doesn't matter. But I wanted to be clear to you that all this comfort and sympathy is for those who have missed life, who have missed love, who have not lived according to their own longings." My grandfather was a simple man, but unpolluted, uncorrupted by the priests. His death was as beautiful as his life.

Kahlil Gibran says: *yet if it comforts them to regret*... if they feel some kind of consolation in regret -- perhaps they think by regretting, repenting, they will be forgiven -- then...*let them be comforted*. But they have missed the whole opportunity that was given to them by nature. They had come empty-handed, and they have gone empty-handed.

AND THERE ARE AMONG YOU THOSE WHO ARE NEITHER YOUNG TO SEEK NOR OLD TO REMEMBER....

The middle-aged people -- they are not young, vibrant with energy, overflowing with life, seeking and searching new ways of finding more and more pleasure and ultimately, blissfulness. If you are not too young to seek, nor too old to remember.... The old man has nothing else left -- he simply remembers, regrets. Life has slipped out of his hands, and there is no way of going back; there is no way of getting that life again.

AND IN THEIR FEAR OF SEEKING AND REMEMBERING THEY SHUN ALL PLEASURES....

These middle-aged people are in a kind of limbo. They are not young enough to seek, they are not old enough to regret. They are hanging in between, wishy-washy. They can't go the way the young can go, they can't go the way the old go. They are in a constant conflict and division -- some part of them wants to be young, and some part of them wants to be old. They live in anguish.

I must remind you that most heart attacks happen nearabout the age forty-two, or a year earlier, or a year later. Youth is gone, old age has not come, and the tension is too much. A heart attack in these years is really not a physical thing. Of course, it expresses as a physical symptom, but deep down it is psychological.

The middle-aged man lives the most difficult life. He is like a bridge -- neither on this side, nor on that side. He cannot mix with those who are still dancing, and he cannot mix with those who are praying and confessing in churches, in temples, in mosques. He is really lost; he does not know what to do, where to go. And this happens only because he has not lived his youth totally.

If you have lived your youth totally, you will remain young to the very last breath of your life. Your

body may become old, but your freshness and youthfulness will remain the same.

Hindus brag very much that, in their calculation of time, the beginning was the best age: *satyuga*, the age of truth. And they brag about it because nobody died young.

I was talking to a Hindu saint, and I said, "Don't brag about it; it is nothing to be bragged about. I see some other meaning in it, and my meaning is supported by immense evidence discovered by science. The farther back we go... we have found skeletons of people who must have died at the age of forty; we have not found a single skeleton of a man who has lived more than forty years, so don't brag about it -- you are not aware of the reality. The reality is, that in your *satyuga* people used to become old nearabout thirty-five, and died nearabout forty. Naturally, nobody died young."

But in my conception, just the reverse should be the case; even if you die at the age of ninety or a hundred, you should still die young. Your youthfulness is a totally different phenomenon to your aging: aging is physical; youthfulness is your approach towards life.

If you are for life and not against life, you will remain young -- in your inner world -- to the very last breath, and there will be no middle age.

Middle age is a gap -- a gap which is more like a nightmare, because youth is gone and old age has not come yet. You cannot seek pleasures, and you cannot even regret -- regret for what? You have never lived; the question of regret does not arise. So the man feels utterly empty between youth and old age. The gap is horrible -- the most painful experience of life.

And in their fear of seeking and remembering they shun all pleasures.... They cannot seek pleasures, because it looks embarrassing to mix with the young people, to go to a disco and dance -- a middle-aged person feels out of place; and he cannot sit with the old, who are only full of repentance. His situation is really bad! This was just a small experience of middle age.

... THEY SHUN ALL PLEASURES, LEST THEY NEGLECT THE SPIRIT OR OFFEND AGAINST IT.

They live only in fear, in trembling.

BUT EVEN IN THEIR FOREGOING IS THEIR PLEASURE.

There is a psychological disease called "masochism". No ancient scripture even has any idea about it; not that the disease was not existent then -- it was more existent than it is now -- but they had a different name for it. They used to call it "saintliness." "Masochism" is derived from a man's name, Masoch. He used to beat himself, torture himself. Unless there is some pleasure in it, why should one do it?

There is also a contrary disease which balances masochism, and that is sadism. That, too, comes from the name of a man, de Sade. Sadism means enjoying torturing others. By the way, if a sadist and a masochist get married, that will be the best couple in the world. They will be absolutely happy, because both are enjoying -- one is enjoying being tortured, one is enjoying torturing. If you are getting married, don't ask the astrologer, go to a psychoanalyst and find out to which class you belong. If you are a sadist, then getting married to a sadist is a misfortune; if you are a masochist, then getting married to a masochist means you will suffer your whole life and will never get any pleasure. Find out to which class you belong, sadist or masochist, and always marry the opposite one -- just as a man marries a woman.

People who are continually repenting about the sins that they committed in drunkenness, in their youth, you watch their faces. They enjoy it.

One woman was confessing in a Catholic confession booth. The priest was tired of the woman, because she went into such detail that even he himself started feeling a sexual urge. She used to say, "Father, forgive me, I made love. And ask God also to forgive me." And then she would go into the detail of how it happened, step-by-step. The first time it was okay, the second time...? The third time it was too much -- because it was the same details, the same man.

The priest asked, "If you regret it so much, then why do you go on making love to that man?"

She said, "Who is making love to that man? It happened only once, but just to remember it gives me so much pleasure. It is such a pleasant memory -- and whom to tell it to? This confessing is the only place.... I wait seven days, think of me, so that when Sunday comes I will go again; and I go into the whole detail, again and again."

The priest said, " Listen, the first time the details were not so great, the second time they became greater, and the third time they became even greater."
She said, "When you are enjoying something, why not exaggerate?"

My own experience about people who are always saying that they have gone astray in their youth, have forgotten God, have not listened to the advice of the wise ones, is the same: I have always seen their face aglow. They are enjoying it again. It is not just memory; they are reliving it again. In their mind, these are two different things. A memory is mechanical -- two plus two are four, this is memory. But remembering they made love to a woman or a man, I have seen them excited, and their face becoming red, and their eyes again becoming young, shining. This is not regret; they are reliving it.

So even in people's regret, repentance, there is something that gives them pleasure, but it is hidden underneath. So on the surface they are trying to become saints, and deep in their psyche they are enjoying something that they cannot live anymore. Those days are gone; that energy is gone, but they can at least relive it. But if they relive it directly everybody will condemn them; so confession, repentance, regret, is a good excuse. In this way the confessor enjoys -- and the priest too.

I have heard... a woman was describing that she has been raped. The father, the priest, knew that the woman was a beautiful woman. He told her, "This is very bad. You should have resisted; you should have done everything to prevent it."

She said, "I tried, but half-heartedly. That's why I have come to confess, because otherwise it is not my sin -- somebody else has raped me. He should have come to confess, but I have come to confess. Although I was trying, my effort was half-hearted; deep down I wanted to be raped." At this moment the priest was also an ordinary human being, not an enlightened Gautam Buddha. He said, "The case is too serious; you come to my room. First I want to understand the exact details of what he did."

The woman said, "He told me to undress." The priest said, "So did you undress?" She said, "I undressed." The priest said, "This is strange, if you knew that he was going to rape you...."

She said, "I never knew that he was going to rape me. I thought perhaps some medical examination or something... so I undressed." The priest said, "Do it, so that I can see how you did it."

She undressed. The priest kissed the woman and asked, "Did he do this?" The woman said, "Yes, father, but he did more."

So he started playing with her breasts, and asked, "Did he do that?" She said, "Yes father, but he did more."

It was too much. Now the father was trembling; he forgot all about THE HOLY BIBLE and God and confession, and made love to the woman. And he asked, "Did that rascal do this, too?"

The woman said, "Yes, father, and he did something more." He said, "Something more? It is inconceivable. What `something more?'"
The woman said, "Father, he gave me gonorrhea."

But this is how your priests, all your confessions, go on. Now the father regrets it -- but it is too late.

AND THUS THEY TOO FIND A TREASURE THOUGH THEY DIG FOR ROOTS WITH QUIVERING HANDS. BUT TELL ME, WHO IS HE THAT CAN OFFEND THE SPIRIT?

This is a very significant question he is raising.

Kahlil Gibran is saying: *but tell me, who is he that can offend the spirit?*

These small things that you are regretting cannot offend the source of life, because in fact it is the source of life itself that is expressing itself through you. You are not responsible. By regretting, you are unnecessarily making yourself important -- as if it is your doing. It is not your doing. All that you have done, if it has been done by your natural longings then if anybody is responsible it is the very source of life. You need not confess.

Confession is nothing but a new decoration for the ego: "I have done it, and now I am doing another thing -- I am regretting it."

Kahlil Gibran says: There is no way to offend the spirit. Either you can live naturally, joyously, or you can live in misery; but you offend only yourself, you wound only yourself. You cannot offend the spirit, the universal source of life. You are too small. A dewdrop cannot offend the ocean, whatever the dewdrop does.

It is something to be remembered always that you cannot offend existence; hence there is no need for

any regret, no need to feel guilty. It is the universal spirit itself, expressing itself in different forms. Don't take the responsibility on your shoulders -- that is an egoist standpoint. That's why if you see your saints you will find all of them full of ego.

SHALL THE NIGHTINGALE OFFEND THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT...?

When the nightingale sings in the night, is the silence of the night offended? No, not at all -- on the contrary, the nightingale's song makes the silence of the night deeper. Before the song, after the song... you can feel the depth. The nightingale's song has not been a disturbance but an offering; it has made the silence a fullness, not just empty.

... OR THE FIREFLY, THE STARS?

Can a firefly offend the spirit of the stars? Should she confess, should she go to a Catholic Church? Nobody is offended. In fact, the firefly brings something of the stars closer to you, closer to your garden, closer to your roses and your flowers, sometimes even inside your house -- something of the stars, in the darkness of your room.

It is not offending the stars. It is a messenger, there is no question of any regret. It is not competing with the stars, it is simply bringing, in a small amount, the same light, the same dance. Where stars cannot reach, the firefly can reach.

AND SHALL YOUR FLAME OR YOUR SMOKE BURDEN THE WIND?

Do you think your flame, your youth, your smoke, or your old age, can burden the wind? Then what is the need to repent? Jesus was obsessed with repentance; He repeats the word more than any other word -- "Repent, repent," again and again.

Christianity is a religion of repentance; hence I say it is the lowest religion in comparison to other religions. And the sole responsibility goes to Jesus because he is emphasizing repentance, making you feel guilty. But life is always balancing....

Zarathustra balances Jesus. Zarathustra is the only person out of all the religious founders who is in deep love with life. Perhaps that is the reason why the followers of Zarathustra are the smallest minority in the world. They live here in Bombay, mostly; Bombay is their whole world. Just a few fragments maybe live in Khandala and Lonavala, but Poona is the end; beyond it, you will not find any follower of Zarathustra. And nobody thinks them religious -- because they love life, they enjoy life.

When Friedrich Nietzsche wanted to write something parallel to the gospels of Jesus, he chose the name of Zarathustra -- although he knew not much about Zarathustra. It is such a small minority that nobody includes it in the world religions. But Friedrich Nietzsche was as much in love with life as Zarathustra, and that is the link.

When he wrote THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA he is speaking in the name of Zarathustra; but whatever he is speaking, without knowing Zarathustra, is harmonious with the spirit of Zarathustra -- because it is the only life-affirmative religion in the world. Friedrich Nietzsche is Zarathustra reborn; neither Zarathustra has been understood, nor Friedrich Nietzsche.

This book, THE PROPHET, was written by Kahlil Gibran under the impact of Friedrich Nietzsche's book THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA. He was so impressed by the book that he himself tried to write a book on similar lines. Zarathustra is not a historical figure to Nietzsche, because he knew nothing about Zarathustra, except the name, but he had chosen the right spokesman for his own philosophy.

In the same way, Kahlil Gibran has chosen Almustafa -- a fictitious name -- and is speaking through him. Almustafa is just a mask. The mask was needed because he is saying things which go against Christianity; but because it is only a fiction, nobody is offended. Even the popes have not listed his book on their black list, saying that no Catholic should read it. My books are on their black list -- no Catholic should read them; even reading them is committing a great sin.

THINK YOU THE SPIRIT IS A STILL POOL WHICH YOU CAN TROUBLE WITH A STAFF?
OFTENTIMES IN DENYING YOURSELF PLEASURE YOU DO BUT STORE THE DESIRE IN THE RECESSES OF YOUR BEING.

In this single statement, the whole philosophy of Sigmund Freud is contained. *In denying yourself pleasure*... you are but storing all those desires in your unconscious. Soon they will explode, or they will find some perverted way. All sexual perversion in the world is because of the life-denying religions. Homosexuality, sodomy, and all kinds of perversions are not going to disappear unless celibacy is banned, and renunciation of life is condemned by the whole of humanity as a sin against life.

Man goes on becoming more and more perverted; and the wonder of wonders is that the same people who are responsible for creating homosexuality, sodomy, and all kind of strange things, are the cause of it -- on the one hand they condemn homosexuality, and on the other hand they preach celibacy.

Homosexuality and sodomy were born in the monasteries of religions. Hence I condemn all those religions -- because they are responsible for creating a dangerous disease, AIDS. It is a religious disease, a spiritual disease, a very respectable disease, and it has an ancient heritage; all the great founders of religion have contributed to it.

But still man seems to be not in his senses. Now many governments of the world are passing laws against homosexuality -- homosexuality is a crime now in many places -- but nobody is talking about proclaiming celibacy to be a crime, although it is celibacy that has created homosexuality. Homosexuality is only a symptom, and fighting with the symptom is not going to help. The disease will come from some other source -- perhaps worse. If homosexuality is stopped, sodomy will come in. Sodomy means making love with animals; it comes from the Old Testament. There used to be a city, Sodom, where people used to make love to animals; hence the word "sodomy." If you stop homosexuality, you will push people towards sodomy; then stop sodomy -- but don't look at the root cause!

No animal in the wild is ever homosexual, but animals turn homosexual in a zoo because they cannot find the female. What can they do with their sexual energy? To say it exactly; religions have turned the whole earth in a zoo.

WHO KNOWS BUT THAT WHICH SEEMS OMITTED TODAY, WAITS FOR TO-MORROW?

Today you can suppress something, but tomorrow it will assert itself with vengeance. Today it was natural, tomorrow it will be perverted.

EVEN YOUR BODY KNOWS ITS HERITAGE AND ITS RIGHTFUL NEED AND WILL NOT BE DECEIVED.

Listen to the wisdom of your body. It knows its heritage, it knows its longings. Rather than listening to THE HOLY BIBLE, and the holy KORAN, and the holy GITA, listen to the holy body.

AND YOUR BODY IS THE HARP OF YOUR SOUL,
AND IT IS YOURS TO BRING FORTH SWEET MUSIC FROM IT OR CONFUSED SOUNDS.

If you remain natural, there will come sweet music. If you become perverted, your body will create only confused sounds.

AND NOW YOU ASK IN YOUR HEART, "HOW SHALL WE DISTINGUISH THAT WHICH IS GOOD IN PLEASURE FROM THAT WHICH IS NOT GOOD?"
GO TO YOUR FIELDS AND YOUR GARDENS, AND YOU SHALL LEARN THAT IT IS THE PLEASURE OF THE BEE TO GATHER HONEY OF THE FLOWER,
BUT IT IS ALSO THE PLEASURE OF THE FLOWER TO YIELD ITS HONEY TO THE BEE.

Remember -- there is nothing bad in life; it is only that one part enjoys giving and another part enjoys

receiving. It is almost like your two hands -- one hand gives, the other hand takes.

He is saying, "Rather than philosophizing about the problem, just go into the garden and see that it is the pleasure of the bee to gather honey; but it is not bad, it is not harming the flowers.... *but it is also the pleasure of the flower to yield its honey to the bee*. They both are enjoying the moment. When the bee is humming with joy, gathering honey, and the flower is dancing in the sun, yielding its honey, there is nothing wrong.

If priests were asked they would say to the bees, "This is not good. You are stealing honey, and you are not rightfully married to the flower. Where is your marriage certificate?"

And they will also condemn the flower, "It is not good to attract honey bees for your honey, because this is creating lust." The priests are very clever in destroying all that is beautiful.

Life is both -- day and night, the flower and the bee, the man and the woman, birth and death. Nothing is wrong and nothing is evil.

To understand this is to enter into the world of religious consciousness.

FOR TO THE BEE A FLOWER IS A FOUNTAIN OF LIFE,
AND TO THE FLOWER A BEE IS A MESSENGER OF LOVE,
AND TO BOTH, BEE AND FLOWER, THE GIVING AND THE RECEIVING OF PLEASURE IS A NEED AND AN ECSTASY. PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, BE IN YOUR PLEASURES LIKE THE FLOWERS AND THE BEES.

Or should I read, "People of Poona -- except the police commissioner of Poona -- be in your pleasures like the flowers and the bees!"

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #15
Chapter title: A heart aflame, a soul enchanted

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BELOVED OSHO,
AND A POET SAID, SPEAK TO US OF BEAUTY.
AND HE ANSWERED:
WHERE SHALL YOU SEEK BEAUTY, AND HOW SHALL YOU FIND HER UNLESS SHE HERSELF BE YOUR WAY AND YOUR GUIDE?
AND HOW SHALL YOU SPEAK OF HER EXCEPT SHE BE THE WEAVER OF YOUR SPEECH?
THE AGGRIEVED AND THE INJURED SAY,
"BEAUTY IS KIND AND GENTLE.
"LIKE A YOUNG MOTHER HALF-SHY OF HER OWN GLORY SHE WALKS AMONG US."
AND THE PASSIONATE SAY, "NAY, BEAUTY IS A THING OF MIGHT AND DREAD.
"LIKE THE TEMPEST SHE SHAKES THE EARTH BENEATH US AND THE SKY ABOVE US."

THE TIRED AND THE WEARY SAY, "BEAUTY IS OF SOFT WHISPERINGS. SHE SPEAKS IN OUR SPIRIT.
"HER VOICE YIELDS TO OUR SILENCES LIKE A FAINT LIGHT THAT QUIVERS IN FEAR OF THE SHADOW."
BUT THE RESTLESS SAY, "WE HAVE HEARD HER SHOUTING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS,
"AND WITH HER CRIES CAME THE SOUND OF HOOFS, AND THE BEATING OF WINGS AND THE ROARING OF LIONS."
AT NIGHT THE WATCHMEN OF THE CITY SAY, "BEAUTY SHALL RISE WITH THE DAWN FROM THE EAST."
AND AT NOONTIDE THE TOILER AND THE WAYFARERS SAY, "WE HAVE SEEN HER LEANING OVER THE EARTH FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE SUNSET."
IN WINTER SAY THE SNOW-BOUND, "SHE SHALL COME WITH THE SPRING LEAPING UPON THE HILLS."
AND IN THE SUMMER HEAT THE REAPERS SAY, "WE HAVE SEEN HER DANCING WITH THE AUTUMN LEAVES, AND WE SAW A DRIFT OF SNOW IN HER HAIR."
ALL THESE THINGS HAVE YOU SAID OF BEAUTY,
YET IN TRUTH YOU SPOKE NOT OF HER BUT OF NEEDS UNSATISFIED,
AND BEAUTY IS NOT A NEED BUT AN ECSTASY.
IT IS NOT A MOUTH THIRSTING NOR AN EMPTY HAND STRETCHED FORTH,
BUT RATHER A HEART INFLAMED AND A SOUL ENCHANTED.
IT IS NOT THE IMAGE YOU WOULD SEE NOR THE SONG YOU WOULD HEAR,
BUT RATHER AN IMAGE YOU SEE THOUGH YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES AND A SONG YOU HEAR THOUGH YOU SHUT YOUR EARS.
IT IS NOT THE SAP WITHIN THE FURROWED BARK, NOR A WING ATTACHED TO A CLAW,
BUT RATHER A GARDEN FOR EVER IN BLOOM AND A FLOCK OF ANGELS FOR EVER IN FLIGHT.
PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, BEAUTY IS LIFE WHEN LIFE UNVEILS HER HOLY FACE.
BUT YOU ARE LIFE AND YOU ARE THE VEIL.
BEAUTY IS ETERNITY GAZING AT ITSELF IN A MIRROR.
BUT YOU ARE ETERNITY AND YOU ARE THE MIRROR.

There are only three fundamental questions in life: beauty, truth and good. Perhaps these are the three faces of God, the real trinity. And all are as indefinable as God is. The profoundest minds have been concerned for centuries about these three problems, but no conclusive answer has been found by the thinkers and the philosophers.

The moralist is concerned with what is good, the philosopher is concerned with what is the truth, and the poet is concerned with what is beauty. Not only the poet, but all those people who are creative in some sense -- the musicians, the dancers, the sculptors -- anybody who is concerned with creation, creativity, is bound to be concerned with beauty... what is it?

Here a poet said... SPEAK TO US OF BEAUTY... not that the poet does not know, but knowing is one thing and saying is another. The question is not arising out of ignorance, neither is it arising out of mere borrowed knowledge. The question is arising from an existential experience. The poet knows in every cell of his being what beauty is, but is unable to bring that experience to expression.

Once a great poet of India, Rabindranath Tagore, was asked after he was given the Nobel prize on one of his collections of poems, "Have you ever been concerned about beauty, about what it is?"

He said, "Concerned? I am possessed! I know what it is. I have tasted the wine and I have been drunk, but every effort to express the taste and the experience of being drunk has failed. All my poems are nothing but failures. Again and again I have been trying to express what beauty is, and again and again I have failed. I will go on trying to the very last breath, but deep down I know perhaps I'm asking for the impossible."

The question is arising from a poet who has seen beauty, who has loved beauty, who has felt its magic touch, who has danced with it, whose days and nights are nothing but a continuous flow of experiencing deeper and deeper realms of beauty. Still, to express it, to define it, seems to be impossible. His question is very authentic and sincere.

Kahlil Gibran tries to answer the poet in the most beautiful way, the most profound way, and comes very close to the definition; yet he has not been able to define it. But he has pointed his finger towards the moon. He may not have reached the moon, but he has indicated the right direction. Very few people have come so close.

One of the great philosophers of the contemporary world, G.E. Moore, has written a book -- PRINCIPIA ETHICA. The whole book, two hundred and fifty pages of very subtle and complex logical argument, is centered on only one question: What is good? And as you read his book, you think perhaps he is going to find it.

He takes great plunges into the depths, flights into the heights, but in the end he sums up by saying that good is indefinable: "I accept my failure. I have done everything that is possible -- from every aspect I have approached, on every door I have knocked. The more I have thought about it, the more and more elusive it has become. And in the end, only one thing is certain after this whole exploration -- that I should confess the fact that good is indefinable."

He was an honest man. Your so-called religious people are not so honest. They go on defining even God -- what to say about good? They go on defining truth, beauty, good... not that their definitions are of help in any way to anybody. They simply show their dishonesty. They use beautiful words, they use very complex arguments; they can deceive millions of people, but they cannot deceive themselves. This poet himself may have tried in thousands of ways, but he is accepting his failure.

It is one of the most mysterious phenomena. Almost everybody knows what beauty is. You say the rose is beautiful... but unless you know what beauty is, how can you say the rose is beautiful? You say the sunset is beautiful, you say the child is beautiful -- but how can you use the word "beautiful" if you don't have any idea what beauty is?

Perhaps everybody knows something -- some taste, some glimpse -- and the poet, the painter, and the musician know much more, they are drunk with beauty... but don't ask the definition of what it is.

Once Immanuel Kant became very angry when somebody asked him, "What is truth?" He said, "Before I answer you, I will ask a few questions, which you know perfectly well. Have you ever loved?"
The man said, "Yes."
Immanuel Kant asked him, "Then tell me, please, what is love?"

The man said, "I have loved, and I have enjoyed all the pleasures and the blessings of love, but forgive me, I cannot say what love is."

Immanuel Kant said, "Don't feel sad. I myself can't say what is truth, what is love, what is beauty -- although I am surrounded by all these experiences continuously. My whole life has been nothing but a search, a seeking, and it is not that I have not found -- but I'm afraid to say to anybody that I have found it, because immediately the question will be asked: `Then define it' -- and the definition is missing."

This poet is not asking about something that he does not know. He *knows* it -- that's why he is asking; perhaps Kahlil Gibran may be able to give him some indications about beauty. And Kahlil Gibran begins in a very significant way.

> He says, "WHERE SHALL YOU SEEK BEAUTY, AND HOW SHALL YOU FIND HER UNLESS SHE HERSELF BE YOUR WAY AND YOUR GUIDE?"

Beauty is not something out there; it is something in here. Where are you going to seek it? And how shall you find it, unless you have already found it?

In ancient Egyptian parables there is a beautiful statement that you start searching for God only when you have found Him. It looks very strange, but it is very true. You cannot even raise the question, "What is beauty?" if you have not found it. So rather than making it a question, allow beauty itself to become the way and the guide. He is saying that nobody else can take you to that space, to that experience, unless you have already arrived there.

A Zen Master had given to one of his disciples a famous *koan*. It is a special Zen device to help you get rid of all your thoughts -- the device is so absurd that there is no way that you can find the answer. There are many *koans*, but this is the most famous: "What is the sound of one hand clapping?"

Now, it is such obvious nonsense -- one hand clapping cannot create sound. Clapping with what? Sound needs at least two things. Just one hand cannot clap, both hands are needed! And he told the disciple, "Whenever you hear the sound of one hand clapping, come to me."

The disciple tried earnestly. He meditated, and he heard the wind blowing through the pine trees. He said, "Perhaps this is the sound!" He rushed to the master. Early in the morning he woke the old man and said, "I have heard it."

Before even asking, "What have you heard?" the master slapped him and he said, "Get lost! And start meditating again. I myself will know when you have heard."

The disciple said, "This is strange... I have not even been given the chance to tell you what I have found."

Each time it happened, the master never gave him any chance. Sometimes, in the mango grove the

cuckoo started singing, and the disciple thought, "Perhaps..." or a nightingale in the middle of the night... and he would rush... and the master would go on throwing him out.

The disciple used to ask him, "At least give me a chance to say what I have heard!"

The master said, "When you have heard it, I will know before you know it. So just get lost! Start meditating. Find out what the sound of one hand clapping is."

Slowly, slowly, because he was only concerned with one thing, all other thoughts disappeared -- they never come uninvited. People say, "We want to get rid of thoughts," but they don't understand the basic point that they don't come uninvited, you are inviting them. One part of your being goes on inviting them, and another part tries to throw them away. You are never going to succeed.

But the disciple's whole being became single-pointed. It was a great challenge that he could not hear a simple thing: the sound of one hand clapping. And as all thoughts disappeared, there was absolute silence -- and he knew. But he did not rush to the master.

Almost every day he had been coming with new ideas, and getting slapped every day. That day the master was waiting: "He has not come. Has he heard it?" -- because if he has heard it, he need not come to him. There is no need of anybody's recognition of it.

So the master went in search -- "Where is that disciple?" In the forest by the side of a lake the disciple was sitting under a tree, so silently that nobody would have even thought that there was anybody present -- so absent, so empty. Even when the master came there, he did not take any note of him.

The master went around him -- what is the matter? But he didn't say anything. The master sat in front of him, but he went on sitting in his silence. And the master said: "Please -- at least slap me! You have heard it. I know you cannot say so -- nobody can say -- but slap me! I have been slapping you so much."

There are experiences which remain experiences and never become expressions, and there is no need that they become expressions. But there is a deep longing in the heart of man to share -- and it is a great quality, a spiritual phenomenon, the urge to share. The tree shares in its own way by bringing flowers and fruits, the poet shares in his own way by bringing poems, the musician shares in his own way by creating music, but they are all trying to share something which is inexpressible.

Kahlil Gibran is right. He says, "Where are you going to seek it?" It has no address, no residence. And how are you going to find it? -- because you don't know the definition. Even if you come across it, you will not be able to recognize it.

For example, you come across God on the road. Even if He says, "Good morning, sir," you are not going to recognize Him. You may even feel annoyed that a stranger... what does he think of himself? Why is he disturbing me? I am meditating on God, and this fellow comes here and says, "Good morning, sir!" How are you going to recognize Him, unless you have already known Him?

Recognition means realization has happened before it. It is a very significant statement that unless beauty becomes your way and your guide, you will never find what it is.

So don't be bothered philosophically about what beauty is. Live beautifully, walk on the path of beauty. Watch all around -- there is nothing but beauty. From the smallest firefly to the biggest star, it is nothing but beauty. Rather than wasting your time in finding the definition, allow beauty to overwhelm you -- be possessed by it. You can become the definition of beauty, but you cannot define it.

If you ask me, "What is beauty?" I will say, "Look into my eyes, it is there -- I know it. Listen to my silence -- it is there. I have heard it; I have heard its footsteps." I can be the truth, I can be the beauty, I can be the good, but I cannot define them. I am not separate -- that's why I cannot define them.

How can the light define itself? Just its presence, and the darkness disappears -- is the definition. Definition is not going to be in words; definition is going to be in your presence... not what you say, but what you are. Be more sensitive.

Our sensitivity has been dulled. Our parents have been afraid, our forefathers have been afraid, because to be sensitive is to walk on a razor's edge. If you are sensitive to beauty, then it cannot be confined only to your wife or only to your husband -- the beauty is all over the place. And your parents, everybody's parents, have been afraid.

Your sensitivity had to be dulled, destroyed, so that you would become confined to a small prison; otherwise, it would have been impossible to impose monogamy on humanity. One day you find a woman who suddenly possesses you; you find a man, and suddenly you are overwhelmed -- and you forget completely that there is a husband who is waiting for you. Beauty has no awareness of marriages, of

husbands, of wives; it knows no limitations.

But society cannot live this way, because society is not yet mature enough to allow absolute freedom. Only in absolute freedom can your sensitivity be allowed to have its full growth.

Everybody is born with sensitivity, but everybody dies dull. In fact, long before a man's death, he has died. Religions have been teaching people not to be sensitive, because sensitivity cannot be relied upon. It is a breeze -- it comes, it goes on its own. You cannot encage it, you cannot imprison it. That's why people are afraid to walk on the path of beauty, are afraid to be guided by beauty itself.

Beauty is everybody's birthright. It is not a special talent, that only a few people can understand beauty; it is an inborn quality in everybody, but remains dormant, is not allowed freedom. Slowly, slowly you completely forget about it, and then all kinds of philosophical questions arise -- what is beauty? What is the meaning of beauty?

Picasso was painting on a beach. A man who was a gardener and who used to sell roses on the beach where lovers come, friends come, was watching Picasso painting, but he could not figure out the meaning of his painting. As Picasso finished giving the last touches to the painting he was looking at it, amazed, as if he had not created it, as if it were somebody else's painting.

A real painter always feels it, a real poet always feels it: he has been only a vehicle -- some unknown force has painted it.

The gardener came close to him and asked, "I have been watching you painting. You were so absorbed, so totally in it, that I was afraid to disturb you. Now that you have completed it, I cannot resist my temptation to ask, `What is the meaning of this painting?'" And he had many, many roses in his hands.

Picasso said, "You ask me what the meaning of the painting is. Can I ask you -- what is the meaning of the roses? I have seen you selling roses on the beach every day; I was also tempted to ask you. You are a gardener, a lover of flowers. I have seen many, many roses, but the roses that you bring are so beautiful, so big, so fragrant, so youthful, so fresh. You must know their beauty."

The gardener had tears in his eyes. He said, "Don't ask that, because I have been asking it my whole life. I know it -- but as far as saying something about it, I become absolutely dumb."

Picasso said, "The same is my situation. I have been painting. As far as any outsider is concerned, I am the painter. But as far as I am concerned, I don't know who has painted it; I have been just instrumental. And I don't know what its meaning is, because I am not the painter. You have grown these roses, but you have not given birth to them. They come from an unknown source of existence and life."

Perhaps it is enough to enjoy them and not to ask the meaning. Those who have asked the meaning are lost; they will never find the meaning. And while they are searching for the meaning, life is slipping by. They will not find meaning. They will only find death.

What Kahlil Gibran is saying is exactly the same: Let beauty be your life. Let beauty be in your every expression, in your hands, in your eyes, in your silences, in your love. Live beauty in as many dimensions as possible, and let beauty be the guide, and one day you will know what it is. But I cannot promise that you will be able to define it.

AND HOW SHALL YOU SPEAK OF HER EXCEPT SHE BE THE WEAVER OF YOUR SPEECH?

You cannot speak about beauty unless you are so possessed by beauty that it starts overflowing even in your words; still you will not find the definition. And your hands, your eyes, your words, your silences will not be understood by all; they will be understood only by those who have already tasted something of the same mystery, of the same wine.

Between a master and a disciple, slowly, slowly that kind of relatedness starts existing. The master may say something, may not say something, but the disciple feels it, hears it... perhaps hearts start whispering to each other, and language is no longer needed.

THE AGGRIEVED AND THE INJURED SAY,
"BEAUTY IS KIND AND GENTLE."

You will find many definitions, of course, but all those definitions are not about beauty; they are about

the person who is defining beauty. They show his need, they don't show anything of beauty. They don't show anything about beauty; they say something about the definer, about the thinker, about the philosopher.

The aggrieved and the injured say, "Beauty is kind and gentle...." Naturally, that is their need; that's what they want beauty to be. In their unconsciousness they are projecting their need in the name of beauty. What is your God except your need? Just look at the different conceptions of God that have come to us from different religions; they seem to show different needs. They don't define God, they only give an indication of what kind of people must have invented these gods.

In the Old Testament the Jewish God says, "I am not nice, I am a very jealous God. I'm not your uncle." The Jews have suffered so much, they could not conceive that God is compassion, that God is love, that God is just. It is impossible for the Jews to conceive that God is nice. They can only conceive of a god who is very jealous, very angry, never forgiving, because their whole experience for thousands of years has been only of misery. If God is love, then from where comes this misery?

No other race, no other part of humanity, has suffered so much. If you say to the Jews that God is love, God is good, it is difficult for the Jew to accept the idea -- because God has not been good to the Jews, existence has been very cruel, unkind. Their whole experience is different. Their definition of God -- what they are putting in the mouth of God in the Old Testament -- has nothing to do with God; it has something to do with the Jewish experience.

The aggrieved and the injured say, "Beauty is kind and gentle"... they are hoping that they will not remain always in pain. The spring will come with all the flowers, and the pain and injuries and the wounds will become faded memories soon... this is their desire. They are not defining beauty, they are defining their hope.

"LIKE A YOUNG MOTHER HALF-SHY OF HER OWN GLORY SHE WALKS AMONG US."

The injured and the aggrieved say..."*like a young mother, half-shy of her own glory she walks among us.*" It is not far away... because life is so intolerable that if beauty also is far away then how is one going to tolerate the suffering, the injury, the pain of the present? Beauty is just walking amongst us, invisible, half-shy like a young mother; it is not far away... it is the dream of the grieved and the injured.

If you are thirsty in the night you will have a dream that you are sitting on a beautiful lake with crystal clear water, and you are drinking. This dream is nothing but a protection; otherwise your sleep will be disturbed.

In the past people used to think that dreams were disturbances in sleep. That's not true. The latest experiments about dreams and sleep say something totally different -- not only different, but diametrically opposite. They say dreams are not against sleep. They are not disturbances, they are efforts to protect the sleep. You are feeling hungry; if the dream does not protect you, you will wake up, the hunger will not let you go on sleeping. But a dream comes that you are invited by the king to have dinner with him. Now you can sleep at ease; you can forget all about the hunger. The body will be hungry, but the mind is consoled by the dream.

AND THE PASSIONATE SAY, "NAY, BEAUTY IS A THING OF MIGHT AND DREAD."

Those who are full of passion, for them beauty is a question of might and dread. Just because they are powerful they think beauty can be reduced to a commodity. All that you need is power, all that you need is money, all that you need is might. And might is always right -- at least to those who are blinded by power. To them, beauty is something that you have to take away with power and force. It is not something to be contemplated; it is something to be used. And we have amongst us different kinds of power.

In India just a hundred years ago it was a custom, particularly in the south, that whenever somebody was married, the first night was not of the husband, the first night was of the priest. And man is so cunning that he can manage to find explanations for everything -- it was for the priest, so that he could make the beginning sacred. But in fact the priest was powerful.

Only the king's wife was not.... It is strange that poor people's wives were being made sacred and the king's wife was not being made sacred. Because he was mightier than the priest, he was an exception. Anybody could see the cunningness of the logic. If it was true that the priest was going to make the life of

the new couple sacred by making love to the virgin girl, if the argument was not just a rationalization, then the king could not be an exception.

But it was not a truth, it was not a question of making the life of the new couple sacred; it was simply a question of might. The priest was powerful. And the king in his own right.... Any beautiful woman in the kingdom first has to be offered to the king. If he was not interested, that was another matter; otherwise, she would join his vast harem.

Krishna had sixteen thousand wives. Any beautiful woman anywhere -- whether young, whether virgin, whether married, whether a mother of small children, did not matter -- his soldiers would bring her to his palace, which was nothing but an imprisonment. And having sixteen thousand women is so ugly, so inhuman -- you are reducing womankind to cattle!

But still the man was so mighty that the priest went on praising him with songs in his glory, saying that he is the full incarnation of God. There have been other gods -- they were partial incarnations; a part of God descended on earth in them. But in Krishna, God has descended in his totality. The priests were not praising God, they were praising might, power. Whoever has power, then whatever he is doing is right. All these sixteen thousand women were not married to him; only one woman was married to him, and she was lost in the crowd.

I used to have meditation camps in a beautiful place in Saurashtra. It is a beautiful valley surrounded with forests and hot springs of water. The valley was named Tulsishyam. *Shyam* is another name of Krishna because his color was not white nor black, but just in between, a little bluish.

Shyam means a darkness, but not black, not white -- just in the middle. That color also has its beauty. Because white has a flatness, white coloring cannot be so beautiful; it has no depth. And also black -- it is too black, again flatness. Just in the middle the skin seems to be transparent, has a depth. Hence all Hindu gods have the same color, *shyam*.

But I was puzzled, because Krishna's wife's name was Rukmani, and the temple in the valley is of Krishna and one of his girlfriends, Tulsi. It is a strange temple. In the whole of India.... I have been traveling all over the country, and it is a strange temple. Just on the hill far away, behind a big tree, is a small temple of Rukmani, who is just watching from there what is happening in the valley -- just the ordinary feminine mind. But Krishna is dancing with his flute with a girlfriend! And the married wife is alone, far away, hiding. You cannot see from the valley the temple of Rukmani, but from the temple of Rukmani you can see the valley!

Power has its own definition: it is might and dread. Beauty is a thing that has to be taken away, and you have to create fear with your power.

Just today I was seeing a press-cutting. In one of the places in North India two dozen police officers entered into a poor village of untouchables -- the poorest of the poor, the *sudras*, and they raped the women of those poor people, particularly one young girl. They dragged her on the road, raped her, and created such fear in the poor people with their guns. Nearby villages heard screams, shouting, strange noises, so people gathered from the other villages.

Seeing that other people were coming, the police officers escaped, but a few of them forgot to take their guns with them. You cannot make love to a woman with a gun, so they must have put the guns aside. Reaching their police station they thought that those guns would become a proof, so in the middle of the night they came again and started beating the poor people -- whose women, whose daughters were raped -- to create dread that they should not report it, and they should not talk about it. Thirty families became so afraid that they escaped from the village.

Now these thirty families are wandering without any roof in the streets of the surrounding cities with their small children, old mother, old father, a raped woman, a raped girl. And the whole country is silent. Nobody has condemned it. And I don't think that any action is going to be taken against those police officers, because this is not an exceptional case!

It has been happening for centuries -- they rape their women, they burn their whole villages, and no action is ever taken against them. On the contrary, they are promoted because they are mighty people. Who cares about the poor and the weak? Who cares about the downtrodden and the oppressed?

So each definition will show you something of the mind of the definer.

AND THE PASSIONATE SAY, "NAY, BEAUTY IS A THING OF MIGHT AND DREAD.
LIKE THE TEMPEST SHE SHAKES THE EARTH BENEATH US AND THE SKY ABOVE US."

What you say about beauty is not about beauty, it is about you. What you say about God is not about God, it is about you and your psychology. So beware of the net -- don't be caught in it. Watch what you say and why you say it, and you will find the causes inside you. Your observation is not objective, your observation is subjective.

THE TIRED AND THE WEARY SAY, "BEAUTY IS OF SOFT WHISPERINGS. SHE SPEAKS IN OUR SPIRIT."

The tired and the weary -- to them beauty only whispers. She speaks only deep in their spirit. They are not passionate, they are not young, they are not powerful; their definition has changed.

It happened that in the great temple of Calcutta of the mother-goddess Kali.... That is one of the ugliest things still in existence; there used to be many temples of that type. Every day animals are killed and the worshipers are given their blood and their meat as *prasad*, as a gift of God. Because they have been sacrificed to the mother-goddess, their blood and their meat have become sacred and holy.

One man was always very interested in every holiday, and in India there are perhaps more holidays than everywhere else in the world. When I was a teacher in the university I once counted and found that seven months out of twelve are holidays! And of the remaining five months, one month you can take leave. There remain only four months. There are so many gods, and each god needs a holiday. There are so many religions and every religion needs its holidays.

This man was always bringing to Ramakrishna -- he was a devotee of Ramakrishna -- *prasad*, the gift of god from the temple of Kali. But suddenly, one day he stopped bringing the *prasad*. He used to take the animals to be killed there -- he was a rich man. He stopped that.

Ramakrishna asked, "What has happened? So many holidays have passed and you have not taken any animal to mother-goddess Kali as sacrifice. Have you changed your religion?"

He said, "At least to you, I cannot lie. The fact is that I have lost my teeth, and I cannot eat meat."

The mother-goddess and the sacrifice were simply an excuse. Now, because he has lost his teeth and has become old and cannot eat meat and cannot digest meat, all that old philosophy is forgotten. All those explanations were not real explanations, they were rationalizations.

So be aware where you are rationalizing. Never rationalize! Otherwise you will never find your true being; you will be lost in the jungle of lies.

"HER VOICE YIELDS TO OUR SILENCES LIKE A FAINT LIGHT THAT QUIVERS IN FEAR OF THE SHADOW."

It is from the tired and the weary. Beauty is not possessive, it is no longer a strong force that attracts like a magnet. It has become a faint light that quivers in fear of the shadow.

BUT THE RESTLESS SAY, "WE HAVE HEARD HER SHOUTING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS,
"AND WITH HER CRIES CAME THE SOUND OF HOOFS, AND THE BEATING OF WINGS AND THE ROARING OF LIONS."

The restless are always having nightmares; even their sleep is not a rest. Their day is restless, their night is restless, their whole life is unacquainted with relaxed experience. To them, beauty is something like shouting amongst the mountains.

"AND WITH HER CRIES CAME THE SOUND OF HOOFS...

as if it is a warfield...*and the beating of wings and the roaring of lions*." Strange definitions, you will think, but if you look around and ask different people their definition of beauty, you will find as many

definitions as there are people.

AT NIGHT THE WATCHMEN OF THE CITY SAY, "BEAUTY SHALL RISE WITH THE DAWN FROM THE EAST."

He is waiting for the morning. A night watchman -- to him beauty looks like the end of the night and the beginning of the day.

AND AT NOONTIDE THE TOILER AND THE WAYFARERS SAY,
"WE HAVE SEEN HER LEANING OVER THE EARTH FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE SUNSET."

Tired, working the whole day, they are looking again and again to see when the sun sets. To them beauty is a sunset, so they can go back home and rest and sleep.

IN WINTER SAY THE SNOW-BOUND, "SHE SHALL COME WITH THE SPRING LEAPING UPON THE HILLS."

They are projecting their desires. When there is snow and it is too cold, they are waiting for the spring to come, leaping upon the hills.

AND IN THE SUMMER HEAT THE REAPERS SAY, "WE HAVE SEEN HER DANCING WITH THE AUTUMN LEAVES, AND WE SAW A DRIFT OF SNOW IN HER HAIR."

Kahlil Gibran is giving expression to different angles of different needs, of different hopes, of different consolations.

ALL THESE THINGS HAVE YOU SAID OF BEAUTY,
YET IN TRUTH YOU SPOKE NOT OF HER BUT OF NEEDS UNSATISFIED,
AND BEAUTY IS NOT A NEED BUT AN ECSTASY.

In this statement he comes very close to the definition of beauty -- as objectively, as humanly as is possible. Beauty is not a need, it is an ecstasy.

It is not there outside you, it is deep in your being when you are overflowing with the dance of life, when you are so blessed that you can bless the whole existence. You can shower your blessings all over existence. In that moment, everything becomes beautiful, because everything *is* beautiful. Just as everything is good, everything is beautiful and everything is truth.

All that we know is how not to look through the eyes of need, not to look as a beggar, but to look from the highest peak of your consciousness -- that's what he means by ecstasy. Then the whole existence becomes an ocean of beauty. And it is not a question of your need, because the needful cannot see the truth. Only the fulfilled, the contented, only one who has come to his innermost treasures and is no more a beggar but is crowned, is an emperor -- only he can see what beauty is. Ecstasy opens your eyes to the phenomenon of beauty.

IT IS NOT A MOUTH THIRSTING NOR AN EMPTY HAND
STRETCHED FORTH,
BUT RATHER A HEART INFLAMED AND A SOUL ENCHANTED.

A heart inflamed and a soul enchanted....

IT IS NOT THE IMAGE YOU WOULD SEE NOR THE SONG YOU WOULD HEAR,

BUT RATHER AN IMAGE YOU SEE THOUGH YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES AND A SONG YOU HEAR THOUGH YOU SHUT YOUR EARS.

It is not something outside. It is not something that you see from your eyes or you hear from your ears or you touch with your hands -- it is something that... when you are sitting in deep silence with closed eyes, with closed ears, as if your whole body has disappeared, only pure consciousness has remained. In that purity, in that innocence, in that ecstasy is beauty.

IT IS NOT THE SAP WITHIN THE FURROWED BARK, NOR A WING ATTACHED TO A CLAW,
BUT RATHER A GARDEN FOR EVER IN BLOOM AND A FLOCK OF ANGELS FOR EVER IN FLIGHT.

It is not something that goes on changing. That which goes on changing is only a reflection. The moon remains the same, but the reflection in the lake goes on changing -- just a little pebble thrown in and the reflection is shattered into thousands of pieces.

Once in a while you see beauty in a face, but soon the face will become old and the beauty will disappear -- this was only a reflection. In a flower, in a beautiful woman, in a beautiful man, in a child, in the high mountains, in the silent forests -- these are all reflections which will change. But that which is reflected is hiding within you; it never changes. It is a dance of eternity forever and forever.

PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, BEAUTY IS LIFE WHEN LIFE UNVEILS HER HOLY FACE.

Everybody is living with a mask. Nobody is making an effort to find his original face. The mask is cheap, no effort is needed. When it becomes old you can change it; it is available in the marketplace.

But your original face needs a tremendous search, an arduous effort to go within yourself, destroying all barriers that the society has created and reaching to the point which has not been created by the society but has been given to you as a gift by existence itself, which you have brought from your very birth and which you will take even when the body dies.

In that pure and immortal space within you is beauty, is your original reality.

Once you have known it, you live a possessed life, you live aflame. You don't live the way the masses live. You start living like a god. You become a holy shrine.

... BEAUTY IS LIFE WHEN LIFE UNVEILS HER HOLY FACE.
BUT YOU ARE LIFE AND YOU ARE THE VEIL.

Nobody is hindering you -- you can reach to your original face this very moment. But perhaps you have investments with your mask, perhaps you have become too attached to your false face, perhaps you are afraid whether there is any original face behind it, or only a skeleton. And it is better to have a false face than not to have any face at all... these are the fears that are preventing you. Otherwise...*you are life and you are the veil.*

BEAUTY IS ETERNITY GAZING AT ITSELF IN A MIRROR.
BUT YOU ARE ETERNITY AND YOU ARE THE MIRROR.

Kahlil Gibran is trying to say to the poet, "Don't look outside for beauty. Outside you can find beautiful things, but not beauty." And those beautiful things are beautiful only because your inner beauty is reflected in them; that's why people differ in their opinions.

There are millions of people who will not stop for a single moment to see a beautiful sunset -- they don't see anything in it. There are only a few people who will see a beautiful experience in a sunset, but that beauty is really a reflection -- the sunset is not more than a mirror. And if you are silently gazing at the sunset, without any disturbance from the thoughts continuously passing and disturbing the image, the sunset is beautiful... some woman is beautiful, some man is beautiful.

Have you observed the fact that the same woman who is beautiful today may not look beautiful tomorrow, or may even become a pain in the neck? Today you are dying to get her, and tomorrow you will

be dying to get rid of her! Strange... what happened to the beauty?

The beauty is within you. And when you are allowing the woman freedom to be herself, or the man the freedom to be himself, they function like a mirror. The moment you start saying, "You should be like this, you should be like that," you are not allowing the woman or the man to be a mirror, you are starting to make them into a film of a camera.

A mirror is always empty; that's why it can go on reflecting continuously for eternity. The film is finished in only one reflection because it clings to the reflection. It is not a mirror.

If we allow our relationships with people with this great understanding that the allowing should be... that the other should be allowed total freedom to remain whatever she is or he is, perhaps every moment more and more beauty may be revealed.

When people are not possessive of each other they feel the beauty. The moment they are married things start becoming difficult, because now possession comes in. And you always see what you want to see. When the woman was not available to you, it was a challenge -- and the greater the challenge, the more beautiful she was. But once she is chained the challenge is lost, the beauty disappears. The greatest lovers are those who never meet. Meeting is a tragedy.

I have heard about one psychoanalyst who was visiting a madhouse. The superintendent was showing him around. One man was just crying and weeping tears and tears, and he was holding a picture on his chest. The psychoanalyst asked, "What has happened to this man? -- because I know, I remember, he used to be a professor in the university."

The superintendent said, "He is a very nice fellow. But do you see the picture he is holding? That is the picture of the woman he wanted to get and could not get. So he has gone mad."

The psychoanalyst felt very sad. In the next room, another man was trying to hit his head against the wall, and two persons were holding him back.

The psychoanalyst asked, "What has happened to him?"

The superintendent said, "Nothing happened to him, he got married to the same woman."

The one who could not get her still thinks he has missed an opportunity of being in love with a beautiful person. The one who got the opportunity is trying to kill himself -- but nobody allows him to kill himself. He has become so much of a nuisance in the house that his family has put him into the madhouse to be taken care of, because with anything he finds, he starts making an effort to kill himself; he is so tortured by the same beautiful woman.

It seems that in life whatever looks beautiful to you is only beautiful because it is not yours -- the grass is greener on the other side of the fence. It is not the fact, because the same is the problem with the neighbor -- when he sees your lawn, the grass is greener. It is a mirage that distance creates.

But this is not the true experience of beauty. Only a man like Gautam Buddha can experience beauty, because he has no need and he does not want to possess.

Just here one beautiful Japanese girl is present with her mother. The girl is in many ways exceptional. She used to come to the commune in America, and there she became a sannyasin. And naturally, the people who become sannyasins have fallen in love with me.

When she went home and she told her mother that she had fallen in love with a man, the mother -- who had no experience of her own of ever being a disciple -- could not understand. She understood only one kind of love -- that which exists between a man and a woman. And naturally, she started torturing her, to such a point that the girl stopped eating, stopped moving out of the house, was sitting in her room. Her mala was taken away. She has one of my pictures; she was keeping it in the room and meditating. But the mother was puzzled. She wanted her to get married, but the girl said that marriage is not for her.

Seeing that she would die the way she was going -- never going out of the room, continuously sitting in meditation with my picture -- the mother has brought her here. And the moment she came here she became perfectly okay -- she is eating and she is coming to every lecture, to the meditations. The mother has sent a message to me: "I want to see you." So I inquired, "What is the problem?" She said, "The problem is that my girl has fallen in love with you. And it is not the love you talk about, it is the love that exists between a man and a woman."

I said, "Tomorrow you both come to me. You have misunderstood the poor girl, you are killing her. And if she is refusing to get married, it is not that she wants to get married to me." That is the conclusion of the mother.

It is simply that the girl has found a far higher love. Marriage cannot afford that. Marriage is a bondage, an imprisonment. It destroys all beauty, all love, all tenderness.

To be in love and to be totally free... humanity has not yet come to that stage. But my people, at least, I hope should understand it. That girl certainly understands it. But the mother has only one experience; she projects her experience. So I'm going to see them and make every effort that the mother also falls in love with me!
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #16
Chapter title: From dawn to dawn, a wonder and surprise

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BELOVED OSHO,
AND AN OLD PRIEST SAID, SPEAK TO US OF RELIGION.
AND HE SAID:
HAVE I SPOKEN THIS DAY OF AUGHT ELSE?
IS NOT RELIGION ALL DEEDS AND ALL REFLECTION,
AND THAT WHICH IS NEITHER DEED NOR REFLECTION, BUT A WONDER AND A SURPRISE EVER SPRINGING IN THE SOUL, EVEN WHILE THE HANDS HEW THE STONE OR TEND THE LOOM?
WHO CAN SEPARATE HIS FAITH FROM HIS ACTIONS, OR HIS BELIEF FROM HIS OCCUPATIONS?
WHO CAN SPREAD HIS HOURS BEFORE HIM, SAYING, "THIS FOR GOD AND THIS FOR MYSELF; THIS FOR MY SOUL AND THIS OTHER FOR MY BODY"?
ALL YOUR HOURS ARE WINGS THAT BEAT THROUGH SPACE FROM SELF TO SELF.
HE WHO WEARS HIS MORALITY BUT AS HIS BEST GARMENT WERE BETTER NAKED.
THE WIND AND THE SUN WILL TEAR NO HOLES IN HIS SKIN.
AND HE WHO DEFINES HIS CONDUCT BY ETHICS IMPRISONS HIS SONG-BIRD IN A CAGE.
THE FREEST SONG COMES NOT THROUGH BARS AND WIRES.
AND HE TO WHOM WORSHIPPING IS A WINDOW, TO OPEN BUT ALSO TO SHUT, HAS NOT YET VISITED THE HOUSE OF HIS SOUL WHOSE WINDOWS ARE FROM DAWN TO DAWN.

The priests perhaps are the only people in the world who do not know anything about religion, because to make God a profession is simply unbelievable.
Love can never be a profession.
Priests belong to the same category as prostitutes. Perhaps prostitutes are better than the priests because they sell only their body, their lust -- but not their love. But the priests are selling the highest form of love, known as God. Naturally they know nothing about God, although they are full of knowledge about God. But to know ABOUT God and to KNOW God are totally different things. To know about is borrowed. There are things which cannot be borrowed. My thirst I cannot give to you, neither can I give my well-being to you.
I cannot invite you to my innermost soul.
There one goes in absolute aloneness.
But the priests have converted the idea of God into a great profession; perhaps they are worse than the prostitutes. Without priests there would have been no prostitutes. It is because of them that prostitutes exist.

You will be surprised to know that in India, particularly in the South, every temple had prostitutes -- not one, but dozens of them. They just have changed their names -- they were called *devadasis*, servants of God -- but their function was to attract people to the temple. The temple that had the most beautiful prostitutes prospered, accumulated much money.

They made it a rule that any beautiful girl born in their city had to be offered to the god. Now, this god is a dead statue of stone; the beautiful girl was really offered to the priests. They used these women for their own sexual lust, and afterwards they became their advertisement to call the customers to come to their temple. Richer customers would remain there not for worshiping God, but for enjoying the prostitutes. And these priests never thought that they were functioning like pimps. But this has been so in different ways all around the world.

Prostitution is a by-product of a forced marriage, and priests created the forced marriage. They don't call it forced marriage, they call it arranged marriage -- but who has the right to arrange marriage? Love knows its own ways. It needs no astronomers, no priests, no palmists; it finds its own way.

It is stupid to say that love is blind. This idea, that love is blind, has been created by those who want to be guides for the blind. Lust is blind; love is just the opposite -- clear perceptivity. The more loving you are, the more your perception is clear and profound.

But whenever you create a forced institution, on the side something ugly happens -- on the margin -- because man cannot remain in bondage. And if marriage becomes a bondage, then he wants some freedom. And that freedom has destroyed millions of women.

In the West recently, because of the women's liberation movement, a new institution has come into being -- male prostitution. If men and women are equal, then why should only women be prostitutes? Why should there not also be men who are prostitutes? In cities like London or San Francisco you will find male prostitutes too. The woman is coming out of bondage, just as man has always lived, but it is ugly. And who is responsible? The priests are the responsible people.

There is no need of priests in the world -- they don't have any function to do. By definition, a priest is a mediator between you and God, but what is the need of a meditator? You are children of God; does a child need a mediator to his own mother or to his own father? Perhaps he may not be so articulate in communication but even his inarticulate communication is far more beautiful and innocent and real and sincere than a mediator's.

First the priests created the idea of God; it is one of the most unnecessary hypotheses.
Nobody needs God.

Yes, everybody needs godliness, everybody needs to become divine -- that is the further evolution of humanity, the highest peak of consciousness.

But priests are not interested in godliness -- because godliness is a quality that you have to grow within your soul. They need a God far away in the sky. Once you have accepted the idea, then certainly the God is so far away -- you have never seen him, you have no conception of what this God is -- you need somebody to give you the definition of God, to give you rituals that will lead you to God; you need someone as a guide. The God is bogus, but the guide needs the God; otherwise who is going to be exploited in the name of God?

In the name of God, more crimes have happened on the earth than in any other name. Millions of people have been killed, burnt alive, just for a name which is contentless. But the priest needs it. Without the God, the priest and his temple and his rituals and his scriptures -- holy scriptures -- all disappear. It is a very strange thing: Hindus think their VEDAS are written by God, Jews believe their TORAH is written by God, Christians believe THE BIBLE is written by God, and the same is true about all other religions. But all these scriptures are so contradictory that either God is mad, or these are inventions of the priests. And different priests in different cultures, different societies, had to invent different ideas.

For example, in India, the paradise is always cool. They had not come to know the word "air-conditioning" at that time, but the description is exactly that Hindus' paradise is air-conditioned, centrally air-conditioned; because India is so tortured by the heat of the sun, the priest has to give an idea which appeals to those tortured by the sun. But the Tibetan priest cannot believe that paradise is air-conditioned. The Tibetan priest has a very warm, always sunny, never-clouded sky, with no snow... and they are talking about the same paradise!

But they are talking to different people, and they have to fulfill their needs. So it is not God or paradise that they are defining; they are simply consoling you. The Hindus have in their hell eternal fire, of course, for the sinners; the fire burns them, but does not kill them and they go on being burned for eternity. Death

would have been a great blessing, but the fire simply burns; it does not kill. And the Tibetans have their hell all the year round full of snow, utterly cold. It does not take much intelligence to see that these people are not aware of reality. They are certainly aware of the need of the people....

And if for thousands of years a certain thing is repeated again and again, it starts becoming a truth. Adolf Hitler used to say, "I don't see any difference between the truth and the lie. The only difference is that the truth is a lie repeated so often for centuries -- and the lie is a new truth." It will take a little time to sink into your hearts. In the name of God they have been making everybody afraid; and a man who lives in fear does not live. Fear is exactly the opposite of freedom.

Man can live only in freedom.

Fear shrinks his soul.

He is constantly afraid to do anything, because everything that you can enjoy, everything that you can feel is beautiful, is condemned.

Yesterday we were talking about beauty. Almustafa forgot one thing -- he forgot what the police commissioner of Poona says about beauty. He says: "Beauty is obscene." He has given orders to us that my people should not be obscene inside the ashram or outside the ashram. Perhaps he is unaware of the fact that five thousand years of thinking have not been able to describe what obscenity is.

He should give the definition -- what does it mean to be obscene? To kill a man is not obscene, but to hug a man is obscene; to kill thousands of people is not obscene -- a war, a world war is not obscene! Not a single priest has said that world war is obscene! But beauty is obscene, life is obscene -- you should live hiding in dark caves. You should not come into the sunlight and you should not dance with the winds and you should not play with the trees and you should not sing with the birds -- all these things are obscene. And the police commissioner with his gun is not obscene.

It seems there are death-worshipers, particularly the people who become attracted towards professions like the priests, the police, the army -- they are in the service of death, not in the service of life; their whole profession is obscene, their very mind is obscene. But it is a strange story that they have been calling beauty obscene -- is a roseflower obscene because it is naked?

There have been all kinds of idiots in the world. In England in the Middle Ages, ladies were very much influenced by the priests... for the simple reason that the man was free to go anywhere and the woman was only free to go to the church; naturally they became conditioned by the church more and more. In the Middle Ages they used clothes even for their dogs; when they would go for a morning walk and take the dog with them for a walk, it was covered with beautiful clothes. A naked dog is obscene! Not only that, even the legs of chairs -- because they were called legs -- are covered! Legs could not be naked, it was obscene. A poor chair...!

The priests are the most poisonous people in the world -- they have divided humanity, they have given people superstitions, insane ideas. And here and old priest asked:

SPEAK TO US OF RELIGION.

The priests don't know what religion is. The question is out of ignorance, because I have known priests and monks of all kinds of religions -- they are the most ignorant people about religion. They repeat like parrots, but religion has not been an experience to them.

The word religion is very beautiful, but because of these priests it has fallen into wrong company. The word comes from an origin which means "coming together." But the priests have been doing just the opposite! They are creating splits in man, not oneness.

Religion means creating in man an organic unity. It has nothing to do with God, it has something to do with *you*. It has nothing to do with worship, it has something to do with a transformation of your own consciousness.

There should not be any conflict within you; whatever you do should be done in totality, with your wholeness. Then, whether you are chopping wood or carrying water from a well -- it doesn't matter what you are doing -- if you are doing it totally, fully, it is religion. Religion makes man healthy and whole.

But your religions have made man sick, split and schizophrenic. There are reasons for it -- because a man who is healthy and whole cannot be enslaved and cannot be exploited. He has an individuality of his own and a style of life of his own. He is neither a Christian nor a Hindu nor a Mohammedan. He is simply a child of this universe, as everybody else is. Nobody is higher and nobody is lower, nobody is a brahmin and

nobody is a sudra. But the priests will disappear.

I have heard a beautiful story. In a pub one night a group of friends came and drank alcohol to the full. The shopkeeper was very happy, because such people don't come every day. When one of them was paying the money, he said, "I hope you will go on visiting us."

The man said, "Just pray for me -- if my business prospers, I will be coming every day."

The man said, "Of course, I will pray morning and evening that your business prospers." And then suddenly the idea came to him, that it would be right to enquire what his profession is. So he asked, "Forgive me, but I want to know, what is your profession?"

The man said, "Don't ask that. I am a grave-digger! If more people die, my business goes well. If nobody dies, I cannot afford to come to your pub. So pray for my business -- don't be bothered what my business is."

There are people whose business is grave-digging! Naturally their prayer will be, "God, don't forget me. I also have to survive. Kill as many people as you can!"

The priests have been praying in their hearts that man should never get out of his sickness, unhealthiness, insanity, because these are the people who come to the temple, to the mosque, to the synagogue, to the church. You will rarely find young people in the churches, but you will always find old men, old women, because now death is approaching, and only the priest knows how to help them. And the priests go on pretending that they know.

I was visiting a very beautiful place in Agra. Agra is famous all over the world because of the Taj Mahal. But in Agra and the surrounding area there is a small sect of Hindus called *radhaswami*. For almost one hundred years, their priests had been making something which should be better than the Taj Mahal. It is difficult, but they have made the ground floor; and the ground floor shows that, if they go on exploiting people, perhaps they will defeat the Taj Mahal one day. It is only half-built, but you can see even the half-built has more art, more beauty than the Taj Mahal.

They invited me to their temple, which is going to be the *samadhi* of their guru, who founded the religion, and they showed me, in beautiful marble, a map of stages of spiritual evolution; they said, "There are fifteen stages of evolution." Mohammed and Moses are just in the fourth stage; Jesus, a little better, in the fifth stage. Mahavira, a little better -- sixth stage. Kabir and Nanak, a little better still, were in the seventh stage, and Gautam Buddha is also in the seventh stage. And then there is a gap. In the fifteenth stage -- the last -- is their own guru.

They said, "What do you think about it?"

I said, "It is absolutely right. Just one thing is missing in it -- but it is bound to be missing."

They said, "What is missing in it?"

I said, "There are sixteen stages, not fifteen."

They said, "Sixteen? But in our scripture there are written only fifteen stages!"

I said, "It is written, because your guru has reached only fifteen stages. I am living in the sixteenth! Your guru tries to enter, but I don't allow him -- he goes on trying to climb to the sixteenth and I go on pushing him back to the fifteenth."

They were very shocked. And when I went there the next time, they had made sixteen stages, and their guru was in the sixteenth.

I said, "It won't work. Your guru could enter in the sixteenth because I have moved to the seventeenth! You cannot keep pace with me; your guru has to be one stage behind."

Stupid ideas, just mind games.... I said, "Your scripture has been saying there are only fifteen. From where has this sixteen come? -- because I mentioned it. I am not in any stage, I am not a prisoner. I have wings and I fly in an open sky where you don't leave even footprints -- what to say of stages? Is this some kind of school? Somebody is in the kindergarten, somebody is in the middle school, somebody is in the high school; somebody is in the college, graduating, somebody is studying a postgraduate course in the university; somebody is working on his Ph.D. and somebody has a D.Litt."

I said, "Don't be foolish. Remove this stone. Your temple is coming beautifully, but this stone is ugly and shows your intrinsic desire -- why you want to make it better than the Taj Mahal.

A spirit of competition is not the way of religion. Religion does not compete, because everyone is coming from the same source and going to the same source. A few people go slowly, a few people run, a few people have speed -- that does not matter! There is no inferiority, no superiority.

Religion has nothing to do with your so-called ordinary world; it has something to do with your psyche, with your spirit. You should be one organic unity. Out of that organic unity arises the music which is

celestial.

AND HE SAID, HAVE I SPOKEN THIS DAY OF AUGHT ELSE?

He is telling the priest, "You have not heard me. What else have I been talking about the whole day? -- talking about love, talking about creativity, talking about consciousness, talking about freedom."

But the mind of the priest does not think these things are religious. He means talk about God, talk about heaven and hell, talk about the theory of *karma*, talk about reincarnation -- and all those things are just words, without any content.

Almustafa is talking about the authentic religion. I gave this book THE PROPHET to one of my colleagues in the department of philosophy of the university. He was teaching religion. He looked at the content and he said, "Why have you given this book to me? It is not about religion. Love, freedom, creativity, the relationship between parents and children -- I don't see anything," he said to me, "about religion in it."

I said, "You don't know what religion is, and you have been teaching for almost twenty years! Not only are you in darkness, you have been spreading darkness amongst other people. These are the authentic religious questions. God is not; neither is hell nor heaven."

On his table I saw one book that he was reading -- it was Swendenborg's HEAVEN AND HELL. That is "religion." Now what does this fellow Swendenborg know about heaven and hell? Fictions! So the first thing to remember is, religion is not a fiction. Don't get caught in fictitious ideas.

Religion is a reality, a day-to-day reality, a moment-to-moment reality that you are living. You can live your life religiously, you can live your life irreligiously; but again remember -- the definition should not come from the priests, the definition should come from the mystics.

If you ask the priests, "What is living religiously?" then they will say, "Going to the church every Sunday." And what is church? -- a religious kind of Rotary Club. It has a social function; people meet and gossip, and it is good. What else to do on Sunday? And it gives you respectability that you go every day, every Sunday.

Hindus have a different approach -- go to the temple any day, any time. But the priest has to sleep also; so the Hindu priests have invented an idea -- which does not exist in any other religion -- that in the morning Krishna wakes up, and in the evening he goes to sleep, so you cannot go in the night. It is really the poor priest who needs sleep; otherwise there are all kinds of idiots who will go in the middle of the night or at any time.

Man's stupidity knows no limits. I was staying in Punjab in one of my friends houses. As I passed from a room that was their small temple, I could not believe my eyes -- I have never felt so sad about human beings. Sikhs don't have any statues in their *gurudwaras*; they are worshipers of a book, their holy book, GURU GRANTHA SAHIB. What I saw I could not believe. Guru Grantha Sahib, the book was there and just in front of the book -- toothpaste and a toothbrush.

I said, "I have never thought in my life that toothpaste and a toothbrush have any religious meaning!"

He said, "They have! Guru Grantha Sahib will wake up, so the first thing is to wash his mouth."

I said, "You are absolutely an idiot, because this is only a book. If the Hindu brings food to his god, at least there seems to be some relationship -- the god at least is a statue of man, although the god never eats; but there seems to be a certain relevance. But a book... after toothpaste, I think a cup of tea? Then lunchtime, then teabreak, then supper."

I asked my friend, "Have you ever thought about what you are doing?"

But religion is a fiction; the religion that has been taught and invented by the priests has no relationship with reality. That's why the priest could not get the idea that Kahlil Gibran is speaking religion and nothing else.

IS NOT RELIGION ALL DEEDS AND ALL REFLECTION...

It is not a question of worship; it is a question of living. All your deeds, all your thoughts, should be religious. But never ask the priest, because if your thoughts are concerned with beauty, truth, love, he will not think that they are religious. If your deeds are out of compassion, if your deeds are nothing but gratitude

to existence, he will not think of them as religious.

AND THAT WHICH IS NEITHER DEED NOR REFLECTION, BUT A WONDER AND A SURPRISE....

Deeds are the outermost, the very periphery of your being; thoughts are a little deeper. But there are even deeper realms -- wonder and surprise. No religion says that wonder and surprise are religious, that they are virtuous. But I say unto you, there is nothing more religious than eyes full of wonder, seeing a beautiful flower.

It is so unbelievable -- out of the earth which has no colors, which has no fragrance, which has no greenery, arises a tree with green leaves, which brings flowers of different colors and different fragrances and fruits. And it is a miracle when you see a tree, because the tree is going against gravitation -- gravitation pulls everything downwards. The tree is not even in the bondage of gravitation in which you are; the tree goes on rising higher and higher. It seems its destiny is the stars.

In Africa, where there are very thick forests, trees go very high -- just to say "Hello" to the sun, to the moon. The forests are so thick that if you are a small tree or a small bush you don't have any chance of seeing the sky full of stars, of seeing a beautiful sunrise and a beautiful sunset. The trees are continually being religious. Even animals are full of wonder, full of curiosity; in their own way they are also searching and seeking something.

In Switzerland, at a small station, there is a statue of a dog. The dog belonged to a man who used to go every morning to work in the city; he lived in a small village. His dog used to come to give him a send-off every morning, and when he would return in the evening, the dog would be waiting on the platform to welcome him home.

But one day the man went and never returned. There had been an accident, and he died. But the dog waited. The train came; the dog went into every compartment, tears in his eyes, looking for his master. All the passengers left, but the dog would not leave. He waited for the next train -- perhaps the man had missed the train.

He would not eat anything and he would not drink anything, and he was sitting in the same place continuously for seven days. At first the stationmaster and the staff tried to chase him away, but by and by, they felt that they were not doing good. With a continuous flow of tears, he was checking every train, day in, day out. Not a single train passed that he did not go into and look in every compartment. And on the seventh day, hungry -- because he used to eat with his master -- he died in the same place, waiting.

Can you say this dog was not religious? He knew what love is, more than human beings. He knew what friendship is, he knew what dedication is. And the village and the stationmaster realized the fact that they had been very cruel in chasing the dog away. Just as a repentance, they made a statue of the dog -- who is still waiting, eyes fixed upon the same compartment from which his master used to come out.

Religion is something so vast. It is not confined in any church, in any temple, in any mosque; it is not confined in any scripture. It is a question of your consciousness. Are you full of wonder like a small child? Is there anything that surprises you? If nothing surprises you and nothing fills you with wonder, you are dead; otherwise, the whole existence is your temple. Trees are meditating, birds are praying, stars are continually moving around a center which science has not been able to find yet; perhaps their movement is nothing but a prayer.

As I see it, religion is not theology; it is more poetry, more mysticism, more innocence, more wonder, more surprise.

... EVER SPRINGING IN THE SOUL, EVEN WHILE THE HANDS HEW THE STONE OR TEND THE LOOM?

You may be doing anything, but your heart can be in meditation.

The great Indian mystic, Kabir, was a weaver. He had thousands of followers and they asked him again and again, "It doesn't look right that our master should continue to weave clothes, and every market day should go to the market, sit in the street and sell his clothes. We are here; we can fulfill all your needs -- whatever you need."

Kabir laughed and he said, "You don't understand, because you can only see what is happening outside. When I am weaving the cloth, deep in my heart I know I am weaving it for God. Deep in my heart I know

that I have to go to the market, because that unknown God may come in any disguise, as a customer."

He never addressed his customers in any other way than "God." He used to say, "So You have come? Seven days I have been working for You. And remember, this is not just a cloth -- I have woven my very heart into it. Take care of it. I have made it with great love, with great prayer. I had no idea in what disguise You would come, but You have come; whoever comes is a form of God. This is my only religion. I am a weaver; to weave with silence, with prayer in the heart, is my religion." So it is not a question of what you are doing.

WHO CAN SEPARATE HIS FAITH FROM HIS ACTIONS, OR HIS BELIEF FROM HIS OCCUPATIONS?

But that's what is happening all over the world: your faith is not your actions, your belief is not your occupations -- you have separated them; you have imprisoned your God in a temple. Once in a while you go there, and the remaining time there is not even a small stirring in your heart for God.

Unless all your actions become your faith, your trust, unless all your efforts are full of love and prayer, you don't know what religion is. The religion that you are aware of is false, and the priests that you know, know nothing about the true religion. Your popes, your *shankaracharyas*, your Ayatollah Khomeini, these are not the people who know what religion is.

There was a mystic who was a potter. His name was Gorakh. He continued even after his enlightenment to make beautiful pottery. Many times his disciples said, "It doesn't look good."

He said, "I am a potter. I can pour my love and my creativity and the song of my heart only into creating beautiful pots, and I feel so happy when God comes to take them from me. That's why I don't have to go to any temple; God Himself comes in many disguises to my house. And because the pots are created for God, it is no longer just an occupation. It has become faith, it has become religion.

WHO CAN SPREAD HIS HOURS BEFORE HIM, SAYING, "THIS FOR GOD AND THIS FOR MYSELF; THIS FOR MY SOUL AND THIS OTHER FOR MY BODY"?

The mind that thinks in divisions is not a religious mind. The mind that thinks that something is profane and something is sacred is not religious.

You cannot say, "This for God and this for me" -- because the one who knows God forgets all about himself -- he not only forgets all about himself, he does not find himself at all. Either *you* can exist or God can exist -- you both cannot exist together; there is no coexistence possible. If *you* are, then your God is phony. Only your disappearance will make God a reality, a truth. And you cannot even divide: This is for my soul and this is for my body; they are not separate, they are meeting in God.

Do you see a simple point? For thousands of years you have been divided in many ways -- the body is separate, you are separate. But can you live a moment without breathing? Breathing is a function of the body, not of the soul. Just as without the soul the body cannot live -- it dies, returns to the basic elements of life: air to the air, fire to the fire, earth to the earth, water to the water, sky to the sky -- in the same way, without the body the soul cannot remain for a single moment. They are not two; they are meeting in God, they are bridged by God.

So don't say this is for my body and this is for my soul -- you are one unit. Respect your body the same way as you respect your soul. Your body is as sacred as your soul is. In existence everything is sacred because the whole thing is throbbing with the heartbeat of the divine.

ALL YOUR HOURS ARE WINGS THAT BEAT THROUGH SPACE FROM SELF TO SELF.

You are moving moment to moment, from one stage of consciousness to another stage of consciousness. The body may be fast asleep, but it is also conscious. You know if you are asleep and a mosquito starts disturbing you -- and particularly in Poona there are only two kinds of people who can disturb you, the mosquitos and the police commissioner; they belong, really, to the same category. Mosquitos are at least a little more gentlemanly; before they suck your blood they dance around you, they sing around you, they pay the price, and they don't carry guns -- you remain asleep and your hand removes the mosquito. The body has

its own consciousness.

The scientists say the body has millions and millions of living cells; each cell has its own life. You have lost the capacity of wonder; otherwise you would wonder first about your own body, how the body turns the bread into blood. We have not been able to find a factory yet where bread can be turned into blood. And not only that, it sorts out what is needed and what is not needed by your body; that which is not needed is thrown out, and that which is needed is needed for different functions.

The body goes on supplying different places, different parts of your body, whatever their need is. You eat the same food for all your needs; out of the same food your bones are made, your blood is made, your skin is made, your eyes are made, your brain is made, and the body knows perfectly well what is needed and where it is needed. The blood is circulating continuously, supplying particular chemicals to particular parts.

Not only that, the body also knows the priority. The first priority is your brain -- hence, if there is not enough oxygen, first the body will give the oxygen to the brain. The other parts are tougher and they can wait a little, but the brain cells are not so tough. If they don't get oxygen for six minutes they will die, and once they are dead they cannot be revived.

It is a tremendous work of intelligence to be alert about the different functions. When you have a wound, then the body stops supplying certain parts which can survive, but first the wound has to be healed. Immediately the white cells of the body rush towards the wound to cover it so it is not open. And then inside, the work, the very subtle work, continues.

Medical science knows that we are not yet as wise as the body is. The most prominent physicians have said that we cannot cure the body; the body cures itself -- we can only help. At the most our medicines can be of some help, but the basic cure comes from the body itself.

It is a wonder how it is being done. It is such a vast work. I have come to know from one scientist friend, who has been working on the functions of the body, that if we want to do all those functions we will need almost one square mile of factory with many complicated mechanisms, computers. Then, too, we are not certain that we will succeed -- and your religions have been condemning the body and telling you that to take care of the body is irreligious.

The Jaina monks don't take a bath because that is caring for the body, that is materialism. They don't brush their teeth. Guru Grantha Sahib brushes his teeth, but the Jaina monks don't brush their teeth. They used to meet me in the past, and I had to tell them, "Don't feel offended, but sit as far away as you can, because you stink." Moving naked on the dusty roads of India in hot sun, perspiring, gathering the dust, no mouth wash, no bath -- and they are worshiped because of these stupid things! Because they have renounced the body, they don't care about the body. They don't know even what the body is; they have never wondered about its miracles. So don't say, "This is for my soul and this is for my body" -- you are one.

First, inside you become one with your body, then become one with the whole existence. The day your heartbeat has a synchronicity with the universe and its heartbeat you have found religion -- not before it.

HE WHO WEARS HIS MORALITY BUT AS HIS BEST GARMENT WERE BETTER NAKED.

There are people who think they can be moral without being religious. Morality is only a shadow that follows the religious man, not vice versa. It is not that you have to be moral first and then you can become religious -- that's what the priests have been teaching you -- first be moral! They are putting the cart before the bullocks. And if you have not moved anywhere -- no evolution -- there is nothing to be surprised about. Morality is only a very small thing.

If your consciousness rises to the height of religion, morality will come on its own. Morality grows like leaves on the trees; you simply water the trees. You take care of the roots. You need not pull the leaves out of the tree -- you will destroy them; they will come when the time is ripe. You don't have to be worried about them. But all your so-called priests are teaching morality, and that's why people have become hypocrites. I have never come across a moral man who is not a hypocrite. Only a religious man has an authentic morality.

He who wears his morality but as his best garment... People are using morality as a decoration for their respectability. Kahlil Gibran is right when he says, "It was better he was naked." At least in his nakedness he would be natural, not a hypocrite. And out of being natural one can move towards being religious, but from hypocrisy you cannot move anywhere; it is a dead-end street, it goes nowhere.

The moral person is never joyful; he is always sad. It is a natural consequence of standing on your head.

If existence wanted you to stand on your head, it would have grown legs on your head. But there are idiots who are trying to improve upon nature.

I have never seen a single *yogi* in the whole country who shows any intelligence, because standing on your head you disturb the whole system, the whole wisdom of the body; too much blood rushes towards the head because of gravitation. That much blood is not needed; it floods.... If the mind is flooded with blood its very delicate tissues, which create intelligence, are destroyed. Animals have not been able to create intelligence for the simple reason that they are horizontal beings; their whole body gets the blood in the same proportion.

Have you ever observed why you use a pillow in the night? Without the pillow you cannot sleep, because too much blood goes on coming -- your head is lower than the body -- and that blood goes on disturbing your whole mechanism; you cannot sleep. You need a pillow to keep your head a little higher, so it receives only the right proportion of blood.

Never be a hypocrite; whatsoever the price you have to pay, it is better to pay it. Hypocrisy is cheap -- you don't have to pay anything for it -- but you are destroying your very soul and your very possibility of growth.

THE WIND AND THE SUN WILL TEAR NO HOLES IN HIS SKIN.

Don't be worried. Even if you are naked, the wind and the rain and the sun will not tear holes in your skin.

Hypocrisy prevents reality reaching to you; it becomes a barrier. Yes, it gives you respectability -- but what are you going to do with respectability? It has no essential meaning.

AND HE WHO DEFINES HIS CONDUCT BY ETHICS IMPRISONS HIS SONG-BIRD IN A CAGE.

Listen to your nature, not to the so-called priests and preachers. They will give you beautiful garments of morality and ethical conduct, but they will destroy your very center of being -- or at least they will not allow you to reach to your own self. To miss your own self means you have missed your whole life.

THE FREEST SONG COMES NOT THROUGH BARS AND WIRES.

Out of bondage, out of the prison, the freest song cannot come; it is simply impossible. Only freedom becomes a song, and that song is the prayer that comes out of your freedom.

AND HE TO WHOM WORSHIPPING IS A WINDOW, TO OPEN BUT ALSO TO SHUT, HAS NOT YET VISITED THE HOUSE OF HIS SOUL WHOSE WINDOWS ARE FROM DAWN TO DAWN.

Religion is not a window; it is not a Sunday affair. It is not that in twenty-four hours, for one hour you become religious, and twenty-three hours you do everything which is irreligious. Do you think that one hour of phony religiousness can win over your twenty-three hours of sincere dishonesty? So if in the end you find all your worshiping has been in vain, nobody is responsible except yourself. Your prayer, your meditation should be.. *from dawn to dawn*.

A beautiful incident is reported in the life of Gautam Buddha. One of his closest disciples, Ananda, was also his caretaker. He used to sleep in the same room. He was following Gautam Buddha like a shadow twenty-four hours a day. He was puzzled about one thing, that Buddha slept in a certain posture -- which has become known as the "lion's posture" because of Buddha. He remained the whole night in the same posture. He did not toss and turn.

Ananda watched him many times, waking in the middle of the night, but he was in the same posture. One day he said, "I am now tortured too much about one question, and I have to ask it. I am not supposed to ask such stupid questions, but it is going on and on in my mind: The whole night you remain in the same posture; do you sleep or not?"

Buddha said, "The body sleeps because the body is tired, but as far as my consciousness is concerned, it cannot sleep; so I am asleep and yet a part of me is witnessing. And I have found the right posture, the most restful posture, so there is no need to change it."

You must have observed that you change your posture too many times in the night if you are feeling restless in the mind. If your mind is relaxed, your changing of posture is less, but if the mind is completely transcended you can sleep in one posture.

People have been asking how I go on sitting in the same posture for two, three hours every day in the morning, in the evening. I have found the right posture for my legs, and when I am talking to you I am wholy and totally involved with it and my legs know perfectly well not to disturb me -- I never disturb them. It is just a friendly contract.

Meditation is not something that you do, and then go for other things. Meditation is something like breathing: whatever you are doing is separate, but the breathing continues.

People come and ask me: "What is the right time for meditation? -- morning, evening, night? How long should one meditate?" They are asking wrong questions.

It is not a question of the right time: Whenever you are meditating it is the right time, and whenever you are not meditating it is the wrong time. And it is not a question of how long you should meditate. Meditation has to become your heartbeat; even when you are asleep the meditation continues like an undercurrent. So.. *from dawn to dawn....*

I have seen many kinds of so-called religious people. In my village, just in front of my house, there was a sweetshop. The man was very religious -- so-called religious; he was continuously having his beads in his hands. To avoid people seeing this, he had made a bag. Inside the bag he used to keep his hand, and his beads, and he went on repeating, "Rama, rama, rama..." with each bead. That bead is a device of counting; otherwise, you will have to say, "Rama one, rama two, rama three..." and it will be difficult and more complicated -- and you may forget the numbers. There are one hundred and eight beads, so if you have gone one round you have taken the name of God one hundred and eight times. Then the second round begins, and this goes on.

While he is doing this, if a dog enters and he chases the dog, the beads continue -- he has forgotten "Rama" -- and he will make some sound so that his wife comes and chases the dog. If a customer comes, one hand will go on doing the ritual while he sells the sweets and haggles about the price. I was wondering, "What kind of meditation is this?" It is not meditation; it is a very poor substitute for it.

Tibetans are more intelligent. They don't have beads, they have a wheel with one hundred and eight spokes. They go on doing their things, and go on turning the wheel. When the wheel slows down, they turn it again and their work continues. One *lama* was staying with me. I said, "Have you heard about electricity?"

He said, "Why are you asking that?"

I said, "Unnecessary trouble! Just plug your wheel into the electricity; it will go on -- all the fans are going on. You need not bother. Even if you go out the prayer will continue; even if you die, the prayer will continue."

People have been deceiving even existence, even their own being. But this is sheer unintelligence.

Meditation does not mean to repeat a name, it does not mean to chant a *mantra*; it means to remain silent, centered, peaceful. Then you can do everything -- but your inner silence remains untouched, your serenity remains without any disturbance. And that inner silence and serenity show from your eyes, from your hands, the way you walk, the way you sit -- because it gives you a grace, a beauty.

That was the definition of Kahlil Gibran: beauty is not a need but an ecstasy. If your inner world remains in a silence, you will be living ecstasy, dawn to dawn; your whole life will become meditation. Meditation is not a ritual. It has to become your very life, your very being; and then everything that you do will have grace, will have beauty.

In this silence you will come in contact with the silence of existence, because existence understands only one language -- and that is the language of silence. It does not understand Sanskrit nor Hebrew nor Arabic nor Prakrit nor Pali; it does not understand any language other than the language of silence. When you say nothing you are heard; when you say something you are simply wasting your breath.

When you are so silent, as if you are absent, the miracle happens -- the greatest miracle, I will call it. When you are absent you have a presence which is divine; and to attain this presence is to be religious. And the way to this presence is religion. It is not in the scriptures and it is not in the synagogues and *gurudwaras* -- it is within you.

Yes, I say unto you again: The kingdom of God is within you.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #17
Chapter title: In you are hidden all men

6 February 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

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BELOVED OSHO,
YOUR DAILY LIFE IS YOUR TEMPLE AND YOUR RELIGION.
WHENEVER YOU ENTER INTO IT TAKE WITH YOU YOUR ALL.
TAKE THE PLOUGH AND THE FORGE AND THE MALLET AND THE LUTE,
THE THINGS YOU HAVE FASHIONED IN NECESSITY OR FOR DELIGHT.
FOR IN REVERIE YOU CANNOT RISE ABOVE YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS NOR FALL LOWER THAN YOUR FAILURES.
AND TAKE WITH YOU ALL MEN:
FOR IN ADORATION YOU CANNOT FLY HIGHER THAN THEIR HOPES NOR HUMBLE YOURSELF LOWER THAN THEIR DESPAIR.
AND IF YOU WOULD KNOW GOD, BE NOT THEREFORE A SOLVER OF RIDDLES.
RATHER LOOK ABOUT YOU AND YOU SHALL SEE HIM PLAYING WITH YOUR CHILDREN.
AND LOOK INTO SPACE; YOU SHALL SEE HIM WALKING IN THE CLOUD, OUTSTRETCHING HIS ARMS IN THE LIGHTNING AND DESCENDING IN RAIN.
YOU SHALL SEE HIM SMILING IN FLOWERS, THEN RISING AND WAVING HIS HANDS IN TREES.

It is one of the misfortunes that the true religion has been destroyed -- not by the irreligious, but by the so-called religious people of the world... not by those who do not believe in God, but by those who believe in God, heaven and hell, and all that nonsense. The true religion has nothing to do with God. Neither is it a lust for rewards after life, nor is it a fear of punishment in hell.

The true religion knows no past, no future, but this very moment, only the present. True religion is not in the temples and the mosques and the synagogues and the churches. Those who try to find it there are making their efforts in vain. It has to be found, not by anything that is made by man, but by something which has made the whole existence, man himself included. You cannot sculpt God in a statue, because God is the very source of life, and nothing else.

God has no face of its own, it has no hands of its own, it has no eyes of its own; but if you are silent, peaceful, loving, suddenly your hands start quivering with a new source of energy. Your hands become God's hands; your eyes start seeing in a totally different way -- they become the eyes of God. Everything remains the same, and yet everything changes because you have changed.

God is a way of life, a style of life, living in tune with existence.

God is not a person, but simply a certain way of falling in tune with existence, of falling in love with all that surrounds you. The true religion is nothing but love, unbounded, unfettered.

Kahlil Gibran says, *your daily life is your temple*.... In fact, to avoid it, we have created temples. The temples are not the places where God lives; those are the places which we have created to deceive ourselves. God is all over the space, everywhere, but to be so overwhelmed, so possessed and enchanted by God that each single moment becomes flooded with Him, needs courage, needs guts, needs a heart uncluttered -- open, available, receptive. To avoid this, we have created small temples. These temples are not to find God, but to avoid God.

Your religions are not religion, but an escape from religion.

They are like toys, poor substitutes, dead, with no life, with no song, with no dance. But it is strange that the whole of humanity has been deceiving itself. There must be some deep psychological reason.

I am reminded of a beautiful story by Rabindranath Tagore. He says, "I have been searching for God, for many, many lives. Once in a while I saw a glimpse of Him near a far, faraway star, and I rushed towards that star. But by the time I reached there, He was gone.

"Again I saw Him somewhere else, far away, but it was always far away, and to travel that distance takes time. And God is not something dead -- it is something flowing, constantly moving. By the time I reached the spot where I had seen Him, He was dancing somewhere else. I heard the dance, I heard the music; He was playing a flute, I heard the flute. I saw Him, but always so far away.

"But I have continued.... It was a challenge... one day I was going to find Him. How long could He go on escaping from me? And certainly one day I reached a beautiful house, and a plate on the house said, THE HOUSE OF GOD. And I was so full of joy that my journey had not been in vain, I had found Him; it was simply a question of going just a few steps and knocking on the door.

Dancing with delight, I stepped on those marble steps. I was just going to knock at the door, but my hand remained as if paralyzed, because a thought suddenly came to me: If He opens the door, and I meet Him, then what? All my life has been a search, all my life has been a constant seeking -- I know only how to search and how to seek. The meeting of God is going to be a death to me, because I am nothing but a search, a seeking. It is going to be a death to the challenge -- and what is life without a challenge?

"I moved my hand back and took my shoes off from my feet, because who knows? -- He might hear the noise on the steps and open the door and say, `Where are you going? Here I am.' Taking the shoes in my hands, I ran away. I never looked back -- perhaps He might be standing in the doorway and watching, and then escape would become a little more difficult and painful.

"Since then I have been searching for Him again, and I see a glimpse here and there. I know where He lives, so only that place I have to avoid, and everywhere else I go on searching, seeking, asking, inquiring, `Where is God? What is God?'"

It is a tremendously profound story. Have you ever thought about it -- if you meet God, what you are going to say to Him? what are you going to do with Him? He will be the dead-end street, He will be your grave, because beyond Him there is nothing. You have been searching with great intensity, with great passion and longing; all passion and all longing will disappear.

Perhaps this is the reason why everybody goes on seeking God, and yet never meets Him. Perhaps everybody knows the house where He is, so they only avoid that house -- and the whole universe is there to seek and search. Or perhaps God understands that He has to remain a search, an inquiry, a quest, and is never to become an experience.

Just as on your side you are avoiding the house.... Perhaps He does not live in that house either, afraid that someday some idiot may knock, some police commissioner may issue a warrant of inquiry; and the police officers with their guns will make their way, forcibly, into the house of God. But I say unto you, they will not find Him there. Not only are you escaping from Him, He is also escaping from you because He is also afraid. The meeting is going to be a great embarrassment. Neither have you anything to say, nor has he anything to say. Are you going to talk about the weather?

Have you ever given it a single thought? -- that the very idea of God as a person is nonsense. There is no God as a person anywhere, and all these temples, and all these mosques and synagogues and churches, are empty. Manufactured by crafty priests, they don't have anything to do with religion.

Kahlil Gibran is right when he says; *your daily life is your temple.*

To accept this simple fact that your daily life is your temple and your religion -- just the understanding of this simple fact is going to become a great transformation. Then you cannot do many things you have always been doing, because it is everywhere -- the sacred land -- and every moment you are dealing with God.

You cannot cheat your customers; you cannot be possessive of your children, because they are closer to

God than you are. Their innocence is a bridge, your knowledge is a wall, a China wall; you can only be respectful to the children. You cannot act in the old way because you are always acting inside the temple, and each of your acts is a prayer. In each moment you are surrounded by God. His presence will be felt even in your wife, in your husband, in your friend, in your enemy, because except Him, nobody else exists.

To make the whole of life a temple, and the whole of life a religion, is the only way of the real seeker.

He does not go to look into the holy books. Books are books; no book is holy and no book is unholy. Read them if you enjoy the poetry; read them if you enjoy their prose; read them if you enjoy their mythologies -- but remember, no book can deliver you a taste of religion.

Yes, a flower may be able to do it; a bird on the wing may be able to do it; a tree rising high and dancing in the sun may be able to do it. The whole existence becomes your holy book: read it, listen to it, and slowly, slowly, you will become aware that you are surrounded by an energy of which you have been completely unconscious.

It is almost like the fish who does not know anything about the ocean, because it is born in the ocean, it has lived in the ocean, and one day it will die in the ocean. It was part of the ocean, just a wave; it knows nothing of the ocean. The fish comes to know the ocean only when a fisherman pulls her out of the ocean and throws her on the beach in the hot sand. Then she knows that she has missed her real home, of which she has never been aware. Now she is thirsty, trying in every possible way to reach back and jump into the ocean. Out of the ocean she becomes aware of what she has missed.

People become aware only at the time of death of what they have missed, because death comes like a fisherman, pulling you out of the ocean of life. As you are pulled out of life, suddenly you realize, "My God! I have been alive, and I never became aware of it. I could have danced, I could have loved, I could have sung -- but now it is too late."

People become aware only at the time when they are dying, that they have been continuously surrounded by the eternal energy of life, but they never participated in it. Your daily life is your temple, and your religion. Act in awareness, act consciously, and naturally many things will start changing.

A man who understands that the whole life is the temple, is the religion, cannot go on killing animals for eating, because if *you* are divine, then they are also divine. If God beats in your heart, He also beats in the heart of a deer. How can you kill a deer? -- so beautiful, and so dignified... so swift, he goes like an arrow. Have you ever seen a deer who is ugly? That's why deer don't have any competition for beauty, because what is the point? -- they are all beautiful. Have you ever seen a lion who is not beautiful?

But man becomes ugly. Every child is born beautiful, but as he grows he starts learning ways how to become ugly, how to be competitive, how to be jealous, how to be violent, how to be destructive, how to be aggressive. Slowly, slowly, he loses all contact with life because he has lost reverence for life.

If you ask me, I will say religion is reverence for life. And if you don't have reverence for life, you cannot conceive the whole of existence -- the trees, and the birds and the animals -- as different expressions of the same energy. In the source we are brothers and sisters with the animals and the birds and the trees; and if you start feeling this brotherhood, this sisterhood, you will find the first taste of what religion is.

WHENEVER YOU ENTER INTO IT, TAKE WITH YOU YOUR ALL.
TAKE THE PLOUGH AND THE FORGE AND THE MALLET AND THE LUTE,
THE THINGS YOU HAVE FASHIONED IN NECESSITY OR FOR DELIGHT.
FOR IN REVERIE YOU CANNOT RISE ABOVE YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS NOR FALL LOWER THAN YOUR FAILURES.

Do not discard anything as profane. The plough and the forge and the mallet and the lute -- whatever you are working with, have a respect for it. People don't even respect other people; people treat other people as if they are things.

Have you ever thought that your servant is also your brother, has the same dignity as you, needs to have his pride, just as you need it? No, a servant passes from your room, and you don't even pay attention -- as if nobody has passed. A servant seems to have no soul. Have you purchased the soul of the servant?

How long has it been that you have not seen the face of your wife, although you are living together twenty four hours a day. How long has it been that you have not seen the face of your husband, or your wife? It may have been years.

Now you take each other for granted: she has become a thing to you, you have become a thing to her. She uses you, just as you use her. You both are destroying each other; you are taking away the other's

humanity, their very soul.

True religion consists of giving life and soul even to things. You can touch this chair with love and respect: it won't cost you anything, but it will give you immense insight into life. The religious man is the only magician in the world: whatever he touches becomes alive. It is not a question of what he touches; it is a question of what he pours into it. He pours his own life.

To live a religious life does not mean renouncing existence and escaping to the mountains. That is the way of the coward and the impotent; that is the way of the crippled and incompetent; that is the way of those who don't have the intelligence to see God surrounding them everywhere. When you renounce life, you are renouncing God -- whom else can you renounce? When you are renouncing your wife or your husband, whom do you think you are renouncing? And where are you going to find God?

In Gautam Buddha's life there is one incident which Buddhists try to avoid; they don't discuss it. When Gautam Buddha became enlightened.... And what *is* enlightenment? -- this very experience that the whole existence is divine, that it is the temple of God, and that everybody is either God-awake or God-asleep -- but it makes no difference. One who is asleep can be awake within a minute, just a little cold water has to be thrown into his eyes. He may be annoyed in the beginning, he may shout at you -- people even throw their alarm clocks.

I have been asked again and again, "Why are people so angry with you?" I say, "It is understandable. When people are asleep, they don't want any alarm clock around them; and I am no ordinary alarm clock. I try in every way -- even if I have to wrestle with the person, I will bring him out of the bed. Even if he becomes angry, it is nothing to be worried about. The moment he is awake he will understand that his anger was not right.

The moment Gautam Buddha became enlightened, the first thing he told Ananda was "I would like to go to my kingdom. Twelve years have passed since I left my palace. I have left a small child, just one day old -- my first child; now he must have become twelve years old. And all these twelve years, my wife, Yashodhara, must have been very angry. She is a woman of culture, beauty, and refinement -- she may not even have expressed her anger to anybody, but in her heart she must be carrying the wound.

"The first thing I want is to go back, and to see my wife and my child and my father. He must be old, if he is still alive. He must have destroyed his eyes by crying, because I am his only son."

They reached the palace, and entered it. Ananda had a privilege, which he had asked before his initiation. He was Gautam Buddha's elder cousin-brother, so before he was initiated, he had asked, "After initiation I will be a disciple, and you will be the master, and whatever you will say, I will have to say yes to it. There is no question of any no.

"Therefore before I become a disciple, I want three things to be cleared: first, you will never send me away from you the way you send other people to spread the message. Even if I become enlightened, you cannot send me away to spread the message. Second, even if in the middle of the night I bring somebody to you because he wants to ask a question, you cannot say `I am tired of walking the whole day from one village to another village; and do you think the middle of the night is the right time?

Can't you wait till tomorrow morning?' You cannot say that -- because tomorrow is uncertain.

"And third, I will be present in every private conversation, with whomsoever you may be talking. A great emperor -- it doesn't matter, I will be present there because I want to know everything -- not only that which you say to the masses, but also that which you say in your privacy, because in your privacy you must say greater secrets, more intimate truths. So promise me these three things."

Gautam Buddha said, "You are my elder brother, so I cannot say no to you. I promise; but remember, only three things."

As they entered the palace, Buddha stopped and said to Ananda, "Although you have the privilege of being present in every conversation, I pray to you that you don't come with me when I go to see my wife, for the simple reason that she is such a cultured woman, and in your presence she will not show her anger, she will not show her tears. And she will become even more irritated that I have come after twelve years, and I have brought somebody with me, so that she cannot express her heart. I would like her to scream at me, to shout at me, to abuse me, so that she can be unburdened. I feel responsible."

Ananda understood; he said, "I can make this exception. You can go ahead -- I will wait outside the door."

And of course, Yashodhara *was* very angry. She was not angry that Gautam Buddha left the palace, renounced the kingdom, and went to the mountains to meditate and to find the truth. She was not angry

about that; she was angry that: "You did not *trust* me! You could have told me that you were going. Do you think I would have prevented you? In my body also is the blood of a warrior's daughter. If I can send you to the battlefield without showing a single tear in my eyes, knowing that perhaps I will never see you again....

"If you had just told me that you were going in search of truth, I would never have been angry. My anger is not about your going, my anger is that you did not trust me enough, you did not love me enough."

In fact, before he had left the palace Gautam Buddha had gone into his wife's chamber just to see the face of his child, who was only one day old. But the child and the mother were both under the blanket -- it was a cold night -- and he could not see the child. He was afraid to remove the blanket to see the face of the child -- afraid because removing the blanket was dangerous: if his wife woke up, she might create an unnecessary fuss about it, and the whole house would wake up.

Then too the father who was hoping.... Gautam was his only son, and he himself was getting old. He was saying to his son, "You take the responsibilities... but now, instead of taking the responsibilities and becoming the king, you are going to leave the family; you are going to renounce the kingdom."

Buddha said, "I have come with a heavy heart. I know I have hurt you, but I also know that you have so much love for me that you can forgive me. I have just come to apologize."

And this is the point that I wanted to emphasize, the point for which I related the incident of Buddha. His wife said, "There is no question of me forgiving you. You have asked -- that is enough. Just one question I want to be answered, and that is: You have found the truth; could you not have found it here in the palace? Was it absolutely necessary to go to the caves in the mountain? Is the truth available only in the caves of the mountain? Is the truth not available here?"

And Buddha had to concede: "When I left I was not aware of it, but now I know truth is available everywhere; one need not go to a certain place to find it. But this I can say only now. At the time I renounced, I was ignorant."

Do you see the implications of it? Buddhists have been avoiding the story, because they don't want to see the implications. The implication is that all renunciation is in ignorance, and those who have become enlightened, for them there is no renunciation but only rejoicing.

All renunciation is unconscious; it is as if you are walking in sleep. But the moment you wake up, God is everywhere. Buddhists have been ignoring the story for the simple reason that if the story becomes known to the whole world, who is going to renounce the world?

In twenty-five centuries, millions of people have renounced the world. Alas, they had no idea of Buddha's own statement. It does not matter, you may not be aware that you are surrounded by a certain energy that is experienced as God when you become awake; but even when you are not aware, the energy is there, so there is no need to go anywhere.

What is needed is: Move from sleep to awakening. The journey is inward; not from this place to that place, not from here to the Himalayas -- but from unconsciousness to consciousness, from unawareness to awareness.

Whenever you enter into it, in the temple of life... and if the whole of life is the temple, you have to carry your tools, whatever you are doing. If you are a musician, you will have your instruments; if you are a doctor, you will have your instruments; if you are a woodcutter, you will have your instruments. Whenever you enter into it, take with you your all, whatever you have.

TAKE THE PLOUGH AND THE FORGE AND THE MALLET AND THE LUTE,
THE THINGS YOU HAVE FASHIONED IN NECESSITY OR FOR DELIGHT.
FOR IN REVERIE....

When you taste something of the beyond... what in Japan the Zen people call "satori," Kahlil Gibran is calling "reverie."

When you become a little aware, not fully conscious -- just as in the morning you become aware that the birds have started singing, and the sun has entered through the window, and you take another turn, and you pull the blanket over you -- that is "reverie." You are awake but you will take a little more time; you would like to enjoy this restful moment -- the birds singing, and the warmth of the sunrays, and the fresh air entering in your room. You are awake, but not fully awake; just half awake, half asleep.

People have been asking me again and again -- "What the difference is between satori and samadhi?"

This is the difference:
Satori is half awake, half asleep.
Samadhi is full awareness.

But if you are half awake, it won't take long for you to be fully awake. Just a little hit of the master's staff on your head, and you will jump out of the bed.

Even in your...*reverie, you cannot rise above your achievements*....

Whatever you have achieved in life, you cannot rise above it...*nor fall lower than your failures*.

So don't be worried: by exposing yourself totally to life you cannot rise higher than your achievements, and you cannot fall lower than your failures. And if you understand the fact that God is everywhere -- that God is in the heights and God is also in the depths, God is in your achievements, and God is in your failures....

In fact, it is God who achieves, and it is God who fails. Why should you worry? You just leave everything to Him. You leave everything to existence; then you will be light-hearted -- no tension, no responsibility, no burden, no anxiety. If existence can take care of the stars and the mountains and the rivers and the oceans, can't existence take care of you?

In fact you are unnecessarily living in the anguish and fear that nobody should know your failures, that only the best part of you should be shown to the world. But it is a great tension continuously to keep the best part showing. It is possible if you are acting in a drama -- for a moment you can rise to your heights, but you cannot remain there forever. That's why your love affairs fail, because in your love affairs, you show only your heights.

Meeting with your beloved on the beach, you are keeping your heights, she is keeping her heights, and both think about each other that they have found the person who is really made for them; they are made for each other. But these heights can be kept only on the sea-beach. When the woman is in the kitchen, tired... the man is continuously harassed in the office by the bosses, and he comes home crushed, and the wife has been alone the whole day struggling with loneliness, they cannot keep their heights. They will both explode; they both bring their depths. And once you are living with somebody for twenty-four hours a day, it is very difficult to go on acting. A small thing may disturb your acting, and the reality may come out.

It happened, in a village.... In India every year the story of Rama is being dramatized all over the country. In the story, Rama's brother, Lakshmana, was shot by an arrow from the enemy side. It was a poisonous arrow, and the best physician of those days was asked about the cure. Lakshmana was lying down on the stage, dead, *almost* dead, in a coma.

The physician said, "It is very difficult to save him. There is a cure, a certain herb that grows on a certain mountain; but the distance is too much, and if within twenty-four hours the herb is not brought, there is no possibility of saving him."

One of the followers of Rama -- you must have seen his statue everywhere, the monkey-god, Hanuman -- said, "Don't be worried." He was the king of monkeys, a great monkey; he said, "I can reach to the mountain, but the only trouble is, I am an uneducated monkey and I don't know what herb you are talking about. You have to give me clear-cut indications so that I can bring the right herb; otherwise I may bring something and it may not be the right herb. I am not a physician."

The physician said, "That is no problem. That herb is so important that in the night it glows like fireflies. So you will be able to see in the night, any herb that is aflame with light -- that can save Lakshmana."

Hanuman went there, but he was surprised because it was not one herb that was lighted, there were many herbs in the mountain.

He said, "My God! -- How am I to choose? That old idiot gave me just one indication, but that indication is applicable to many other herbs."

He saw: "They are different herbs, but they are all aflame," and there was not time enough for him to go back and inquire again. A monkey is a monkey: he thought it was better to take the whole mountain -- "So let that old fool choose which herb he wants."

So he brings the whole mountain. Now, in a drama in a small village, it is a very difficult process. The mountain is made of cardboard: there are candles, small herbs, and a rope which winds and unwinds on a wheel; and just on the top there is a man who goes on unwheeling it or wheeling it, and Hanuman goes flying on the rope.

By the time he comes back with the mountain, something goes wrong: the wheel does not move. It is

India -- it is not Germany. It is not a surprise that it does not move, it is a surprise that it moves so fast! Now Hanuman is hanging there, and the whole audience is laughing: "This is strange!" And Rama is continuously repeating what he is supposed to say only once, "Hanuman, come soon!" Hanuman is just hanging there and the people are laughing: they cannot understand what has gone wrong. He has come, the mountain is there, the herbs are there, lights are there -- and except Rama, everybody is looking at Hanuman. Only Rama looks down, and goes on saying, "Hanuman..." because he cannot find what to say, he knows Hanuman is hanging there.

Finally the manager went up the roof. He tried, but nothing happened -- the wheel wouldn't move -- so in such a hurry and tension, he cut the rope. Hanuman fell down, the whole mountain scattered. Naturally he is very angry; he has forgotten completely that he is acting the part of Hanuman. Rama goes on repeating... he says, "Hanuman, you have saved the life of my brother!"

Hanuman says, "Your brother... and what about my feet!"

Even Lakshmana opens his eyes to see what is happening, and Hanuman says to him, "Close your eyes! You are not supposed to open your eyes -- you are unconscious. Just tell me who cut the rope. Unless I give him a good beating, this drama cannot go on."

The curtain has to be dropped. Somehow he is to be taken out; sweets are offered, but he says, "I don't want anything. First, I want to know who cut the rope!" The manager had escaped. That man was a wrestler in the village; he was a dangerous man -- he might really beat him!

Everybody consoled him, saying "We will see -- it is the manager, but he has escaped. In the morning we are going to give him good treatment."

But for the time being, the actor who played Hanuman said, "No, now I cannot manage... I am too disturbed." He picked up his tail, which was hanging behind him, and threw it away and he said, "You can find another Hanuman -- I am going after the manager. I will see where he is hiding. Unless I give him fractures, I am not going to play this part."

Acting is possible only if everything goes smoothly, but how for twenty-four hours a day can things go smoothly between husband and wife? Somewhere or other the wheel is going to get stuck -- and then fractures are bound to happen.

If you make your whole life just an acting -- showing only the heights and not showing the depths -- you are going soon to be in trouble because you cannot hide your darker side. Even existence cannot hide it. When the fall comes, the leaves have to fall; you cannot hide them. And when the spring comes, new leaves will grow; flowers will blossom. When the night comes, it is going to be dark. Even if you close your eyes, it will not make any difference.

Life consists of both -- the valleys and the peaks.

Religions destroyed man, because they insisted that you should always be on the peaks. The valleys are not for the virtuous, they are for the sinners; for the virtuous are only peaks.

In existence there is no division.

Every peak has its own valleys; they always exist together. Neither valleys can exist without peaks, nor peaks can exist without valleys.

The man of understanding accepts both.

In that acceptance he becomes integrated, he becomes one.

AND TAKE WITH YOU ALL MEN:
FOR IN ADORATION YOU CANNOT FLY HIGHER THAN THEIR HOPES NOR HUMBLE YOURSELF LOWER THAN THEIR DESPAIR.

No man is an island, so never think of yourself as a phenomenon separate from existence. In you are hidden all men -- all men that are dead, all men that are alive, all men that may be coming in the future.

You are carrying the whole past with you, and you are carrying the whole future within you.

You are not alone -- you are a universe.

The sinner is in you, and the saint is in you. And don't make yourself a battlefield; otherwise your life will become hell. And that's what religions have done: they have made you a battlefield, so you are fighting with the sinners, who are part of you, and you are praising the saints, who are part of you, and you are putting them in opposition to each other. In their conflict, you are destroyed; your whole life becomes miserable.

Kahlil Gibran is right when he says: *and take with you all men*.... Remember that the highest a man has risen is also your possibility, and the lowest a man has fallen is also your possibility... that all the heights of a Gautam Buddha, a Mahavira, a Jesus, a Zarathustra -- they are also within you. And all the great criminals -- Genghis Khan, Tamurlane, Nadir Shah, Joseph Stalin, Adolf Hitler, Ronald Reagan -- they are also within you.

Accepting them both, you never become a battlefield; accepting both, a strange harmony arises in you. It is just as in every school you have a blackboard, and for writing, you have white chalk. The white chalk on the blackboard shows a itself clearly; the blackness of the board becomes the background. You can also write on a white board, but then you cannot read. You can also write with a black chalk, but then you cannot read.

Man is a dialectic. The height and the depth, the black and the white -- all are together. Rather than creating a conflict, create a harmony, a music.

Use both in such a way that they are not fighting, but become part of an orchestra.

To make man an orchestra is the very aim of religion. To create music out of your duality is the very essence of religion.

AND IF YOU WOULD KNOW GOD, BE NOT THEREFORE A SOLVER OF RIDDLES.

Don't meet God with philosophical questions, with riddles. If I ask you, "What are you going to do when you meet God?" Naturally you will start thinking what questions to ask... questions that you have not been able to find the answer to, God must know.

But Kahlil Gibran says...*and if you would know god, be not therefore a solver of riddles*... because God is silence, and if you bring problems and questions they will not be answered. No prayer is ever answered, because God does not understand any language. Silence is the only language that is understood.

So come to God, to the trees, to the streams, to the ocean, with silence in your heart, and you will find a communion; you will find your riddles and your questions disappearing.

God does not solve your questions.

But in silence they dissolve, they melt away.

RATHER LOOK ABOUT YOU AND YOU SHALL SEE HIM PLAYING WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

Very strange statements, but very true. But who cares about children? Who looks at children? I have been a child, just as you have been a child. And whenever there was a guest coming to my house, my father would say to me, "You disappear."

This is strange: a guest is coming to the house -- I should *welcome* him. I cannot disappear; that will be very insulting to the guest. My father said, "No argument -- he is just arriving within minutes. You disappear to wherever you want. To the river, to the forest -- wherever you want, you go."

I said, "I would have gone if I had known that no guest is coming. I am going to remain here... and I am calling my friends also."

My father said, "This is very strange of you! When there is nobody coming, you don't create disturbance; when anybody *is* coming, you create disturbance. You bring all kinds of friends, and you make so much noise that we cannot even talk with each other."

I said, "That is your problem. We never say to *you* `You are disturbing our play; because of you, we cannot play.' It is always you who are disturbed by us -- but you never think of us, that we are being constantly disturbed by you. There has to be a contract about it."

My father said, "Stop talking about this contract business! You have so many contracts with me that even if I go on forgetting, *you* never forget your contracts."

I said, "This is simple: either contracts or freedom. You talk as loudly as you can talk, and we will play as loudly as we can; otherwise a contract is needed."

He said, "Okay, what is your contract?"

I said, "My contract is simple: for half the time we will play, and you have to join us; and for half the time you can discuss, we will join you. It is absolutely fair."

He said, "It is better that I go out of the house. *You* manage the guests."

I said, "That's okay, you can go out -- disappear!" But he could not because he had some business to do with the guest. And I knew that perfectly well, that he could not disappear; it was just a threat.

I said to him, "Threats won't work with me. I want simple business contracts. You are a businessman; you can understand. Half the time you give to us; half the time we will give to you."

He said, "I understand your contract: it means you will destroy the *whole* time. Half the time we have to play with you, and half the time you will not allow us to talk; you will interfere, argue -- and I say to you it is important business."

But eyes full of business cannot see that when children are playing, God is present.

In their innocence, when trees are standing in silence, God is present. When the stream is going, singing its song towards the ocean, God is present -- but the eyes are full of business. The ears are deaf; that's why you go on missing that which is, every moment, available, in thousands of ways.

AND IF YOU WOULD KNOW GOD... RATHER LOOK ABOUT YOU, AND YOU SHALL SEE HIM PLAYING WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

Have you looked in the eyes of a child? Perhaps it will be difficult for you to find an authentic sage; but if you can look into a small child's eyes, you will have some taste of the eyes of a sage. The sage's eyes are, of course, deeper, more profound, more significant -- but the child also has something of it... if not all, just a part of it.

AND LOOK INTO SPACE; YOU SHALL SEE HIM WALKING IN THE CLOUD....

God is not a person. The whole effort of Kahlil Gibran is to destroy the idea that God is a person. He wants you to understand that God is a presence. When the children are laughing, He is present. In their laughter is such innocence; it is impossible that God would not be present there. That's why all the sages have said that when you have become awakened, you will be surprised that this is your second birth. You have again become a child; again the same wonder in your eyes... again the same desire to run after butterflies, to collect seashells on the beach....

In Japan, one great sage, Hotei, used to carry on both his shoulders, big bags, full of toys, sweets -- things that children like. Whenever he would enter a town, people would ask, "Give us some sermon on religion."

Hotei would say, "Wait, and you will see it!"

And from all sides children would start coming as the rumor would spread like wildfire that Hotei had come -- because he always came with strange toys, beautiful sweets, and he would start distributing them. There would be laughter, they would dance, and Hotei would dance with the children.

And the whole crowd would stand there, shocked, "This man seems to be mad -- and we have heard that he is a great sage!" His whole life he was just doing that, and when people would say,"You have not spoken," he said, "It cannot be spoken. But I have done everything -- I have provoked Him. He was here, taking sweets from my hands. He was here, playing with the toys. He was here laughing, he was here dancing. But you are blind; what can I do? You are deaf -- you cannot hear."

Children of Japan still carry the statue of only one buddha, and that is Hotei. He never spoke, but he always created a situation where you could see innocence in action.

When innocence is in action, it is God in presence.

AND LOOK INTO SPACE; YOU SHALL SEE HIM WALKING IN THE CLOUD, OUTSTRETCHING HIS ARMS IN THE LIGHTNING AND DESCENDING IN RAIN.

It is only a question of changing your attitude. When it is raining, just go dancing in the rain. You are not made of mud -- you will not disappear into the rain, into a muddy pool; and your clothes are not as valuable as the joy that you will find when the cloud is showering on you. But you are protecting yourself everywhere, carrying all kinds of umbrellas.

YOU SHALL SEE HIM SMILING IN FLOWERS, THEN RISING AND WAVING HIS HANDS IN TREES.

It is just a question of changing your attitude. You have lived with the idea that these are only trees, this is only a cloud, this is only rain.

No... it is a cloud and much more, it is rain and much more, these are trees -- and plus. And that "plus" -- if you can catch hold of it -- will transform your whole life into a rejoicing, into blissfulness, into benediction.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #18
Chapter title: I call it meditation

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BELOVED OSHO,
THEN ALMITRA SPOKE, SAYING, WE WOULD ASK NOW OF DEATH.
AND HE SAID:
YOU WOULD KNOW THE SECRET OF DEATH.
BUT HOW SHALL YOU FIND IT UNLESS YOU SEEK IT IN THE HEART OF LIFE?
THE OWL WHOSE NIGHT-BOUND EYES ARE BLIND UNTO THE DAY CANNOT UNVEIL THE MYSTERY OF LIGHT.
IF YOU WOULD INDEED BEHOLD THE SPIRIT OF DEATH, OPEN YOUR HEART WIDE UNTO THE BODY OF LIFE.
FOR LIFE AND DEATH ARE ONE, EVEN AS THE RIVER AND THE SEA ARE ONE.
IN THE DEPTH OF YOUR HOPES AND DESIRES LIES YOUR SILENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE BEYOND;
AND LIKE SEEDS DREAMING BENEATH THE SNOW YOUR HEART DREAMS OF SPRING.
TRUST THE DREAMS, FOR IN THEM IS HIDDEN THE GATE TO ETERNITY.
YOUR FEAR OF DEATH IS BUT THE TREMBLING OF THE
SHEPHERD WHEN HE STANDS BEFORE THE KING WHOSE HAND IS TO BE LAID UPON HIM IN HONOR.
IS THE SHEPHERD NOT JOYFUL BENEATH HIS TREMBLING, THAT HE SHALL WEAR THE MARK OF THE KING?
YET IS HE NOT MORE MINDFUL OF HIS TREMBLING?
FOR WHAT IS IT TO DIE BUT TO STAND NAKED IN THE WIND AND TO MELT INTO THE SUN?
AND WHAT IS IT TO CEASE BREATHING BUT TO FREE THE BREATH FROM ITS RESTLESS TIDES, THAT IT MAY RISE AND EXPAND AND SEEK GOD UNENCUMBERED?
ONLY WHEN YOU DRINK FROM THE RIVER OF SILENCE SHALL YOU INDEED SING.
AND WHEN YOU HAVE REACHED THE MOUNTAIN TOP, THEN YOU SHALL BEGIN TO CLIMB.
AND WHEN THE EARTH SHALL CLAIM YOUR LIMBS, THEN SHALL YOU TRULY DANCE.

Death is one of the most mysterious, and yet the most false, things in existence. Everybody dies, and yet

I say unto you: nobody ever dies. Death is an appearance, an appearance from the outside. That's why it is always somebody else who dies; *you* never die.

And the person who dies, dies only in the eyes of those who are standing outside, not -- if he is aware -- in his own eyes; he simply moves from life to life, ultimately melting into the whole existence.

But death has tortured man. There are many who have avoided to ask even the question, just out of fear; they don't even pronounce the name of death. And it is not only ordinary people: a man of the caliber of Sigmund Freud was so afraid that it was banned by his friends and followers... nobody was allowed to speak of death before him. Three times it happened that accidentally somebody started talking about death -- and Sigmund Freud, the founder of psychoanalysis, fainted, became unconscious. The fear must have been very great.

We make our graveyards outside the city, so that we don't come across the graveyard every day in the marketplace. It is out of fear.

In my childhood, I loved to go to anybody's funeral, it didn't matter who had died. My father and my uncles were disturbed. They said, "The man was a stranger, he was not in any way related to us; why should you waste your time following his funeral?"

I used to follow the funerals of beggars too. I said, "I have learned much, following many people who have died. The strangest thing I have learned is that even when the man is on a funeral pyre, those who have come to say good-bye to him are not even sitting looking at the funeral pyre. Their backs are towards the funeral pyre, and they are talking about all kinds of things, except death -- because it is difficult to avoid the question that if everybody dies sooner or later my number is also going to come.

A famous poetic statement is: "Never ask for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee." When somebody dies and the church bell tolls, "Never ask for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee."

Every death reminds you that you are here only for a few days, perhaps tomorrow will not come for you. The end is coming closer and closer every day, and beyond death is nothing but an unknown world, unfamiliar -- no friends, no family, no society. You don't know what is going to exist for you, because you have always been in the crowd. Death will make you alone.

So only those who know the art of being alone while they are alive, remain conscious when they die; otherwise, the shock is so much that before death ninety-nine percent of people, or perhaps more, become unconscious. And to die unconsciously is to miss such a great opportunity, because death reveals to you life in its utter nudity. This is one of the most important questions anybody can raise.

A few things before I speak about Kahlil Gibran; they will help you to understand his statements.

Death is not an accident. It is not that suddenly one day, out of the blue, death comes and you are finished. No, death grows with you, side by side, just like your shadow. The day you were born, you started dying too.

Death and life are two aspects of the same coin, two wheels of the same cart. You become so enchanted with life that you never see that death is also growing with you. It is a growth; just as life will take seventy years to come to its climax, death will also take seventy years to come to its climax. And only in the climax, do they meet. They have been always moving together, but in the crescendo of your life they are not even together -- they are one.

Those who want to understand life have to understand death, too. Those who do not understand death can never understand life either, but we have been brought up with such a great fear of death. I have seen people closing their doors and bringing their children inside if some funeral procession is going on. I have asked, "What are you doing? Let your children know, let them be acquainted that this is the end -- or perhaps a new beginning."

From one side it is an end, from another side it is a new beginning. Every end is a beginning too. And every beginning will come to an end.

Religions have made people paranoid about death, that after death... particularly the religions that have been born outside of India; they are not very old, and they don't have that depth or insight that religions born in India have. Christianity is only two thousand years old, Judaism is only four thousand years old, Mohammedanism is only fourteen centuries old... compared to Hinduism. One great scholar from this very city, Poona, Lokmanya Tilak, proved -- and he has not been contradicted for almost half a century -- that Hindu scriptures are at least ninety thousand years old. And his evidence for it is so significant, so factual, so historical, that there is no way to contradict it.

Astrologers say that ninety thousand years ago, there was a certain constellation of the stars which has never happened again, and that constellation of stars is described in the RIG VEDA, the most ancient book

on the earth. It is not possible to describe it unless people have observed it, and the description is in such detail.... Only now, recently, astrologers have been able to describe it, and they were surprised that the description is exactly the same. Now this is some kind of evidence that you cannot contradict. Perhaps Hinduism is ninety thousand years old.

Jainism has even a longer life, because the first founder of Jainism, Adinatha, is mentioned with great reverence in the RIG VEDA. You don't understand people like Adinatha when they are alive, when they are contemporaries, because they are always ahead of their time -- so much ahead that it is their destiny to be misunderstood, condemned. Appreciation is not for them, at least in their lifetime. Perhaps after three hundred years, four hundred years, they may be found right, and the whole mass of humanity may be found wrong.

If Adinatha, belonging to a different religion, founder of a different religion, is so respectfully remembered by the RIG VEDA, it can mean only one thing: he was not a contemporary, he had already become a legend. He must have lived at least five hundred years before. Perhaps Jainism is the world's most ancient religion.

Naturally, these religions have worked in depth on every human problem. All three religions born outside of India -- Christianity, Judaism, and Mohammedanism -- believe in only one life. That shows they have not explored life in its totality, before birth and after death. Their span is very small -- this very life. There is a frame to their vision; they are looking from a window.

It is only recently that a few painters have started painting, and they don't put any frame on it. First, they were thought mad... without a frame, there have never been any paintings. But their argument is immensely valid, meaningful. They say, "Life has no frame; it goes on and on. How can we put a frame on our paintings? They represent life, they represent reality."

But the religions who have looked only at this life are very shallow, and for them death is a tremendous fear -- for the simple reason that with death, everything ends. After death there is only the judgment day.

Nobody from these religions has ever inquired about what was before life. Has life come out of nothingness? It is not possible. Before life.... There have been lives from the very beginning, if there was any beginning -- otherwise, always. And after death, nothing ends; the caravan of life continues -- in different forms, in different bodies -- until it reaches to the ocean, until it comes to the understanding of universal existence.

Then there is no need for having a small body with consciousness encaged in it; then you can live as pure consciousness, part of the whole. You will sing in the birds, and you will blossom in the flowers, and you will descend in the rain. You will be the earth, and you will be the sky, and you will be the stars, and you will be all.

Once that understanding arises in you, you have attained to freedom -- freedom from the cage which you have been changing for millions of years. For the first time, you are on your wings, in the open sky.

All the three religions born in India -- Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism -- differ on everything except on one thing. They have been arguing on every point, and the exceptional point is the agreement that life is eternal; there is no judgment day, and this small life is nothing but just a small link in a long procession.

Hence, in the East, there has not been fear of death. And when there is no fear of death, a very strange phenomenon happens: you start living totally -- because death is half of your being.

If you are afraid of death, you cannot live totally. Your life will always be under the shadow of death; it can come any moment, and you are helpless -- nothing can be done about it. It comes without giving you any advance notice, it comes as a guest.

I am using the word "guest" because that is the word used by the ancient scriptures in the East; but in Sanskrit, which is the original language, the mother language of all the languages of advanced countries, the equivalent to guest is *atithi*. Its meaning is, "one who comes without telling you the date in advance." Tithi means date, atithi means "one who suddenly comes without even telling you the date."

The guest has not that quality -- particularly the modern guest, who informs you ahead of time to see whether you will be available or not. And then, too, he comes and stays in a hotel. In the East it is inconceivable that your guest should stay in a hotel. It is simply uncivilized.

To use the word atithi for death is immensely significant. You cannot do anything about it; you know it only when it has happened. And only those who are very fortunate have known it when it has happened; most people, out of fear, become unconscious. Nature has a built-in system. There is a limit to tolerance; beyond that, you will fall unconscious, you cannot tolerate it.

The surgeon knows perfectly well that if you are doing surgery, the person cannot be left conscious; the

pain is going to be unbearable. Hence, anesthesia has to be given, or chloroform, or something so that the person becomes unconscious; then you can do for hours whatever you want to do with his body -- cut his limbs, remove his kidneys, any cancerous growth. Sometimes an operation may take six hours. If the man were alert and awake and conscious, you may succeed in the operation, but the man will die; it is intolerable. Hence nature has made it an inbuilt process, that the moment anything becomes intolerable, you fall into unconsciousness.

It happened only once... the King of Varanasi, in India, just in this century, had to go through an operation. The operation was going to take at least two hours. His stomach had to be opened and some growth that may turn into cancer any moment had to be removed. But the king was a very proud man. He said, "The operation you can do; but chloroform, or any kind of anesthesia, I will not take. I also want to watch it."

The doctor said, "This is never done, and if you die, then we will be the murderers."

He said, "I can write down that it is my will, and nobody else is responsible for it, because I know I am not going to die."

There was great discussion between the doctors, and doctors were called from all over the world -- the king was a very important person. They said, "He is asking a strange thing, no patient asks such things; but if we deny it, he is not going to have the operation. Either way he will be killed. If the operation is not done, then the sick growth in his stomach is going to kill him any moment; so it is better to take the risk, don't give him anesthesia. At the most he can die -- anyway he is going to die, but there is a chance... perhaps he can manage.

He was a great meditator. He said, "I will simply meditate. The moment I meditate, I forget all about my body, I forget all about the world, I become pure consciousness; and I don't think your instruments can touch it or harm it."

The operation was done. The surgeons were trembling because they were doing something that should not be done, but there was no other alternative. And the king simply went into meditation. Two hours passed; the operation was successful. Then he opened his eyes, and he said, "Even death will not disturb me, because I belong to eternal life. It is not a hypothesis to me, it is my experience." And he had given a perfect example of his experience.

The West is very much afraid of death for the simple reason that it is a dead-end street. After it, only one thing can happen: that is the judgment day -- and one cannot conceive of how it can happen. In one day, millions and millions of people who have died down the ages will be awakened by God from their graves -- they are sleeping. The crowd will be so big; half of them will be women, screaming, and everybody is bound to look for his relatives, friends, wives, husbands.... The crowd will be so immense, and God is going to give judgment to each individual. It cannot happen in twenty-four hours. It is simply out of the question.

Only Hindus and the Eastern religions burn their bodies when somebody dies, because there is no question -- he has moved into another house. Now these ruins, this skeleton, need not be preserved. But Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews preserve the body. Egyptians were the most absurd. They not only preserved the body, they put an enormous quantity of food also, because the poor fellow will need food, and who knows when that judgment day is going to come. If a king died, almost fifty to sixty people who were alive were buried with him -- servants, body guards, wives -- because that man cannot be left alone.

I used to live in a place near a Mohammedan graveyard, and one day a notice was served to me by the collector, saying, "You cannot do your meditations there, because Mohammedans are very much annoyed."

I said, "Why should Mohammedans be annoyed?" I went to see the collector. I said, "I don't see the point."

He said, "I am a Mohammedan, I can explain the point to you. Your meditation place is near a Mohammedan graveyard, and you have a meditation in which one chants the mantra, Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! -- that is a Sufi mantra, a short form of Allah-hoo -- and those Mohammedans who are lying in the graveyard have started rising up, thinking that the judgment day has come."

I said, "My God! I have never seen anybody."

"You will not see... but the Mohammedans are very much irritated. You stop it! You are disturbing their dead people; soon the whole city will be full of ghosts, and you will be responsible. Either you change your mantra, or you change your place."

Hundreds of people shouting, "Hoo! Hoo!" -- those dead people think judgment day has come, so they get up out of the grave; and once somebody is out of the grave, naturally he does not want to go back in it. Many graves are empty... where are the people? It is strange, but this is the idea of only one life.

They don't say anything about where you come from -- it is a very unscientific attitude. Your birth brings life, but from where? Your death takes life away, but where does it go?

The Eastern search has been very profound, because they were concentrated only on one thing. That's why in the East, science has not developed, technology has not developed, because all the geniuses of the East were concerned with only one thing: to discover the mystery of life and death. And they found death is only a change of clothes, of bodies, of houses -- but nothing dies. Before birth you were here, after death you will be here.

Hence, in the East, death is not a fear. The fear is that you should make your life more conscious -- you should not get lost in the ordinary trivia of life, you should become more alert, more meditative, so that when death comes, you can have a higher form of expression.

Each death should take you to a higher stage; and the ultimate stage is God, or the universal spirit.

THEN ALMITRA SPOKE, SAYING, WE WOULD ASK NOW OF DEATH.
AND HE SAID:
YOU WOULD KNOW THE SECRET OF DEATH.
There is no problem in it: YOU WOULD KNOW THE SECRET OF DEATH.
BUT HOW SHALL YOU FIND IT UNLESS YOU SEEK IT IN THE HEART OF LIFE?

It is growing within you; there is no need to seek death. All that is needed is to seek the very heart of your life, and there you will find death also, the shadow of your life. You cannot catch hold of a shadow, but if you catch hold of the man whose shadow it is, you have caught the shadow also -- but directly there is no way.

I have heard about a drunkard whose wife was tired of him. Every day there was quarrel. Finally, she said, "It is better, because you don't listen, that you also have a key, so whenever you want to come back home... no need to disturb my sleep. Every night, not only do you disturb me, you disturb the whole neighborhood." So he was given the key. He came home; he tried hard to open the lock, but his hands were trembling -- he was completely drunk. So the key would not go into the lock.

A policeman standing on the road said, "Can I help you?"

He said, "It will be great if you can just stop this house from trembling. I have never seen how much this house trembles, so I go on missing the lock."

The policeman laughed, and he opened the door. The man went in, but on the way home he had been fighting with another drunkard, and the other drunkard had hit him, scratched his face, so there was blood in many places. He thought, "Although I have got the key and I can go to sleep silently, these spots will show in the morning, and the fight will begin." So he went into the bathroom to put some ointment on his wounds and scratches. He looked in the mirror, and he put the ointment on his wounds and scratches, and was very happy and satisfied. As he entered the room he was afraid his wife may get disturbed, so he was trying to be very silent, but a drunkard... he stumbled on the table, he stumbled on the door.

Finally his wife said, "Who is it?"

So he remembered. He simply went near his wife's bed, and with his tongue started licking her feet -- that's what her dog used to do.

So the wife said, "Okay, okay."

She thought it was the dog. He slipped into the bed, very satisfied that the policeman had helped -- which is very rare. If he had not caught hold of the house, there would have been no possibility to open the door. Everything had gone very smoothly. Finally, the dog helped.

In the morning, his wife came out of the bathroom screaming. She said, "Who has disturbed my mirror?"

"Your mirror? Why should anybody disturb your mirror? Let me see."

And then he saw that he had not put the ointment on his face, he had put the ointment on the mirror, because there he saw the face, there he saw the scratches -- naturally.

People are living a lie -- just as unconsciously as a drunk. They don't know who they are, they have never been inside themselves, they have never bothered about what this life is.

Kahlil Gibran says: *but how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life?* A very pregnant statement. Death does not come from outside; it grows within you, with your life, simultaneously.

OF LIGHT.

Although all over there is light, the owl cannot open his eyes. He has very sensitive eyes; he can open them only in darkness -- the light is much too dazzling. It is a constant problem; if you listen to the owls talking to other birds, they have never agreed on one point -- which is day and which is night? The owls say, "That which you know as night is day, and that which you call day is night." And the owl is not wrong; it is his experience. Although all over there is light, that cannot help unless you open your eyes. You *are* full of life, and full of death too; but unless you turn inwards and see what you have been carrying all along, you will only be concerned.... Somebody has died; you will be reminded of your own death, and fear comes. Nobody has died. It is an outsider's view.

You have to become an insider -- within yourself -- to find the secret of life.

In finding the secret of life, you will also find the secret of death, because there are not two secrets; it is one secret with two aspects.

Death does not kill you, it serves you. It helps you to get rid of an old rotten body, to move into a fresh, younger body. There is nothing to be sad about, to be afraid about; you are simply changing house... going into a better house. Your whole concern should be to live with intensity, totality and awareness, so that you can become alert to the great secret of life and death. It is really not exact to say life *and* death; better will be to say the secret of "lifedeath" -- not even a hyphen between the two; they are one.

IF YOU WOULD INDEED BEHOLD THE SPIRIT OF DEATH, OPEN YOUR HEART WIDE UNTO THE BODY OF LIFE.

If you really want to know what death is, the spirit of death...*open your heart wide unto the body of life*. Forget about death, because perhaps the very word will not allow you to see the truth. Fear blinds; it is a prejudice gathered in ignorance, so better forget about death; you simply open yourself to the life of your body. In that very understanding of life, you will be surprised -- you have understood death too.

FOR LIFE AND DEATH ARE ONE, EVEN AS THE RIVER AND THE SEA ARE ONE.
IN THE DEPTH OF YOUR HOPES AND DESIRES LIES YOUR SILENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE BEYOND....
IN THE DEPTH OF YOUR HOPES AND DESIRES....

You cannot see clearly, because you are so full of expectations, hopes, desires. Your eyes are covered with many layers of dust: you need a deep cleansing of your eyes. That's what meditation is.

Let the thoughts disappear, the hopes disappear, the desires disappear. Then you have a clarity, then your eyes are perfect mirrors. Only then, in that silent state of your vision, will you know the secrets of the beyond.

AND LIKE SEEDS DREAMING BENEATH THE SNOW YOUR HEART DREAMS OF SPRING.
TRUST THE DREAMS, FOR IN THEM IS HIDDEN THE GATE TO ETERNITY.

Here it has to be remembered that the dreams Kahlil Gibran is talking about are not the dreams that Sigmund Freud has been talking about in so many books. Working on those dreams, Sigmund Freud came to know only sick people. Sick people have sick dreams; their dreams are nothing but repressed desires. And this is the greatest mistake of Sigmund Freud, that he thought that these dreams represent all dreams.

Naturally, people who have a certain disease will go to a doctor, and only that kind of person will go to a doctor; and the doctor will come continually in contact with one kind of person having a certain disease -- he's an expert in that disease. He can conclude that the whole of humanity suffers from the same disease, because he has never come across any exception. This is a logical fallacy, and even men like Sigmund Freud, Carl Gustav Jung, Alfred Adler, and other psychologists, psychoanalysts, analytical psychologists -- and they have many schools now -- treat a small minority of people as if it is a representative sample of the whole of humanity.

Kahlil Gibran is talking about the dreams of those who have no repression. Poor Sigmund Freud never

came across such a person -- naturally, why should they go to Sigmund Freud? People who have sick dreams -- nightmares which make your life almost insane -- these are the people who will go to Sigmund Freud.

But there are people like Kahlil Gibran who have nothing repressed, but deep...*like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart dreams of spring. Trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity.*

All the poets have been dreamers, but they are not sick; they don't need any psychoanalysts. Their dreams are their treasures, they don't want to get rid of them. Their dreams are seeds; when spring comes, there will be many flowers in their being. This is the second category which Sigmund Freud and other psychoanalysts have missed. That's why their psychology remains very fragmentary -- it is not the whole truth.

And there is also a third type of man, like Gautam Buddha, who does not dream -- neither sick dreams, nor healthy dreams. His sleep is so sound, so silent that not even a dream disturbs it.

Psychology will become a perfect science if it understands all these three kinds of people: people who have sick dreams, people who have healthy dreams, and people who don't have any dreams, who have gone beyond all hopes, all desires -- who have arrived home.

YOUR FEAR OF DEATH IS BUT THE TREMBLING OF THE SHEPHERD WHEN HE STANDS BEFORE THE KING WHOSE HAND IS TO BE LAID UPON HIM IN HONOUR.
IS THE SHEPHERD NOT JOYFUL BENEATH HIS TREMBLING....

He's trembling because he's a poor shepherd -- just standing before the king is enough for him to tremble. But beneath his trembling, he's joyful because he has been chosen to be blessed by the king, and the king will put his hand on his head.

IS THE SHEPHERD NOT JOYFUL BENEATH HIS TREMBLING, THAT HE SHALL WEAR THE MARK OF THE KING?
YET IS HE NOT MORE MINDFUL OF HIS TREMBLING?

The joy is hidden beneath the trembling, the fear. The fear of death is exactly like that. For those who are alert, they will know that there is a fear of losing all your friends, of losing your beloved, of losing your children, of losing the world that you loved so much, of losing the trees and the mountains, and moving into an unknown space alone... so there is a trembling.

But there is also a great joy, because the unknown is a challenge. The unknown is a call for adventure, for a new life, for new friends, for new beloveds, for a new world of which you cannot even dream.

FOR WHAT IS IT TO DIE BUT TO STAND NAKED IN THE WIND AND TO MELT INTO THE SUN?

For what is it to die, but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun? Your body will melt, will merge into the earth; all the elements of your body will go to their sources. Only your pure consciousness -- invisible, but eternal -- will go with you: you are it. Everything else will melt away.

Don't be afraid of this melting, because this is certainly an end of a life, but it is also a beginning of a better life. Life is continuously evolving, and this is the only way to evolve.

AND WHAT IS IT TO CEASE BREATHING BUT TO FREE THE BREATH FROM ITS RESTLESS TIDES...?

You are not breathing.... Even medical science is not able to define death. All that they know is the symptoms -- the man stops breathing, the heart stops beating, the pulse is no longer there. These are symptoms, because consciousness does not need breathing, neither does it need the heartbeat, nor the pulse.

There was one man, Brahmayogi, who used to die for ten minutes. His whole life, he trained for only one thing. He used to be a doctor, but he was not satisfied with the definition of death, because he was well versed in the ancient tradition which talks of consciousness; medical science has no idea of consciousness, so he stopped his profession, and he started practicing how to breath less, and less, and less, and less; and a

moment comes when breathing stops.

He became capable of deceiving any doctor for ten minutes. He traveled all over the world, to all great universities, medical colleges, and he had certificates from prominent physicians of the world declaring that he was dead; then after ten minutes, slowly he would start breathing and the pulse would come back, and the heartbeat would come back. Just a single man proved that what you call death is just the death of the body, but not of the being. And if you have disciplined yourself, you can deceive any doctor.

Brahmayogi did a great service. But such people are never taken seriously; it is thought perhaps they are exceptions. And even after his death, medical science goes on defining death with the symptoms. Every doctor should be trained in the same discipline that Brahmayogi went through -- it is a simple discipline, it just takes a long time.

There are signs that show that the day is not far off when medical science will change this idea of death. In America, there are at least ten dead bodies of very superrich people waiting in a very deep-frozen state, because their physicians have said, "It will not take more than ten years, and we will be able to revive your breathing and your pulse and your heartbeat." It is very costly to keep those dead bodies from deteriorating, so they are deeply frozen, as if fast asleep, waiting for the moment when medical science will help them to be back again in life. I don't think they are very intelligent people, because the ten-year gap will be such a big gap; they will not be able to understand anything that is happening.

Already there is a generation gap; what about those ten people, who will be brought back to life after ten years, when everything will have changed. Neither will they will be able to communicate with others, nor will others be able to communicate with them. They will be, at the most, museum pieces.

But there is no need; they have been delayed unnecessarily for ten years. If they had died naturally, by the time science comes to discover the methods, they would have been born again as children, ten years old, in a better body, a younger body, with a future. These old people, even if they come back, will be so rotten, that they can be used only to make children afraid. What other use will they have?

But such is the lust for life. They have deposited enough money that their bodies can be taken care of. They could not trust their sons, their families to take care of their bodies, and they have wasted millions of dollars. And what will you do with them? They will be living dead, walking around, making everybody afraid!

It is not very intelligent of those people. The experiment could have been done just as they do all the experiments on animals; the methodology would be the same. But once you are old it is better, that just as the snake drops its old skin every year and moves out of it, so, every life, when your body is becoming useless -- you cannot dance, you cannot sing, you cannot play -- consciousness slips out of the body into a new body, into a new womb, to be again fresh, to be again young.

AND WHAT IS IT TO CEASE BREATHING BUT TO FREE THE BREATH FROM ITS RESTLESS TIDES, THAT IT MAY RISE AND EXPAND AND SEEK GOD UNENCUMBERED?

The ceasing of breathing is a freedom. Breathing is the link between your body and soul. The moment the breathing ceases, your soul can be free from the body, unencumbered, and expand and seek God, the universal spirit. Each death is an opportunity; either you expand and become one with the universe, or you go into another body -- if you have not learned the lesson yet.

Life is a school. You have to come back if you have not learned the lesson. If you have learned it, you need not come back to any cage, to any imprisonment; you can expand your consciousness to the whole existence.

This is the very search of religion: how to free yourself from all your fetters, and allow yourself to be all over this infinite and eternal existence.

ONLY WHEN YOU DRINK FROM THE RIVER OF SILENCE SHALL YOU INDEED SING.

You can sing without ever knowing silence, but your song will be superficial, contentless, meaningless. If you have drunk from the river of silence, I call it meditation.

Then a song arises from you which is not yours. Then you are only a vehicle, and the song belongs to the whole universe. Then the song has depth, is bottomless, and has height, which you can go on climbing

and climbing for eternity.

And when you have reached the mountain top.... Remember this statement:

AND WHEN YOU HAVE REACHED THE MOUNTAIN TOP, THEN YOU SHALL BEGIN TO CLIMB.

People think that when you are in the valley, you have to climb to the mountain top, but real climbing begins from the mountain top. When you have become one with the universe, then your real life begins -- your real dance, your real song, your real ecstasy.

AND WHEN THE EARTH SHALL CLAIM YOUR LIMBS, THEN SHALL YOU TRULY DANCE.

When your body has gone back to the earth, then only are you beyond the grip of gravitation, and your real dance starts.

All that is beautiful and great is within you -- but imprisoned. You are an imprisoned splendor. Just come out of your prisons, and your splendor will show you that you were God asleep; now you are God awake.

There is no ONE God -- that is a fascist idea, a Nazi conception. Every being has the capacity to become a God. Buddhism and Jainism believe in the infinity of numbers of Gods, there is no way of counting them; even the trees are only a little more deeply asleep, but they are also dreaming to change their body. The birds and the animals... they are also dreaming to move ahead. Everything that is alive has a hidden seed of becoming divine.

To me, this is the only true democracy possible; otherwise the idea of one God is dangerous, very dangerous. It is His will to create the world -- why did He not create it before? Christians think God created the world only four thousand years before

Jesus Christ; that means the world is only six thousand years old. This is so stupid -- what was God doing all the time before that, for the whole eternity? And what was his motivation, suddenly, that he created the whole world? He is a whimsical despot; any day he may destroy it. If He can create it for no reason at all, He can destroy it without any reason, without any justification.

That's why I again and again say Friedrich Nietzsche is right when he says, "God is dead, and man is free." If God is alive, then man can never be free; then he is just a puppet, created out of mud. The English word "human" comes from "humus" -- "humus" means "mud." The Arabic word "agni" also means "coming from mud." Only the Sanskrit word for man, "manushya," does not come from mud, it comes from consciousness; and consciousness cannot be created, neither can it be destroyed.

The idea of one God is very dangerous. But every religion thinks there is only one God, and that is, of course, *their* God.

After the second world war, two generals -- one English and one German -- were sitting in a restaurant and talking.

The German said, "It is strange, we were so powerful and yet we got defeated."

The English general laughed. He said, "You were powerful, but one thing was missing, and that was prayer. We started fighting every day with prayer to God."

The German said, "You must be kidding; we also started our fight every day with prayer."

The English general said, "That's okay, but God does not understand German! He is a bonafide British."

This idea of one God is very dangerous. Jews think Hebrew is His language, Hindus think Sanskrit is His language, Mohammedans think Arabic is his language. One God, one language, one prophet, one holy scripture.... This idea of one means only you are right, and everybody else is wrong.

I want you to be very clear about it. God is not one; wherever there is life, there is God. God is manifesting Himself in as many possible ways as you can conceive, and everybody is moving upwards to realize the fact that "I have been carrying in my womb the seed of being a God."

The whole of life is divine, and all beings are divine. Nobody has created them, and nobody can destroy them. We have always been here, and we will always be here; the forms may be different -- the forms don't matter. What matters is our awareness.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #19
Chapter title: Let my words be seeds in you

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BELOVED OSHO,
AND NOW IT WAS EVENING.
AND ALMITRA THE SEERESS SAID, BLESSED BE THIS DAY AND THIS PLACE AND YOUR SPIRIT THAT HAS SPOKEN.
AND HE ANSWERED, WAS IT I WHO SPOKE?
WAS I NOT ALSO A LISTENER?
THEN HE DESCENDED THE STEPS OF THE TEMPLE AND ALL THE PEOPLE FOLLOWED HIM. AND HE REACHED HIS SHIP AND STOOD UPON THE DECK.
AND FACING THE PEOPLE AGAIN, HE RAISED HIS VOICE AND SAID:
PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, THE WIND BIDS ME LEAVE YOU.
LESS HASTY AM I THAN THE WIND, YET I MUST GO.
WE WANDERERS, EVER SEEKING THE LONELIER WAY, BEGIN NO DAY WHERE WE HAVE ENDED ANOTHER DAY;
AND NO SUNRISE FINDS US WHERE SUNSET LEFT US.
EVEN WHILE THE EARTH SLEEPS WE TRAVEL.
WE ARE THE SEEDS OF THE TENACIOUS PLANT, AND IT IS IN OUR RIPENESS AND OUR FULLNESS OF HEART THAT WE ARE GIVEN TO THE WIND AND ARE SCATTERED.
BRIEF WERE MY DAYS AMONG YOU, AND BRIEFER STILL THE WORDS I HAVE SPOKEN.
BUT SHOULD MY VOICE FADE IN YOUR EARS, AND MY LOVE VANISH IN YOUR MEMORY, THEN I WILL COME AGAIN,
AND WITH A RICHER HEART AND LIPS MORE YIELDING TO THE SPIRIT WILL I SPEAK.
YEA, I SHALL RETURN WITH THE TIDE,
AND THOUGH DEATH MAY HIDE ME, AND THE GREATER SILENCE ENFOLD ME, YET AGAIN WILL I SEEK YOUR UNDERSTANDING.
AND NOT IN VAIN WILL I SEEK.
IF AUGHT I HAVE SAID IS TRUTH, THAT TRUTH SHALL REVEAL ITSELF IN A CLEARER VOICE, AND IN WORDS MORE KIN TO YOUR THOUGHTS.
I GO WITH THE WIND, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, BUT NOT DOWN INTO EMPTINESS;
AND IF THIS DAY IS NOT A FULFILLMENT OF YOUR NEEDS AND MY LOVE, THEN LET IT BE A PROMISE TILL ANOTHER DAY.
MAN'S NEEDS CHANGE, BUT NOT HIS LOVE, NOR HIS DESIRE THAT HIS LOVE SHOULD SATISFY HIS NEEDS.
KNOW, THEREFORE, THAT FROM THE GREATER SILENCE I SHALL RETURN.
AND NOW IT WAS EVENING.
AND ALMITRA THE SEERESS SAID, BLESSED BE THIS DAY AND THIS PLACE AND YOUR SPIRIT THAT HAS SPOKEN.

Kahlil Gibran speaks in metaphors; perhaps that is the only way to speak about the truth. Through metaphor, through parables, it is possible to give you an indirect glimpse, but there is no direct way to say

what the truth is. So while you listen to these words, remember -- every word is a metaphor.

AND NOW IT WAS EVENING.... The sun was setting, and the time for the departure of Almustafa had arisen. It was not just evening outside, it was also an evening that had descended into the hearts of those who had gathered to hear him. A darkness started descending over them.

The presence of Almustafa amongst them had been just like a sun, a light to which they had become so accustomed that they had almost forgotten it. It is one of the miseries of life that the obvious becomes the most difficult, and that which is available becomes almost absent to your eyes; only departure wakes you up from your dreams and your sleep.

AND NOW IT WAS EVENING.
AND ALMITRA THE SEERESS SAID....

She was the one who had first recognized Almustafa twelve years before, when he had come to the city of Orphalese, and she was also the first to ask significant questions about life, love, children. Naturally she is the last to show her gratitude to him. These words are of thankfulness. She said:

BLESSED BE THIS DAY, AND THIS PLACE AND YOUR SPIRIT THAT HAS SPOKEN.

It is an ancient saying in most of the lands that wherever a man of blissfulness stands, that place becomes holy and sacred. And wherever and whenever a blessed man speaks, those words are no longer ordinary language -- they have wings, they are sacred. If you are available, receptive, those words will take you to the faraway stars, to unknown spaces within you, which you have carried all along for many lives, but you have never visited.

George Gurdjieff used to say that most people are born emperors, with huge palaces, with immense treasures, but their whole lives they have lived on the porch -- absolutely unaware that the porch is not a place to live, and that they are born to live in the palace. But they never demand their right. They never ask the existence, "What is my destiny? Why am I here? What is this life all about?" They are not seekers, they simply accept whatever accidentally becomes available to them, and they think this is all life has to offer.

A man becomes a seeker the moment he becomes aware that this mundane existence cannot be all there is. Life must contain much more. There must be treasures which we are not aware of; otherwise, just to get up every morning, eat your food, go to your job, come back home, and move like a circle from cradle to the grave... do you think this routine is life? Do you think this routine can give you a singing and dancing heart? If you have a little intelligence, you will refuse to live this routine. This routine is not life, it is simply vegetation. Don't vegetate! Strive to live, and to live as fully as possible. Claim your right.

In India they have a proverb, "Even the mother will not give the child milk, unless the child cries." The child has to demand. Even to the mother... unless the child demands, the desire of the child, the hunger of the child, does not mean anything. This existence is our mother, and you have to ask, you have to demand, you have to insist for the meaning, for the significance of why you are given birth, and why you are asked to go on living -- what is the purpose?

The moment the idea of purpose, meaning and significance arises in you, you have become a sannyasin, a seeker of truth. And the day you have found your own treasure, it brings such contentment, such blissfulness, that wherever you are, you create an atmosphere, a fragrance which is not of this earth, which belongs to the beyond.

The Blessed One is one who has become a door to the beyond, to the unknown secrets and mysteries. And unless you become a seeker, you will go on breathing, vegetating, and you will die without even becoming aware of what this life was all about.

One great woman of this century, a poet of the highest rank, Gertrude Stein, was dying. And her friends had gathered because the doctors had said it was only a question of a few hours. Around her bed they were sitting in deep silence, tears in their eyes. A woman was leaving them -- not an ordinary woman. She spoke in words of gold; she wrote things which are almost impossible to put into words. Suddenly Stein opened her eyes, looked all around and said, "What is the answer?"

This was so strange. People ask the question first: the question had not been asked and she is asking for

the answer. Perhaps she is perfectly aware that there is not much time to ask the question -- her whole life has gone by and she has not asked the question. At least before she leaves, in this evening of life, she can listen to the answer. What is the answer? And all those who were present were puzzled, because they didn't know what her question was, so how to give the answer? To argue with a dying woman, whom they all loved and respected, would be very disrespectful, but still, she was waiting for something else to be said. So one friend said, "Stein, you have forgotten to ask the question -- how can we answer?"

She smiled, and said,"Okay, then what is the question?" And that was her last word. She died with these words on her lips, "Okay, then what is the question?"

This small incident has profound meaning. Neither do we know the question, nor do we know the answer, and yet we go on dragging ourselves -- not knowing from where we come, not knowing where we are going, not knowing what we are doing here. It is a very strange situation, almost insane.

Almitra is right when she says: *blessed be this day...* because we have heard authentic questions, and even more authentic answers -- answers that were not only words, answers that were alive, answers that were not simply thoughts, but were coming from the very innermost source of Almustafa's being.

BLESSED BE THIS DAY AND THIS PLACE AND YOUR SPIRIT THAT HAS SPOKEN....

And what Almustafa says is immensely significant to remember. After answering so many questions, almost covering the whole life of man, nothing is left, yet Almustafa said:

WAS IT I WHO SPOKE?
WAS I NOT ALSO A LISTENER?

He is saying, "I have not spoken a single word, the spirit of existence itself has spoken.

I was also a listener amongst you, so don't say, `You have spoken.' I had given way to existence itself to be in direct contact with you. Although my lips were used, my hands were used, my eyes were used, these were only instruments. I have surrendered myself totally to the spirit of the whole: `Make any song out of me, any music; I am at your disposal, totally without any conditions.'"

That's why he says: *was it i who spoke? was i not also a listener?*

People like Gautam Buddha, Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Kabir, Nanak, Al-Hillaj Mansoor, or thousands of other mystics, will agree with Almustafa, that whatever they have said, *they* have not said it -- they were also a listener, not a speaker. And whenever some speaker is also a listener, then only the universal spirit can sing a song. It is not a question of speaking. Almustafa is not an orator.

I was visiting a Christian college where they prepare missionaries. It is the biggest theological Christian college in the east -- six years to prepare a missionary. The principal was taking me around the campus. I asked him, "Can you tell me in which theological college Jesus was trained?" He looked at me a little puzzled, because Jesus was not even educated -- he could not even read or write.

He said, "Nobody has ever asked this question of me, and we have trained thousands of missionaries."

I said, "The trained missionary is a hypocrite; he does not know how to surrender himself and let existence speak through him. I have seen through your classes, and I have been laughing inside myself; this is such an absurdity, that you are even teaching your so-called future missionaries. They are well-educated -- somebody has a postgraduate degree in philosophy or religion or psychology, somebody has a Ph.D in psychology or philosophy or religion. They are well-educated people, and they are being trained. And when I saw the training, I could not figure out whether it is time to weep or time to laugh."

I asked the principal, "In the last class we saw, these poor missionaries were being told when you should speak loudly, when you should raise your hand, when you should simply whisper, what gesture should be followed when you make this statement.

"Are you training actors? Do you think Christianity is a school of drama?"

He said, "I am very embarrassed; I cannot answer your question."

I said, "Your embarrassment has answered it. You know perfectly well now that these missionaries are simply puppets. They will speak words which had been spoken by Jesus; the words will be the same, and you are making every effort that even the gestures must be the same. It is possible that the gestures may be

the same, the words may be the same; it is also possible that they may be even better, because Jesus was a poor carpenter's son, uneducated, uncultured. But they will not be authentic. They can be better, as far as the science of dramatics is concerned, but they cannot be authentic. I would like to see the last class also."

He said, "What do you mean by last class? We have gone around the whole campus."

"I mean where you are teaching them to be crucified -- because unless you teach them to be crucified, the training is incomplete."

He said, "You are a strange fellow. You mean all these people should be crucified? They have come here to learn, and to go around the world to preach to people."

I said, "What can they preach? You would have never heard the name of Jesus if he had not been crucified. It is crucifixion which is the central and the most essential fact in the life of Jesus. In fact, without crucifixion, there would have been no Christianity."

I saw the principal was wearing a golden chain, with a golden cross hanging on it. I said, "Do you think this is what has been done to Jesus? -- that a golden cross, a small cross, with a golden chain was put around his neck. Is this crucifixion? *You* should be on the cross, not the cross hanging on your neck -- and a golden one."

Jesus was carrying a heavy wooden cross, so heavy that he fell three times before he reached the place where the cross had to be placed in the earth. He was not an old man -- he was only thirty-three, a young man -- and he was not unaccustomed to carrying wood -- that's what he was doing; his father was a carpenter. His whole life he was carrying wood but the cross was so heavy that a young man, who was well accustomed to carrying heavy wood, fell three times on the road.

"How many times," I asked the principal, "have you fallen on the road? -- because your cross is far more valuable."

Nobody can become Jesus by pretending to act like Jesus. It was said about him, that nobody ever spoke the way he spoke. There was some deep authority in his every gesture; he was not talking philosophy or theology, he was pouring his own heart, his very life. His words were not dead words of professors, scholars; his words were alive, breathing.

Remember it, you can learn beautiful words, and you can deceive yourself. It is not a question of learning words; it is a question of surrendering to existence, and allowing existence: if it wants to speak, it can; if it wants to remain silent, that's perfectly okay. If it wants to sing, you are available; if it wants to dance, you provide your body, your heart, your whole being. Only then, the place where such a man sits, speaks, or remains silent, becomes a holy place, becomes sacred.

THEN HE DESCENDED THE STEPS OF THE TEMPLE AND ALL THE PEOPLE FOLLOWED HIM. AND HE REACHED HIS SHIP AND STOOD UPON THE DECK.

A man like Almustafa... although he is going to his home, to the place where he belongs, although he is going to the goal he has been searching for all his life, although he is going in the ship he has been awaiting for twelve years, still, standing on the deck, he looks all around, at the place where he dwelled for twelve years, the people who never recognized him -- the people who, on the contrary, always misunderstood him. They thought, "He is an outsider, he does not belong to us; he is a stranger. He is a dreamer of dreams."

Nobody believed in him, nobody trusted him; but that does not make any difference to his attitude towards the people. He is not offended. On the contrary, he is leaving the place with a deep sadness, because he is leaving all these people in darkness. He has not been successful in making them aware, so that they can open their eyes and the darkness will disappear.

And only on the last day when he is departing, a still understanding, a silent understanding has arisen in many people, that perhaps they have missed a messenger of God, a prophet, a messiah. But it is too late, he has to go.

AND FACING THE PEOPLE AGAIN, HE RAISED HIS VOICE AND SAID:
PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, THE WIND BIDS ME LEAVE YOU.

The ship is ready and the wind is blowing towards my land.

LESS HASTY AM I THAN THE WIND....

I am not so hasty to go; although I waited for twelve years, I still want to linger a little more. Perhaps somebody may be able to hear me, to see me, to understand me; perhaps somebody may become a seeker, a searcher, a wanderer for truth.

LESS HASTY AM I THAN THE WIND, YET I MUST GO.

Nobody can remain here forever. Even the greatest has to go one day.

Hence, remember it: if you want to feel me, don't postpone it. If you want to understand me, don't say, "Tomorrow, because today I am very busy" -- because tomorrow is not certain. One never knows, it may come, it may not come.

WE WANDERERS, EVER SEEKING THE LONELIER WAY, BEGIN NO DAY WHERE WE HAVE ENDED ANOTHER DAY; AND NO SUNRISE FINDS US WHERE SUNSET LEFT US.
EVEN WHILE THE EARTH SLEEPS WE TRAVEL.

He is talking about a spiritual wandering. We don't know where our home is, and not even a single moment can be wasted. So even in sleep, the seeker is searching. While he is awake, he is searching -- searching in all directions, in all dimensions, without any prejudice; he is knocking on all the doors. One never knows which one is the right door.

WE ARE THE SEEDS OF THE TENACIOUS PLANT, AND IT IS IN OUR RIPENESS AND OUR FULLNESS OF HEART THAT WE ARE GIVEN TO THE WIND AND ARE SCATTERED.

I am speaking to you, but it will be far better to say that I am simply scattering seeds. Let my words be seeds in you, so when the spring comes in your life, those seeds will start sprouting.

But man has been trained to remain closed, not to allow anything in. And that is the reason why the spring comes and goes, and you remain as dead as ever -- because you don't have the seeds. Spring cannot create seeds; if you have the seeds, spring is a tremendous help. The clouds will come, and the rain will fall, but you will remain barren, unless you have seeds.

To be with a Master is nothing but to allow your heart, so that he can sow seeds.

You may not be able, just now, to recognize them, because a seed is not a flower, but only a potentiality; it is not a fruit, but only a potentiality. In its own time, it will bring a great harvest.

But to allow one's heart, one needs trust; and we have been brought up with fear -- not with trust, not with love. So our hearts are so closed, no seed can enter there.

It is not for the first time that you have come to a man like me; you are ancient wanderers. Perhaps a few of you have been with Gautam Buddha, a few of you have been with Lao Tzu, a few may have been with Jesus. But you went on missing, because you never allowed your heart to be receptive. They were showering seeds on you, but unless you receive them, their showering is not of much use.

Jesus used to say again and again, "When a gardener sows seeds, some seeds fall on rocks -- they will never grow. Some seeds fall on the path where people walk; they will grow, but they will die, because people are continually passing by; the traffic is going to kill them."

Blessed are those few seeds which find the right soil -- which is neither rock, nor a path where people pass. In the right time, when the spring will call them forth, they will start growing into beautiful plants, and when the rains will come, they will dance with joy, because the rains are bringing more juice, more life to them. Soon they will become big trees, standing against a sky full of flowers and foliage and fruits: they have attained their destiny.

Very few men have been able to attain their destiny, they have remained barren -- because of their fear. And you have nothing to lose, but still you go on fearing.

Those who have something don't fear, because that which belongs to you cannot be taken away. That which does not belong to you is bound to be taken away; today, or tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow; death will come, and all that you have will be taken away. Only that which is yours -- which you had brought with you, with your birth -- will be left with you in your death. But the whole life of seventy or eighty years has been futile. You could have grown, matured, become centered, become what you are in your potentiality, but not in your actuality.

Your actualization is all that religion means. There is no other religion than actuality -- actualization of all that is lying dormant in you.

And the beginning is a fearlessness, a trust in existence. You are born of existence, and you cannot trust it. You are breathing existence every moment, and you cannot trust it. You are eating existence, drinking existence, and you cannot trust it. Whom can you trust? People are ready to believe in God -- whom they have never seen, nobody has ever seen, and nobody is going to see ever.

I teach you not to trust in God, because that is going to be only a belief, phony.
I want you to trust in existence.

I want you to be pagans, trusting in the trees, in the oceans, in the mountains, in the stars, in people, in yourself -- these are realities. There is no need of any belief; you just have to understand what is real and what is unreal -- just a little discrimination. Trust the real, the authentic, and nobody can prevent your growth. And only in your growth will you discover more and more treasures of consciousness, of being, of godliness.
You will never find God; you will only find godliness.
It is a quality.
It is another name of love.

BRIEF WERE MY DAYS AMONG YOU, AND BRIEFER STILL THE WORDS I HAVE SPOKEN.

It is something to be understood about time: when you are miserable, time seems to pass very slowly. If you are sitting by the side of a dying man in the night, it may seem that the night is never going to end. Perhaps this is the last night and there is not going to be any sunrise again, because each moment is so painful that it becomes, in your understanding, longer and longer.

The miserable person lives in one time scale; and the blissful person lives in a different time scale. And you are aware of it -- when you are happy, time passes fast. The clock moves the same way -- it does not bother whether you are miserable or happy. It may be the same clock, and one person is miserable sitting underneath it, and another person is happy sitting underneath it. What can the poor clock do? The clock goes on moving according to its own mechanism. But the miserable person will feel time passing very slowly, and the happy person will feel time passing so fast.

When you are with your friend, whom you have met after many years, hours pass like minutes, days pass like hours. What to say about a man who is not only happy or in a pleasant mood, but who is blissful? For him there is a different time scale. To the miserable it becomes long, to the happy it becomes short, to the blissful it stops... it does not move.
So when Almustafa says:

BRIEF WERE MY DAYS AMONG YOU, AND BRIEFER STILL THE WORDS I HAVE SPOKEN.
BUT SHOULD MY VOICE FADE IN YOUR EARS, AND MY LOVE VANISH IN YOUR MEMORY, THEN I WILL COME AGAIN....

Almustafa almost represents all the mystics of the world, it seems, because they have all promised, "If you don't listen this time, if you go on forgetting what has been said to you, if it fades and becomes just a memory, or perhaps a dream that you have seen, then I will come again."

It has to be understood as a metaphor. Neither can Buddha come again, nor can Jesus come again -- although both have said that; nor can Krishna come again -- he also said that. In fact this is the time all the three should be here.

But it is not a question of Jesus coming again -- that's what Christians are waiting for. The Jews are also waiting for the prophet promised in the last testament. That was the crime of Jesus, because he claimed that

he was the prophet for whom they had been waiting. The Jews could not believe that their prophet would be born in a poor carpenter's house, uneducated, uncultured. Jesus had not committed any crime, except that he claimed, "I am the prophet you have been waiting for: I have come."

He was innocent. He should not have said that, because it destroys the hope of the people, and they can never forgive you if you destroy their hope. They have been suffering for centuries, but there was always a hope far away, a star, that the messiah will come and will deliver them from all their misery.

And now this poor carpenter's son arrives and he says, "I am the star for whom you have been waiting, and I will redeem you from all your misery." His crime is that he has destroyed their hope. He has not been able to redeem their misery -- they are still miserable two thousand years after Jesus. But he had to be crucified for the simple reason that they wanted to save their hope. It was the hope that was functioning like an opium. They were able to suffer, because there was a hope that it is only a question of a few more days, and the messiah will come.

And the same is the heritage of the Christians. Now they are waiting for Christ to come back; he has promised, "I will be coming back." Now if anybody says, "I am Jesus Christ," Christians will do the same with that man as the Jews have done with Jesus. They will assassinate him, crucify him, because again he is doing the same thing; he is destroying their hope.

People are living in such misery that they need hope constantly, they are hope-addicts. Nobody can redeem anybody else from misery. One can tell you how you can get out of your misery, but one cannot pull you out of your misery; except you, nobody can be your savior.

But Gautam Buddha says the same, Krishna says the same -- it has to be understood as a metaphor. Nobody comes again. Once a man has become enlightened he cannot come again; there is no way backwards. Just as you cannot become, from being a young man, again a child... or can you? However hard you may wish, it is not going to happen; otherwise nobody will be old; everyone will become young again and again -- who wants to die? And to avoid death, the best way is to remain young. So whenever you feel that you are becoming old, just go backwards, just a few miles back, and be young again.

But in time, there is no possibility of going back; you always go ahead. Once you have become enlightened you cannot be born again, because that is a lower stage, you have passed it.

Then what can be the meaning of it? The meaning is that the bodies of the mystics may be different, but they surrender their bodies to the same universal state. So Krishna may not be back, Christ may not be back, Buddha may not be back; but there may always be somebody who has surrendered himself and is available to the universal spirit. And that spirit is the same.

So the mystic may not come back again, the same body may not be born again, but the same universal spirit may again find someone who is available and open.

That exactly is the meaning. If you understand it, then there is no question for Christians to wait for Christ, because he will never come. There may happen people who are speaking the same language, who are speaking from the same universal source of life, but Christians will be blind, because the body will be different, the language will be different. The Hindus will not believe it, the Mohammedans will not believe it, the Buddhists will not believe it; in fact they will be the first to deny it.

Just the other day, I saw Keiko and her mother. Her mother was very angry with me, because she wanted me to tell her daughter to go with her. And I said, "How can I tell anybody what to do? I can only say that, if she wants to go with you, she should go, and if she wants to remain here, she should remain. Who am I to order her either to remain here or to go with you?"

And immediately her Buddhist mind came in, and she said, "Then you are not a Buddha."

I enjoyed her conversation very much. I said, "Buddha certainly I am not. I have left Buddha twenty-five centuries behind. I am a contemporary man; why should I be a bullock cart?"

She said, "You are horrible. A Buddha cannot separate a mother from her daughter."

I said to her, "Then you don't understand anything about Buddha. What about his ten thousand monks and nuns? He had separated them from their parents, their husbands, their wives, their mothers, their fathers. Do you think all those ten thousand monks that Buddha had were born from the sky? And he not only did it at that time, but for twenty-five centuries continuously; now there are millions of Buddhist monks all around the world, and Buddhist nuns -- particularly in the East. He is still destroying families. And you are claiming that if I were really a Buddha I would not destroy a family, when Buddha destroyed more families than anybody else in the whole world."

Then she became even more angry -- people become angry when they cannot find argument. She said, "You are a devil."

I said, "That's true."

"And my daughter loves you like a father."

I said, "That I can accept. But I cannot be your husband, because even the devil would be afraid of you. What happened to your husband? You must have destroyed the poor fellow."

He is living separately; he is not living with her. She has the only child, and she has almost killed this beautiful girl -- she has taken all life out of her.

For the first time.... I have seen her coming to the commune in America -- she remained one month there, and she has been here for two or three days. She cannot clap; she cannot join with you when you are almost in an ecstatic state. She remains like a stone Buddha -- that is her mother's training.

For the first time, when I said, "You can remain here if you want," she smiled. For the first time, I saw some kind of movement. I have told Geeta to help her to become alive again, and now that the mother is gone -- she was really a dragon... Keiko, you can start laughing with all these people. Mix with them and dance with them, and forget the past -- your past has been a nightmare. And invite your father, because I am feeling sorry for him, too. Seeing your mother, I have continuously been thinking of your father -- what must this woman have done to the father...? Once you start dancing and enjoying and living, your life will come back to you.

It was beautiful to see Keiko say good-bye to her mother. In a Japanese way the mother turned towards her, faced her, her last effort, eye-to-eye contact -- and a girl who has been tortured for thirty years, is bound to be afraid, and may say "I am coming with you." But she saw the joy and the freedom and the love of you all, and she said good-bye in the Japanese way, folding her hands, bowing down to her mother -- that is their way of saying goodbye. The mother did the same, but with a great anger. She followed the ritual, but she was boiling; she could not believe that an unknown man would take her daughter away so easily -- something which even her father had not been able to do.

It is not only with Keiko, it is with almost everybody, more or less. To her it has happened too much. Parents kill, because then only can they force you to obey. They don't want you to laugh, they don't want you to dance, they don't want you to sing. They don't want you in any way to show life -- and life is the only God there is.

AND WITH A RICHER HEART AND LIPS MORE YIELDING TO THE SPIRIT WILL I SPEAK.
YEA, I SHALL RETURN WITH THE TIDE....

These people always return -- the way I have explained, not the way people have been expecting -- so one never knows from whom the universal spirit will speak. It is one of the reasons I want all religions to be dispersed, so that everybody is free of prejudice, and everybody is able to find, wherever he can, the universal spirit speaking again. The words may be different, the gestures may be different, but the essential message will be the same.

AND THOUGH DEATH MAY HIDE ME, AND THE GREATER SILENCE ENFOLD ME, YET AGAIN WILL I SEEK YOUR UNDERSTANDING.
AND NOT IN VAIN WILL I SEEK.
IF AUGHT I HAVE SAID IS TRUTH, THAT TRUTH SHALL REVEAL ITSELF IN A CLEARER VOICE, AND IN WORDS MORE KIN TO YOUR THOUGHTS.

Times change. Now one cannot speak the way Buddha spoke -- he would be out-of-date. Neither can one speak like Jesus -- that would be out-of-date.

Whenever the universal spirit speaks, it is always fresh, it is always new, it is always of this moment. But the message, in essence, is the same. It is a new flower, but the fragrance is the same. Don't look at the flower: try to understand the fragrance.

I GO WITH THE WIND, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE,
BUT NOW DOWN INTO EMPTINESS;
AND IF THIS DAY IS NOT A FULFILLMENT OF YOUR NEEDS AND MY LOVE, THEN LET IT BE A PROMISE TILL ANOTHER DAY.

I promise you I will come if this day has not been enough, if your needs are not fulfilled. Nor my love... I could not give you enough, in abundance, because you were not available to receive it.

... THEN LET IT BE A PROMISE TILL ANOTHER DAY....

Man's needs change, but not his love, nor his desire that his love should satisfy his needs.

KNOW, THEREFORE, THAT FROM THE GREATER SILENCE I SHALL RETURN.

All these mystics who have promised seemed to have failed in fulfilling their promise because you are still looking for the outer frame. The outer frame cannot be the same. You will have to look to the essentials, then you will find no promise has remained unfulfilled.

All these people have come again and again. Untiring is their effort to make you understand, to help you grow into more light, into more love, to help you dance -- because you are not crippled, to help you see -- because you are not blind, to help you feel -- because within every one of you a heart is beating, and is waiting for love to shower upon it.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #20

Chapter title: Don't judge the ocean by its foam

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BELOVED OSHO,
THE MIST THAT DRIFTS AWAY AT DAWN, LEAVING BUT DEW IN THE FIELDS, SHALL RISE AND GATHER INTO A CLOUD AND THEN FALL DOWN IN RAIN.
AND NOT UNLIKE THE MIST HAVE I BEEN.
IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT I HAVE WALKED IN YOUR STREETS, AND MY SPIRIT HAS ENTERED YOUR HOUSES,
AND YOUR HEART-BEATS WERE IN MY HEART, AND YOUR BREATH WAS UPON MY FACE, AND I KNEW YOU ALL.
AY, I KNEW YOUR JOY AND YOUR PAIN, AND IN YOUR SLEEP YOUR DREAMS WERE MY DREAMS.
AND OFTENTIMES I WAS AMONG YOU A LAKE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.
I MIRRORED THE SUMMITS IN YOU AND THE BENDING SLOPES, AND EVEN THE PASSING FLOCKS OF YOUR THOUGHTS AND YOUR DESIRES.
AND TO MY SILENCE CAME THE LAUGHTER OF YOUR CHILDREN IN STREAMS, AND THE LONGING OF YOUR YOUTHS IN RIVERS.
AND WHEN THEY REACHED MY DEPTH THE STREAMS AND THE RIVERS CEASED NOT YET TO SING.
BUT SWEETER STILL THAN LAUGHTER AND GREATER THAN LONGING CAME TO ME.

IT WAS THE BOUNDLESS IN YOU;
THE VAST MAN IN WHOM YOU ARE ALL BUT CELLS AND SINEWS;
HE IN WHOSE CHANT ALL YOUR SINGING IS BUT A SOUNDLESS THROBBING.
IT IS IN THE VAST MAN THAT YOU ARE VAST,
AND IN BEHOLDING HIM THAT I BEHELD YOU AND LOVED YOU.
FOR WHAT DISTANCES CAN LOVE REACH THAT ARE NOT IN THAT VAST SPHERE?
WHAT VISIONS, WHAT EXPECTATIONS AND WHAT PRESUMPTIONS CAN OUTSOAR THAT FLIGHT?
LIKE A GIANT OAK TREE COVERED WITH APPLE BLOSSOMS IS THE VAST MAN IN YOU.
HIS MIGHT BINDS YOU TO THE EARTH, HIS FRAGRANCE LIFTS YOU INTO SPACE, AND IN HIS DURABILITY YOU ARE DEATHLESS.
YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT, EVEN LIKE A CHAIN, YOU ARE AS WEAK AS YOUR WEAKEST LINK.
THIS IS BUT HALF THE TRUTH. YOU ARE ALSO AS STRONG AS YOUR STRONGEST LINK.
TO MEASURE YOU BY YOUR SMALLEST DEED IS TO RECKON THE POWER OF OCEAN BY THE FRAILTY OF ITS FOAM.
TO JUDGE YOU BY YOUR FAILURES IS TO CAST BLAME UPON THE SEASONS FOR THEIR INCONSTANCY.
AY, YOU ARE LIKE AN OCEAN.
AND THOUGH HEAVY-GROUNDED SHIPS AWAIT THE TIDE UPON YOUR SHORES, YET, EVEN LIKE AN OCEAN, YOU CANNOT HASTEN YOUR TIDES.
AND LIKE THE SEASONS YOU ARE ALSO,
AND THOUGH IN YOUR WINTER YOU DENY YOUR SPRING,
YET SPRING, REPOSING WITHIN YOU, SMILES IN HER DROWSINESS AND IS NOT OFFENDED.
THINK NOT I SAY THESE THINGS IN ORDER THAT YOU MAY SAY THE ONE TO THE OTHER, "HE PRAISED US WELL. HE SAW BUT THE GOOD IN US."
I ONLY SPEAK TO YOU IN WORDS OF THAT WHICH YOU YOURSELVES KNOW IN THOUGHT.
AND WHAT IS WORD KNOWLEDGE BUT A SHADOW OF WORDLESS KNOWLEDGE?
YOUR THOUGHTS AND MY WORDS ARE WAVES FROM A SEALED MEMORY THAT KEEPS RECORDS OF OUR YESTERDAYS,
AND OF THE ANCIENT DAYS WHEN THE EARTH KNEW NOT US NOR HERSELF,
AND OF NIGHTS WHEN EARTH WAS UPWROUGHT WITH CONFUSION.

Almustafa, before parting from his people, makes many significant statements. It is almost as if a man is dying, and his last words contain his whole life's experience. He has not much time, but still time enough to say a few words which will be remembered with the sadness and with the glory and the beauty of his departure.

It is not a death; he is going back home. But he has to say a few things which were not possible to say before -- not that he was not prepared, but there was nobody to listen to them. Hearing that he is going, the whole city of Orphalese has gathered.

The words that are spoken at the time of departure become seeds in your being, almost without your knowing, because you cannot go on playing games of postponment. The ship is ready to leave, the people may never see Almustafa again -- who knows about the future, what it contains? This man has been amongst them for twelve years; they have ignored him, laughed at him, neglected him. They are feeling deep down sad and sorry, because they had an opportunity, a spring that has come to them, but they were not open.

Today, because the spring is going away, they have become suddenly aware. And remember, even when the spring goes away, it does not go suddenly. It lingers a little bit. A few flowers disappear, then a few more flowers disappear, and then all flowers are gone. Those who were not aware when there were flowers all around suddenly become aware that perhaps it may not be possible to see the same flowers and the same fragrance again. In this awareness their hearts are open.

His statements are simple -- but truth is always simple. If you are ready to listen it is the most simple thing in the world. If you are not ready to listen, it is the most complex thing in the world; your mind makes it complex, interprets it, makes meanings out of it which are not there and in this way misses the whole point. But when a man is dying or departing, and soon the winds will take the ship far away, beyond the horizon.... They feel now a gap which cannot be replaced. Although Almustafa will be gone, his words will go on ringing in their ears and in their hearts.

THE MIST THAT DRIFTS AWAY AT DAWN LEAVING BUT DEW IN THE FIELDS, SHALL RISE AND GATHER INTO A CLOUD AND THEN FALL DOWN IN RAIN.

He is saying, "Don't be worried and don't be sad. The mist that gathers on the leaves of trees and on the ground in the night starts evaporating when the sun rises; it rises again, just to become a raincloud. So if you have missed this time, don't miss the next time. When the rain comes through all your hypocrisies, in your utter nudity dance with the rain and the sun and the wind. And you will understand more than is contained in any scripture, or in all the scriptures. You will understand that you are part of a dancing existence."

AND NOT UNLIKE THE MIST HAVE I BEEN.

"Though I am going now, soon I will be raining again. If you have missed me this time there is no need to be sorry. Be alert when I rain again, so that you don't hide yourself from me, but open your heart."

IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT I HAVE WALKED IN YOUR STREETS, AND MY SPIRIT HAS ENTERED YOUR HOUSES.
AND YOUR HEART-BEATS WERE IN MY HEART, AND YOUR BREATH WAS UPON MY FACE, AND I KNEW YOU ALL.

The man of understanding, the man who is awake understands those who are asleep. But those who are asleep of course cannot understand the man who is awake. It is natural.

"I walked in the deep night in your streets, I have entered into your houses, I have loved you so much that your heartbeat has become my heartbeat and your breath was upon my face, and I knew you all...."

Next time, let my heartbeat become your heartbeat; next time, let your spirit enter into my temple; next time, let my breath reach to your face. Just as I have known you all, next time you all have to know me; then the circle will be complete.

AY, I KNEW YOUR JOY AND YOUR PAIN, AND IN YOUR SLEEP YOUR DREAMS WERE MY DREAMS.

All that I am leaving within you is my dreams -- deep down in your unconscious. At the right time they will start sprouting and becoming actualities.

AND OFTENTIMES I WAS AMONG YOU A LAKE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

But you were too egoistic, you never looked down; otherwise you would have seen your face in the mirror of the lake. But this should not be so again. If your sadness for my departure is sincere, next time, however high your mountain is, it will be reflected in the mirror of the lake. I will come again, I will surround you as a lake again. Don't remain egoistic -- not to bend down, not to look in the lake -- because I cannot give you anything except a reflection of your real face, of your original face. Once you have seen your original face reflected in me, you will start searching for it within yourself.

I MIRRORED THE SUMMITS IN YOU AND THE BENDING SLOPES, AND EVEN THE PASSING FLOCKS OF YOUR THOUGHTS AND YOUR DESIRES....

But you were not aware.

AND TO MY SILENCE CAME THE LAUGHTER OF YOUR CHILDREN IN STREAMS, AND THE LONGING OF YOUR YOUTHS IN RIVERS.
AND WHEN THEY REACHED MY DEPTH THE STREAMS AND THE RIVERS CEASED NOT YET TO SING.

In many ways your streams have reached me, but still you remained untransformed -- because those streams were the laughter of your children in the streets, playing, and the longing of your youths were as rivers.

And when they reached my depth the streams and the rivers ceased not yet to sing.... They are still singing in me. I am taking the laughter, the innocence of your children, the flowers of your youth with me. Next time, let it not be one-way-traffic; you also allow me to sing within you, to dance within you, to become your being.

BUT SWEETER STILL THAN LAUGHTER AND GREATER THAN LONGING CAME TO ME.

Just your presence -- although you were asleep -- was sweeter and greater than any laughter. It does not matter that you were asleep and you ignored me; it was just natural, I am not offended. I have felt more compassionate and more loving towards you -- who are bound to be kings but are living like beggars. Just looking at yourself in my mirror, you would have found your kingdom: the kingdom of God.

IT WAS THE BOUNDLESS IN YOU;
THE VAST MAN IN WHOM YOU ARE ALL BUT CELLS AND SINEWS;
HE IN WHOSE CHANT ALL YOUR SINGING IS BUT A SOUNDLESS THROBBING.

It was the boundless in you... it does not matter that you did not recognize me. I am worried about you, that you have not recognized the boundless in you. And that is your true self, your true reality. Without knowing it, all your knowing is rubbish.

The vast man in whom you are all but cells and sinews.... His vast man is nothing but the universal spirit, or in other words God. In that vast universal spirit you are not different from each other; you are part of one whole. It is only your sleep that gives you the idea that you are separate.

The moment you are awake, suddenly an immense revolution happens. You are in the trees and the trees are in you; you are in the ocean and the ocean is in you; you are in the clouds and the clouds are in you.

That is the great ecstasy of all the mystics: to find themselves the organic unity of the whole existence. But whether you know it or not, it is the reality. You have not to create it, you have not to find it, you have just to be awake, and it is yours -- so simple is the method.

A man was brought to Gautam Buddha. He was a philosopher and a logician, but he was blind. The whole village had failed to convince him that there is such a thing as light. His arguments were very sharp. He said, "If there is light bring it before me -- I want to touch it and feel it, or beat it like a drum -- I want to hear the sound of light; or give it to me to eat, I want to taste what it is; or at least I can smell...."

Of course nobody was able... nobody has ever been able to touch the light, to taste the light, to hear the light, to smell the light. Light can only be seen. But the blind logician used to laugh. He said, "All this idea of light is for nothing but to prove me blind. You are all blind, and this light is nothing but your imagination."

The village was at a loss. Light is everywhere, all around, but how to prove it? That man went on destroying all their proofs. In fact, there is no proof for light -- except your eyes. And there is no proof for God -- except your own being. The logicians who have been proving God are as foolish as those villagers. God has not to be proved but experienced, the way light is experienced. So all that is needed is eyes, not arguments.

When Buddha came to the village, all the villagers came with the blind man. They thought, "We are villagers, we have not been able to prove light, but the greatest man of our times -- or perhaps of all times -- is present; he will certainly be able to help this blind man."

But Buddha was not so unintelligent as to provide proofs for light. He said, "You have brought him to the wrong man. He does not need a philosopher, he needs a physician. I have got a physician with me, my personal physician; you take him to him. Light is not the question; the question is, if he can get his eyes cured he will not need any other argument."

It took six months for the physician to cure his eyes. And when he saw light, he said, "My God, I have been proving all those poor villagers wrong, and I was providing all kinds of arguments which appeared to me perfectly right. But light is not to be proved or disproved by an argument: either you see it, or you don't see it."

Buddha had moved to another village in these six months. He went to the other village, dancing... because a man who is blind misses almost all that is beautiful -- the flowers, the colors, the sunrays passing

through the trees, the greenery -- he misses almost eighty percent of life; that's why you feel so much compassion towards a blind man.

You don't feel so much compassion towards a deaf man -- he is also missing a sense. And you don't bother at all if somebody cannot smell -- there are people who don't have the capacity to smell -- neither are you worried about a man who cannot taste. But whenever you see a blind man, a strange compassion arises in you. You may not be aware, but the fact is that the blind man is living only twenty percent of his life. Eighty percent of life comes through the eyes.

He was dancing in the sun, he touched the Buddha's feet and he told him, "If you had not met me I would have never seen the light, because they were always taking me to great philosophers, scholars, quoting scriptures, but that did not help. You were the first man who simply refused to tell anything about light. Now I know at that time I had felt a little shocked, `People say the Buddha is very compassionate, but it does not seem to be true. He has refused even to talk with me.' But now I know your compassion. Only a physician was needed, medicine was needed, so that my eyes are cured. Once my eyes are cured, I can see: light is."

The same is the situation about God or godliness -- it cannot be proved by arguments. Atheists have always been the winners as far as arguments are concerned; no theist has been able to answer all their questions, and whatever arguments they have produced have been destroyed by atheists very easily. The reason is that God is the ultimate light, and for it you need clarity of vision, you need eyes moving inwards. Either you know God or you don't know -- there is no in between, no space to stand in between.

And the whole humanity is trying to stand in between. They do not know God, yet they believe that God is; they are blind, yet they believe light is -- their belief is going to prevent the cure of their eyes. Hence I am against all beliefs; all belief-systems have been destructive and poisonous.

Never believe in anything. If people say, "God is," ask them the way to find Him, the way to see Him. If people say, "There is silence inside," ask them how to reach it. Don't argue about whether it exists or not, because in argument you will always win. But your winning is really a great failure.

Never believe in God; that is a hindrance in finding God. Seek, search... search for the eye that can see God; search for clarity and awareness that can dance with joy, finding that existence is intelligent. That's the meaning of God -- that existence is not an idiot, that existence is not without intelligence, that existence is not without consciousness. Even the mountains have their own consciousness, the trees have their own consciousness; you may have different forms of consciousness, that does not matter.

Once you have become aware of your consciousness, slowly slowly you will become sensitive to the whole ocean of consciousness that surrounds you. You will also dance! Unless a religion brings you to such an ecstasy that you can dance madly, you have not understood religion at all.

IT IS IN THE VAST MAN THAT YOU ARE VAST,
AND IN BEHOLDING HIM THAT I BEHELD YOU AND LOVED YOU.

He is using the word "vast man" so that he can avoid to use the word "God," because the word "God" has been misused by the priests for centuries to exploit people, to keep them blind. But the "vast man" is nothing but God. It is the whole infinitude of existence.

IT IS IN THE VAST MAN THAT YOU ARE VAST.... Otherwise you are always suffering with inferiority. Even the greatest man suffers from an inferiority complex; even your so-called powerful people are nothing but deep down hiding their inferiority. Life is multidimensional. You see that somebody is a poet, and suddenly you feel inferior -- you are not a poet. You see a warrior, and you feel inferior -- you are not a warrior. You see a musician.... And it is not only ordinary people; even the greatest of you, whose names are spread in your history books....

Napoleon Bonaparte was continuously feeling an inferiority complex. Now he was a great king, and he lost only one battle -- the last one. And that too he lost because of his inferiority complex; otherwise he went on winning all his life. But even while he was a victor, a great conqueror, his problem was that his height was only five feet five inches; even his bodyguards were taller. Those poor bodyguards... seeing them, immediately he would feel his wound.

One day he was trying to fix a photograph on the wall, but it was beyond his reach. His bodyguard said, "Wait sir, you need not trouble. I am higher than you, I can do it."

He said, "Higher? Change your word! You can say only `taller,' not `higher.'" He touched his painful nerve by saying, `I am higher than you.'

When he was a small child, six months old, taking a sunbath in the early morning, and his nurse had gone into the house, a wild cat jumped on him. She did no harm to the child -- she was really in a playful mood, and the child looked very beautiful. But she had no idea that she had created a great fear in the child. The nurse came running out, the wild cat escaped, but the fear that the wild cat created in him -- "I am even inferior to a cat" -- remained his life-long companion.

It was because of this fact that he lost his battle. Somehow the English general, Nelson, came to know that he was afraid of cats. He was not afraid of lions -- he could fight with the lion bare-handed. But the moment he saw a cat he started falling apart, he had a nervous breakdown. He again became a six-year-old child.

You will be surprised to know that Nelson came to fight Napoleon with seventy cats ahead of his army. And the moment Napoleon saw seventy cats -- one was enough, seventy was too much -- he lost his grip. He told to his general, "Now you arrange to fight; I have to retire, because now I cannot fight."

The general said, "But what is the problem?"

He said, "The problem? Those seventy cats."

And because he did not fight -- he went behind his ranks to avoid those cats -- he was defeated; otherwise Nelson had not the guts to defeat Napoleon. Nelson was no comparison to the great warrior Napoleon; but those cats were even bigger warriors.

In fact, psychoanalysts have come to the conclusion that the people who become interested in power -- either of money or of politics or of some other kind -- are the people who are suffering from an inferiority complex. They want to cover it up, and the only way to cover it up is to reach a powerful situation from where they can say to people, "I am not inferior to anybody," and they can convince themselves that they are not inferior to anybody. But they all suffer from inferiority.

Even a man like Adolf Hitler would not allow anybody to sleep in his room, because who knows -- in the night they may kill him. He had no friends, because a friend means somebody very close, and he was so afraid of somebody being so close that he can do harm, that he kept everybody as far away as possible; there was not a single man who would address him by his name -- no intimacy. He did not get married his whole life for the simple reason that a strange woman sleeping in the same room... who knows what her intentions are? Just a knife and he can be finished.

This man created the second world war, which killed six million people in all; a man who was so afraid of death killed six million people. On the surface you may not find any relationship between the two, but just go a little deeper, and you will find the relationship. By killing people he was proving to himself, "I am immortal. Everybody else dies...." Even though six million people were killed, his fear was not gone.

He married just three hours before he was going to take poison and die, because the enemies were winning. It is a strange story that no general of Adolf Hitler could say to him, "On a certain front we are losing." He would kill that general immediately -- shoot him. How can Adolf Hitler be defeated? That is impossible.

So Germany was losing on all fronts, but Adolf Hitler was told, "We are conquering, we are reaching to Moscow." In fact, Russian and American and British armies had reached Berlin where he was hiding in an underground cell. When bombs were falling on Berlin, his generals were reporting, "We are conquering all over the world; you are the greatest conqueror in the world." But how long can you hide the reality? Soon the bombs and their noise started reaching into his underground hiding place. Now there was no need for anybody to say anything. All is lost.

At that moment he asked for a priest and the woman who loved him and had always wanted to marry him, but he had been postponing. Now there is no time to postpone, and now there is no fear either -- he will never be asleep. The woman was brought, a priest was brought, and immediately a ceremony... and the bombs are falling just outside! Buildings are collapsing, Germany has surrendered. But the generals of Adolf Hitler have made a special radio station; from that radio station there was only one connection, and that was the radio which Adolf Hitler used to listen to. They were still declaring from that station, "We are winning."

He got married and the next thing after marriage, unprecedented -- and perhaps nobody will do it again -- was to take poison and tell the generals, "When we are dead, pour kerosene oil and petrol and burn our bodies. We don't want our bodies -- even our dead bodies -- to be in the hand of the enemies." That's why Adolf Hitler's body has not been found. But what kind of marriage? -- just after the ceremony, a second

ceremony of taking poison and being burned. Great leaders of man... but nobody has gone into analyzing their heart. There is bound to be an inferiority complex.

A man who is free from an inferiority complex has no desire for power, has no desire to dominate others, has no desire to kill others, has no desire to enslave people; he is so contented in himself. Not that he feels superior -- he is neither inferior nor superior. He is simply himself. He does not compare; there is no need to compare... you are a painter -- that's perfectly good. You are a poet -- that's perfectly good. Life needs variety, and whatever I am, I am perfectly satisfied. Life needs me too; otherwise I would not have been here, existence never produces anything unnecessarily.

IT IS IN THE VAST MAN THAT YOU ARE VAST...

The moment you become aware of oneness with the universe you become vast. That is the only way to get rid of inferiority and superiority, because there is nobody else to compare with. Only you are: you are the whole. The musician is part of you, and the poet is part of you, and the dancer is part of you. The trees are your hands and the fragrance of the flowers is your fragrance. You have become one, absolutely one with the ocean of life.

AND IN BEHOLDING HIM THAT I BEHELD YOU AND LOVED YOU.

I have not loved you as separate individuals, I have loved you because I saw the infinite in you, and I have loved the infinite in you. It does not matter whether you are a thief, a murderer, a beggar or an emperor; I have seen the same vast existence expressing in different forms. Seeing the vastness of life and oneness of life, I have loved you. That love is not addressed to individuals; it is addressed to the whole unity. In fact, the man who knows, "I am one with the whole," is loving himself. In loving you, he is loving himself.

One of the great Jewish philosophers of this century, Martin Buber, has written a book, "I and Thou." His whole life he worked on a certain methodology called "Dialogue between I and Thou." His book is beautiful. He writes with grandeur; he is one of the best persons to use words -- but he knows nothing, because there is no I AND Thou. I IS Thou. If I were to write the book, the title would be, "I is Thou"; not "and." That "and" shows his ignorance -- he has not experienced; he has thought about it. There is no question of dialogue.

I have been condemned around the world because I don't allow dialogue, my words are monologue. The people who have been condemning me, that my words are a monologue, think that it is a criticism. I don't think it is so; it is a compliment. I am grateful to all those people who say that my discourses are a monologue. What else to do? -- because there is nobody else. You are me, I am you. Dialogue is impossible, only monologue is possible. I am speaking and I am hearing also. I am speaking from one body and I am listening from all your bodies -- dialogue is not possible. I am sorry to say something against Martin Buber, I love the man, but when the question of truth arises, one has to say it.

FOR WHAT DISTANCES CAN LOVE REACH THAT ARE NOT IN THAT VAST SPHERE?

Once you are aware of your vastness, then love can reach any distance, then there are no distances for love. The farthest star -- which has not even been discovered by physicists yet -- your love will be reaching; where physics is bounded, love is not. Feeling one with the whole, your love has reached to the whole -- to the flowers and to the thorns, without any discrimination. And only a man of such infinitude of love we have called The Enlightened One, the Blessed One, the Awakened One.

WHAT VISIONS, WHAT EXPECTATIONS AND WHAT PRESUMPTIONS CAN OUTSOAR THAT FLIGHT?

The flight of love to the whole is the ultimate flight. Physicists say that light travels the fastest, that is the ultimate speed -- one hundred eighty-six miles per second. But I say unto you, love travels so fast that is does not take any time to reach from one planet to another planet.

When I look with eyes of love to you, do you think love takes time in traveling and reaching to you? Light may be, in the material world, the fastest phenomenon; but love is of the spirit, it does not take even any time. Moving from one star to another, the fastness is such that no time elapses. In fact, the moment you are aware of the wholeness, suddenly your love has become spread all over existence; there is no question of travel, it is already there. But physicists won't understand love and its speed.

LIKE A GIANT OAK TREE COVERED WITH APPLE BLOSSOMS IS THE VAST MAN IN YOU.
HIS MIGHT BINDS YOU TO THE EARTH, HIS FRAGRANCE LIFTS YOU INTO SPACE, AND IN HIS DURABILITY YOU ARE DEATHLESS.

It gives you everything for which you have been longing and longing for centuries, for thousands of births. It makes you immortal, because existence is immortal. To remain separate creates mortality; but to become one with it, you also become immortal.

... AND IN HIS DURABILITY YOU ARE DEATHLESS.
YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT, EVEN LIKE A CHAIN, YOU ARE AS WEAK AS YOUR WEAKEST LINK.

Almost in all the languages similar kinds of proverbs exist. But Kahlil Gibran is right,

THIS IS BUT HALF THE TRUTH. YOU ARE ALSO AS STRONG AS YOUR STRONGEST LINK.

You are the valley and you are the peak; you are the dark night and you are the full noontide. In you dualities meet -- not as enemies but as complementaries, not as oppositions or contradictions but in deep friendship, hand in hand, they dance within you.

The weakest part of you is connected with the strongest part in you; you are both. And it is good that you are both, because there are things which only the weakest part in you is capable of, and there are things which only the strongest part in you is capable of. And you need both; otherwise you will be monotonous, you will become a boredom unto yourself. You can become a delight unto yourself because you have all the possibilities, the whole spectrum of the rainbow, all the colors. In unity, in oneness the weaker is no more weaker, and the stronger is no more stronger -- they have melted into one.

TO MEASURE YOU BY YOUR SMALLEST DEED IS TO RECKON THE POWER OF OCEAN BY THE FRAILTY OF ITS FOAM.

The foam is very frail, momentary; it is there now, and after a moment it is gone. It is just air bubbles. But don't judge the ocean by the foam -- although the foam is also beautiful. On the high waves the foam comes running towards the shore; it looks as if the wave is crowned, crowned with the purest diamonds, pearls; it looks like the mountain peaks crowned with snow. But as it comes closer and closer to the shore, you know it is just foam -- don't judge the ocean by the foam.

All your actions are just foam, very frail. Somebody is angry -- that is just a momentary phenomenon, it has come and it will go; somebody is beautiful -- but it is foam.

One of my sannyasins in Germany is a topmost model, a very beautiful girl. I have given her the name *Gayan*. *Gayan* means the song. Just a few days ago she sent me one of her pictures. She works as a model, and the picture is certainly very beautiful; she has become more beautiful since she has been meditating, because all her silence is now radiating from her beautiful face. But sending me the picture she must have remembered one of my stories.

A king asked his advisors, "I need a very small advice, which contains all wisdom. I want to keep it under the diamond of my ring, and I will see it only as a last resort."

They worked hard, but they could not manage to find a small sentence which contains all wisdom. They went to a sage, a mystic, who lived in the mountains and asked him. Without thinking for a single moment he wrote a sentence, and he said, "Fold it -- you are not supposed to read it -- and give me the ring; I will fix it underneath the diamond. Tell the king he should not look at it out of curiosity, but only when he is in such

despair that there seems to be no way out. Then he should open it, and this will give him the insight, the door, the exit out of his despair."

Many times the king was curious, his advisers were curious.... In one sentence, without thinking for a moment, the mystic had written the message, folded the paper, and put it under the diamond of the ring; but he had prohibited the king to open it out of curiosity. It was a promise, and the king managed not to open it.

After just fifteen days, his country was invaded and he lost the battle. He was running alone on his horse to save his life in the mountains, and he reached a point which was a dead end. Below there was a valley, thousands of feet deep; to fall into it was to be scattered into pieces. And he could not turn back, because he could hear the hoofs and the sound of the enemy coming closer. Suddenly he remembered his ring. This is the situation -- he cannot go ahead, he cannot go back. It is a small narrow mountainous path and the enemy is very close, they are following; soon they will be here. Before they are here he has to read the message.

He opened the diamond, took out the message. It was a very simple message, just four words: "This too will pass." A great silence descended over him. "Everything passes."

He waited there, and strange as it may seem the sound of the enemy and their horses started receding; they had followed another path from the crossroad. He came back, collected his armies again, fought with the enemies, and took back his kingdom.

The day he took back his kingdom was a great day of celebration. The whole city was decorated, there were firecrackers, and flowers were showered on the king. He felt very egoistical that finally he has defeated a great enemy who has bigger armies, a bigger kingdom. But then he suddenly remembered, "This too will pass."

And just the remembrance that this too will pass... and his ego disappeared, his being became humble.

Gayan must have heard my story. On her beautiful picture -- in which she looks so innocent, just like a flower -- on the side she has written, "Osho, this too will pass."

Beauty is foam, but don't judge; ugliness is also foam -- don't judge; stealing is also foam -- don't judge. All your actions are nothing but foam, and the ocean is vast. Only people who don't understand life are continuously judging -- who is good, who is bad, who is evil, who is a saint. The man of understanding knows that the murderer, the sinner, are just part of the same existence as the saint, as the enlightened. Neither the enlightened is higher nor the murderer is lower; they both are doing their job. Whatever existence wants them to do, they are doing.

In a drama you don't judge. If somebody is a murderer and somebody is a great saint you know perfectly well that both are actors, and when they go behind the curtain they will be sitting on the same table, drinking tea -- the murderer and the saint. On stage the murderer seems to be condemned, evil, and the saint seems to be divine; but it is only foam. Real life is so vast that it cannot be judged by small actions.

The man of true understanding has no judgments; he simply loves. Whether you are a saint or a sinner is not his business; whatever you are, do it perfectly well, do it with totality and intensity; whatever existence wants you to do, allow -- don't come in between. To judge you...

TO MEASURE YOU BY YOUR SMALLEST DEED IS TO RECKON THE POWER OF OCEAN BY THE FRAILTY OF ITS FOAM.
TO JUDGE YOU BY YOUR FAILURES IS TO CAST BLAME UPON THE SEASONS FOR THEIR INCONSTANCY.

Sometimes spring comes earlier, sometimes a little late; sometimes rains come and sometimes they don't come, and sometimes they come so much that they create floods. But don't judge; they are not doing anything on their own accord. If existence brings the floods, if existence brings the spring a little late, then leave it to existence. Perhaps that is what is needed. Remember one thing -- existence is wiser than you, because it is the collective intelligence of all. A single man's intelligence cannot be more than the collective intelligence of the whole existence.

AY, YOU ARE LIKE AN OCEAN,
AND THOUGH HEAVY-GROUNDED SHIPS AWAIT THE TIDE UPON YOUR SHORES, YET, EVEN LIKE AN OCEAN, YOU CANNOT HASTEN YOUR TIDES.

What can you do? You *are* the ocean, but you cannot hasten your tides; they will come according to the

collective intelligence of existence. That collective intelligence has been known as God.

AND LIKE THE SEASONS YOU ARE ALSO,
AND THOUGH IN YOUR WINTER YOU DENY YOUR SPRING...

Because the winter never comes to know the spring -- they never meet -- in your winter you deny your spring. In your day you deny your night, in your dreams you deny your day, in your day you deny your dreams -- because they never meet. But they both belong to you.

YET SPRING, REPOSING WITHIN YOU, SMILES IN HER DROWSINESS AND IS NOT OFFENDED.

Even in winter the spring is asleep within you. In its drowsiness it is waiting for its time to wake up, and it smiles at your denial -- but it is not offended.

THINK NOT I SAY THESE THINGS IN ORDER THAT YOU MAY SAY THE ONE TO THE OTHER, "HE PRAISED US WELL. HE SAW BUT THE GOOD IN US."
I ONLY SPEAK TO YOU IN WORDS OF THAT WHICH YOU YOURSELVES KNOW IN THOUGHT.
AND WHAT IS WORD KNOWLEDGE BUT A SHADOW OF WORDLESS KNOWLEDGE?

Kahlil Gibran is saying, "You also know what I am saying to you, maybe not so clearly...." Even what a Gautam Buddha says you know already, but you don't have the right words to express it. In your silent heart you will understand, "It seems that what he has said I have heard before, it seems I have known it before" -- of course not so clearly, not so strongly, just a faint, faraway echo....

And what is word knowledge but a shadow of wordless knowledge? If you are silent, you will immediately understand the master, the prophet, the savior -- or whatever name you give to him -- because he is giving words to your silence. He is bringing out your silence in articulate ways through his words, through his presence, through his gesture.

YOUR THOUGHTS AND MY WORDS ARE WAVES FROM A SEALED MEMORY THAT KEEPS RECORDS OF OUR YESTERDAYS,
AND OF THE ANCIENT DAYS WHEN THE EARTH KNEW NOT US NOR HERSELF,
AND OF NIGHTS WHEN EARTH WAS UPWROUGHT WITH CONFUSION.

"Whatever I am saying to you," says Almustafa, "you know it too, but you are not aware of it. You have forgotten it; otherwise we all know from the very beginning everything that is going to happen to you." You have known and dreamt from the very beginning of the heights that you are going to reach, but you are so much occupied in ordinary, trivial life that you go on forgetting the essential truth of your being.

The English word "sin" I like very much, not in the same meaning as Christians use it, but in its original meaning -- the original meaning is so beautiful. Sin in its original meaning means forgetfulness. Do you see the difference? The sinner is only one who has forgotten his truth -- nothing to be condemned, he just has to be reminded. When you use sin as a condemnation then it is not a question of reminding him, but of throwing him into hellfire. The priests seem to be the most cunning profession in the world; they destroy a beautiful word with such significance.

Forgetfulness is the truth of man. That's the only difference between him and the Awakened One -- the Awakened One has remembered. Hence Gautam Buddha continually uses a word, sammasati. It means "right remembrance." If forgetfulness is your sin, then -- right awareness -- remembering is your virtue. And then the whole religion takes a new color -- no hell, no paradise, no priests, but a simple understanding: what you have forgotten you can remember.

It happens sometimes that you say, "I remember it, it is just on my lips, but still I cannot say it; I know that I know it, but somewhere it is lost." It happens almost to everybody. You are trying to remember the name of a friend, and it is just on the tip of your tongue. You know it, you are perfectly certain you know it; you remember even the face of your friend, you remember your conversations with the friend, but

somewhere his name has got blocked.

The more you try, the more difficult it becomes, because you become more tense, and in tenseness your mind becomes more and more narrow. Finally, just out of frustration, you drop the idea. You go into the garden and start watering your roses, and suddenly it is there, you have remembered the name -- and now you were not trying. Because you were not trying you became relaxed; the tension disappeared. The mind became broad; otherwise it was a very narrow street, and any small word may have been blocking the name from coming to the lips. Now the mind has become broad and relaxed; it has become a super-highway. Now the forgotten word suddenly comes to your lips.

The same is the situation about religion, about truth. The difference between the saint and the sinner is not great, perhaps just of one inch. The saint has remembered and the sinner is going to remember; given chance and opportunity he will remember it. Hence I say unto you that any saint who condemns sinners is not a saint at all, because he does not understand anything. Only a saint who is respectful of the sinner too is a real saint, because he knows, "The difference is not much. What has become aware in me is going to become aware in him, sooner or later. If today I am a saint, tomorrow he may be a saint."

Condemnation is impossible, judgment is impossible. All judgment is ugly, all condemnation is ugly. And your religious scriptures are full of condemnation, full of judgment.

Get rid of all that is ugly. Be more human, more loving, more compassionate, and perhaps you can create the atmosphere in which others can also remember it. This is my work here -- not to change you, not to mold you into a certain ideal, not to give you ten commandments, "You should do this and you should not do this." That is not my business; that is the business of a priest.

I am not a priest. I am just one amongst you. I have remembered, hence I know you also have the capacity to remember; one day I was also in the same situation -- I had forgotten myself. I know both the situations, the forgetfulness and the remembering; you know only one, the forgetfulness. So it is just a question of being a little more relaxed, a little more silent, of a little more alertness, a little more consciousness, and just in a single moment the sinner disappears and the saint arises. Forgetfulness is sin, and remembering is virtue.

My work is somehow to go on nagging you to remember. Even if you are annoyed, I know that when you remember you will feel sorry that you were annoyed. When you remember, I know you will feel grateful that a man you were annoyed with went on nagging you, unconcerned about your irritation, your annoyance; he went on and on and finally... the moment. The spring is everybody's birthright -- to remember and blossom.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #21
Chapter title: Become again an innocent child

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BELOVED OSHO,
WISE MEN HAVE COME TO YOU TO GIVE YOU OF THEIR WISDOM. I CAME TO TAKE OF YOUR WISDOM:
AND BEHOLD I HAVE FOUND THAT WHICH IS GREATER THAN WISDOM.
IT IS A FLAME SPIRIT IN YOU EVER GATHERING MORE OF ITSELF,
WHILE YOU, HEEDLESS OF ITS EXPANSION, BEWAIL THE WITHERING OF YOUR DAYS.
IT IS LIFE IN QUEST OF LIFE IN BODIES THAT FEAR THE GRAVE.
THERE ARE NO GRAVES HERE.
THESE MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS ARE A CRADLE AND A STEPPING STONE.
WHENEVER YOU PASS BY THE FIELD WHERE YOU HAVE LAID YOUR ANCESTORS LOOK WELL THEREUPON, AND YOU SHALL SEE YOURSELVES AND YOUR CHILDREN DANCING HAND IN HAND.
VERILY YOU OFTEN MAKE MERRY WITHOUT KNOWING.
OTHERS HAVE COME TO YOU TO WHOM FOR GOLDEN PROMISES MADE UNTO YOUR FAITH YOU HAVE GIVEN BUT RICHES AND POWER AND GLORY.
LESS THAN A PROMISE HAVE I GIVEN, AND YET MORE GENEROUS HAVE YOU BEEN TO ME.
YOU HAVE GIVEN ME MY DEEPER THIRSTING AFTER LIFE.
SURELY THERE IS NO GREATER GIFT TO A MAN THAN THAT WHICH TURNS ALL HIS AIMS INTO PARCHING LIPS AND ALL LIFE INTO A FOUNTAIN.
AND IN THIS LIES MY HONOUR AND MY REWARD,-
THAT WHENEVER I COME TO THE FOUNTAIN TO DRINK I FIND THE LIVING WATER ITSELF THIRSTY;
AND IT DRINKS ME WHILE I DRINK IT.
SOME OF YOU HAVE DEEMED ME PROUD AND OVER-SHY TO RECEIVE GIFTS.
TOO PROUD INDEED AM I TO RECEIVE WAGES, BUT NOT GIFTS.
AND THOUGH I HAVE EATEN BERRIES AMONG THE HILLS WHEN YOU WOULD HAVE HAD ME SIT AT YOUR BOARD,
AND SLEPT IN THE PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE WHEN YOU WOULD GLADLY HAVE SHELTERED ME,
YET IT WAS NOT YOUR LOVING MINDFULNESS OF MY DAYS AND MY NIGHTS THAT MADE FOOD SWEET TO MY MOUTH AND GIRDLED MY SLEEP WITH VISIONS?
FOR THIS I BLESS YOU MOST:
YOU GIVE MUCH AND KNOW NOT THAT YOU GIVE AT ALL.
VERILY THE KINDNESS THAT GAZES UPON ITSELF IN A MIRROR TURNS TO STONE,
AND A GOOD DEED THAT CALLS ITSELF BY TENDER NAMES BECOMES THE PARENT TO A CURSE.

Kahlil Gibran is making his most profound statements. Hence, don't just listen to them: unless you drink them and let them become your blood, your bones and your marrow, you will not get the whole meaning and their beauty.

The first statement is of such tremendous importance that it is very difficult to find another statement which will be of equal importance.

WISE MEN HAVE COME TO YOU TO GIVE YOU OF THEIR WISDOM. I CAME TO TAKE OF YOUR WISDOM.

Usually the disciple thinks -- and has been made to think for centuries -- that the master gives his wisdom to him. That is absolutely untrue. The master simply takes away all that you think wisdom but which is not wisdom, only borrowed knowledge... it looks like wisdom but is phony, because it is not rooted in your experience.

The true master, or the true wise man, takes away all that is false in you -- and your wisdom *is* false, your knowledge *is* false. You know nothing of life, you know nothing of God; all that you know are mere words without any content, hollow, rotten, but just because they have been handed to you by your parents, by your teachers, by your priests, you have been preserving them as if they are great treasures. In fact, they are the burdens that don't allow you to fly in freedom in the open sky of existence.

The master takes away everything that is false in you -- and what is not false in you? Your whole personality is given by the society. You came into the world innocent, full of wonder, knowing nothing but longing to know everything. The society has filled your minds with all kinds of knowledge. And one thing has to be remembered here: Knowledge is significant when it grows within you; it becomes poisonous and dangerous and murderous when it is forced upon you.

All that you know -- have a look at it. Has it grown within you? Or has it been forced upon you? Is it a conditioning from the outside, or just an overflowing of your own being, of your own spring of life?

You don't know anything about your own being. Hence the true wise man takes away all your wisdom and leaves you again in the same space as you were born -- in wonder, knowing nothing. From there, your authentic journey can start.

I am reminded of one of the great mystics, Bodhidharma. Nearabout fourteen hundred years ago he went to China. He had been invited by Emperor Wu of China; the emperor had even come to the boundaries of his empire -- and his empire was perhaps the greatest empire of those days -- to receive Bodhidharma. He touched his feet, but the questions that he asked prevented Bodhidharma from entering his empire.

His questions were not irrelevant; all so-called religious people ask them, and all so-called religious saints answer them. The emperor had asked, "I have made thousands of temples for Gautam Buddha, and I have thousands of scholars continually translating words of Gautam Buddha into Chinese. I have opened many monasteries, and the whole of China is now under the great influence of Gautam Buddha. What will be my reward for all this?"

Bodhidharma stared at the emperor and said, "You will fall in hell."

The emperor said, "Have I done anything wrong?"

Bodhidharma said, "Whatever you have done is right, but if doing it in itself is not your reward, then you have missed the whole point. Making a beautiful temple, a beautiful statue of Buddha... if that is not your reward and you want something else, then you are doing business -- it is not religion. In religion the very action in itself is either reward or punishment.

"I know you have opened your vast treasures for the spread of the message of Gautam Buddha, but you are waiting to have greater treasures in future life, in paradise as a reward -- you are bargaining with existence. I am not a businessman. You have invited the wrong person."

The emperor said, "But I have invited many monks and they always said, `Great will be your reward because great is your virtue.'"

Bodhidharma said, "I will not enter into your kingdom, I will remain outside. The day you understand that every action is in itself its reward or punishment, I am available to you, you can come."

He stayed outside the boundaries for nine years. Bodhidharma was a very strange man -- but a very beautiful man, so truthful and so straightforward.

Emperor Wu could not sleep the whole night, and in the morning he was back. And he said, "Forgive me, you have given me such a shock, but I needed it, I was living under an illusion. You have broken my illusion. I'm ready to learn."

Bodhidharma said, "There is nothing to learn. You have to be ready to unlearn! You already know too much, and all that you know is false. If you want to be in contact with me, think of unlearning. That is the beginning of wisdom."

Unlearning is the beginning of wisdom. All your priests and popes go on telling you, "Learning brings wisdom." But a man like Bodhidharma or Socrates or Gautam Buddha will not agree with these people, they will agree with Kahlil Gibran: the function of the master is to help you unlearn everything so that you become again an innocent child.

After nine years, when Bodhidharma came back to India, thousands of people had become his disciples. He had chosen four of them for the final fire-test, because out of those four, one would be chosen as his successor to continue his work in China.

There was great silence, although thousands of disciples were sitting there. They knew that those four people were worthy of it, but it was very difficult to tell who was the most worthy....

Bodhidharma asked the first man, "Tell me the essence of wisdom."

And the man said, "The essence of wisdom is that the kingdom of God is within you."

Bodhidharma said, "You have my flesh, but the flesh is not very deep. You are not chosen to be my successor. What you have said has a faraway echo of truth in it, but it is too faraway an echo."

He asked the second disciple, "You tell me -- what is the essence of wisdom?"

And he said, "The essence of wisdom is meditation, being absolutely silent."

Bodhidharma said, "You have my bones, but you don't have me. You cannot be my successor."

And he turned to the third man and asked the same question, "What is the essence of wisdom?"

The third person said, "The essence of wisdom is to bring your potential to its ultimate actuality, to blossom, to bring flowers to your being."

Bodhidharma said, "You have my marrow, but still you are not yet capable of being my successor. You are very close, but even closeness is a distance."

He turned to the fourth man, and he asked the same question. And the fourth man had tears in his eyes

and he collapsed at Bodhidharma's feet, not saying a single word.

Bodhidharma said, "I understand your silence. But these thousands of people will not understand it. You have to bring your experience into words. Say it!"

And the man with tears said, "I don't know."

And Bodhidharma said, "You are going to be my successor, because the person who can say `I do not know' has already reached to the door of the temple of wisdom, he is already standing at the door. His innocence, his not-knowing, is the beginning of knowing."

Kahlil Gibran says,

WISE MEN HAVE COME TO YOU TO GIVE YOU OF THEIR WISDOM.

They were not truly wise, nor was what they gave you authentic wisdom; they only went on transferring borrowed knowledge from one generation to another generation. Neither was it their experience, nor the experience of those who had given it to them.

I CAME TO TAKE OF YOUR WISDOM.

That's why a true master is going to be condemned by the whole world, for the simple reason that he does not give anything to you -- on the contrary, he goes on taking things away from you. He leaves you utterly naked, in a state of innocence like a child. Only from there your real growth starts. Only from there is the true beginning.

AND BEHOLD I HAVE FOUND THAT WHICH IS GREATER THAN WISDOM.

What is greater than wisdom? Innocence is greater than wisdom, because wisdom is only a collection of empty words.

Innocence is a transformation of your whole being, as if you are cleaned of all dust -- you have just taken a shower. The freshness of innocence, the youthfulness of innocence, slowly slowly deepens and makes you aware of your immortality. That's why he said:

AND BEHOLD I HAVE FOUND THAT WHICH IS GREATER THAN WISDOM.

Wisdom will not do. It is good for scholars and the priests and the preachers and the popes and the *shankaracharyas* and the *imams* -- but it is not enough for a true seeker. The true seeker wants not to know the truth, he wants to *become* it. He does not want to see God, he wants to feel God in his own being.

God as an object is for those who are collecting knowledge, wisdom, scripture. God as your own subjectivity, as your own being, is greater than wisdom... when the seeker himself is the sought, when the observer himself is the observed, when you and God are not two, divided by knowledge, when you are not separate from God but in your every breath is the fragrance of godliness and in every beat of your heart is the music of the ultimate.

Wisdom is for those who want to become respectable cheaply. The true seeker is not after respectability, not after Nobel prizes, not after any reward -- here or hereafter. The true seeker wants not to know, but to *be*. And the difference is immense.

To know love is one thing.

To be love is totally different.

And the difference is unbridgeable.

You can know love by going into a big library and finding everything that has been said about love. And you can collect all the great statements about love -- still you have not known love, still your heart is empty of love. Your head is full with words about love -- but your heart is not satisfied by knowing about love. Your heart wants to become love. Without becoming love, what is the use of knowing about it?

IT IS A FLAME, A SPIRIT IN YOU, EVER GATHERING MORE OF ITSELF.

Wisdom is not something that you gather from scriptures and holy books. It is a flame, it is a spirit, it is your very being which goes on gathering up more and more of itself. You go on becoming not more and more knowledgeable, but more and more rooted in the earth, centered in your being. Out of this grows the ultimate flower called enlightenment. Enlightenment is not knowledge, it is being.

WHILE YOU, HEEDLESS OF ITS EXPANSION, BEWAIL THE WITHERING OF YOUR DAYS,
IT IS LIFE IN QUEST OF LIFE IN BODIES THAT FEAR THE GRAVE.

What is the seeker doing? It is life in quest of more life, it is dance that wants to become more perfect, it is silence that wants to become deeper.

In the depth of silence there is a soundless song, the song celestial; there is a music without any instruments -- a music that is just part of your being. It is not something added from the outside, it is something that grows from inside.

Every being is pregnant with God. Just as the child grows in the mother's womb, God grows within your being. Clean yourself of all rubbish that you have gathered so that your God can have enough space to grow. It needs all the space that is available in existence... less than that will not do.

THERE ARE NO GRAVES HERE.

Remember... don't be afraid of death because there are no graves here.

THESE MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS ARE A CRADLE AND A STEPPING STONE.
WHENEVER YOU PASS BY THE FIELD WHERE YOU HAVE LAID YOUR ANCESTORS LOOK WELL
THEREUPON, AND YOU SHALL SEE YOURSELVES AND YOUR CHILDREN DANCING HAND IN HAND.

If you enter into yourself, you will be surprised -- entering into yourself you have entered into the immortality of life. You will find your ancestors, your forefathers, and you will also find your children's children, hand in hand, dancing within you. Life is spread on both sides -- the past and the future -- and the present moment in you contains both.

If you can be just here and now, without any thought, any disturbance, totally centered, in that very centering you will find that you are only a link between an eternal life. The chain goes backwards, containing all your forefathers from the very beginning, and it goes forwards, containing those children who have not yet been born -- but their seeds are there.

To know the present is to know the past and it is to know the future. And then you will be able to say: THERE ARE NO GRAVES HERE.... There is only life eternal. Graves exist because of our ignorance, because we have never entered into our own life. We have remained always outside of our own life -- that's why the graves exist; otherwise there will be no graves.

I started telling my people that when some sannyasin leaves the body there is no need to be sad and sorry, rather dance and celebrate. Celebrate even the death, because death is false; celebrate that one friend has passed into the future, into a new body. But nobody dies, nobody has ever died. That's the meaning... when Jesus was asked, "Will you say something about Abraham, the oldest, the most ancient father of humanity?" And Jesus said, "Before Abraham was, I was."

He is not saying anything about Abraham; he is saying, "Even before Abraham" -- and Abraham was almost two thousand years before Jesus -- he says, "Even before Abraham was, I was."

The same can be said... even before my children's children and their children will be, I will be. I am spread all over existence. Where can there be graves? There are no graves.

VERILY YOU OFTEN MAKE MERRY WITHOUT KNOWING....
WHENEVER YOU PASS BY THE FIELD WHERE YOU HAVE LAID YOUR ANCESTORS LOOK WELL

Because it is such a profound truth, the eternity of your life, whether you know it or not, once in a while it explodes -- in your joy, in your dance, in your music. You don't know what it is which takes a grip of you, of which you become possessed: it is the life eternal within you.

The painter does not know -- I am talking about the authentic painter, not the technician -- the painter does not know who is painting through his hands, neither the poet knows who is writing through his hand.

When Coleridge died, he left nearabout forty thousand poems incomplete. His whole life his friends were saying, "These poems are so beautiful, why don't you complete them? And it is not much work! Some poem is missing only one line or two lines or three lines, it is almost complete. Just compose one line more, and it will be part of the eternal literature of humanity."

But Coleridge always said, "I have never written anything. Whenever I am possessed, something pours from me. Sometimes the poem is complete; sometimes, before the poem is complete the possession has disappeared. Coleridge is there. I have tried; I can deceive the whole world, but I cannot deceive myself. Just to compose one line more and make the poem complete... nobody is going to find out unless a man reads who has the same poetic experience as me; only he will find that all these lines have come from the beyond, but one line -- the last line -- is written by somebody else. And I don't want to deceive myself, or the future humanity."

It happened... when one of the greatest Indian poets of this century, Rabindranath Tagore, translated his poems into English -- for which he was awarded the Nobel prize -- he was a little hesitant, because everything else is easy to translate, but poetry is very difficult to translate.

Every language has its own nuance, every language has its own different taste, its own different song -- no other language can catch up with it. It may be possible to translate prose from one language to another language almost exactly, but poetry is a different matter; so he was a little shy, He was well educated in England, so it was not that English was a strange language to him -- it was almost his second mother-tongue. But still the mother-tongue is mother-tongue; there is no way to substitute it.

He went to England; he had friends who were great poets. Before publishing those poems, he wanted first to read them to a small gathering of poets. Yeats, one of the great English poets, called a meeting of all the poets of London in his own home -- he was already a Nobel prizewinning poet -- and Rabindranath read his poems.

Everybody was surprised and was shocked too, that if these poems had not been translated, the world would have never known about them -- and they have a totally different dimension, which no other English poet has ever touched. But Yeats was silent. He was the greatest poet in that meeting.
Rabindranath said, "You have not said anything about it."

Yeats said, "The poems are great, but at four places... four words only are not yours. Somebody else has helped you."

Rabindranath could not believe his ears, because it was true. Out of his hesitation he had shown to a great Christian missionary, C. F. Andrews -- before he left for England -- he had shown his poems, and asked, "Do you see any grammatical, linguistic mistakes in them?"

C. F. Andrews was a great scholar, but he was not a poet. He had looked through the poems, and only at four places he said, "These words are grammatically wrong. Everything is absolutely correct as far as grammar and language are concerned, but these four words have to be changed."

He suggested four other words of the same meaning, and Rabindranath simply changed those four words. It became more grammatical, more correct as far as language is concerned -- but he could not deceive Yeats and his poetic sensibility. He pointed to exactly those four words in the whole book of poems and he said, "These words are perfectly right as far as grammar is concerned, but whoever suggested them is not a poet."

Rabindranath said, "You surprise me! These words were suggested to me by a great scholar, known worldwide, C. F. Andrews."

Yeats said, "It does not matter who suggested them; he knows language, he knows grammar, but he does not know anything of poetry. You please just write your own words that you had put originally."

He placed his own words, and Yeats said, "Now it is perfect -- not grammatically, but poetry is not grammar. A prose composition has to be grammatical; poetry soars higher than grammar, higher than language. Now it is perfectly right. These are the words of a poet."

It is without knowing... when you are dancing you may get possessed -- not possessed by something from outside, but by something from inside which was asleep, and in your dance became awake. And you will be surprised, wondering from where is this dance coming, from where is this song coming? From where this silence and this joy...? Uncaused, it is simply overflowing in you.

This overflow happens to everybody once in a while -- but without your knowing; otherwise these rare moments can be of tremendous importance. They can become a transformation of your whole life.

If you know from where the spring has suddenly exploded, from where this fragrance has come like a cloud surrounding you, if you go to its roots, its source, you will find not only your life but life as such. Remember, those who have found life have found life as such -- not yours, not mine. They have found simply the pure life that moves from form to form, life to life, plane to plane.

OTHERS HAVE COME TO YOU TO WHOM FOR GOLDEN PROMISES MADE UNTO YOUR FAITH YOU HAVE GIVEN BUT RICHES AND POWER AND GLORY.
LESS THAN A PROMISE HAVE I GIVEN, AND YET MORE GENEROUS HAVE YOU BEEN TO ME.

There have been others who have come with golden promises, and you have given your great riches, power and glory to them. *Less than a promise have I given to you, yet more generous have you been to me.*

What does Kahlil Gibran mean by saying that people have been more generous to him? He means, "You have given me a deeper thirst for life. Being amongst you, I have become more and more a seeker, a searcher. You may not be aware that you have given me this search, this seeking, but looking at you asleep, a desire to wake up has arisen in me. Looking at your anger, a desire has arisen in me -- is there some place where one transcends anger or transforms anger into compassion? Looking at you and living with you, I have seen that people are simply vegetating -- not living. Each of you has reminded me that I have not to waste my life like you; I have to find the source of life before death knocks at my doors."

Do you see the beauty of the man? Nobody has given anything to him, but he is still saying:

Less than a promise I have given... I have not given anything to you...*yet more generous have you been to me.*

"You have not given me your treasures, power, glory, but...*you have given me my deeper thirsting after life*. The more I have watched you, the more I have become aware that there is not much time to lose; I have to go after a great search, and stake everything that I have to find the truth of life. I don't want to die like everybody else; I want to die just to find a better life, a deeper life. You have given this to me -- although you are not aware of it."

It happened... when I came back from the university, completing my education, my whole family was worried about only one thing -- that I should get married. My father was very cautious, because he knew me, and once I have said "No," then there is no way to change it into "Yes." First he tried to find out from others, so my uncles asked me, his friends asked me.

I said, "I can see it is not your question, because you have never been interested in my life. Why should you suddenly be interested in my getting married? -- you don't have a daughter; so I can very easily infer somebody else's hand behind it."

They said, "This is great; now we understand why your father is afraid to ask directly."
I said, "Tell my father that I will not give my answer to his agents."
They said, "You are condemning us as agents?"
I said, "You are agents."

Then my father approached his best friend, who was a Supreme Court advocate, a very well-known arguer, logician, law expert.
My father said, "Perhaps you can convince him about marriage."

He said, "Don't be worried; I have never lost a single case in my life. I am a born winner. Whenever I take a case in my hands, you can remain certain that victory is ours... so I will take the case in my hands. You don't be worried, I am coming to your home this coming Sunday."

My father told me that his friend wanted to see me. I said, "I would love to see him. I know why he wants to see me, but tell him that this is not going to be an ordinary case in the Supreme Court. Inform him to come very ready -- he should do all his homework."
My father said, "What homework?"
I said, "You simply tell him!"

So he phoned him and said, "He is saying first do your homework, and when you are ready, he is willing to give you time. If you want the next Sunday, there is no hurry."

He was furious; he said, "What homework? I am coming today. I cannot wait even for Sunday; this is a challenge!" So he came.

I was standing outside. I received him and I touched his feet, because he was my father's very intimate friend. I took him inside and I asked him, "What is the matter? Why do you want to see me?"

He said, "There is no matter; it is a simple thing. You have come from the university and you have topped the university. Now we can find the most beautiful girl -- the best educated, from the best family -- for you. Are you ready for marriage or not?"

I said, "Before I say yes or no, I want to ask you a question."

He said, "What question?"

I said, "I want to know, are you happy with your marriage? And be honest, because it is a question of my whole life. I know you and I know your wife, so don't deceive me, because if you say anything that is not right.... I have phoned your wife too."

He said, "What? What have you said to my wife?"

I said, "I have told your wife that your husband is coming to convince me for marriage, and I will get into an argument with him. If I win the argument, he will have to divorce you; if he wins the argument, I am ready to get married... because you have to stake something also."

He said, "My God, now I understand what you mean by homework! I am going home!"

My father said, "What happened?"

He said, "I don't want to get involved with this matter. My life is already a torture, and this boy will create so many problems -- he has already phoned my wife! Now I am trembling; she will be ready at the gate."

I said, "I am coming with you."

He said, "No need!"

I said, "It is a government road, you cannot prevent me. It just happens, that you are going ahead, I am going behind -- a coincidence."

He said, "It is a strange difficulty I have taken upon myself; I had never thought that it would become a problem. I had come simply to convince you to get married, and you are ready to argue -- but I have to put something stake. I cannot divorce my wife! I have children, and my wife... I may have won all the cases in the Supreme Court, but as far as my wife is concerned, she is always the winner. You just leave me alone; I will never mention marriage."

I told my father, "Listen to him. He is saying that he will never mention even the word marriage. That's why I was saying, `I can give you time. Have yourself completely prepared; consult all your law-books, consult your wife.'"

And I followed him. Many times he stopped, and he said, "I am telling you you go back."

I said, "Nobody can remove me from the road -- it is a public place. You stop, I stop; you move, I will move."

He said, "You are a strange fellow. I have never thought that you are so dangerous."

I said, "I just want to see the scene -- what happens -- just to teach you a lesson. You yourself are tortured by your marriage, and a thousand and one times you must have thought, `It would have been better if I had not married.' Tell me the truth, then I can go back; otherwise you will have to confess before your wife. It is better just on the road; we are alone."

He said, "This is something; I had come to convince you, and you are making a mockery of me and my life."

I said, "You wanted to destroy *my* life, knowing perfectly well that your marriage has destroyed your life; it has become a prison to you. If you had really been compassionate and kind, you would have suggested to me, `Never get married.'"

He said, "I was not even aware that I was doing something wrong, but now I understand; just forgive me and go back. It is true -- never get married!"

I said, "You have to tell it to my father too; otherwise I am coming! I will not only see the scene, I will support your wife -- and I know perfectly well that she has beaten you many times."

He said, "You know too much about my life."

I said, "I am in great intimacy with your wife. She loves me. She tells me everything that happens in the house -- that today she has beaten you and you have gone to the court to beat somebody else. In fact,

listening to her I have become aware of the truth of the proverb, `Every great man has a women behind him.' I know why he becomes great -- because the woman is behind him, beating him, the poor fellow has to beat somebody else! Naturally he becomes great; continually being beaten, he becomes famous."

He said, "I am coming with you; I will tell your father, `Don't mention marriage. He is never going to be married, because he has seen too much.'"

I have seen so many people -- my relatives, my uncles, my friend's fathers, my professors, but I have never found a single person who was happy in marriage. And I am grateful to all those people because they saved me from marriage; otherwise I may have fallen into the same well. Since then my whole work has been to pull as many people as possible out from the well, and once they are out of the well they are so happy.

Just today Anando was showing me a press-cutting. Some newspaper has done a survey of how many people are against me, and how many people are for me: sixty percent of men are against, forty percent are in favor; ninety percent of women are against, ten percent are in favor.

Anando said, "Why this difference?"

I said, "It is natural. I am wondering about the ten percent of women who are in my favor! The ninety percent who are against me is a very simple fact: they are worried about their husbands. If I am here, sooner or later their husband can be caught into my net, and once somebody is caught into my net, I pull him out of the well. Their women try hard to pull them back.... Secondly, the women are more against me because I have so many beautiful women with me; they must be feeling very jealous, and they must be feeling afraid that their husbands may become interested in some other women -- because Poona is famous for beautiful women. And the forty percent of men who are in my favor must be tortured by their women, and they are waiting for me to help them get out of the well."

Marriage is one of the great prisons created by the past. By the end of this century, all advanced countries are going to drop the very institution, because in Germany and other Western countries population is decreasing. It is just the opposite of the East, where population is expanding with such a rate that has never happened before. By the end of this century, India will be ahead of all nations. China has been traditionally ahead of all nations, but by the end of this century China is going to be defeated by India -- India is producing at a greater rate.

Germany is worried, because every month its population is decreasing by over five thousand. People are living longer. The average age of men is seventy-four and of women seventy-nine -- that is average; many people have gone beyond a hundred. So older people are increasing, but new children are not coming. Who is going to work? Who is going to be educated? Who is going to be enrolled for the army? And a greater fear -- that the East is increasing with such vastness that soon its population will start moving into other countries. No barrier will be able to prevent it.

In Germany, at least two thousand immigrants are entering every day. And the fear is that soon Germans will be the minority, and the immigrants will be the majority; they will have the government in their hands. All kinds of propaganda is being done to produce more children, all kinds of incentives, but nothing is working. And the reason is, unless they dissolve marriage there is not going to be any increase in population, because married people get bored; they are no longer interested in each other. And they have better things to do than to produce children.

It is the poor people who produce children, because that is their only entertainment. They can't go to see a movie because it costs money; they can't go to purchase a television set -- it costs money. Sex is the only free entertainment. But in richer countries there are many things; many drugs are available which give you more than any sexual relationship can give you. Although those drugs are banned, it does not matter -- underground, everything is available everywhere. Sex is the oldest drug, a biological drug. But people have found better drugs than sex -- why should they fall backwards?

These countries must understand a simple phenomenon: Dissolve marriage, and let men and women move freely. Children should belong to the state; the state should take care of them. And then, when a new woman meets a new man, naturally they would like to make love, they would like to have a child... if the state is going to take care of the child.

So two things: The family has to disappear, marriage has to disappear; and children have to be taken care of by the state. People have to be free, not imprisoned; otherwise Western societies are in danger of disappearing. Soon floods of people... and you cannot prevent it when it becomes floods of people. When one person wants to go to Germany you can prevent him, because he wants the visa and this and that. But when thousands of people move from one country to another country, who is going to prevent them? And

how are you going to prevent them?

By the end of this century, this country will have almost one billion and eighty million people. Right now it has only nine hundred million people. It will have doubled the amount just within these few years. This century has not many years left, it is eighty-seven -- only seventeen years and India will have doubled its population. That population India cannot contain; even this population is difficult.

And it is a natural phenomenon -- when population becomes too much, it is going to move into countries where population is small. No visa can prevent, no passport can prevent -- no question of all these nonsense things -- no boundaries can prevent. It is a question of life and death. And when such situations arise, then naturally you have to understand that many things will have to be changed; otherwise you have to suffer the consequences.

But people go on living unconsciously.

In America, drugs were being used in the colleges, in the universities, but now they have moved to the primary schools; small kids -- eight years old, ten years old -- are using drugs. Just today I could not believe that twelve-year-old boys committed thousands of murders last year, thousands of rapes, made thousands of efforts to assassinate -- although they did not succeed -- but thousands they killed. Thirteen-year-olds have done more harm; fourteen-year-olds are at the top in murders, in damaging people's lives, in rape. And all these great leaders -- Ronald Reagan and company -- what they are doing for these children? And how is it happening? They are simply sitting, not knowing what to do.

The situation seems to be quite out of hand, but it can be solved so easily. The question is of awareness, of knowing. These sleepy people themselves don't know what they are doing. If you go on creating nuclear weapons to destroy the whole humanity, what is wrong if your children start killing people? It is the same -- only they are doing it on a small scale; you are going to do it wholesale, on a large scale -- destroying the whole of humanity. But nobody even seems to think about why these children are doing it.

The reason is that people are afraid to say the truth; they know what happens when you say the truth. I know by my own experience! You say the truth to help people, and the same people become your enemies -- such is their deep sleep, such is their ignorance.

All that is needed is mixed hostels of boys and girls, and rape will disappear. If you allow the boys and girls to make love... and there is no harm, because only after a certain age a girl can become pregnant, and before that there is no problem. Let them play, let them enjoy -- they will not rape. And nowadays after the age when the girl can become pregnant, pills are available. Every school should supply the pills; the teacher should explain how to use the pill.

In the past there was a pill which you had to take before making love, so once in a while you may be in a situation that you have not taken the pill but your boyfriend has come, your girlfriend has come. People are so sleepy; they think that it is not going to happen to them, and once in a while it does no harm to make love without the pill; so there have been thousands of accidents all around the world. Now they have come up with a new pill which you can take *after* making love -- that is safer. And they have also come with a pill that the man can take -- no need for the woman to take it; if one of the two takes the pill, there is no possibility of pregnancy....

Rapes will disappear. And you will be surprised that, with rape disappearing, these people -- who are murdering people using knives and who are crippling people -- will also disappear. It is one of the oldest findings of Sigmund Freud that the people who use weapons for killing people really don't know it, but they want to enter the body of a woman. Unaware, they try to enter the body with a weapon. But to say any truth which can redeem humanity is to create all kinds of antagonism against yourself.

My whole life I have been doing only one work -- how to influence people and create enemies! I think by the end I will have the whole world queued against me. And whatever I am saying, they are going to do -- but then it will be too late.

I was the first -- in the commune in America -- who talked about the disease AIDS; I warned the commune, told the whole commune of five thousand sannyasins, to go through the test... it is simply your compassion that you should not spread such a disease to those whom you love. All the news media made a mockery of it -- televisions, newspapers, radios, all laughed about it, saying that I was creating an unnecessary fear. Now the same measures are being taken by all the nations all over the world, and nobody even remembers that I was the first to take those measures, and that they had laughed about them. And the same is going to be the situation about other matters.

I started speaking in 1951, when India had only four hundred million people, and I was stoned, because I told people to use birth control. At Amritsar my train was prevented for two hours... and a crowd of people

on the station platform would not allow me to get down there, because I was going to talk about birth control. If they had listened to me, India would not have produced five hundred million people in these thirty years. From four hundred million it has gone to nine hundred million. In the coming seventeen years, it is going to double again; but to talk about birth control is irreligious.

I don't understand that we are living in twentieth century... we are still crawling, darkness in darkness, far back in a very primitive stage where we are groping for light. And if somebody shows us light, naturally -- we have lived in darkness so long -- our eyes cannot tolerate the dazzling light. They become closed. They go back again into darkness.

YOU HAVE GIVEN ME MY DEEPER THIRSTING AFTER LIFE....

But those people are not aware when and where they have given it. Just watching them, Almustafa has learned that he is living in a crowd of dead people, and before he himself also becomes dead it is better to find the source of life.

SURELY THERE IS NO GREATER GIFT TO A MAN THAN THAT WHICH TURNS ALL HIS AIMS INTO PARCHING LIPS AND ALL LIFE INTO A FOUNTAIN.
AND IN THIS LIES MY HONOUR AND MY REWARD....

Nobody has given him anything; but if a man is intelligent, without your knowing he will learn much from your sleep, from your behavior out of unconsciousness, and he will try to live a different style of life. Naturally such a man will say: *and in this lies my honour and my reward*.... You have given me much -- much more than you have given to those who have been promising you golden rewards in the afterlife. I have not given you any promise. And in this:

THAT WHENEVER I COME TO THE FOUNTAIN TO DRINK I FIND THE LIVING WATER ITSELF THIRSTY;
AND IT DRINKS ME WHILE I DRINK IT.

It is a very metaphoric, very symbolic, statement. He is saying, "Whenever I come to the thirsty water, it is not only that I drink it, it is not only *my* need, it is also the need of the thirsty water. As I drink it, it drinks me." It is always a give and take. It is never a one-sided phenomenon.

SOME OF YOU HAVE DEEMED ME PROUD AND OVERSHY TO RECEIVE GIFTS.
TOO PROUD INDEED AM I TO RECEIVE WAGES, BUT NOT GIFTS.

Almustafa says, "Certainly I am proud, and I will not receive any wages, but that does not mean that I will not receive a gift -- a gift is out of love. I will not receive wages because I am not your servant or your slave. If you give out of your abundance, out of your love, as a friend, I am always available."

AND THOUGH I HAVE EATEN BERRIES AMONG THE HILLS WHEN YOU WOULD HAVE HAD ME SIT AT YOUR BOARD,
AND SLEPT IN THE PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE WHEN YOU WOULD GLADLY HAVE SHELTERED ME,
YET IT WAS NOT YOUR LOVING MINDFULNESS OF MY DAYS AND MY NIGHTS THAT MADE FOOD SWEET TO MY MOUTH AND GIRDLED MY SLEEP WITH VISIONS?

"I have not accepted your invitations to sleep in your houses and I have not accepted your invitations to eat at your boards because I want to be an individual, and I don't want to feel any obligation -- because all obligations turn into chains; all obligations finally become expectations. But your invitation has made my sleep sweeter, my days beautiful, my sleep full of visions and dreams."

FOR THIS I BLESS YOU MOST:

YOU GIVE MUCH AND KNOW NOT THAT YOU GIVE AT ALL.

The best gift is that which is given without any idea that you are giving it. The moment the idea of giving comes into it, the gift turns sour.

FOR THIS I BLESS YOU MOST:
YOU GIVE MUCH AND KNOW NOT THAT YOU GIVE AT ALL.
VERILY THE KINDNESS THAT GAZES UPON ITSELF IN A MIRROR TURNS TO STONE,
AND A GOOD DEED THAT CALLS ITSELF BY TENDER NAMES BECOMES THE PARENT TO A CURSE.

Whenever you do something good, do it out of love -- not out of duty.

I used to go to many clubs to speak. In one Rotary Club they had a motto, which was placed just in front of me, `We serve.' I had not gone to speak to them about service, but I said, "Now I have forgotten what I had come for. I am going to speak about this motto that is in front of me in golden letters, `We serve.' If you are aware of your service, it is not service; it is a very cunning way of enslaving the other person. To me, duty is a four-letter, ugly word -- obscene."

Never do anything out of the idea of duty, because it means you are forcing yourself, it means you are fulfilling a certain demand from the other side, it means you are following a certain discipline taught by the society to you.

Only act out of love.

Then only your act is beautiful and is a blessing.

VERILY THE KINDNESS THAT GAZES UPON ITSELF IN A MIRROR TURNS TO STONE.

You should do things not to be rewarded, not to be remembered, not to have people be grateful to you. You should do because you enjoy doing -- and your reward is complete, beyond your action you are not expecting anything... otherwise even the best act becomes ugly. The most beautiful face, if it goes on constantly gazing into the mirror, becomes stone.

Whenever I see women carrying their bags with their mirrors in them I feel so sorry, because this is possible only for an ugly woman. A woman who is really beautiful does not need, at every stop of the bus, to open her bag and look at her face as if she has forgotten who she is.

Mulla Nasruddin was trying for half an hour to catch two flies which were disturbing him in the room. Finally he got hold of both of them, and he told his wife, "I caught both of them; one is male, the other is female."

The wife said, "Flies -- and you have found their sex too?"

He said, "It was very simple -- the female fly was sitting on the mirror for two hours continuously, and the male fly was reading the newspaper. It is just pure logic to infer who is male and who is female." Both remain glued -- one with the mirror, one with the newspaper.

It is not bad to look into a mirror, but to carry a mirror and after just ten, twelve minutes open the bag and look at the mirror -- that shows some fear that you are not beautiful. Beauty is beauty, even in its utter nudity.

Why are people so much against nudity? They may talk about great reasons -- spiritual, moral etcetera -- but the real fact is, most of the people are so ugly in their nudeness that they cannot stand nude, and if somebody is standing in nudeness it is a challenge. Your clothes are not made just to protect your body from seasons, they are also made in such a way that your body goes on looking beautiful. Any society that becomes really beautiful starts having less and less clothes -- there is no need to hide. One hides only the ugly part.

It is a strange psychology of man that he becomes interested only in the parts which you are hiding. If you see a Mohammedan woman with her veil on her face then everybody stops working, everybody wants to have some glimpse of what kind of woman is going by. She may be ugly, but the veil creates the illusion in the minds of people... who knows what she is hiding behind it?

Whenever a Mohammedan is married, the first question the wife asks to her husband is, before whom in the family she can remove her veil. She cannot remove her veil with all members of the family, only with

the few people that her husband tells her.
When Mulla Nasruddin got married, the same question was asked by the woman.

He said, "First let me see your face, then only I can decide before whom you should open your veil and before whom you should not. How can I say anything without seeing your face?"

So she turned up her veil, and he said, "Close it. Close it! Except me, you can open it before anybody! Just forgive me; take revenge with the whole world, but I am just your poor husband. You are completely free, with only one exception -- and that is me."

One should not be too much aware of his good deeds; otherwise that very awareness kills them. The story is told about a famous Sufi mystic of Egypt, Junnun. God became so much interested in Junnun -- that's how the story goes -- that he came to see him and asked Junnun, "You can ask for any power and I promise that you will have it."

Junnun said, "I want only one thing: Wherever I walk, if trees are without leaves they should immediately have green leaves and flowers; if the well is dry it should immediately have a fullness of water; if people are poor, they should become rich" -- those kinds of things he said -- "but with one condition: all this should happen behind me, not in front of my eyes. When I have passed, all these miracles should happen behind me so that I never know what I am doing, so nobody else knows who has blessed them. I want to remain anonymous.

"If you can manage that, then give me the power to do goodness; but I should not become aware that it is happening, and nobody should become aware that I am the cause of it. I must be always behind my back."

I have loved the story. It is just a story, but it carries the same meaning as what Almustafa is saying.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #22
Chapter title: A peak unto yourself

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BELOVED OSHO,
AND SOME OF YOU HAVE CALLED ME ALOOF, AND DRUNK WITH MY OWN ALONENESS,
AND YOU HAVE SAID, "HE HOLDS COUNCIL WITH THE TREES OF THE FOREST, BUT NOT WITH MEN."
"HE SITS ALONE ON HILLTOPS AND LOOKS DOWN UPON OUR CITY."
TRUE IT IS THAT I HAVE CLIMBED THE HILLS AND WALKED IN REMOTE PLACES.
HOW COULD I HAVE SEEN YOU SAVE FROM A GREAT HEIGHT OR A GREAT DISTANCE?
HOW CAN ONE BE INDEED NEAR UNLESS HE BE FAR?
AND OTHERS AMONG YOU CALLED UNTO ME, NOT IN WORDS, AND THEY SAID:
"STRANGER, STRANGER, LOVER OF UNREACHABLE HEIGHTS, WHY DWELL YOU AMONG THE SUMMITS WHERE EAGLES BUILD THEIR NESTS?
"WHY SEEK YOU THE UNATTAINABLE?
"WHAT STORMS WOULD YOU TRAP IN YOUR NET,
"AND WHAT VAPOROUS BIRDS DO YOU HUNT IN THE SKY?

"COME AND BE ONE OF US.
"DESCEND AND APPEASE YOUR HUNGER WITH OUR BREAD AND QUENCH YOUR THIRST WITH OUR WINE."
IN THE SOLITUDE OF THEIR SOULS THEY SAID THESE THINGS:
BUT WERE THEIR SOLITUDE DEEPER THEY WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT I SOUGHT BUT THE SECRET OF YOUR JOY AND YOUR PAIN,
AND I HUNTED ONLY YOUR LARGER SELVES THAT WALK THE SKY.
BUT THE HUNTER WAS ALSO THE HUNTED;
FOR MANY OF MY ARROWS LEFT MY BOW ONLY TO SEEK MY OWN BREAST.
AND THE FLIER WAS ALSO THE CREEPER;
FOR WHEN MY WINGS WERE SPREAD IN THE SUN THEIR SHADOW UPON THE EARTH WAS A TURTLE.
AND I THE BELIEVER WAS ALSO THE DOUBTER;
FOR OFTEN HAVE I PUT MY FINGER IN MY OWN WOUND THAT I MIGHT HAVE THE GREATER BELIEF IN YOU AND THE GREATER KNOWLEDGE OF YOU.
AND IT IS WITH THIS BELIEF AND THIS KNOWLEDGE THAT I SAY,
YOU ARE NOT ENCLOSED WITHIN YOUR BODIES, NOR CONFINED TO HOUSES OR FIELDS.
THAT WHICH IS YOU DWELLS ABOVE THE MOUNTAINS AND ROVES WITH THE WIND.
IT IS NOT A THING THAT CRAWLS INTO THE SUN FOR WARMTH OR DIGS HOLES INTO DARKNESS FOR SAFETY,
BUT A THING FREE, A SPIRIT THAT ENVELOPS THE EARTH AND MOVES IN THE ETHER.
IF THESE BE VAGUE WORDS, THEN SEEK NOT TO CLEAR THEM.
VAGUE AND NEBULOUS IS THE BEGINNING OF ALL THINGS, BUT NOT THEIR END,
AND I FAIN WOULD HAVE YOU REMEMBER ME AS A BEGINNING.
LIFE, AND ALL THAT LIVES, IS CONCEIVED IN THE MIST AND NOT IN THE CRYSTAL.
AND WHO KNOWS BUT A CRYSTAL IS MIST IN DECAY?
AND SOME OF YOU HAVE CALLED ME ALOOF AND DRUNK WITH MY OWN ALONENESS,
AND YOU HAVE SAID, "HE HOLDS COUNCIL WITH THE TREES OF THE FOREST, BUT NOT WITH MEN."

This is the way all the mystics have been misunderstood by the people who are fast asleep -- people who do not know themselves, but are very eager to judge others. Every mystic is bound to be condemned by the masses as alone and drunk with his own aloneness.

To be alone and to be drunk with your own aloneness is what meditation is all about.
Be in the world, but don't be of it.
Be with people, but don't let them become part of you.

When Junnaid, a Sufi mystic, went to see his master for the first time, his family was on the one hand crying, and on the other hand feeling proud that one of their sons was going in search of truth.

The whole town had gathered to say goodbye to him and to give him all their blessings. They were sad also that he was going, and perhaps he may not return again, so their joy and their sorrow were a mixed phenomenon. They had tears in their eyes, but those tears were not of misery. There was sadness, but there was joy also.

It is very rare that someone goes in search of truth, devotes his whole life to it. Junnaid was naturally thought to be their pride, to be their glory. When he reached the forest, the master looked at him and said, "You can come in, but leave the whole crowd out."

Junnaid looked back, because he was alone, there was no crowd. He looked back. There was nobody. He said to the master, "I have come alone. I have left the crowd far away on the boundary of my village."

The master said, "Don't look behind -- close your eyes and look within. The crowd is there!"

Junnaid closed his eyes and was surprised. All the people he had left behind -- friends, mother, father, brothers, neighbors -- were all present there. Although it was only a memory now, the mind was full of the memory of the crowd that he had left behind. He opened his eyes and asked forgiveness. He said that he is very new on the path and he does not understand its language: "You are right. I am not alone. My head is full of the crowd I have left behind."

The master said, "Then wait outside the gate -- however long it takes. The day you feel the crowd has dispersed from your mind, you can come in. But remember, you cannot deceive me."

Junnaid waited outside almost for one year. It is so difficult to get rid of your thoughts. It is very easy to leave the crowd and go to the forest, but the real problem is not the crowd outside you; the real problem is the crowd within you, which will go with you to the forest. You will not be alone. Your memories will surround you. And as far as mind is concerned, they are as real as the real people outside.

But Junnaid was a man of great patience. He sat outside the door where people leave their shoes and go in to see the master. Having nothing to do, he used to polish the shoes of the people who had left them outside. That became his meditation. He became so concentrated, so deeply involved in cleaning and polishing the shoes... slowly, slowly, the crowd faded away. And that blessed day came when he looked inside and there was no one... but before he could enter the temple, the master was standing behind him.

And he said, "I congratulate you. You were patient enough -- not only patient enough, but you managed to create a device of meditation of your own. Just now I became aware that the crowd is gone -- all the noise is gone. Now I will take you with me inside the temple, with great respect. You have attained aloofness and you have learned the art of being alone.

"Now, even if you go to the marketplace, you will still remain aloof, because once a person has tasted the wine of aloneness he cannot be lost. That taste is so sweet, so transcendental that everything in the world becomes, in comparison to it, almost illusory, a hallucination. But the masses cannot understand it."

Without being aloof, and without being drunk with your own aloneness, there is no beginning -- beginning of the great pilgrimage that will bring you to yourself.

AND YOU HAVE SAID, "HE HOLDS COUNCIL WITH THE TREES OF THE FOREST, BUT NOT WITH MEN."

It has been observed for thousands of years that mystics feel closer to the trees, closer to the mountains, closer to the rivers, even closer to the animals than to man, because man is the only sick animal on the earth. His psychology is beclouded, his mind carries junk, his senses are dull. If you say something, he hears but he does not listen.

In the dictionaries both words mean the same thing -- but not in existence. Hearing is a simple phenomenon -- just because you have ears you hear. Listening is a profound change. When you hear without any thoughts in your mind, in utter silence, then hearing becomes listening; otherwise whatever is said to you, you hear it, but your thoughts get mixed with it. They interpret it according to their own conditioning.

One night it happened... Gautam Buddha had told his disciples that the last thing and the first thing in the morning has to be meditation. Begin the day with meditation. As the sun rises, rise to the heights of meditation, of silence; and as the sun sets, go deep into meditation in your own inner depths where even sunrays cannot reach. This way you will know your heights and your depths. A man who knows his heights and his depths becomes complete.

This was a routine thing, so Buddha did not need to repeat it every day. He simply used to say when he gave his evening sermon and the sun was setting and darkness was descending.... Rather than saying go and meditate, he would say, "Now is the time to do the last thing before you go to sleep... disperse."

One night a thief was in the congregation, and a prostitute. They all heard the same words: "Now the darkness is descending -- go and do the last thing before you go to sleep." All the sannyasins went to meditate, and the prostitute suddenly remembered that this man is certainly a magician, "How has he discovered my profession? -- that the darkness is descending; go now, do the last thing before you go to sleep."

And the thief said, "My God! I was thinking that nobody knows me here, and this man" -- there were almost ten thousand sannyasins, and the thief was hiding in the crowd -- "how has he managed to know about me? It is true, darkness is descending and this is the time of my profession. I should do it first, before I go to sleep."

The next day in the morning Buddha said, "You hear the same words, but you interpret them according to your own mind." This is not listening.

Listening is when your mind does not interpret, does not interfere, when it stands out of the way and lets the words reach directly to the heart; the heart does not know any interpretation. It simply has one capacity and that capacity, is of recognition. If something is true, it recognizes it as true; if something is wrong, it recognizes it as wrong -- without any deliberation, without any thinking.

Just as you open your eyes, if it is light there is no question of deciding; you know, you recognize. If it is dark there is no question of thinking; again you recognize. The heart has an inbuilt capacity to recognize the truth, but the mind comes in between and does not allow things to reach to the heart.

Psychologists say today that whatever you hear is almost eighty percent changed by your mind. It is not a small percentage. And with eighty percent of it changed, the twenty percent remaining is also in a

different context. It has lost its old context; its meaning cannot be the same.

Hence, the mystics feel it is easier to talk to the trees or with the animals or with the birds. Saint Francis, one of the most authentic men Christianity has produced, used to talk to the animals. He would come to the bank of a river and he would call to the fishes, "Listen, I'm here..." and the fishes would jump out of the water to greet him -- this has been observed by thousands of people. He would go to a tree, hold the tree like a friend holds the hand of another friend, and would talk with the tree.

People used to think that he was a little insane -- this is nonsense talking to the trees. But now modern research about trees says that trees are more sensitive than you are. Of course their sensitivity has a different dimension.

If a woodcutter comes with the idea of cutting a certain tree, that tree goes into a nervous breakdown. And now we have developed machines, something like cardiograms, which are attached to the tree. It has baffled the scientists because the man has not said that he is going to cut a certain tree, he has only the idea, but the idea in some mysterious way is transferred to the tree even without him having spoken. The cardiogram graph which was going very smoothly, suddenly becomes disturbed. The tree is freaking out! And if the gardener comes to water the same tree, even before he has reached the tree, the cardiogram becomes even smoother, more symmetrical -- a friend is coming!

It seems that trees are sensitive to your innermost thoughts. There is no need to say anything, they understand; they listen to the subtle vibrations in your mind. Certainly, soon the whole science will be clear... but as I see it, every thought is nothing but a vibration, and you are radiating, broadcasting certain vibrations around you. Because people are dull; their minds are retarded. They have thick skulls; and those vibrations don't reach them.

It happened in Switzerland, after the second world war.... A man had been shot in the head. The bullet was removed, but as they removed the bullet, a strange phenomenon started happening: the man became sensitive to the nearest radio station. Without any radio, he was listening to the music, the morning news, and he had no way to turn it off. He was going crazy. From early morning till late at night, he was continuously listening to the broadcast.

He told his nurses and doctors, and they wouldn't believe him; they thought the man had gone mad. But he said, "Please, just give me a chance to prove it. You can keep a radio somewhere in the hospital, fixed on the nearest radio station, and I will say what is being broadcasted. You can listen on the radio to see whether I am saying the same or not."

The suggestion was perfectly intelligent. The experiment was done, and the doctors were amazed. The bullet had somehow changed the mechanism in his ear. It had become so sensitive that the thought waves.... They are passing just by here, now, from all over the world, from all the radio stations, and it is good that you cannot hear all of them; otherwise you will go insane, so it is a protection. But that man was asking to be helped; otherwise he would go insane.

His ear was operated on, and although he became deaf in one ear, he was happy that the radio station had stopped. But it has given the clue that it is possible not to have to carry your transistor, keeping it close to your ears, moving on the road.... Just a small mechanism may be possible soon which you can fix into your ear. Nobody will know -- just like an earplug -- and it may have certain stations on it. Whatever you want to listen to, you can listen to, and whenever you want to stop, you can take the plug out.

The possibility now exists that any day your ears can be made very sensitive. But that man showed another possibility, that ears are already sensitive. Somehow, just to save your sanity, nature has closed them to subtle vibrations that are passing by. Trees don't have any ears; they feel those vibrations all over their body, each leaf, each branch, the whole trunk, feels it. Don't think that trees are dead; don't think that you can cut them and you are not harming them. Even when you pluck a flower, you are unaware that you have hurt the tree, you have created a wound in it.

If the mystics have been holding counsel with the trees of the forest, there is nothing to be surprised about. The mystics have always been aware that anything that grows is alive, and anything that is alive must have some ways of sensitivity.

You try to befriend a tree -- go every day to talk to the tree, sit by the side of the tree, touch the tree the way you would touch your beloved -- and within a few days you will see a great transformation happening. When you come, even if there is no wind, the tree starts dancing. When you come, the tree releases its fragrance for you. When you touch it, you can feel that there is no longer the same feeling of coldness; it is

warm, it is welcoming you.

In the East, because mystics have been working on every possible mystery for thousands of years.... This was the reason why Mahavira and Buddha both said that unless a fruit falls on its own accord, you don't have any right to take it off the tree. That is violence. When it falls on its own accord, it is a gift. The tree is giving to you out of abundance. Don't cut a tree.

You will be surprised... because of this experience of Mahavira, the followers of Mahavira even today don't cultivate. They stopped cultivation completely, because if you cultivate, you have to cut the trees one day, and that will be great violence. People have laughed about it, and even the Jaina monks have no answers which can convince people. What I am saying is according to my own experience. I have lived with trees, and strangely enough, they have a tremendous sensitivity.

When I used to teach in the university, there was a long row of beautiful trees called gulmohars. It has red flowers, and particularly in summer the flowers are so much that you cannot see the green foliage. It is all red, as if the whole tree is afire.

There was a great row, at least twenty trees on both sides of the road approaching the college. I had chosen one tree, which had the biggest shadow -- which was perhaps the most senior tree -- and I used to park my car there. But I never forgot to touch the tree and to say hello to it, good morning to it. People thought, "That man is crazy saying good morning to the tree, and he never bothers to say good morning to the vice-chancellor."

The vice-chancellor's room was very close to the tree, so he used to stand up whenever he heard my car reaching the tree and he would look and he would giggle to himself, "That man is crazy. I wonder what he is teaching to the students. He is saying hello to the tree, he is saying good morning to the tree, and yet when I pass him in the corridor, I have to say good morning to him; otherwise he simply goes on silently."

But a strange thing happened... out of twenty trees, nineteen trees died from a certain kind of disease. The only tree that survived was my tree. Even the vice-chancellor began to think about it... that when all the trees have died, and they are without leaves and without flowers, dead wood, why does that particular tree continue to blossom, grow, have flowers?

One day he said to me, "I don't believe it, but my wife said to me that it is because that tree has a friend. And just as man cannot live without love, no tree can live without love." He said, "I don't believe it. It is all nonsense, it is just a coincidence. What do you think?"

I said, "I cannot say anything about it. It is a secret between me and the tree."

When I resigned, my car stopped coming to the university, and for the last time I said good-bye to the tree. After one year, I was in the city and I wanted to see the tree... how it was. When I went there, it was dead. And when the principal heard my car, he could not believe that after one year... why have I come? I went directly to my tree. I said hello to it, I said good morning to it, but there was nobody to hear, nobody to listen. I touched the tree and felt no vibration, no warmth.

The vice-chancellor was looking from the window. He came out, stood with me by the side of the tree, and he said, "Just forgive me. I never believed -- still there is suspicion in me -- but the fact is, that when you left, that tree started dying.

We cannot understand how it survived for nine years when the other trees died, and it could not survive even one year. Perhaps I am just a suspicious man, but there is something to it. I had to concede, seeing that tree dying every day... I have remembered you, and if anybody can save that tree, it is you. But you were not in the city." For the whole year I had been going around the country.

I said, "I also feel immensely sad. If I had known that that tree would die, I would not have resigned. Just for the sake of the tree, I would have remained in the university, but I was not thinking that she was going to die."

Mystics have been laughed at. But remember, slowly, slowly science is coming very close to mysticism -- and the last laugh is going to be that of the mystics.

"HE SITS ALONE ON HILL-TOPS AND LOOKS DOWN UPON OUR CITY."
TRUE IT IS THAT I HAVE CLIMBED THE HILLS AND WALKED IN REMOTE PLACES.
HOW COULD I HAVE SEEN YOU SAVE FROM A GREAT HEIGHT OR A GREAT DISTANCE?
HOW CAN ONE BE INDEED NEAR UNLESS HE BE FAR?

"You criticize me," said Almustafa, "because I go on the hilltop far away from the city, and sitting, from

the hilltop I look into the valley and all over the city."

This is strange. If you want to be acquainted with the city, you should be in the city, you should move in its streets, you should meet the people who live there. Almustafa said that the law of nature is different than you think. Unless you are on a height and a great distance away, it is impossible to see the city, to see the people, and to understand the people.

This is the difference between a Sigmund Freud and a Gautam Buddha: Sigmund Freud is trying to understand man by living with man, in the crowd. Gautam Buddha is also trying to understand man, but from a hilltop. A certain distance and height are needed.

Only the higher can understand the lower.

Sigmund Freud was a great intellectual, but had the same problems as he was trying to solve for others. He had the same competitiveness, the same idea of greater-than-you, the same ego, and whenever he found somebody coming very close to him in understanding the human psyche, he dropped him from his school.

Carl Gustav Jung was first expected be the successor of Sigmund Freud, but he became too close. Sometimes he argued with Sigmund Freud, and argued BETTER than Sigmund Freud. That was enough. Sigmund Freud could not tolerate a disciple -- he could be dangerous. After Freud -- Jung was young, Sigmund Freud was getting old -- Jung was to turn the whole movement of psychoanalysis in his own direction, not according to Sigmund Freud.

It is very strange of people that they want to dominate while they are living, and they also want to dominate while they are dead. There is a medical college in England, which was founded by a certain man, very rich, and he presided over all the meetings of the medical college staff. He made a will that "I will continue to preside, even after my death; so my body has to be preserved and kept in the chair of the president." You will be surprised -- it is still there.

It seems insanity knows no limits. The man is dead, has been dead for almost two hundred years, and everything from his body has been removed. To preserve it, other chemicals have been filled in the body, special treatment has been given to his skin. Still he has shrunken. But he is not worried about it; he goes on presiding over the meeting in the president's chair. Nobody can sit there except him, since he is the founder and he has put in all his money.

Sigmund Freud was even afraid of what was going to happen after his death, because Carl Gustav Jung seems to have different ideas, sometimes more important. So Freud expelled him from the movement of psychoanalysis. The man who was going to be the successor was expelled... and he founded another school -- analytical psychology.

Totally different, moving in a very different direction, another man, Alfred Adler, was thought to be a possible candidate to succeed Sigmund Freud. But he also had his own ideas. He did not agree with Sigmund Freud that sex is all. He said that man's basic thing is "will to power," that he can sacrifice sex to attain a more powerful status. And we know it is a fact -- politicians can renounce sex, saints can renounce sex, rich people don't have any time for sex. Instead of sex, he proposed a new psychology based on the "will to power." Sigmund Freud expelled him immediately from the movement, so Adler founded another school.

This cannot happen with a Gautam Buddha, because the lower cannot understand the higher. His height was such a sunlit mountain top, and the distance was so far away that nobody ever even asked him, "Who is going to succeed you?" There were many great intellectual followers, and there were even a few enlightened followers, but the height of Buddha was such that even the enlightened ones could not think to be his successors.

Nobody succeeded Gautam Buddha, nobody succeeded Mahavir. The very question never arose, because nobody reached to the height from where you can see into the very depth of human beings.

He is right when he says:

TRUE IT IS THAT I HAVE CLIMBED THE HILLS AND WALKED IN REMOTE PLACES.
HOW COULD I HAVE SEEN YOU SAVE FROM A GREAT HEIGHT OR A GREAT DISTANCE?
HOW CAN ONE BE INDEED NEAR UNLESS HE BE FAR?

This looks like a contradictory statement, but it is not: you can be near only if you are very far. The distance creates a magnetic pull, so you come close once in a while, and again you go apart.

Your basic reality is far away from the other, but on certain points of love, of friendship, of

disciplehood, you can come very close. It is a flexible phenomenon: going far, coming close, and going far again.

If any relationship wants to remain always fresh, always young, always new, then man has to learn the secret of flexibility. Husband and wife living together for years are bound to get bored -- the same face, the same geography, the same topography. How long can you go on exploring the same woman or the same man? -- unless you are so idiotic that you go on forgetting every day what has happened, unless you don't have any memory mechanism. And sometimes even a very intelligent person may not have his memory mechanism functioning well.

It is well-known about Thomas Alva Edison that he discovered one thousand inventions. He is unparalleled in the whole history of science and nobody has been able to surpass him in inventions. Most of all that you see -- electricity, the camera, the tape recorder, the radio -- they all have signatures of Thomas Alva Edison.

But Edison had no memory; he had tremendous intelligence, but his memory was almost nil. One day he was working on something, so deeply involved.... His wife brought his breakfast and put it just by his side so as not to disturb him, so that whenever his work was finished, he would find the breakfast. Meanwhile a friend came, and saw him absorbed. Thinking not to disturb him... but then he saw the breakfast; so he thought "While he is working, I should take the breakfast."

So he finished the breakfast, and when Edison was finished with his work, he looked at the friend and said, "When did you come?"

The friend said, "I have just come." Edison looked at the empty plates and said, "You came a little late, I have taken my breakfast. Otherwise we could have eaten together."

One day Edison was going to lecture in a different part of the country, at a university. Saying good-bye to his wife, he kissed the maidservant, thinking she was his wife, and waved to the wife. Just in time, his chauffeur interfered and said, "You are missing, you are confusing... you have kissed your maidservant, and you are waving to your wife."

Edison said, "My God! You should have reminded me earlier. I am so absorbed in my work, and I see these two women continuously in the house so many times that I don't remember who is who. It is not the first time."

A flexible relationship where you come close and you move away has not been developed. That is one of the misfortunes of humanity. I would like to contribute to the future a concept of flexible relationship -- not fixed and dead.

Rabindranath, in one of his novels, AAKHARI KAVITA, which means, "the last poem" -- it is not a book of poetry, it is a novel; just the name is "The Last Poem" -- the hero in the novel wants to be married to a highly cultured and educated woman who is very rich and very beautiful. The woman is willing, but with a condition.

The condition -- she has a big lake, just by the side of her palace -- is that: "I will make you another palace on the other side of the lake, miles away; you cannot see from one palace to the other palace. I will give you a boat, but we will live in separate houses, and we will never invite each other -- we will let it always be accidental -- you are boating, I am boating, and suddenly we meet on the lake. You have gone for a morning walk, I have gone for a morning walk, and suddenly we meet under the trees -- but NO invitation. This way our relationship will remain always young, always fresh, always a honeymoon -- a continuous honeymoon."

The man could not understand. He said, "What kind of marriage is this? Unless we live together, this is not marriage."

The woman said, "Then it is up to you. But I cannot live with you, because I know living together is going to kill what is most important between us. And I don't want to kill it. Even if you marry someone else, it does not matter. I will remember you in my dreams, in my memories, and those golden moments that have passed between us, but I will not allow a fixed relationship."

Rabindranath is giving you the idea of a flexible relationship. In fact, not relationship, only a love affair that goes on and on -- and you never go to the registrar's office to get married.

Unless you are far, you cannot be near. If you remain always far, love will die. If you remain always near, love will die. Love can survive only in a continuous flowing relationship -- no bondage, no chains, no imprisonment. I have loved that novel very much. It is not a novel, but perhaps a dream for the future humanity.

AND OTHERS AMONG YOU CALLED UNTO ME, NOT IN
WORDS, AND THEY SAID:
"STRANGER, STRANGER, LOVER OF UNREACHABLE HEIGHTS, WHY DWELL YOU AMONG THE SUMMITS WHERE EAGLES BUILD THEIR NESTS?
"WHY SEEK YOU THE UNATTAINABLE?
"WHAT STORMS WOULD YOU TRAP IN YOUR NET,
"AND WHAT VAPOROUS BIRDS DO YOU HUNT IN THE SKY?
"COME AND BE ONE OF US,
"DESCEND AND APPEASE YOUR HUNGER WITH OUR BREAD AND QUENCH YOUR THIRST WITH OUR WINE."

Almustafa is saying, "I am grateful for your invitations, but I could not follow them because I know something more than you are aware of. I am in your midst, but I am not one amongst you -- because my search is different, because my challenge takes me to the heights which are unattainable."

Keiko's mother was saying to me, "You have so many women here, and I don't want my daughter also to be just one of them."

I said to her, "Everybody here is an individual. Although they are living with others, still everyone is alone -- because the very search is inwards. People have come here to meditate, and in meditation you are alone. You may be sitting with thousands of people, but the moment you close your eyes and enter into your own world, you are alone.

My whole effort is to destroy the crowd in you and make you an individual -- a peak unto yourself.

You can confer with other peaks, you can sit with other peaks, you can share with other peaks, but still your aloneness remains pure and virgin. A man can only be really proud if his aloneness is virgin. Otherwise, he becomes a slave, he becomes a cog in the wheel. And that's my whole fight against the whole world.

All the religions have reduced people into crowds -- Catholics, Protestants, Hindus, Mohammedans -- these are all crowds. My people are not a crowd; each has his own individuality. That's why I don't give you any discipline, I don't give you any ideal, I don't give you any shoulds. I only explain to you how to be aware.

In your awareness, you will find your shoulds, you will find your ideal, you will find your path, you will find your goal and your source -- but that is going to be individual.

The spiritual pilgrimage is a flight from alone to alone.

It is not a crowd phenomenon.

Religion has nothing to do with the crowds; it is basically and definitively individual. But it is difficult to understand.

Keiko's mother was so full of Buddhism; she is an expert in tea ceremony. But I wonder what kind of tea ceremony she must be performing, because she was so angry, even talking to me. I was watching her hands, and she was making her hands into fists, controlling herself, as if she was going to hit me. She was distorting her hands....

And I always watch the hands, because you are not aware of what you are doing with them, but they basically show your innermost being. Your words may be lying, but your hands have not learned yet how to lie. They are more innocent.

She was talking to me, as if she were very cultured, but her hands were showing her barbarous spirit.

IN THE SOLITUDE OF THEIR SOULS THEY SAID THESE THINGS:
BUT WERE THEIR SOLITUDE DEEPER THEY WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT I SOUGHT BUT THE SECRET OF YOUR JOY AND YOUR PAIN.

If you had gone deeper in your own solitude, you would have discovered that I am searching not only my source of life, joy, and pain, but also the source of your life, joy, and pain -- because they are not different things.

At the source, we are one.

Just as in the ocean, all the rivers become one.

And have you watched a very strange phenomenon? For millions of years, thousands of great rivers

have been pouring themselves into the ocean. But they have not been able to take the saltiness out of the ocean; they have not been able to make the water sweet. The ocean is so vast that millions of rivers for millions of years have not changed its saltiness even a bit. It remains the same -- all those rivers disappear into one source.

We are all rivers moving with a different pace, moving in different territories, but always moving towards the ocean -- where you will become one with the whole, where you will suddenly know that the rivers which were separate from you are no longer separate.

AND I HUNTED ONLY YOUR LARGER SELVES THAT WALK THE SKY.

Kahlil Gibran says, "You are asking me `Why do you go on high tops? What are you searching there in your loneliness?'"

And Almustafa said, AND I HUNTED ONLY YOUR LARGER SELVES THAT WALK THE SKY... because those are mine also. Searching myself, I have been searching you too.

BUT THE HUNTER WAS ALSO THE HUNTED....

This is a very significant statement. J. Krishnamurti went on all his life repeating only one statement: The observer is the observed, the knower is the known; they are not two.

As long as you think they are two, you are in darkness and ignorance. The moment you see that the hunter is also the hunted, that there is no duality between the hunter and the hunted, between the knower and the known, between the observer and the observed, between me and you.... The distance is illusory, because in our very source we are one.

FOR MANY OF MY ARROWS LEFT MY BOW ONLY TO SEEK MY OWN BREAST.

"... I was thinking of some faraway target, but I found later on that my arrows left my bow only to seek my own breast. I am wandering far, just to reach to my home, just to reach where I have always been."

So the question of search is basically of awakening. If in the night you sleep and you dream that you are in Rome, and if suddenly somebody wakes you up, are you going to say to him, "Wait! I have to catch a flight from Rome to Poona -- because right now I am in Rome." No, the moment you are awake, Rome disappears. You find you are in your bed, in your room in your house, you have never gone to Rome.

This is our actual situation. We think we have gone somewhere, far away from ourselves. No, absolutely no... you are only dreaming that you have gone far away. The moment you wake up, you suddenly find that you have always been here, and you will always remain here.

Here and now is the only existence.

There is no other existence.

AND THE FLIER WAS ALSO THE CREEPER;
FOR WHEN MY WINGS WERE SPREAD IN THE SUN THEIR SHADOW UPON THE EARTH WAS A TURTLE.

A beautiful metaphor: When my wings were under the sun, far away in the sky, my shadow was just a turtle on the ground. It was my shadow. However distant it may be, it belonged to me.

The problem is that you have become identified with the turtle, the shadow, and you have forgotten "the flier under the sun," which is your reality. The moment you understand that getting identified with your shadow is the only problem....

One early morning, a fox came out of its hole, very hungry, searching for breakfast. The sun was rising and the fox made such a long shadow that she said, "My God! It seems I need at least one elephant, if not two, for my breakfast."

She started searching for elephants, but she was not able to find any. At noontime the sun was just over her head, and she again checked about the shadow. There was no shadow -- the shadow was just underneath

her, even smaller than her. She said, "What happened? Has hunger reduced me to such a small creature? Now if I can get just a rabbit, that will do."

It is a parable from Aesop. Aesop has written only parables, but they carry so much meaning that each parable can become a light for you to find yourself.

With what are you identified?

Drop all identification, and suddenly you will find your reality.

AND I THE BELIEVER WAS ALSO THE DOUBTER....

People ordinarily divide; they say somebody is a believer, and somebody is a doubter. They don't know how you can believe if you don't doubt. What are you going to believe if you don't doubt? And what can you doubt, if you don't believe? They are two sides of the same coin.

Every believer has repressed his doubt by belief, and every doubter has repressed his belief by his doubt. There is no difference. At the most, the difference is that you are standing on your head, and somebody is standing on his feet. But what is the difference?

I have heard that the first prime minister of India, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, used to do a headstand every day in his park, on the lawn. And a donkey that was representing other donkeys was sent with a message. They said, "We are a majority, and the minority is ruling us. Donkeys in India are three times more in number than men -- and most of the men only look like men, but they belong to the donkeys."

The donkeys were very angry. They had a national conference and chose the most articulate donkey who was able to speak for them . This donkey had become articulate because his master was very addicted to newspapers, and from the early morning he was reading newspapers, and the donkey would stand by his side. By and by, the donkey also started looking in the newspaper. Slowly, slowly he learned what was in the newspaper since the master had the habit of not reading silently, but reading aloud. Many people read aloud; unless they hear it, they don't believe their eyes. So the donkey became, by and by, almost a scholar. He was chosen to go to pandit Nehru and tell him, "A minority is ruling the country and we donkeys are in the majority. This is not democracy. We demand our rights!"

There were two policemen at the gate -- the gatekeepers -- but they did not bother about the donkey. If there was some man they would have stopped him, but it was only a donkey... and if he is enjoying a little walk in the garden, let him enjoy. They were tired, almost sleeping -- the whole night standing there -- and they were just waiting for others to take their place.

So the donkey entered and he found Jawaharlal standing on his head. The donkey said to him, "Good morning, Sir." Jawaharlal jumped; he had never heard a donkey speak. He looked all around... who is speaking? The donkey said, "Please forgive me. Don't get angry, I am a speaking donkey."

Jawaharlal said, "The whole day in the parliament -- who do you think I am dealing with? And if speaking people behave like donkeys, what is strange about a donkey speaking? So go on and say what you want."

The donkey said, "We want our basic right that the constitution provides -- but nobody bothers with our majority."

Jawaharlal said, "Who allowed you in? This is not the time for me. First you should take an appointment. You are disturbing my exercise."

The donkey said: "I came in front of the eyes of two gatekeepers, and they did not stop me. Perhaps they thought that a donkey could do no harm. He cannot assassinate the prime minister; he has no firearms. He is just a poor donkey.

"But they had no idea that I am a scholar. And if I am not heard, all the donkeys are going on a strike. We will block all the roads and all the traffic, and then you will understand. And I am not going to take an appointment: you will have to take an appointment to meet me. I am going -- good-bye."

It is said that Nehru was never shocked as much as he was shocked when the donkey started speaking. But what is the difference?

People are able to speak, but if their speech is not arising from a deep well of silence, it is just the same as a donkey's.

Donkeys can be loaded with the Koran, and the Bible, and the Gita, and the Vedas, and the Torah, and they can carry all that load. Do you think that will make a donkey a great scholar? If your head inside is only carrying ideas of others, there is not much difference. The load is in your head and the load on the

donkey is on his back. In fact he is less loaded than you are, because on the back there is a limitation -- but in your head there is no limitation.

Scientists say that a single human brain can contain all the libraries of the world; that much is the capacity of the load that you can carry. The donkey cannot carry all the libraries of the world. so just having a different body, just standing on two feet, does not make any basic and fundamental difference. The only difference comes when your still, small voice from within is heard, and that is heard only when the mind is completely silent, empty.

Right now the mind is full and your heart is empty.

The reverse should be the case.

Your mind should be empty -- a passage -- and your heart should be full. The mind should be just a servant to the heart -- then it is a beautiful mechanism. But it has become the master. Then it is a very ugly situation.

FOR OFTEN HAVE I PUT MY FINGER IN MY OWN WOUND THAT I MIGHT HAVE THE GREATER BELIEF IN YOU AND THE GREATER KNOWLEDGE OF YOU.

He is saying that you go on hiding your wounds -- but you cannot hide your wounds from me. OFTEN, HAVE I PUT MY FINGER IN MY OWN WOUND... to feel how much pain you must be carrying, to know what kind of wound everybody is carrying. But why should there be a wound, rather than a flower? The wound is not your destiny, but blossoming in the spring is your destiny.

AND IT IS WITH THIS BELIEF AND THIS KNOWLEDGE THAT I SAY,
YOU ARE NOT ENCLOSED WITHIN YOUR BODIES, NOR CONFINED TO HOUSES OR FIELDS.
THAT WHICH IS YOU DWELLS ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN AND ROVES WITH THE WIND.

With my experience in going to the mountains, to the forests, I can say with certainty that you are not confined to your bodies. Your real being is vast. It can contain the whole sky within it.

IT IS NOT A THING THAT CRAWLS INTO THE SUN FOR WARMTH OR DIGS HOLES INTO DARKNESS FOR SAFETY,
BUT A THING FREE, A SPIRIT THAT ENVELOPS THE EARTH AND MOVES IN THE ETHER.

You are nothing but essential freedom, and unless you come to realize it, you have wasted your life. In the East, the best word for the ultimate experience is MOKSHA, and MOKSHA means "absolute freedom," freedom from all fetters -- body, mind -- anything that confines you -- thought, prejudice, knowledge -- anything that makes a limitation to you.

Only innocence can be as vast as the sky, because innocence has no limits.

IF THESE BE VAGUE WORDS, THEN SEEK NOT TO CLEAR THEM.

Remember this statement. Because mystics are helpless, they can only speak in vague words. Words are not capable to express their vast experience -- they are too small -- hence they have to use vague words, symbols, metaphors, poetry, parables.

IF THESE BE VAGUE WORDS, THEN SEEK NOT TO CLEAR THEM.... There are thinkers and philosophers who are doing only one work -- they try to make the words of mystics clear, solid. But they destroy... they destroy the mystery. The vagueness of the words has the mystery.

VAGUE AND NEBULOUS IS THE BEGINNING OF ALL THINGS, BUT NOT THEIR END,
AND I FAIN WOULD HAVE YOU REMEMBER ME AS A BEGINNING.

No true mystic, no true wise man, can say, "I am the end." He can only say, "I am the beginning,"

because nobody has ever reached the end.
We live in an infinite, eternal existence.

The end is not possible -- only growth, and more growth. You are always coming closer and closer and closer, but you never reach. But the beginning is beautiful -- just as the early morning is beautiful. And wisdom has no sunset.

AND FAIN I WOULD HAVE YOU REMEMBER ME AS A BEGINNING.
LIFE, AND ALL THAT LIVES, IS CONCEIVED IN THE MIST AND NOT IN THE CRYSTAL.
AND WHO KNOWS BUT A CRYSTAL IS MIST IN DECAY?

Remember your mystery.

That is one of the crimes that science is committing... the whole program of scientific knowledge is to know everything, and to know it clearly -- crystal-clear. In another way it can be said: Science is a demystification of existence. But by demystifying existence, it destroys all beauty, all truth, all that is not material. Science is good for the objective world.

Religion is mystery.
Science is demystifying.

Avoid letting your inner experiences be demystified. Let them remain a mystery, because only as mystery can they breathe, can they expand, can they grow. The moment you demystify them, you kill them.

That's why science has not come to the conclusion yet that there is a soul within you -- because they will believe in the soul only if they can find it by dissecting you, cutting you into fragments, and catching hold of your soul and bringing it out. Then they will say, "Yes, there is a soul."

It is as stupid as taking a roseflower to a scientist. You say, "It is beautiful," and he will say, "I will find out," and he takes all the petals out, cuts them, dissects them, and says, "I don't see any beauty." By his very dissection, he has destroyed the beauty. By the very dissection, he destroys the human soul. Everything that is beautiful, everything that is alive, is beyond science.
Where science ends, religion begins.
Almustafa is right: REMEMBER ME always AS A BEGINNING.
It is true about religion itself.
It is always a beginning.
It is always a sunrise, and there is no sunset.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #23
Chapter title: Doors to the mysterious

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BELOVED OSHO,
THIS WOULD I HAVE YOU REMEMBER IN REMEMBERING ME:
THAT WHICH SEEMS MOST FEEBLE AND BEWILDERED IN YOU IS THE STRONGEST AND MOST DETERMINED.
IS IT NOT YOUR BREATH THAT HAS ERECTED AND HARDENED THE STRUCTURE OF YOUR BONES?
AND IS IT NOT A DREAM WHICH NONE OF YOU REMEMBER HAVING DREAMT, THAT BUILDED YOUR CITY AND FASHIONED ALL THERE IS IN IT?
COULD YOU BUT SEE THE TIDES OF THAT BREATH YOU WOULD CEASE TO SEE ALL ELSE,
AND IF YOU COULD HEAR THE WHISPERING OF THE DREAM YOU WOULD HEAR NO OTHER SOUND.
BUT YOU DO NOT SEE, NOR DO YOU HEAR, AND IT IS WELL.
THE VEIL THAT CLOUDS YOUR EYES SHALL BE LIFTED BY THE HANDS THAT WOVE IT,
AND THE CLAY THAT FILLS YOUR EARS SHALL BE PIERCED BY THOSE FINGERS THAT KNEADED IT.
AND YOU SHALL SEE
AND YOU SHALL HEAR.
YET YOU SHALL NOT DEPLORE HAVING KNOWN BLINDNESS, NOR REGRET HAVING BEEN DEAF.
FOR IN THAT DAY YOU SHALL KNOW THE HIDDEN PURPOSES IN ALL THINGS,
AND YOU SHALL BLESS DARKNESS AS YOU WOULD BLESS LIGHT.
AFTER SAYING THESE THINGS HE LOOKED ABOUT HIM, AND HE SAW THE PILOT OF HIS SHIP STANDING BY THE HELM AND GAZING NOW AT THE FULL SAILS, AND NOW AT THE DISTANCE.
AND HE SAID,
PATIENT, OVERPATIENT, IS THE CAPTAIN OF MY SHIP. THE WIND BLOWS, AND RESTLESS ARE THE SAILS;
EVEN THE RUDDER BEGS DIRECTION;
YET QUIETLY MY CAPTAIN AWAITS MY SILENCE.
AND THESE MY MARINERS, WHO HAVE HEARD THE CHOIR OF THE GREATER SEA, THEY TOO HAVE HEARD ME PATIENTLY.
NOW THEY SHALL WAIT NO LONGER.
I AM READY.
THE STREAM HAS REACHED THE SEA, AND ONCE MORE THE GREAT MOTHER HOLDS HER SON AGAINST HER BREAST.
THIS WOULD I HAVE YOU REMEMBER IN REMEMBERING ME:
THAT WHICH SEEMS MOST FEEBLE AND BEWILDERED IN YOU IS THE STRONGEST AND THE MOST DETERMINED.

Almustafa is giving his last words to the people amongst whom he has dwelt for twelve years. But such is the compassion of the man of wisdom that, although he was ignored, neglected, laughed at -- and sometimes even condemned -- he is still feeling a great love and a great compassion for the same people who have always misbehaved with him.

When Al-Hillaj Mansoor, a Sufi mystic, was killed by the fanatics and the bigots, there were thousands of people who could not believe that when a man is being killed in such a cruel way -- not even Jesus was killed in such a cruel way -- he can stand aloof. First they cut his legs, then they cut his hands, then they took his eyes out -- piece by piece. But all this time, when blood was flowing from every part of his body, he was smiling. Somebody asked, "Why are you smiling?"

He said, "I am smiling because you don't know what you are doing, you are fast asleep; if you had been awake, you would have understood my smile. My smile indicates that you are not killing me; you are killing yourself. By destroying my body I am not destroyed, but by destroying my body you are destroying the only example you had amongst you of your future glory, of your future growth, of your future actualizations.

"When I say you are destroying yourself, I simply mean this: you are removing from your being the person who could have awakened you. You are so afraid. It is out of fear that you are killing me, out of fear that `This man is going to wake everyone up' -- and you don't want to wake up. You are so much invested in your sleep, and in your dreams, you don't want to know the truth."

Almustafa has no complaint against these people, but only a deep compassion -- and this has been the case with all the mystics.

Just three years ago I predicted that if you don't change your rotten ideas about human energy, about sex, about man's natural growth, three fourths of humanity will die of AIDS. I said this in a world press conference -- nobody believed me. They could not see any sign anywhere to support my idea -- maybe a few people are going to die of the disease, but not two thirds of the whole humanity.

Just today my personal physician, Dr. Amrito, has sent me a report telling me, "For the first time, medical science is supporting Your prediction, because there are many places in America where

homosexuality has reached the point of seventy percent" -- my prediction was only for sixty-six percent. And the same is happening in Africa; perhaps the percentage is even greater there, just medical research is missing.

Anando, one of my secretaries, has also brought a few press cuttings to show me. I have been insisting continually for years that your so-called religions are responsible -- wholly responsible -- for this destructive disease that is going to grip the whole world. Perhaps even before nuclear weapons and Ronald Reagan destroy you, this disease will have already destroyed you.

In those cuttings there were reports that many Catholic priests have been found suffering from AIDS. Many Catholic priests in America have been expelled -- just so they disappear; the church will go on giving them salaries, but it wants to hide the fact that its priests are homosexuals. It was not one case; there have been dozens of priests all over America who have been found suffering from AIDS. Two priests, who are courageous enough, have even come out in public and declared, "We are suffering from AIDS, and we don't think that homosexuality is against the Catholic religion."

I agree with them. In fact, the Catholic religion, and other religions, are all *for* homosexuality. No religion is against homosexuality; in fact it is because of their continuous emphasis on celibacy that they have created a perverted humanity. One cannot believe that there are places where seventy percent of the people have become homosexuals, and the number is reaching that level in other places also.

But such is the blindness of man, and such is his deafness. He will never listen to the truth when there is time enough to do something about it. Now it is almost beyond our powers; we can simply just be helpless observers.

You will not believe that, a few days ago, thirty police officers attacked a homosexual club in the middle of the night, and they were all wearing rubber gloves. When the news was published that all those thirty police officers were wearing gloves, the head of the police department denied it. But there were photographs, and finally, he had to take back his denial. He said, "They were wearing gloves to protect themselves from hepatitis." This is something absolutely new; nobody has ever heard that you can protect yourself from hepatitis by wearing gloves; what can gloves do? Hepatitis cannot be prevented by gloves! Certainly, those thirty police officers were also involved in homosexuality; that attack on the homosexual club was just an excuse to enter there.

It is very strange that man is never ready to understand a truth when it is time to do something. By the time he recognizes it, it is too late.

Now, at the moment of departure, when Almustafa is standing on the deck of his ship, people are ready to listen to him. He was amongst them for twelve years. Nobody even bothered about what this strange man is carrying within his heart; nobody allowed him to be part of the city of Orphalese. He remained there for twelve years, but he was a stranger.

When, in America, my commune of sannyasins was destroyed, I was talking to the jailer where I was confined for three days. He was a beautiful man. He was not part of the conspiracy. In fact, they had put me in another jail which *was* part of the conspiracy, and I insisted in the court, "You change the jail! I won't bother about getting bailed out or not, but I cannot be in that jail. You have two jails in the city; I choose the other jail, because in the first jail they have not even given me a pillow, or a blanket; not even something to spread on a steel bench -- a naked steel bench -- have they provided me." I had been sitting the whole night, and whenever I asked them they said, "We don't have any pillows, we don't have any blanket." I said, "That jail seems to be part of the conspiracy. You shift me to the other jail."

They were not thinking of this, so they had not been able to pressurize the other jailer beforehand; it was sudden. I was transferred to the other jail, and the jailer told me, "I know you are innocent, I have heard the whole proceedings. There is no reason at all to arrest you, but unfortunately you are a stranger here. That is your only crime."

I asked him, as we became more and more friendly, "How long you have been in America? -- three generations, four generations? How long has Ronald Reagan been in America -- two generations, three generations? -- because America is not even three hundred years old. You are as much a stranger as I am. In fact, you are more of a stranger, naturally, because you have been here longer; you have been a stranger for one hundred years, I have been a stranger only for three years. It is simple arithmetic."

He laughed, he said, "That's right."

But they have destroyed the native Americans, and forced them into certain concentration camps, into jails, into jungles -- they call them reservations. Those people can live only in the reservations. Those are the real owners of America, they are the only Americans, and the people who are pretending to be

Americans... none of them is American. They have come from all the countries of Europe -- somebody is from Spain, somebody is from Portugal, somebody is from England, somebody is from Italy, somebody is from Germany. They are all foreigners.

So I said, "Do you think being a foreigner for two hundred years gives you certain privileges? I am a new foreigner, you are an old foreigner; there should not be any antagonism -- we both are foreigners. In fact you are invaders, and we are not invaders. You have forced the people to give their land to you; we have purchased the land, we have paid the price."

He said, "Once in a while, we have also paid prices."

I said, "I know. You purchased the whole city of New York for thirty silver pieces -- you call it a price? Is this business? You force those poor people to vacate the land just for thirty silver pieces. It is the same price that was given for Jesus Christ to Judas by the Jews; I think they paid too much -- just for a single man, thirty silver pieces; you must have killed thousands of people to vacate the land that is now New York, and those who were ready to leave -- the chief particularly -- you paid thirty pieces. You call it a price?"

He said, "I am sorry, it is not a price."

But to be a stranger is a crime. If man is a stranger to other men, then with whom you are going to be friends, with whom you are going to be brotherly, with whom you are going to show your love?

The people of Orphalese told Almustafa again and again, "You are a stranger, you should not be here, you don't belong to us. Rather than talking to us, you talk to the trees; rather than being with us, you go to the mountain top. You are not only from some other land, you are a totally different kind of human being. Most of the time you are silent; most of the questions you don't answer. And whenever you answer, your answer does not fit with the tradition, with the orthodoxy, with the way we have lived forever."

But he has not taken any offense. No mystic has ever felt offended; whatever you have done -- even if you have killed and poisoned -- he was not angry at you.

IS IT NOT YOUR BREATH THAT HAS ERECTED AND HARDENED THE STRUCTURE OF YOUR BONES?

And the breath is a stranger, it comes from the outside, from faraway lands. You may not even know from where it is coming, but "Is it not breath that hardens your bones, that gives circulation to your blood, that takes out all the poison, all the carbon dioxide which, if accumulated, will kill you? Is it not the breath that gives you oxygen and life?" But the breath is a stranger. A Gautam Buddha comes into the world like a breath, like a spring.

AND IS IT NOT A DREAM WHICH NONE OF YOU REMEMBERS HAVING DREAMT, THAT BUILDED YOUR CITY AND FASHIONED ALL THERE IS IN IT?

Remember one thing: whatever Sigmund Freud says about dreams is only a partial truth because all the beautiful structures in the world.... The Taj Mahal must have been a dream in the mind of a creative artist. And the man, the emperor, collected the greatest sculptors and stone cutters from all over

Asia.... It took almost thirty years; one thousand sculptors, and ten thousand laborers were working for thirty years continually. And what was the reward to the dreamer whose dream became a reality?

Perhaps you are not aware what happened to all those creators who were part of creating the Taj Mahal... the most beautiful structure in the world. On a full moon night, it again becomes almost like a dream. On a full moon night, seeing it, you have a doubt -- are you dreaming, or is it real...?

The hands of one thousand artists, who had labored their whole life, were cut by the emperor, because the emperor never wanted them to make another structure which could be better than Taj Mahal, or even could be equal to Taj Mahal. This was the reward....

Everything that you see in the world -- the scientific progress, the technology, the great structures, the great gardens -- were once nothing but a dream. Today, when you fly in the sky in an airplane, you never think that you are flying in the dream of two young fellows, the Wright brothers. And they were condemned... they were not very experienced, one was twenty, another was twenty-two, young boys, but the dream possessed them that, if birds can fly, there must be a mechanism that can replace the wings of the birds. A simple idea... but they were poor.

Their father used to run a bicycle shop, he used to sell bicycles, he used to rent them. And in the

basement of their house, he used to throw all parts of bicycles which had become useless, rotten. At night those two boys, hiding in the basement, were trying to create a flying machine out of the useless parts. The family thought they were mad, and the whole city laughed, but undeterred, they went on working.

The day their first flying machine was ready, they were afraid to tell anybody. They took the machine outside the house in the night, when everybody was asleep, and in the morning, with the rising sun, they tried it for the first time. It flew not very far, just sixty feet high, not for very long, just for one minute it remained in the air -- but that was enough; the principle was found. If a machine can rise to sixty feet, it can rise to six thousand feet; if a machine can remain for one minute, it can remain for hours. The basic principle had been found.

Then they informed the whole city -- even their parents came to see. Nobody believed these crazy boys -- the whole day they sleep, and the whole night they work, and who has ever heard that out of the useless parts of bicycles, you can make an airplane? The whole town gathered, and again they succeeded to give them the show. Then from all over the world, people who were interested in flying machines were rushing towards the place.

The house of the Wright brothers became almost a mecca. Great scientists came to pay respect to them, saying, "We have also been dreaming about it, but we never believed in our dreams so confidently. You are exceptional. You believed in your dream, you trusted in your dream; it is your trust that has transformed the dream into a reality."

Almustafa is saying, "You simply ignored me as a dreamer. When I was telling you that my ship has to come, you used to laugh; you used to ask me, `When is your ship coming -- because a year has passed, two years have passed, eleven years have passed -- when is your ship coming? But I trusted in my dream, I never bothered about your doubts, I was absolutely certain that the ship will come. I could not predict the date, and now you see it has come -- and seeing a dream becoming reality, now you are ready to listen to me, but it is too late. You will remember me, I know, when I am gone. So remember me as... *that which seems most feeble and bewildered in you is the strongest and most determined.*

A dream is very feeble, very fragile, but if you give your trust to it, it can become a reality. You have the capacity and the energy to transform a dream into a truth.

> COULD YOU BUT SEE THE TIDES OF THAT BREATH YOU WOULD CEASE TO SEE ALL ELSE. AND IF YOU COULD HEAR THE WHISPERING OF THE DREAM, YOU WOULD HEAR NO OTHER SOUND.

If you start hearing the whispering of your dream -- which is fluttering its wings within your heart -- you will not hear any other sound. You will be so possessed by it that you will be ready to sacrifice anything. And a man is man only when he can dream of the unattainable; dogs and cats also dream, but dream only of flies.

I have heard once a dog and a cat were arguing. The cat was saying, "Last night I dreamt that mice are raining from the sky -- so many mice!"

The dog laughed. He said, "You idiot cat, don't you know that whenever it rains it is always bones, never mice? I also dreamt last night. So shut up and don't tell anybody, but the truth is, I've seen with my own eyes that bones were raining all around. It was such a joy."

You also dream. But is your dream something that leads you beyond yourself; or do you dream about money, power, prestige, respectability -- then you are dreaming only of bones and mice. Those who are cats will be dreaming of mice, those who are dogs will be dreaming of bones. But you are not man, unless you dream of something unattainable... and that dream of the unattainable is not disregarded in the morning as just a dream, but it becomes your very life, your very search. The question is not whether you will find the unattainable or not. But in trying to find it, you will become a solid integrity, an individual.

Remember the emphasis: it is not necessary that you find the unattainable. But, taking the challenge, whatever is lying dormant in you will become active, whatever has never been used you will have to pull together in yourself. Because it is a question of reaching the unattainable, you have to be total and intense and quick and strong.

I don't care whether you reach the unattainable or not, but in trying to reach it you have become your potential, your original face. You have come to blossom.

BUT YOU DO NOT SEE, NOR DO YOU HEAR, AND IT IS WELL.

Almustafa is saying, "You do not see, you do not hear, but I am not condemning you; and it is well -- because you are asleep. I am not saying that you are doing wrong, I am simply saying that you are missing an opportunity."

THE VEIL THAT CLOUDS YOUR EYES SHALL BE LIFTED BY THE HAND THAT WOVE IT.

Hence, don't be worried. If your eyes are covered with a veil, wait! You will find those hands which will take it away. I could have done it -- you did not allow me.

Remember me in this way: when another stranger from another land, from the faraway beyond comes, don't keep yourself distant. Come close to him. Let him remove the veil that is making you blind,

AND THE CLAY THAT FILLS YOUR EARS SHALL BE PIERCED BY THOSE FINGERS THAT KNEADED IT.

Remember me always as one who loved you -- even though you could not see, even though you could not hear -- who accepted you as you are, because my trust in the future is infinite. Today you may not see, but tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow.... You have eyes, so sooner or later you are going to see; and you have ears, so sooner or later you are going to hear.

AND YOU SHALL SEE,
AND YOU SHALL HEAR,
YET YOU SHALL NOT DEPLORE HAVING KNOWN BLINDNESS.

This is what compassion is.

That small word "compassion" contains so much...*yet*, says Almustafa, *you shall not deplore having known blindness*. Never deplore it, never repent it.

... NOR REGRET HAVING BEEN DEAF.

Perhaps it was part of your growth; perhaps you needed it, perhaps the time was not ripe, perhaps your eyes and your ears were waiting for their spring to come, so I don't condemn you. And I want you to remember not to condemn yourselves, because once a man starts condemning himself he loses respect -- dignity -- in his own eyes.

So when you start seeing and hearing, and when you start moving towards a faraway star in search of truth, don't complain of those days which have passed without any growth, without any progress. Perhaps you were getting ready, perhaps you were getting stronger, perhaps that rest was needed. This is compassion, so that you don't regret.

FOR IN THAT DAY YOU SHALL KNOW THE HIDDEN PURPOSES IN ALL THINGS,
AND YOU SHALL BLESS DARKNESS AS YOU WOULD BLESS LIGHT.

In that day of understanding, in that day of the dawning you will be able to see that is not only the light that is needed -- the darkness is also essential. You will be able to bless both: the light and the darkness. They are not contraries, they are complementaries; neither can exist without the other.

AFTER SAYING THESE THINGS HE LOOKED ABOUT HIM, AND HE SAW THE PILOT OF HIS SHIP
STANDING BY THE HELM AND GAZING NOW AT THE FULL SAILS AND NOW AT THE DISTANCE.
AND HE SAID:

PATIENT, OVERPATIENT, IS THE CAPTAIN OF MY SHIP.
THE WIND BLOWS, AND RESTLESS ARE THE SAILS;
EVEN THE RUDDER BEGS DIRECTION;
YET QUIETLY MY CAPTAIN AWAITS MY SILENCE.
AND THESE MY MARINERS, WHO HAVE HEARD THE CHOIR OF THE GREATER SEA, THEY TOO HAVE HEARD ME PATIENTLY.
NOW THEY SHALL WAIT NO LONGER.
I AM READY.
THE STREAM HAS REACHED THE SEA, AND ONCE MORE THE GREAT MOTHER HOLDS HER SON AGAINST HER BREAST.

One cannot experience anything before its right time, one cannot become fulfilled earlier than his destiny decides. Understanding this gives great patience.

These words about the captain who is patient, over-patient, are really about everybody's being -- which is over-patient. Lives pass, but your being never shows impatience. It waits and waits till you yourself realize that the time has come and now the journey has to start. It waits till whatever you have to say, you have said; and whatever you have to do, you have done; and whatever you have to live, you have lived. Till the moment you feel, "I am ready," existence waits for you -- with tremendous trust, that it does not matter when you say, "I am ready."

But unless you say, "I am ready," the realization cannot happen. And in your readiness,

THE STREAM HAS REACHED THE SEA, AND ONCE MORE THE GREAT MOTHER HOLDS HER SON AGAINST HER BREAST.

The river disappears into the ocean from where it has arisen.

Religion is the search of your original source from where you have arisen; it is not going in search of something far away. It is going in search of something that you have left behind. It is going deeper within you -- because still from the same source the flame of light is getting its nourishment. You will not find it anywhere else.

Those who look outwards look in vain.

Only those who are tired of looking outside, who are tired of continuous failure, close their eyes and start looking inwards. That is the beginning.

The moment you have found the source within you from where life radiates in all directions -- to your body, to your eyes, to your hands, to your legs -- when you have found that center, you have found the door to the divine, you have come to the oceanic feeling. With great force the idea grips you that, "I am ready," and the stream can take a jump -- a quantum leap -- dropping the source and entering into the shoreless, limitless, ocean.

This small book of Kahlil Gibran is far more valuable than any scripture of any religion, so don't just read it as poetry. Read it as if it is opening doors of mysteries for you -- and particularly for you, who are here, in search of something unattainable, who are here because of a dream, who are here, not out of curiosity, but with a sincere longing, an authentic desire, to become what you are supposed by nature to become....

Only then is there blissfulness; the moment you have become that which was hankering in your seed, longing in your seed to sprout and become a tree and blossom and be full of flowers and fragrance.... Otherwise you cannot find blissfulness. And a man who has not found blissfulness, has not lived at all. He was born, and he died, but he never lived in between.

Unless, between your birth and your death you reach to the peak of enlightenment, you have not given respect to your own potentiality; you remained playing with toys and forgetting the real treasure.

At least my people have to be continuously alert. This is a mystery school; it is not for all and sundry, it is only for those who are ready to sacrifice everything for finding the truth of their life -- because the truth of their life is higher than their life itself.

So, whatever you are doing here, just like an undercurrent there should always remain the alertness "Am I growing or not?" "Am I coming closer to my dream or not?"

It is enough that you go on coming closer and closer to the dream, it is not needed that you reach the dream.

Just by coming closer and closer to the dream, you go on becoming your real self. The dream is only an excuse.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #24
Chapter title: We shall speak again together, I shall come back to you

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BELOVED OSHO,
FARE YOU WELL, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE.
THIS DAY HAS ENDED.
IT IS CLOSING UPON US EVEN AS THE WATER-LILY UPON ITS OWN TO-MORROW.
WHAT WAS GIVEN US HERE WE SHALL KEEP, AND IF IT SUFFICES NOT, THEN AGAIN MUST WE COME TOGETHER AND TOGETHER STRETCH OUR HANDS UNTO THE GIVER.
FORGET NOT THAT I SHALL COME BACK TO YOU.
A LITTLE WHILE, AND MY LONGING SHALL GATHER DUST AND FOAM FOR ANOTHER BODY.
A LITTLE WHILE, A MOMENT OF REST UPON THE WIND, AND ANOTHER WOMAN SHALL BEAR ME.
FAREWELL TO YOU AND THE YOUTH I HAVE SPENT WITH YOU.
IT WAS BUT YESTERDAY WE MET IN A DREAM.
YOU HAVE SUNG TO ME IN MY ALONENESS, AND I OF YOUR LONGINGS HAVE BUILT A TOWER IN THE SKY.
BUT NOW OUR SLEEP HAS FLED AND OUR DREAM IS OVER, AND IT IS NO LONGER DAWN.
THE NOONTIDE IS UPON US AND OUR HALF WAKING HAS TURNED TO FULLER DAY, AND WE MUST PART.
IF IN THE TWILIGHT OF MEMORY WE SHOULD MEET ONCE MORE, WE SHALL SPEAK AGAIN TOGETHER AND YOU SHALL SING TO ME A DEEPER SONG.
AND IF OUR HANDS SHOULD MEET IN ANOTHER DREAM WE SHALL BUILD ANOTHER TOWER IN THE SKY.
SO SAYING HE MADE A SIGNAL TO THE SEAMEN, AND STRAIGHTAWAY THEY WEIGHED ANCHOR AND CAST THE SHIP LOOSE FROM ITS MOORINGS, AND THEY MOVED EASTWARD.
AND A CRY CAME FROM THE PEOPLE AS FROM A SINGLE HEART, AND IT ROSE INTO THE DUSK AND WAS CARRIED OUT OVER THE SEA LIKE A GREAT TRUMPETING.
ONLY ALMITRA WAS SILENT, GAZING AFTER THE SHIP UNTIL IT HAD VANISHED INTO THE MIST.
AND WHEN ALL THE PEOPLE WERE DISPERSED SHE STILL STOOD ALONE UPON THE SEA-WALL, REMEMBERING IN HER HEART HIS SAYING:
"A LITTLE WHILE, A MOMENT OF REST UPON THE WIND, AND ANOTHER WOMAN SHALL BEAR ME."
FARE YOU WELL, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE.
THIS DAY HAS ENDED.
IT IS CLOSING UPON US EVEN AS THE WATER-LILY UPON ITS OWN TO-MORROW.
WHAT WAS GIVEN US HERE WE SHALL KEEP, AND IF IT SUFFICES NOT, THEN AGAIN MUST WE COME TOGETHER AND TOGETHER STRETCH OUR HANDS UNTO THE GIVER.

A man of trust, love, and surrender never loses hope. He is a chronic optimist; otherwise, mystics would

have stopped speaking to you, because what have you given to them except pain, suffering, condemnation, death? But they go on hoping against hope; their longing to bring you the spring of life is too great -- even all of you together cannot destroy it. You have destroyed many mystics -- -crucified them, poisoned them, stoned them -- but still they died with blessings on their lips.

FARE YOU WELL, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE. THIS DAY HAS ENDED.

This life is closing, but hope has not ended -- it knows no ending. For thousands of years the story has been repeated again and again. Your blindness, your deafness are infinite, and the compassion, and love, and trust of the mystics is greater even than your blindness and deafness. That's the only hope for humanity.

The mystics know they are talking to the walls, but they go on talking; they know they are not being listened to, but they go on knocking on your doors. They know you are annoyed, irritated -- why do these strangers disturb you? But it is impossible for these strangers, these people from the other world, to stop loving you. There is nothing that you can do to kill their love, to crucify their compassion.

Even when Jesus was crucified, still he promised to his followers, "Don't be worried. Soon I will be with you again" -- as if crucifixion was just a trivial matter. When Gautam Buddha was dying, thousands of his disciples were crying and weeping, and he said to them, "Wash your tears because whenever you need, I will be with you. In your prayers, in your meditations, you will find me always amongst you."

Before departing, Mahavira said to his disciples, "Whenever five of you will be together in meditation, there will also be a sixth -- invisible though he will be. You may not be able to see me, but I will be able to see you -- and that's what really matters. I have been with you for eighty-two years, and you have not seen me; I have been in a material body, and you went on missing me. So your seeing is unimportant; what is important is my seeing you.

"But you will feel my presence more because I will be no longer confined in my body; I will surround you like a cloud, I will overwhelm your hearts, and you will know I have come because suddenly the whole climate will be different. The moment I am present amongst you, you will become absent. My presence will dispel your presence just as light dispels darkness." And these were the people who had tried many times to kill him. And the same is the story in different contexts, but again and again.

Man seems to be stubborn, adamant, but the mystics are more stubborn and more adamant than you are; whatever you do is not going to prevent them. They will go on working for the evolution of your consciousness -- they are still working, and you are still doing the same stupid things you have done before. It is a strange story of love and hate. From the side of mystics, it is love; from the side of the masses, it is hate. But it cannot be changed.

Perhaps it is a law of nature: The masses don't have anything else to give. They are so full of poison that they can give only poison. And the mystics are also helpless; they are so full of love and nectar of life that they can give only that.

The story between the masses and the mystics has never been unfolded clearly... what has been happening? Why did you have to poison a Socrates? Why did you have to kill a Jesus? Why did you have to murder a Mansoor? Not that you were aware of doing it. If you had been aware, it would have been impossible to do it. In your sleep, in your unconsciousness, you go on doing things that are ugly, degrading, to humanity, not worthy of man. And out of the mystic's superconsciousness he goes on showering flowers on you -- irrespective of what comes in return.

FARE YOU WELL, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE. THIS DAY HAS ENDED.

I am going... my ship is ready, I am ready. I lingered long enough amongst you, hoping that somebody may hear, somebody may be touched, somebody may become aware that the stranger is not a stranger -- he's the very heart of your hearts, that he's not only outside you, he's inside you too.

IT IS CLOSING UPON US EVEN AS THE WATER-LILY UPON ITS OWN TO-MORROW.

He has used a beautiful metaphor -- the water-lily opens with the sun. As the sun rises in the morning,

the water-lily opens its petals. When the sun comes in the middle of the sky, the water-lily comes to its full opening, and as the sun starts descending, the water-lily starts closing. By the time the sun sets, the water-lily closes its petals upon itself -- "upon its tomorrow," says Almustafa. But the sun will rise tomorrow again, so nothing is lost if this day is lost.

If you have not been able to open this day, don't be worried. Tomorrow when the sun rises, you may open your heart -- you may yourself become a water lily.

WHAT WAS GIVEN US HERE WE SHALL KEEP,
AND IF IT SUFFICES NOT, THEN AGAIN MUST WE COME TOGETHER AND TOGETHER STRETCH OUR HANDS UNTO THE GIVER.

The giver is one -- the existence. If this day has not been a day of fulfillment, we will meet again...*and together stretch our hands unto the giver.*

Almustafa is saying, "Whatever I have given to you, those were not my words, and whatever I have given to you was not my possession. I was only a messenger here, delivering a message from the ultimate. But if you have not heard it, there is nothing to be worried about." He is giving them the final blessing; he is worried that they may regret.... He is feeling a deep sadness because they will miss him; only *now* will they miss him.

"We will stretch our hands together unto the giver another day. We are beings of eternity; days come and go, we are always here. So whatever is gone, let it be gone. If I have even sown in you the seed of longing for the unknown and the unattainable, that's enough. Another day, we shall meet together, and stretch our hands to the giver."

FORGET NOT THAT I SHALL COME BACK TO YOU:

"You are very forgetful, so forgetful that you have forgotten yourself too. I know that soon I will become a faded memory, and you may even start doubting whether there was such a man -- or have I only been hallucinating?"

And this is not mere poetry. When the Western scholars started translating Eastern scriptures, they could not believe.... Their conditioning was Christian and Christianity believes that God created the world only six thousand years ago. Their Christian conditioning caused great trouble because they came across scriptures which are ten thousand years old, and according to some, ninety thousand years old.

If a great scripture was born ninety thousand years ago, the civilization must have come of age; otherwise that scripture could not have been born. Humanity must be older than the scriptures. And they are so cultured that even in ninety thousands years we have not been able to create another language which is as perfect as Sanskrit. You cannot find a single flaw, a single loophole, in it. This cannot happen in one day; this takes time -- thousands of years -- to develop.

Your forgetfulness is such that any idiotic conditioning can be imposed on you, and once the conditioning is imposed on you, you try to figure out everything according to your conditioning. The Christian scholars were amazed, but they somehow tried to fix everything within six thousand years. About scriptures it was easy, but what to do about cities?

In Mohanjodaro and Harapa they found seven layers. As the excavation went on, it became more and more puzzling. It seems Harapa and Mohanjodaro suffered seven calamities -- perhaps earthquakes, perhaps floods, there is no way to say. But one thing is certain, that the first layer is seven thousand years old -- what to say about the seventh layer? It cannot be that within just a few days, a great culture, a great city would arise, would be destroyed by some calamity, and another city would be raised on top of it. These seven layers show that Harapa must have existed thousands of years earlier than seven thousand years ago -- the top layer is seven thousand years old.

There was a time when they had stopped digging after the first layer. To their conditioning, more was impossible; even this was impossible, because every scientific investigator said that all these things were seven thousand years old -- it didn't fit into the Christian framework. So they stopped, thinking that this was all.

But a few of the excavators felt that a little more excavation was needed, to be completely sure that this was the only layer that had existed. And they found another layer underneath it, another vast city; then they went on digging. Even the seventh layer, which must be at least fifty or sixty thousand years old, is amazing.

I have been to the place. It is amazing because it shows that somehow those people had reached even higher standards of technology, science, culture, because the roads were as wide as the roads of New York -- and such wide roads are not needed if you don't have vehicles, traffic.

Varanasi is said by the Hindus to be the oldest Hindu city, and you can see the difference. A car cannot enter the older part, the roads are very narrow -- people were simply walking; sunlight almost never enters in those roads, and on both sides there are high buildings. The road is so narrow that only a small rickshaw can enter, and it is always one-way traffic -- two rickshaws cannot pass each other. Why in Harapa and Mohanjodaro did they make sixty foot wide highways? -- very straight, beautiful crossroads?

Another amazing thing was that they had a water supply system -- which is not even available today to thousands of villages in India. They had a certain arrangement that water could reach through pipes to every house, and they had rooms with attached bathrooms.

Just one hundred years ago, there was a case before the Supreme Court of America because someone learned from the continent -- Europe -- that a bathroom could be attached to the bedroom. This was really comfortable -- otherwise, people were accustomed to outhouses. A man first built an attached bathroom in America only one hundred years ago, and the Christian archbishop of America dragged him to the court. He was condemned all over America -- "He is dirty, he has a bathroom attached to his bedroom." Traditionally, the bathroom has to be a little far away, at the back of the house.

Just now, one architect has come up with the idea which surpasses all. Although nobody is ready to give him a contract, his idea is beautiful. I have seen the drawings and pictures that he has made of a possible bathroom. He does not make an attached bathroom to the bedroom, he makes a big bathroom which includes the bedroom. That seems to be the future -- why attached? And why should the bedroom be given so much importance? He has made such a beautiful bathroom that it seems almost like a decoration. And it can be that your bedroom is in the bathroom -- it is very comfortable.

But certainly if somebody tries it, Christianity will drag him again to the court. "This is going too far! Attached -- okay, we can forget about your attached bathroom; at least there is a dividing wall and a closed door. But to have the bathroom, and the bedroom together.... And he is calling it "a bedroom in the bathroom," he is not even calling it "a bathroom in the bedroom." The importance is on the bathroom....

But in Harapa and Mohanjodaro they had attached bathrooms, they had swimming pools, they had a beautiful drainage system. Christianity and Christian scholars were simply baffled -- what to make of it?

The idea that the world was created only six thousand years ago is a very small framework. One bishop came up with a very novel idea to explain everything. He said, "God created these cities at the same time as he created the world, and he created them in such a way that when you discover them you will find that they are seven thousand years old, fifty thousand years old.... What is impossible for God? This was done as a test of your faith."

Mind can be so cunning... simple proofs are there, but it will still go on with its conditioning. It will never think that perhaps the conditioning is wrong.

We have been here for thousands of years, and we have forgotten all. All of us once in a while have glimpses, but we simply push them aside as illusions, hallucinations, dreams, daydreams. We never take note that perhaps they are rays coming from the beyond to remind you.

Almustafa is right,

> FORGET NOT THAT I SHALL COME BACK TO YOU.
> A LITTLE WHILE, AND MY LONGING SHALL GATHER DUST AND FOAM FOR ANOTHER BODY.
> A LITTLE WHILE, A MOMENT OF REST UPON THE WIND, AND ANOTHER WOMAN SHALL BEAR ME.

Kahlil Gibran is very authentic and sincere. He may not be an enlightened being, but he is not far away -- perhaps one step more. But he is so authentic and sincere, that sometimes it seems unbelievable...

All these people... even a man like Jesus, did not allow any women as apostles, although he was born of a woman. Jesus had no respect for women, not even for his own mother. One day he was speaking in a village in the marketplace, amongst a small crowd, and somebody from the outside of the crowd shouted

"Jesus, your mother is waiting here."

And the words that came out from Jesus' mouth... one hopes they had not come out that way; it degrades Jesus. Jesus said, "Tell that woman" -- he does not even use the word `mother' -- "Tell that woman that my father is high above in the skies. On the earth nobody is my father, nobody is my mother; my real home is far away in the sky." It must have hurt the woman immensely.

He was loved and trusted the most by one prostitute -- one of the most beautiful in Judea, Mary Magdalene -- and her sister, Martha, and another woman, Maria, but they were not allowed to be his apostles, his messengers. And the most surprising thing is that when he was crucified, all his men apostles disappeared; nobody wanted to be there because somebody may recognize that these are the intimate followers of Jesus, and the same may be their fate -- crucifixion.

But these three women -- Jesus' mother whom he had called "that woman", and the prostitute who was condemned by the whole Judea, Mary Magdalene, and Maria -- did not leave the place. Not only did they not leave the place, they remained close to the body of Jesus, and when the body was taken down from the cross, those three women took care of it; they carried the body into the cave. But still Christianity has no respect for women.

It seems to be absolutely unbelievable that people who are born of women -- their blood, their bones, their marrow, everything is from the body of the mother -- have condemned woman consistently.

Gautam Buddha... it is very difficult to find anything to criticize in him, but if you think about women.... For twenty years, he continually denied initiation into sannyas for any woman; no woman could become a disciple. It is a strange kind of male chauvinistic attitude, and it becomes more unbelievable when you see it in a man like Gautam Buddha or Jesus -- and the same is the case with Mahavira. All the founders of religions have a strange disease of condemning women.

There must be a very fundamental reason why they condemn women. You condemn something only if you are afraid of it. You are afraid because the woman can still fascinate you, she can still be attractive to you. These people were afraid that the woman's presence may destroy many people, take them astray. And anyway, woman is not equal to man according to their ideas. The miracle is that in the churches, in the temples, in the synagogues... everywhere you will find only women worshipers.

I say unto you that to enter into a church, or a temple, or a synagogue, or a mosque, is against your dignity. These are the people who have condemned woman for thousands of years. Now it is time that the whole womankind -- that is half of the people on earth -- should boycott all these religious priests, and all their scriptures, and all their temples. Enough is enough!

But Almustafa does not condemn the woman, he says,

A MOMENT OF REST UPON THE WIND, AND ANOTHER WOMAN SHALL BEAR ME.
FAREWELL TO YOU AND THE YOUTH I HAVE SPENT WITH YOU.
IT WAS BUT YESTERDAY WE MET IN A DREAM....

Soon it will become a memory, a dream.

YOU HAVE SUNG TO ME IN MY ALONENESS, AND I OF YOUR LONGINGS HAVE BUILT A TOWER IN THE SKY.
BUT NOW OUR SLEEP HAS FLED AND OUR DREAM IS OVER, AND IT IS NO LONGER DAWN.
THE NOONTIDE IS UPON US AND OUR HALF WAKING HAS TURNED TO FULLER DAY, AND WE MUST PART.
IF IN THE TWILIGHT OF MEMORY WE SHOULD MEET ONCE MORE, WE SHALL SPEAK AGAIN TOGETHER AND YOU SHALL SING TO ME A DEEPER SONG.

Again the same hope -- that if we meet again, you will sing me a deeper song. They have not sung any song to him; they have treated him as an outcast, perhaps a little mad. But people like Almustafa are never irritated by your unconscious behavior. They go on appreciating you for things which you have never done in the hope that perhaps the appreciation may bring what is appreciated.

YOU HAVE SUNG TO ME IN MY ALONENESS, AND I OF YOUR LONGINGS HAVE BUILT A TOWER IN

THE SKY.

Now it is simply his compassion, his hope, his encouragement.

IF IN THE TWILIGHT OF MEMORY, WE SHOULD MEET ONCE MORE, WE SHALL SPEAK AGAIN TOGETHER, AND YOU SHALL SING TO ME A DEEPER SONG.

Be prepared... forget me not. The day will come when we will be together again, and this time your song will be deeper.

AND IF OUR HANDS SHOULD MEET IN ANOTHER DREAM WE SHALL BUILD ANOTHER TOWER IN THE SKY.
SO SAYING HE MADE A SIGNAL TO THE SEAMEN, AND STRAIGHTAWAY THEY WEIGHED ANCHOR AND CAST THE SHIP LOOSE FROM ITS MOORINGS, AND THEY MOVED EASTWARD.

It has to be remembered that the ship moves eastward. The East has been for centuries -- or perhaps forever -- the holy, the sacred source of life. Not only the sun rises in the East, a Gautam Buddha also rises in the East. The East has produced thousands of mystics. In comparison, the West is very poor. Just as the West has created great scientists, the East has produced great explorers of one's own being. Still, in its most degraded state, in its darkest era, the East attracts the seeker -- almost like a magnet. Those who want to seek the truth, those who want to know themselves, suddenly feel an attraction towards the East. And their attraction is not unfounded.

The East is poor, starving, but even the poorest man in the East dreams the golden dream of self-realization, even the beggar who sleeps on the street has a dream to realize himself one day. From the emperors to the beggars, all are joined together in a single search. Such a concentrated effort has never been done anywhere else. The West goes on working on things, objects, creating beautiful technology -- but forgetting completely who is going to use it.

Albert Einstein died in a very sad state because he felt guilty for Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

It was Albert Einstein who wrote to President Roosevelt of America that "You cannot defeat Germany and Japan unless you have some superior sources of energy to destroy them. You need atomic bombs, and I am capable of creating atomic bombs. They are a totally different world. Your ordinary bombs turn only into firecrackers." Just one bomb was enough to destroy a city like Hiroshima, where one hundred thousand people lived -- within seconds -- and the same happened with another bomb on Nagasaki.

Roosevelt was immensely pleased; he immediately invited Albert Einstein. And there was reason in the unconscious of Albert Einstein itself, why he wanted to deliver the knowledge to Roosevelt. He was a Jew, and Germany had killed almost one million Jews. In fact, if he had remained in Germany, working on the atom bomb, then the atom bomb would have been in the hands of Adolf Hitler -- and the whole history would have been totally different. But he escaped, although there was no fear for him, because he was so absolutely needed by Adolf Hitler that he would not have touched him.

Einstein was given the promise, "No harm will happen to you," but when he saw millions of his people disappearing into smoke, in gas chambers, he could not believe this man and his promise. Most probably he thought, "Once the atom bomb is created, I will also be turned into smoke from a chimney in a gas chamber. And before the Germans learn the whole technology of atomic energy, it is better to escape with all the secrets; otherwise, this man is going to rule over the whole world."

Writing a letter to Roosevelt... he may not have thought about it, but it was a revenge. He did not think that the atom bomb would be used. He was thinking that just creating it, and making it known to the world, "If Germany and Japan do not surrender, then the atomic bomb is going to be used" -- that would be enough.

There was no need to use it, since Germany surrendered even before it was made aware that the atom bomb had been created. Japan was going to follow within a week at the most, because Japan was nothing but a shadow of Germany. But now the man who was the President of America, Truman, could not resist the temptation to use the atom bomb -- knowing perfectly well that the country was going to surrender without it.

Even his own generals said that it would be an absolutely useless destruction of innocent people who were not participating in war -- civilians, children, old people, old women -- why destroy them? And the defeat was almost certain... but Truman was not going to listen. Albert Einstein had even written a letter saying that there was no need to use the bomb.... But this was a different time, when Roosevelt had invited him immediately after receiving his first letter, that was a different time. Now the power was in the hands of another President of America; perhaps Albert Einstein's letter had been thrown into a wastepaper basket.

Einstein died in deep sadness and sorrow. He has never thought clearly and consciously what the consequences of it would be. Giving power to the politicians is dangerous. Once they have power, they are totally different people. When they don't have power they are public servants, they come to you saying "We want to serve you." But when they have power, they don't even recognize that you have any value. Albert Einstein's last words were: "If there is another life, as the people of the East say, then I would not like to be a scientist again. I would rather be a plumber than be a physicist."

In the past the East has come very close to creating all the technology that exists today, but they stopped -- it was the consciousness of the mystics.

For example, the printing machine was first developed in China three thousand years ago. Gunpowder was also developed in China three thousand years before, but they never used it. They listened to Lao Tzu, and Chuang Tzu, and Lieh Tzu who said "These are ugly and inhuman things. It is better to stop this kind of research; it is going to lead ultimately to the destruction of the whole humanity." This was said twenty-five centuries ago... and China stopped.

Arithmetic was discovered in India five thousand years ago, and without this arithmetic no atom bomb can be created, no nuclear weapon can be created. You can see the impact of the Indian arithmetic in the numbers of every language; that shows the source from where arithmetic has come. For example, nine in Sanskrit is *Nov* eight in Sanskrit is *astha*, seven in Sanskrit is *septa*, three in Sanskrit *tri*, two in Sanskrit is *dwa*, *dwa* has moved to Latin as "duo", and from "duo" comes the English two.

Although they had discovered the whole basis of arithmetic, they stopped. Strange... why did these people stop? They had the genius, and they had discovered things that the West has discovered only now.

In the ancient Indian medicine, there are such accurate descriptions of all kinds of surgery -- brain surgery included -- but they stopped, they said, "All these things are going to lead man more and more outward. It is better, before man has gone too far away from himself, to stop. Man's basic reason to be here is not to create atom bombs, not to create nuclear weapons; his basic reason to be here is to find himself, to know himself."

It is significant that the ship moves Eastward.

AND A CRY CAME FROM THE PEOPLE AS FROM A SINGLE HEART, AND IT ROSE INTO THE DUSK AND WAS CARRIED OUT OVER THE SEA LIKE A GREAT TRUMPETING.

When mystics are alive they are condemned; when they are dead they are worshiped. If you find any mystic being worshiped while he is alive, remember -- he must be dead. In fact, he may be breathing, but just breathing is not life; he may be eating, but just eating is not life.

Life consists of all that is beautiful -- of the songs of the mountains and the trees, of the silence of these birds singing, just out of abundance -- of the flowers, of dances, of love, of meditation. Life consists of all great treasures; it is not only breathing and eating and sleeping.

Saints who are worshiped while alive -- you should have another look at them, they must be dead. People cannot worship them if they are really alive. People worship them only when they are dead, because the dead cannot love, the dead cannot dance, the dead cannot sing, the dead cannot enjoy, the dead cannot laugh. The dead cannot become my disciples.

ONLY ALMITRA WAS SILENT, GAZING AFTER THE SHIP UNTIL IT HAD VANISHED INTO THE MIST.

Kahlil Gibran has tremendous respect for the woman because she is the mother of all. She is closer to the life sources than man.

ONLY ALMITRA WAS SILENT, GAZING AFTER THE SHIP, UNTIL IT HAD VANISHED INTO THE MIST.

AND WHEN ALL THE PEOPLE WERE DISPERSED, SHE STOOD ALONG UPON THE SEA-WALL, REMEMBERING IN HER HEART, HIS SAYING:

Almustafa had said,

"A LITTLE WHILE, A MOMENT OF REST UPON THE WIND, AND ANOTHER WOMAN SHALL BEAR ME."

If we have any sensibility, any intelligence, the woman should be respected, because all your mystics are born out of her womb. She is the mother of all your poets, all your singers, all your painters, all your scientists, all your mystics. Is it not very weird that she should be condemned by all the cultures everywhere, reduced to a subhuman status? And it is being done by her own sons.

People have been asking me again and again, "Why are so many women part of your movement?"

I have said, "It is natural, because I am the first one who has given the woman a higher status than man. She is the mother of Mahavira, of Gautam Buddha, of Jesus; she should be worshiped."

The Women's Liberation Movement is asking only for equality -- and I am saying that equality is not enough. Woman is far superior to man. No man has given birth, has carried a child in his womb, has suffered the long nights and days of pain, without any complaint, has given birth in tremendous agony. But the woman has accepted it all, sacrificed all her desires for pleasure, comfort, accepted all suffering, because a new birth, a new life, a new guest, is coming to her.

It is worth it, all this suffering is worthwhile because who knows -- the new guest may become a Gautam Buddha, a Kahlil Gibran, a Rabindranath, a Dostoevsky, a Tolstoy. The woman is capable of waiting in silence, of suffering in silence, in favor of life.

Almitra is rejoicing remembering that he said:

"A LITTLE WHILE, A MOMENT OF REST UPON THE WIND, AND ANOTHER WOMAN SHALL BEAR ME."

Whoever bears him is going to be a woman, and Almitra finds herself identified with all women of the whole world. It doesn't matter who is going to bear him. What matters is: it is going to be a woman. A woman will give birth again to the messenger of God.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.