
YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

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Chapter #1

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BELOVED OSHO,
MY WHOLE BEING BOWS TO YOUR FEET, BUT IT IS VERY DIFFICULT FOR ME
TO TAKE MY EYES FROM YOUR BEAUTIFUL, RADIANT BEING, WHEN YOU
GREET US COMING AND GOING IN THE MORNING. AM I MISSING BY PEEKING?
IS THIS ATTACHMENT TO YOUR PHYSICAL PRESENCE AND FORM SOMETHING
THAT HAS TO BE TRANSCENDED?

Yoga Prem -- alias "Big Prem" -- you are simply big; such is your innocence and such is your love... and such is your ignorance! You don't have to transcend your love for my presence, you have to transcend the idea that *you* are there.

To make it simple for you, it almost always happens that whenever it is said, "Transcend love, transcend compassion," the listener understands that he has to drop them. Transcendence does not mean dropping them. Transcendence means dropping yourself -- so only pure love, without a lover and without a beloved, remains.

The purity in which lover and the beloved have disappeared is what is called transcendence; the trust in which the disciple and the master have dissolved. The question is of dissolving the duality.

Looking at your mind and its way of functioning, you have totally misunderstood -- but not knowingly, not because of any prejudice; it is simply how the mind functions, how it protects itself.

You say, "My whole being bows to your feet." When your whole being bows to my feet you should not be there. If you are still there, then it is not whole. I am not here, you are not there, and there is bound to appear a beautiful flower of tremendous gratitude. You don't have to transcend it, because by transcending it you are going to become more egoistic, more of an "I." You have to dissolve yourself, and in your dissolution transcendence will flower on its own accord.

You cannot do a few things. For example you cannot go to sleep -- sleep *comes* to you. Ask those people who cannot sleep, who find it difficult to sleep, who do every kind of stupid thing to sleep: take a hot shower, do some monkey exercises called yoga, then lying down on the bed do transcendental meditation, and in between go on watching television. But nothing helps. When you are tired of all these transcendental meditations and yogic exercises and television nonsense, when you are utterly tired of the effort to bring sleep, suddenly it comes. It does not even knock on the door. It does not even ask you, "Can I come in, sir?" Without whispering, without making any noise it comes. You cannot find its coming; only in the morning you know, when you wake up -- "My god, I have been asleep!"

No effort can bring sleep, because every effort keeps you awake. Effort is intrinsically part of awareness and sleep needs you to forget everything, drown yourself in forgetfulness, relax. Don't even bother about sleep -- whenever it comes it comes; if it does not come you don't care a bit -- and it comes.

You are saying, "But it is very difficult for me to take my eyes from your beautiful, radiant being when you greet us coming and going in the morning. Am I missing by peeking?"

Not at all, Big Prem. Peeping is a good exercise! One feels sad for those who don't know how to peep. And you are not peeping into somebody's bathroom. You need not be worried -- peep joyously.

But people become worried... just last night, to wake up Niskriya, I gave him a Nazi salute. Then too he was not fully awake; just a little bit he came into his senses. Everybody enjoyed, but Garimo's mother Gita became worried. She thought that this Niskriya seems to be a Nazi agent.

This poor Niskriya, he has nothing to do with anything, Nazi or German or great Nordic Aryan blood. He is a simple fellow. He is so simple that every girlfriend leaves him just in one day. But he is not worried, because he keeps a list and he waits for somebody else to come. Seeing that he is a famous figure here, he gives appointments: "For this week I am completely engaged." And he has a secretary in Sarjano -- another fascist! So every rejected woman goes to Sarjano.

This has been happening, and the whole commune is enjoying, but Gita is old and her memories of what happened in the second world war are still alive. She freaked out. I don't know... if one day I tell Niskriya to do a goose step, what will happen to her? She is so old, and I don't want to give her a heart attack. And most probably Niskriya does not know the goose step. But Gita has suffered, her father-in-law was jailed by the Nazis, her father died because of the jail; all kinds of tortures were revived when I gave Niskriya the Nazi salute. And I was just trying to wake him up!

This is the most anti-fascist place you can find in the whole world. But I am sorry, because I forgot that there are a few old people: Gita is here, Gita's husband is here, who

must have suffered much. I should not have done it. But Niskriya is absolutely innocent; whatever fault there is, is mine.

I am not a Catholic pope who never commits mistakes; I committed a mistake just yesterday and one never knows -- I may commit it today, because you cannot rely on me. And Niskriya is getting ready. Of course for the goose step there is no space; neither does he have the right kind of boots. But when he gives the salute you all have to give him a good clap! It does not mean that that salute is monopolized by any Adolf Hitler.

Just today I have received a letter from England. The English postal department has started small advertisements on their envelopes; it costs fifty thousand pounds per advertisement. And this advertisement is really strange. It says, "Jesus is alive." I have told my secretary to write to the person: "Please inform us of his address, or at least his phone number. You have been idiots to do this advertisement -- this simply means that he is *not* alive, because five billion people are alive and nobody is advertising that, 'I am alive.' Unless Jesus is dead there is no point in advertising."

Just as there are people who believe that Jesus is alive, there are people who believe that Adolf Hitler is alive. I received a letter from the president of the Nazi Party that I should stop condemning and joking about Adolf Hitler, because "he is a religious figure and you cannot hurt our religious feelings."

I was amazed for the first time -- Adolf Hitler a religious figure? Not only that, the man who killed six million Jews... the president writes to me that Adolf Hitler was the reincarnation of the Old Testament -- Jewish -- prophet Elijah. Strange -- why should Elijah kill six million Jews? But in this mad world everything goes. And he threatened me, that "If you don't stop, then we will have to act against you."

I said, "It will be perfectly good. If Adolf Hitler is alive, it is better to let him act against me; let him encounter me." He was an idiot, but sometimes idiots have a few beautiful qualities. First they are stubborn, adamant. And human beings are very frail. These idiots go on repeating the same thing again and again with such force that ordinary human beings start feeling that perhaps he is right.

His methods were very strange. His party was very small, in the beginning only nineteen members, and all had been rejected from the army. Meeting in a third class restaurant they formed the National Socialist Party.

And their strategy was... because they were only nineteen people, and the Communist Party in Germany was the biggest party. There was every possibility the Communist Party would have dethroned the emperor and taken over Germany. But instead of the Communist Party, which had the majority of the country in its favor, a very idiotic man managed to take over the country. His strategy is worth studying.

Wherever there was a meeting held by the Communist Party, these nineteen people would spread out in the crowd and as the speaker started speaking they would start beating the people who had come to listen. Now there would be chaos, it seemed that everybody was beating everybody else.

They disturbed the Communist Party's every meeting, and the Communist Party became afraid: "What to do? Who are these people? And nobody knows them. Who starts it? A few people certainly start it and then others start fighting with them and then others -- before anybody else hits you, you start hitting..." Nineteen persons managed to get thousands of people fighting with each other. And before they could be caught, they had slipped out and people were fighting with each other.

They disturbed all the meetings. It became well known in Germany

that nobody should go to such meetings because everybody came home fractured.

And then Adolf Hitler started his meetings. He had only nineteen persons, but they were all just standing around, and because they were the disturbers, nobody disturbed the meetings of Adolf Hitler. The whole of Germany became interested -- "This is strange: a single man has managed so that nobody can disturb his meetings."

Slowly more people started coming because, "You are safe only when Adolf Hitler is speaking. You are not safe with anybody belonging to any other party: from there you are going to come back fractured." Soon Adolf Hitler had thousands of people in his meetings.

And his way of speaking was the way which is taught in the school of oratory: at a certain point beat the table, at a certain point shout loudly, at a certain point whisper. Everything is rehearsed, prepared. There was nothing significant in what he was saying, but he was saying it according to the rules of oratory. And particularly, people were interested in his meetings because you could come back home safe, without being beaten.

He came to power by such strange means. And once he was in power he started saying to the country, "Unless you kill the Jews and erase them completely Germany will never be able to fulfill its destiny. It is God's own race, pure Aryan blood."

What has pure blood to do with anything? And there are all kinds of blood -- they are all pure. They may be different... And what has being Aryan to do with it, because everybody except Negroes, Japanese and Chinese -- all are Aryans. Nothing is special in being Aryan. And this is the most stupid logic: that you kill the Jews... And they have been the most intelligent people. Forty percent of Nobel Prizes go to Jews; they have contributed to human knowledge, to science, and they have not been quarrelsome; they have created wealth and they have suffered a lot. The whole history of Jews is a long nightmare.

And Adolf Hitler is their own prophet, reincarnated -- still alive!

I am thinking to inform both: "It will be good; send Jesus and Adolf Hitler both here. They both need psychiatric treatment." Unfortunately both are dead, but we will do whatever we can do to give psychiatric treatment to a dead person. At least we can teach him to lie down meditatively... and he will lie down more meditatively than you can do. In fact he cannot do anything else but meditation!

You are very innocent, Big Prem. Nothing has to be transcended, just you have to disappear in love, in trust, in deep grace, childlike. And Big Prem has that quality.

Three kids -- little Hymie, little Bruce and little Ernie -- are playing by a river in the Northern Territory of Australia. They are swinging backwards and forwards across the river on a rubber tire, which is hanging from a tree.

Little Bruce is flying through the air, when suddenly a crocodile leaps out of the water and swallows him and the tire in one bite.

Little Ernie and little Hymie stand looking at the ripples in the water.

"You had better go and tell his mom," says little Ernie. "And I will go and get another tire."

While lecturing the Sunday School children about hell and the nature of sin, Father Murphy asks little Ernie, "Do you know where little boys and girls go when they do bad things?"

"Yes," says little Ernie, "they go in the bushes."

BELOVED OSHO,
LATELY YOU HAVE BEEN SHOWERING SUCH UNBEARABLE AND
OVERWHELMING FRIENDLINESS ON US, THAT IT DRIVES ME TOTALLY
BANANAS.
I GET AN UNCONTAINABLE URGE TO STAND UP AND CUDDLE YOU.
HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO BE BOTH SUCH A FRIEND AND SUCH A MASTER TO
US? ISN'T A MASTER SUPPOSED TO STAND ALOOF AND COOL, LIKE A
BUDDHA?
WHY DOES ALL THIS INTIMACY, EVEN SO DELIGHTFUL, SCARE ME SO MUCH?
WILL I FORGET THE MOON, BITE YOUR FINGER, AND TAKE YOU FOR
GRANTED ONCE MORE?

This is from the private secretary of Niskriya, Sarjano.

Sarjano, nobody can drive you bananas, you are a born banana. And you are saying, "I get an uncontainable urge to stand up and cuddle You."

Whenever such an urge arises, just stand up and cuddle Niskriya. He pays you!

You are asking me, "How do you manage to be both such a friend and such a master to us?" A master is not a master if he is not a friend too. But vice versa is not true. A disciple is a disciple and cannot claim friendship to the master, for a simple reason: because the disciple has to rise to the heights -- only then he can cuddle the master.

I have given you a substitute. He is not a master, he is a simple human being and he would love being cuddled.

A master is always a friend, but his friendship has a totally different fragrance. It is less friendship and more friendliness. Its intrinsic part is compassion. He loves you because he cannot do anything else. He wants to share his experience because he can see you are searching for it, you are thirsty for it. He makes his springs of purest water available to you. He enjoys and feels grateful if you receive his gifts of love, of friendliness, of truth.

But rarely have you come across such a master, because the old style was for the master to be very serious and to keep a distance. To allow intimacy, to allow friendliness... he was afraid that his truth and his finding might be lost in the crowd.

I am a beginning and an end: the beginning of a new kind of master and an end of the old style of masters. Certainly I am not like Gautam Buddha; I have left him twenty-five centuries back. If I am just like Gautam Buddha, that means consciousness has not evolved higher than where Gautam Buddha left it.

I say unto you, consciousness has grown higher, reached bigger peaks, deeper depths than Gautam Buddha.

Gautam Buddha is a prototype of all the old masters. The disciple has to be kept far away. He has to learn discipline, respect, obedience. In a certain way it was a spiritual slavery.

I don't want you to be my slaves and I don't want you to obey me. I want simply that you should understand me, and if my experience is authentic and your intelligence is able to understand it, you will follow it on your own accord.

It is not obedience. I am not telling you to do something, I am telling you to simply understand and then follow your understanding wherever it leads. I am happy whatever you become; just remain truthful and sincere to your own being.

The old master asked, "Be sincere towards me, be authentic towards me, be obedient towards me." I simply cannot do such harm to you, particularly to those whom I love.

I want you to be sincere to your own truth.

Yes, I can show you the path, how to find yourself. But I cannot order you; this is not an army. But the old world of masters and disciples was almost just like an army: everything had to be according to the rule the master had given. And centuries have passed and the rule remains and people go on following it without any understanding. They cannot even answer why they are doing it -- just because it is written in the scriptures, because great masters have said it.

But times change; circumstances change. Moreover, no two individuals are the same; hence no rule can be applicable to all the individuals, century after century. In fact no rule can be applicable to you all even in this moment, there is no question of centuries. Even in this moment you are all separate individuals like beautiful pillars of a temple -- supporting the same roof, but the pillars have a distance; they have their own unique individuality.

You are all here to seek and search the truth of your being -- that is the roof of the temple. And you are all like the pillars -- but every pillar has to be himself. It may support the same roof, but it is not going to be a replica of another pillar. He has to be his own, original self.

I am saying this to you so you remember that I don't belong to the old category of masters, and there is no category to which I can belong. Neither do I want any of you to be imitative. Life is not a dance when you are just an imitation. It is a dance when you are yourself.

I am not like anybody -- Gautam Buddha or Lao Tzu or Chuang Tzu. I love these people; I love them because they were unique -- but I am myself and I love my uniqueness just as I love their uniqueness.

Your question is significant when you ask, "Why does all this intimacy, even so delightful, scare me so much?"

It is very simple, Sarjano. Love is the most dangerous thing in the world, because love dissolves you just like a dewdrop disappearing in the ocean. It does not kill you, but it certainly makes you so big, so huge that you cannot think in the old terms as when you were just a dewdrop, sitting on the lotus leaf.

The lotus leaf... just a little breeze and the dewdrop starts slipping towards the ocean. You can understand the fear of the dewdrop. The dewdrop can see the ocean and knows perfectly well that within a minute it will be gone.

Intimacy and love are the most dangerous things, because they dissolve your personality, your ego, your I-ness. They give you authentic reality, but they take away all that is false and not intrinsic to your existence.

It is a kind of death. Every great love is a death and a resurrection.

You are saying, "Will I forget the moon, bite your finger and take you for granted once more?"

Sarjano, if you have seen me, if you have loved me you cannot forget the moon. And as far as biting the finger, Niskriya is available -- for all the cannibals who are here, bite Niskriya. I really mean it!

And Sarjano, you can never take me for granted. It is impossible for love, it is impossible for trust -- and I know your heart and I know you have loved me. It is because of that love that such a question has arisen in you.

Now, Sarjano, it is time for prayer.

In fact it is always time for prayer. Even when we are talking seriously, and everybody is listening very seriously, it is time for prayer.

Deep down a laughter is gathering like a raincloud; soon it will be showering. And the time has come.

Gorgeous Gloria, after an examination, phones her doctor and asks, "Doctor, would you see if by any chance I left my panties in your office?"

The doctor looks in the examination room, returns to the phone and tells her, "I'm afraid they are not here."

"Sorry to trouble you, Doctor," replies Gloria, "I will try the dentist."

Three guys are sitting in the pub one evening, talking about their dogs.

The first guy, a car salesman, says,

"My dog is incredible, I have trained him as my assistant. Watch this!"

He whistles, and his dog jumps up and races out of the door. Five minutes later, he is back. In his mouth are all the papers, signed and sealed, of a brand new Cadillac car he has just sold. The salesman pulls out a box of biscuits and gives one to his dog.

"That's nothing," says the next guy, a doctor. Just then, there is a screech of brakes and a crash of metal outside the pub. The doctor whistles and his dog jumps up and races out of the door.

Within five minutes the dog has bandaged up all the casualties, called an ambulance and comes running back into the pub. So the doctor gives his dog a biscuit.

"That's nothing," says the third guy, a lawyer. He gives a whistle and his dog jumps up, eats all the biscuits, screws the other two dogs and then goes out to lunch.

Kowalski goes into the ice cream parlor and orders a chocolate ice cream.

"I'm sorry, sir," says the clerk, "but we are out of chocolate."

"Oh," says Kowalski, "in that case I will take some chocolate."

"No, no, sir," says the clerk, "you don't understand. We have run out of chocolate."

"Oh," says Kowalski, "then, just give me some chocolate."

The clerk looks hard at Kowalski and says,

"Okay! Spell, `van', as in vanilla."

Kowalski spells "V-A-N."

"All right," says the clerk, "now spell `straw', as in strawberry."

Kowalski spells straw.

"Good!" says the clerk, "now, spell `fuck' as in chocolate."

Kowalski looks puzzled and says, "But there is no fuck in chocolate."

"Aha!" shouts the clerk, "that's what I have been trying to tell you!"

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #2

Chapter title: Nowhere and everywhere

20 March 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

Archive code: 8803205

ShortTitle: YAAHOO02

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 71 mins

BELOVED OSHO,

AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN I LEFT MY BODY AFTER A CAR ACCIDENT. WHEN I SAW THAT THE PEOPLE I LOVED COULD NOT SEE OR UNDERSTAND MY HAPPINESS, I ENTERED MY BODY, IN A STATE OF SHOCK, AND STAYED UNCONSCIOUS FOR TWO MONTHS.

FOR A FEW WEEKS I HAVE BEEN EXPERIENCING A VERY SIMILAR STATE OF BEING IN MY MEDITATION, AND SITTING IN FRONT OF YOU. IT FEELS SO SIMPLE AND ORDINARY, AS IF MY BODY IS BECOMING LIKE AIR.

AFTERWARDS, IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH PEOPLE, AND I FEEL SO SEPARATE -- AS IF I AM IN "NOWHERELAND."

BELOVED MASTER, I WOULD REALLY LIKE TO GET OUT OF THIS HYPNOTIC STATE. AND IF IT WAS NOT FOR YOU, WHY DID I COME BACK THEN?

Dhyan Charyo, it is not a hypnotic state that you are in. It happens, but very rarely, that in something like a car accident suddenly your body and your consciousness become separate. Because this separation is not a result of your effort, it feels very weird. And you remained in coma for two months -- that simply means the consciousness was making every effort to be related to the body in the old way, as it was before the accident. It took two months for it to be settled again in its home.

Here, during meditation you will feel sometimes the same experience happening. Meditation is intentional, not accidental. The whole effort is to separate the body from the consciousness, to stand aloof and away and to see one's own body as an object, unidentified with you. That happened to you in the car accident; it happened in an accident for which you were not prepared. But the memory has remained imprinted in your unconscious, so when it starts happening in meditation -- and it will start happening sooner to such a person who has experienced it -- you will feel weird, a little worried and afraid.

But there is nothing to be worried about and nothing to be afraid of. That accident was a benediction to you, in disguise. It has shown you your immortality, although you have not understood it. But now through meditation you will be able to understand it clearly,

consciously. It does not mean that you have to leave the body, you have to only see the point that the body is your home: you can go out, you can come in.

And it is absolutely beautiful once in a while to come out of the body and be part of this immense existence, to open your wings and fly across the sun. Not even the sun can burn your consciousness.

It is good; you have been fortunate. Very few people have been in this situation, that accidentally they have attained to a state which usually takes years to attain. But once you have attained it, it becomes very easy to slip back into it. In the beginning, you will be afraid. The fear will be whether you will be able to enter your body again or not.

Secondly, you will start feeling that this body is not you, so why care about it? You may become destructive towards the body, uncaring, unloving. That will be a mistake. This body is not you. Your house is not you. But that does not mean not to care about your home, not to beautify it, not to celebrate its warmth, its space. There is no need to be identified with it...

So remember: don't think that you are living in a hypnotic state -- *others* are living in a hypnotic state. The car accident has broken your hypnosis. It has suddenly opened the door which was closed and takes effort, and years, and perhaps lives to open it.

Secondly, don't think that if you are out of the body, you are in a "nowhereland." Never think in negative terms. Existence is a positive reality. Why say "nowhere"? Why not say you are everywhere? And not only say it -- feel it also. Just a small change in a word, a small nuance and difference, and you will start enjoying it.

You are everywhere.

One day, you will understand that being nowhere or being everywhere are synonymous. But in the beginning, start with the positive. Ultimately, there is no positive, no negative, only one reality. There is no duality of any kind.

And you are asking, "And if it was not for you, why did I come back then?" It is for me. It is for my work; it is for my love, to spread my message to all the corners of the world, to every heart, the dance and the song which has been destroyed by centuries of exploiters, oppressors, enslavers in beautiful names.

Dhyan Charyo, remember the meaning of your name: it means someone whose life itself is meditation. Your coming back out of the coma certainly has significance. You are reborn, you are fresh and new, and you can understand things which would have been difficult for you in the past because once consciousness leaves the body, the so-called prejudiced mind is destroyed. Then consciousness can come back into the body but the mind remains empty. In the separation it has lost all its prejudices; you are no more Christian, you are no more Hindu, you are no more Buddhist. Again you are a child of this beautiful universe and you can start your life with a new vision, with a new clarity, with a new fragrance.

What has been happening has been beautiful.

You should rejoice it.

BELOVED OSHO,
QUITE OFTEN, IN YOUR MOST RECENT DISCOURSES, WHEN YOU ARE TELLING YOUR WILDEST AND DIRTIEST JOKES, I FIND MYSELF UNABLE TO LAUGH! I FIND MYSELF REACTING. SOME OLD FEMINIST IS FREAKING OUT IN THE BACK OF MY MIND, SERIOUSLY NOTING DOWN THE "MALENESS" AND "COARSENESS" OF YOUR JOKES.
AM I JUST A REPRESSED ENGLISH PRUDE, OR ARE YOU UP TO SOMETHING

HERE? BELOVED MASTER, PLEASE EXPLAIN WHAT IS GOING ON.

Premdipa, I have never told a single joke in my whole life. What are you talking about? I am a serious man!

Just look: I am saying I am a serious man and they are laughing! Am I telling a joke? Strange...

But a few things you have pointed out in your absurd question. Absurd, because I don't tell jokes. Nobody has ever heard... I think everybody here can be a witness. Raise your hands... (EVERYONE DELIGHTEDLY COMPLIES WITH THE REQUEST.) Nobody has heard! Still, I will consider your question -- against so many witnesses.

It is true -- I am wild. But what I say is not the wildest. That I am keeping for my last moment; something beautiful, before I leave the body. And what do you call "dirtiest"? In life, there is nothing which makes you feel this way. But things have been repressed in you, and because of repression you have started feeling about these things that they are dirty.

Just ask a small boy, "Is anything dirty in your body?" And he will say, "I don't know. I don't see anything dirty. Everything is perfectly beautiful, healthy and functional."

What you are calling the dirtiest jokes are those jokes which are condemned by your religions. Basically, because all the religions are against sex, anything that refers to sex becomes dirty.

It took thousands of years in the West for a Sigmund Freud to be born and to have courage to talk about sex openly. And he was condemned by all the so-called sophisticated and cultured and educated and powerful people as a dirty old man. Talking about something which should not be talked about.

But in the East, the situation is different. Not today -- today the West has contaminated the East completely. There exists a beautiful book, almost ten thousand years old, KAMASUTRAS. It means 'maxims on sex'; it is the oldest book on sexology. And the East has not condemned the man who wrote the book but has accepted him in the same category as Gautam Buddha: a seer, a man with clarity, a man with purity, a man of tremendous wisdom and understanding.

You will be surprised to know -- and it is unfortunate -- that Sigmund Freud, Jung or Adler never came to know about KAMASUTRAS; otherwise they would have felt that they were just beginners. The science had been almost completely developed ten thousand years before, by another man.

He describes eighty-four postures of making love -- illustrated. You will be thinking: eighty-four? The West has known only one posture. When Christian missionaries came to the East, people were very much puzzled: "These people are strange. They are fixed only on one posture." They called that posture "the missionary posture" because the first Christians who came were missionaries -- the man on top. And the Eastern people thought that, "This is so brutal -- the beast on top of the beauty, heavy, doing push-ups. He can do push-ups anywhere; why torture that woman?" And the woman is lying there almost in deep meditation; she does not even open her eyes because that is against culture. A woman, if she makes any movements while making love, is thought to be against culture.

I have heard that on a sea beach in France a man was caught making love to a dead woman. He was drunk. In the court he said, "Drunk or not drunk, I would have made love to that woman because I thought she was English! She was lying so ladylike, she did not make any movement. She did not even open her eyes. What more do you want? And I have not

done any harm, just a few push-ups."

Vatsyayana condemns that posture, and his condemnation is very scientific. It is still not accepted by sexologists, but they will have to accept it. The woman has to be on top, not the man. The man has to remain meditative, and the woman has to do every kind of thing that she wants to do. That is the only possibility for the man and woman both to attain to orgasm, because there is a disparity between man and woman: the man comes to ejaculation too soon. And there is no reverse gear; you cannot even say, "Stop! Stop!" Nothing will happen, nobody is going to listen to you. The marathon race has begun. The woman is very slow in warming up, and if she does some push-ups she may warm up. And if the man remains meditative, cool and calm, the marathon race can wait till the woman is ready and gives the signal: "Okay!" Only then can they have together an experience which is very close to meditation.

Vatsyayana's insistence is that because of this orgasmic experience, the idea of meditation was born. Meditation is not preceded, it is *succeeded* by orgasmic experience. Because in orgasmic experience the mind stops, time stops; for a moment you are nowhere... or everywhere. That experience of being nowhere and everywhere is so pleasant that one wants to experience it independently, not to be dependent on the sexual partner. And one has the secret: that if mind stops and if time is forgotten -- no past, no future, just this moment...

This moment is not part of time. And if there is no thought, suddenly a tremendous blissfulness -- as if flowers have started showering over you.

And who is the idiot who calls a joke concerned with sex "dirty"? No joke is dirty. It has become dirty in your minds because your priests have been preaching against sex. Because sex became dirty, naturally anything concerned with sex has become dirty.

And, Premdipa, I feel sorry for you. It seems you have not known anything wild, that you have not screamed with joy and danced with joy. Go to Avirbhava, learn something about how to scream!

If two lovers really love, then the whole neighborhood is going to ring bells that it is happening, firecrackers -- it has happened! But people have been taught to be silent, to make love deep in the night when everybody is asleep, when in fact the lovers are both half asleep! Cover yourself under the blanket, do it quick. Naturally, it becomes dirty.

It is not dirty. It is one of the nicest gifts of nature to living beings. It can trigger sources of higher consciousness in you.

I am really sorry, Premdipa. You should learn a few of the really wildest and dirtiest jokes. I don't know any -- just for your sake, I have been working hard to find out what joke is dirty. A few I have found...

But you say, "I find myself unable to laugh." Are you frozen? So, wherever Premdipa is sitting... when you all laugh and you see somebody is not laughing, do everything -- poke them. At least let her giggle, if she cannot laugh.

This is the house of laughter, it is not a church -- that is the dirtiest word.

And Premdipa is saying, "I find myself reacting." Wasting such a beautiful chance! The same energy that could have become laughter becomes reaction. And what do you gain by reaction? What is the ultimate fulfillment out of reaction? It makes you fascist, Nazi, fundamentalist Christian. You are on the way to hell, remember: doing the goose step!

I have heard that when I left... I would not have left if I had known beforehand that Niskriya was going to do the goose step. He did it perfectly, although he did it wrongly. He is not a Nazi.

And I have received dozens of letters -- all from Germans. They can be divided into three parts. First, most of them are very jealous: "You are making Niskriya a hero." I am not making Niskriya a hero, he is a born hero. Heroes are not made.

The second part reacted like Premdipa -- greatly -- "This is not right. This hurts our German pride." I have never thought that in my people there are also hiding a few German fascists. It is perfectly good that you have become aware that you are carrying still that stupid idea that you are a German.

I don't mean that only Germans are stupid. Anybody who is carrying the idea that "I am Indian, I am Iranian, I am Japanese"... these are all stupid people. An intelligent person knows only that "I am a human being." And the third part was angry because Niskriya did it, and did it with intensity and perfectionism, but did it all wrong! They were angry that "This is a caricature of the German heritage."

You cannot drop your prejudices, you cannot drop your conditionings -- even here. Just do it rightly! Otherwise I will again receive letters that people laugh, but they don't laugh perfectly. And find out where Premdipa is frozen. Unfreeze her! And I will see about Niskriya later on.

And she is making such great statements: "Some old feminist is freaking out in the back of my mind." So? It is perfectly good that you have become aware that some old feminist is living in the back of your mind -- let it freak out!

My purpose is to give you the opportunity. If you don't use it, you miss something which you may not find again.

She is saying -- "seriously"! -- "noting down the `maleness' and `coarseness' of your jokes. Am I just a repressed English prude or are you up to something here?" You are certainly a repressed English prude, and I am also up to something here. Otherwise, why should I be here?

Premdipa, don't miss the opportunity this time. I have tried hard, because every joke seems to me so beautiful and has such a psychological significance, a profound philosophy behind it, that I was unable to find something dirty -- seriously -- for you. But I have made the effort. Whether I have succeeded or not... your laughter will prove it.

On the first day of school, the new teacher says to her class, "All right, children. I want you to know that I have a very difficult name, and so I am going to spell it out for you. Tomorrow, if any of you can remember how to spell it right, I will give you a bag of candy. My name is Miss Prussy. Spelled: P-r-u-s-s-y."

Little Guiseppe, who has just arrived in America from Italy, really wants to do well in his new school. That night, he goes home repeating over and over: "*Prussy* -- Miss *Prussy*."

Guiseppe's older brother hears him and asks what he is doing. Guiseppe explains and his brother says with a grin, "That's easy to remember. Just think of `pussy' with an `r'."

The next day in class, Guiseppe is anxiously waiting to be called on. As the teacher walks in, she sees Guiseppe waving his hand.

"Okay, Guiseppe," she says, "do you remember what my name is?"

In a sudden panic, Guiseppe tries to think of what his brother told him and stutters, "It is... mmh, ah... it is Miss CRUNT!"

And you call it dirty? Find out if anybody is frozen. Niskriya, just look all around. Do you see anybody Niskriya? No? Let us try again.

Little Ernie goes up to his father after school one day. "Dad," says Ernie, "the teacher started talking about economics today and I don't understand a thing."

"Well," says his father thinking for a moment. "Put it this way: In this household, I bring in the money, so I am capital. Your mom does the housekeeping; that is management. The maid does the work -- she is labor. And your baby brother, well, he is the future."

Little Ernie wakes up in the middle of the night when his baby brother screams to have his diaper changed. Ernie goes to his parents' room to find his mother fast asleep. He then goes to the maid's room to find his father making love to the maid. So he changes the diaper himself. As he gets back into bed, little Ernie reflects, "Now, I understand economics. Management is asleep, capital is screwing labor and the future stinks."

BELOVED OSHO,
LAST TIME I LEFT POONA TO GO WEST, YOU TOLD ME "HELP MY PEOPLE THERE." I'M GOING TO THE WEST NOW, IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT THE LAST TIME I DIDN'T HELP YOUR PEOPLE THERE.
WHEN I CAME HERE FOURTEEN MONTHS AGO, I PROMISED MYSELF THAT I WOULD NEVER LEAVE YOU BEFORE I DIE. NOW HERE I AM WITH MY GREASY SUITCASE POINTED TO ITALY, AND STILL I DON'T KNOW WHO YOUR PEOPLE THERE ARE, NOR HOW I CAN HELP THEM.
BELOVED MASTER, I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO YOUR PEOPLE IN ITALY. DO YOU THINK A SMILE WILL DO? I WOULD LIKE TO BRING WITH ME A LITTLE TASTE OF THIS SILENCE.
CAN YOU HELP ME?

Sarjano, you still think you are alive? According to your promise, you died long ago!

But there are many dead people going here and there. And you are telling me that last time when you went, you did not help my people there. You are a very compassionate man!

Last time at least you were alive. This time, please don't help anybody. The best will be for you first to clean your greasy suitcase. And what is the need to go to Italy? The whole of Italy is coming here! I don't understand at all. If you want to help Italians, you will find more Italians here than you will find in Italy.

Just the other day somebody told me that Lufthansa, the airline, announced while passing over Poona towards Australia that "We are passing over the house of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh." Now this is unprecedented, this new announcement. You pass over the Kremlin or the White House or the Taj Mahal... but to announce a poor man's house, who has nothing but a few dirty jokes to tell you...

And where are you going? If you have decided already and you are not going to change your mind, then I will tell you a few jokes. Tell my people. The problem is how to decide who my people are. There are different kinds of my people: a few are my friends and most of them are my enemies. So whoever you help, you are helping my people. I have simply two categories -- right, Niskriya?

The God Thor is getting bored sitting around Valhalla drinking mead all the time, so he comes down to earth for some fun. He meets Gorgeous Gloria in Las Vegas and they soon go to bed together.

They stay there for three days and three nights in a row. On the fourth morning as he is

leaving, he decides to tell Gloria how she has been honored.

"My dear," he announces, "I am Thor."

"*You* are Thor," says Gloria, "I am thore, too -- I can't even pith!"

Sarjano, you won't last in Italy long. You will be coming back on the next plane, you won't have much time. So I will give you one more joke to keep as a spare.

After ten years in the army, the men are sent for a medical check. The soldiers strip off their clothes and enter the doctor's office one by one.

The doctor puts his stethoscope on the first man's chest and says, "Sophia Loren." The man's heart beats quickly -- "Boom! Boom! Boom!"

"Raquel Welch," says the doctor -- "Boom! Boom! Boom!"

"Your wife," says the doctor -- "boom."

"Perfectly normal," announces the doctor. "Go and stand over there."

The next man is examined in the same way. "Marilyn Monroe," says the doctor -- "Boom! Boom! Boom!"

"Your wife" -- complete silence.

"Good," says the doctor, "go and stand with the other man."

The next man comes for the examination.

"Sophia Loren," says the doctor -- "boom... boom... boom..."

"Brigitte Bardot," tries the doctor -- "boom... boom... boom..."

"Your wife," says the doctor -- "... boom."

"Strange," says the doctor, "but still you are quite normal. Anyway, go and stand with the other men." -- "Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #3

Chapter title: Heart is the soil -- trust is the climate

21 March 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

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BELOVED OSHO,
IN WHAT SOIL AND IN WHICH CLIMATE MIGHT ONE FIND THE MYSTIC ROSE?

Maneesha, the symbol of mystic rose vibrates tremendously significant memories...

It was one day in the early morning, a gathering of seekers just like you are... but the time goes twenty-five centuries back. Gautam Buddha was expected to deliver his morning sermon.

Everybody was surprised... He came right on time, carrying a rose in his hand. They had listened to him for many years, and he has never carried anything. Everybody wondered: What is this rose, and why is he carrying it? But they sat silently -- perhaps he will explain. And he did explain, but not with words.

He sat silently looking at the rose. The rose was immensely beautiful. So were those two eyes, so was that silent moment -- pregnant, expectant, that he is going to say something very special.

He was -- but he was not using words.

There are things which can be shown but cannot be said.

The silence became heavy; people were not accustomed. This behavior of Gautam Buddha was so unexpected, so new. Everybody sat like a marble statue and Buddha was looking at the rose with such blissfulness, showering so much love and so much blessing and so much grace on the rose that nobody dared to interrupt him and ask, What is going on?

At that very moment...

Mahakashyap was a very strange disciple of Gautam Buddha; he is known to be the founder of the long tradition of Zen.

And this moment when Gautam Buddha was looking at the rose is the moment of a source that is still blossoming. Perhaps it is the only rose that has not faded away. Many others have blossomed and faded away.

Mahakashyapa's laughing shocked everybody. They were not even courageous enough to

ask the question, and this strange fellow -- he was strange from the very beginning. Since he had come he had never asked a question. He had monopolized a tree, under which nobody else dared to sit. Whether he was late or early, his place was certain.

People even wondered -- does he understand what Gautam Buddha is saying? or does he simply take a good morning sleep? because he always listened with closed eyes. He never made any friends; even if people wanted to talk to him, he would simply make one simple sign.

That's the sign which Avirbhava makes to me. Whenever I want to say something to her, either she screams to stop me, or she makes this sign...

Slowly, slowly people accepted that Mahakashyap was a little bit crazy... but a very silent and beautiful person. He was a prince, had left his kingdom. He just came to see Gautam Buddha and never went back. He never even asked for initiation. He simply touched Gautam Buddha's feet, tears rolled down from his eyes and he said to Gautam Buddha, "I am grateful that you initiated me."

Those who were present said, "This is strange, he has taken everything upon himself. He has touched the feet, he has cried and now he is thanking Gautam Buddha: 'I am thankful and grateful that you have initiated me.' "

And since then there had been no communication, verbally at least, between Mahakashyap and Gautam Buddha.

But this day -- it must have been after ten years -- he laughed and people became aware that he was still here. People had started forgetting. A person who remains for ten years without making any noise, naturally, is taken for granted. Just as the tree was taken for granted, he was also taken for granted.

But his sudden burst of laughter...

Gautam Buddha called him close and gave him the rose. And he told the other ten thousand disciples, "What I can give you in words I have given to you. And what I cannot give in words I am transferring to Mahakashyap."

Thus began a strange transference of the innermost experience of truth from the master to the disciple. Mahakashyap never wrote anything and Mahakashyap never did anything. It is not known how he initiated people. The man was not only strange, his methods were also strange.

Before dying he gave his robe to a person to whom he had never spoken a single word. And the person touched the feet of Mahakashyap and again the same story... the tears of joy and gratitude and thankfulness. And the man said, "You were a great master; you have given me a great responsibility, but I promise you that I will fulfill it with my total heart." This man became the second patriarch of Zen Buddhism. And because Mahakashyap gave his robe, this became the form of choosing the successor. For all these twenty-five centuries Zen masters have chosen their successors by just giving them their bowl, their robe.

It is called the transmission of the light, the opening of the mystic rose.

You are asking, "In what soil and in which climate might one find the mystic rose?"

Your heart is the soil.

Your trust is the climate.

And your being is the mystic rose -- its opening, blossoming, releasing its fragrance.

The mystic rose became just a symbol of the man whose being is dormant no more, is asleep no more, but is fully awake and has opened all its petals and has become sensitive to all that is truthful, beautiful, good -- the very splendor of existence. His being has become

part of the eternal and the immortal. He is no more the same man he used to be. He has found his real self, his original face.

The only way is to look inwards: there is the soil. To look with trust, with love and with a guarantee that if other people have found themselves there is no reason why you cannot find.

The day Gautam Buddha became awakened, something in you has also become awakened. No man is an island; we are all connected, deep down in our roots. In the awakening of Gautam Buddha or in the laughter of Mahakashyap I am also a part. The moment I understood the beauty and silence of those tears, something in me has also responded.

Just in this century, Carl Gustav Jung has been able to find a right word for this experience which in the past has been called the transmission, the transfer, the communion. Jung's word is certainly very significant -- although he himself is not a mystic, he is a man of great intelligence. He calls it synchronicity. And it was only by chance that he discovered the word.

He was staying in an old castle with a friend. The old castle had two big antique clocks and the mystery about those clocks was that they were hanging on the same wall -- and people used to come to see them -- and they always kept the same time. Even if you disturbed their balance, set one clock a few minutes back or put it ahead, you would be surprised: soon, within a few minutes, they would start coming back again, closer to each other.

Jung was very mystified -- what miracle is there? There was really no miracle, it was a very simple thing, but nobody before Jung had bothered. Everybody thought it was something mysterious. It *was* something mysterious, but it is not something that cannot be understood. The mystery was that the clocks were hung upon a piece of board, very sensitive wood, so that the "tick-tick" of one clock was heard by the other clock -- "tick-tick" -- and they would slowly find that they were not in step. Something vibrated on the wood, and the clocks fell into step.

Jung was in great difficulty to find the right word. What is happening between these two clocks? He coined the word 'synchronicity' -- something like deep sympathy, such a deep love that they cannot move differently.

The mystic rose... When it was given to Mahakashyap, certainly there were many disciples who asked Buddha, "We are puzzled -- what is happening? You have not said a word; neither has he said any word, not even in thankfulness. You have given him the rose and he has received it. No language has been used from either side."

Gautam Buddha said, "It is for that purpose I have brought the rose. It is very symbolic, because the heart is so beautiful, your innermost being is beautiful as no rose can be, but the rose is the nearest symbol. And when it opens... the fragrance also is the closest symbol, because the same fragrance, similar -- of a higher level, more mysterious -- the rose can represent in the mundane world of our day-to-day reality.

"This rose that I have given to Mahakashyap will die. Right now it is so alive, so beautiful and so young. Just by the evening its petals will start dropping, dying. Today it is -- tomorrow there will not be even a trace left behind. Tomorrow it will be impossible to think what beauty, what fragrance has been existing in reality yesterday."

One of Gautam Buddha's most basic philosophical standpoints is momentariness. Everything is only in the moment. It is changing. Nothing is permanent. What seems to be permanent is your inability to see the impermanence of it! Otherwise... mountains disappear, continents disappear, stars disappear, what to say about flowers? Everything that is born,

dies. Only *this* moment is real; you cannot be certain about the next moment. The roseflower signifies his fundamental attitude of momentariness.

Nataraj has asked a question which will be very significant in this reference. It will help you to understand the mystic rose and it will help him to understand the answer to his question.

He has asked:

PLEASE SPEAK TO US ON THESE FEW LINES BY OMAR KHAYYAM:
AH, FILL THE CUP -- WHAT BOOTS IT TO REPEAT
HOW TIME IS SLIPPING UNDERNEATH OUR FEET
UNBORN, TOMORROW, AND DEAD YESTERDAY,
WHY FRET ABOUT THEM IF TODAY BE SWEET!
ONE MOMENT IN ANNIHILATION'S WASTE,
ONE MOMENT, OF THE WELL OF LIFE TO TASTE --
THE STARS ARE SETTING AND THE CARAVAN
STARTS FOR THE DAWN OF NOTHING -- OH MAKE HASTE!

Before Gautam Buddha, there has not been any other mystic who has emphasized the changing reality, the momentariness of everything. After Gautam Buddha there have been a few people like Heraclitus in Greece... like Omar Khayyam, who in a poetic way is saying, Fill the cup now, time is fleeting! Yesterday is dead, who knows about tomorrow? The caravan is ready to start towards nothingness. Make haste! Don't waste this moment, this opportunity to be your authentic self.

It is very strange that Gautam Buddha, Heraclitus, Omar Khayyam -- all are very different types of persons. Their approach to reality is different. They all emphasize changingness, but if you simply understand that they are preaching change you have misunderstood them. Behind this changing phenomenon there is a flame which is eternal, which is timeless... which simply *is*.

That is your being, your witness.

Otherwise, who will witness the change?

Their emphasis on the changing is to find the unchanging. A very strange approach, but very significant: more people have become enlightened through this process than any other. Just watch everything that is changing, so finally only the watcher remains.

Everything moves, only the mirror remains.

That mirror is you.

Realizing it is the greatest experience of life.

And those who have not realized this mystic rose have not lived at all. They simply pretended to live, carrying their suitcases... I told Sarjano, "Clean the grease from your suitcase." And the second thing I have not told him, I thought he would understand himself, was that he should open the suitcase and give the things back to the people to whom they belong. I was thinking he would understand. But now, anybody who is missing anything can go to Sarjano, before he leaves for Italy. Of course the things will be a little greasy, but something is better than nothing. My suspicion is that even the suitcase is not his own. And he is here, sitting...

Don't try to find the soil anywhere; don't try to wait for any climate, any season, for that

which is already within you.

That's why Mahakashyap laughed. Nobody in these twenty-five centuries has been able to explain why he laughed. In the tradition of Zen it has been asked continuously -- in China, in Japan, in Taiwan, in Korea, in the whole East, continuously -- in every mystic school it has been asked, "Why after all did Mahakashyap laugh?"

I have always wondered why this question has not been answered by anyone. Perhaps silence is the answer? But I feel that there is something more than silence, which can be brought to you in language.

Mahakashyap laughed when Gautam Buddha gave him the rose because, "What you are giving to me is already within myself. What kind of a joke...? And you are giving me a flower, which is going to die -- and I *know* the flower, I have known it in your presence; you have been the cause, the one who has triggered the process. Now, after all this, you are giving me this rose!"

And he must have laughed at those ten thousand serious people, that something beautiful is happening and they are not even clapping!

Serious people are psychologically sick people. Even if they laugh, they laugh when the moment is passed. They laugh because others are laughing, so something must be there. Later on they will think, "My god, I was laughing? And I had no idea what the thing was."

People take everything seriously. Now look at poor Niskriya -- now he has become a Chinaman. Now he is incurable. I was trying to somehow announce that he is the reincarnation of the prophet Elijah and he is here sitting with closed eyes.

First the Germans were very angry, because Germans can never forgive Adolf Hitler -- and they should not. That man was absolutely insane and he drove the whole country insane and he managed in the second world war to kill nearabout forty million people. He is the only one who equals Genghis Khan. Naturally the German feels a wound that he or his forefathers supported this insane man.

Now the Jews are angry. Somehow I managed the Germans to cool down, to have a little more ice cream. Now the Jews are freaking out. And they have a reason to freak out! But one has to understand one thing, that whatever happens we also play a part in it. If there are people who have been enslaved then it is not only the enslavers who are responsible, the enslaved are equally responsible. At least they could have committed suicide.

I have never thought... this country for twenty centuries has been in slavery to one country, then another country, then another race. My father was a freedom fighter, but I used to tell him that "You should remember that the slave is as much responsible or perhaps more responsible than the one who enslaves you. Such a big country, a whole continent, and a small group of people comes and you lose your freedom. It is simply inconceivable."

If Adolf Hitler could kill six million people -- I hate what he did, but I cannot be very compassionate to the Jews who allowed him to do it. Six million people! It would have been better to commit suicide rather than to be killed by that man. At least you would have saved your dignity and your freedom.

But I can understand that time passes, but wounds remain. Even if wounds heal, scars remain. And my effort here is to take away all your scars and all your wounds and make you aware that you are just a watcher -- which cannot be wounded; no bullet can pass through it, no nuclear bomb can destroy it.

But now Niskriya is strange... now Chinamen are going to be very angry. Fortunately there is only one Chinaman here, so I will manage him separately -- and he is a very intelligent person. But this Niskriya has to be put right. This is not good. Just stand up! Just...

Attention!

BELOVED OSHO,
LAST NIGHT, WHEN YOU STOOD UP TO LEAVE, YOU SALUTED WITH THE
GESTURE THAT WE CALL IN GERMANY THE "HITLER" GREETING.
MAY I ASK YOU WHAT WAS YOUR IDEA IN DOING THIS? WHAT WERE YOU
CONVEYING THROUGH THIS GESTURE?

Now look Niskriya, how many troubles you are creating for me! This question is from Hilmar Pabel and Inge Byhan, photographer and journalist for BUNTE. Soon you will see my photograph on the cover of BUNTE with the salute... and I hope with a negative article. I enjoy negative articles!

And Pabel, I know you are not negative. You have loved the place, you have loved my people. You will be in difficulty now. You will have to write lies. But write! If you write anything positive about me, the article will not be published.

I am just making you aware and alert: if you want your photographs and article to be published, make it as negative as possible. I love all kinds of things.

Your question may seem superficial to others -- it is not. As far as I am concerned there are many kinds of greetings. The Hindus greet with both the hands folded together. Their cunning explanation is that they are bowing down to your godliness, to the god within you.

But I call it cunning, because their saints don't do that. If you go to a Hindu saint, a *Shankaracharya*, you will do the Hindu gesture of greeting but he will not respond in the same way. Because of this stupid gesture I became unnecessarily an enemy of the ex- prime minister of India, Morarji Desai.

We were both invited by a Jaina *acharya*, Tulsi. He was sitting on a very high pedestal. For me there was no problem, because even higher than him there was sitting a cockroach. So I did not take any notice, but Morarji Desai could not manage to contain himself.

He immediately said, "This meeting" -- and there were twenty other scholars from all over India -- "is being called to discuss significant questions of life, but before we start I want to ask two questions. My first question is that when I did *namaskar*, the Hindu gesture, why did you not answer it in the same way?"

Because the Jaina monk or the Hindu saint cannot do that. His tradition is not permitting him to do that. He is higher than you -- how can he make a gesture similar to yours? He makes a gesture, but that gesture is of blessing. All Hindu monks, Jaina monks, Buddhist monks, they all make the gesture of blessing.

But Morarji is a very stubborn type of man. He said, "I am not your disciple and I have not come here to ask for your blessings -- why are you making this gesture?"

The gathering of those twenty scholars... and I was sitting by the side of Morarji Desai. Everybody felt that now it has become more difficult to come to any conclusion on any point; it has already become a weird situation.

And Morarji said, "Secondly, you are sitting so high, and why are we sitting so low? If you were addressing a public meeting, I could understand that you would have to sit a little higher so everybody could see you. But this is not a public meeting, this is just a small group of twenty people. Why can't we sit on the same ground? Why do you sit hung up in the sky?"

At that time Morarji Desai was finance minister of India. Acharya Tulsi had not the guts to say anything; neither had he the simple approach, to get down and sit with everybody and

greet them with a *namaskar*. There was no need for any answer, but he remained frozen. Neither could he do *namaskar* -- because he is a spiritual leader -- nor could he get down, because he could not sit with ordinary people. There was a silence.

I said to Acharya Tulsi, "The question has not been asked to me, it has been asked to you, but you seem to be completely frozen. Allow me to answer."

And I told Morarji Desai that "Although you have not asked the question to me, because Acharya Tulsi seems to be completely dead, somebody has to answer. I am ready to answer -- are you ready to receive?"

For a moment he looked at me... and we recognized each other, and the whole group recognized that now there is trouble.

I said, "There are twenty people here. Everybody is better cultured and more educated than you, but nobody else has raised the question of why he is sitting higher. It simply shows that the man is stupid, and your asking this question puts you also in the same category! Let him hang anywhere he wants -- why does it hurt you? It must be hurting your ego. It is not his sitting there; it is hurting your ego that you are being reduced to the level of ordinary human beings and you are the finance minister of India.

"And secondly, you had greeted him with folded hands -- that does not mean that the other is bound to answer it in the same way. You have done your humble gesture. He is not a humble man. But your being disturbed that your humble gesture has not been answered shows simply that your gesture was not humble itself. Your expectation was that you should be taken as equal to a spiritual leader. And that spiritual leader is absolutely dead, because I am hitting him so hard and he is simply sitting there. Leave him aside and we should start the discussion. These stupid questions -- we have not gathered here..."

But there is a deep history behind these gestures. The meaning that is given to them is superficial; the real reason is different. The real reason comes out of war, self-defense. All these gestures are born out of war.

When two persons meet, if you are greeting each other with folded hands it shows two things: first that you are friendly, second that you are not hiding some dangerous weapon in your hands. The real history of it is war.

The same is the situation with shaking hands. Why don't you shake hands with the left hand? You shake hands with the right hand because the right hand is capable to hide any weapon and strike somebody. The left hand is not so capable.

This gesture Adolf Hitler used also has its roots in two things: one, you show your right hand -- that it is empty, that you are not carrying any weapon, that you are not dangerous, that you can be taken as friendly. Secondly it shows the desire that "we are going to win, we are going higher and higher towards the sky." It shows the longing and the desire to win over the world.

Churchill used to make this symbol, the "V" for victory -- "We are going to be victorious!"

All these symbols have arisen out of war, continuous war. Humanity has been fighting and fighting. In three thousand years there have been five thousand wars. It seems there is no other business for us but to war, to kill each other.

The people who have gathered here are not soldiers, are not in any way interested that there should be any violence, any destruction. They know, and I want you and your readers of BUNTE to know, that I am not a serious man. So I was just making a joke. And I have chosen Niskriya because he looks... Should I tell him to stand up again?

It is better... when I go then I will give you another chance to take the photograph -- not only of me, but of everybody else! Let the BUNTE readers also enjoy!
Pabel, you will forgive me, it is time for prayer.

Paddy has had a few drinks at lunchtime and is going home on the bus, when a woman gets on with her baby. Paddy can't believe his eyes and just keeps staring at them.

Finally he can't resist any longer, so he leans over and says, "Lady, that is about the ugliest baby I have ever seen!"

The woman freaks out and starts sobbing uncontrollably.

The conductor stops the bus and comes to see what the problem is, but the woman is too upset to speak.

"Okay, Madam," says the conductor, "I will go to that cafe across the street and bring you a nice cup of tea; that should calm you down. And while I am there, I will get a banana for your monkey."

This is especially for BUNTE...

Mervyn is prancing around by the crowded swimming pool and goes to the top diving board to make a flashy dive.

He makes a big splash, but when he surfaces, he finds that he has lost his swimsuit. He spends the next few minutes trying to locate it.

He gives up and goes to one corner of the pool to try and think how to get out of the water unobserved.

Finally he cups his hand over his prick, jumps out of the water and starts to run towards the changing room, yelling, "Mad dog! Mad dog!"

The crowd starts to scatter, and Mervyn has almost reached the changing room when a shapely blonde in a bikini stands in his way, pulls down the bottom half of her bikini, and shouts, "Let us muzzle that son-of-a-bitch!"

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #4

Chapter title: Laugh and drop the past

22 March 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

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Length: 91 mins

BELOVED OSHO,
LAST NIGHT, I WAS AMAZED TO SEE THAT THE PEOPLE FROM 'BUNTE' MAGAZINE WERE UPSET BY YOUR REMARKS IN THE DISCOURSE. FOR MYSELF AND OTHER GERMAN SANNYASINS IT WAS BEAUTIFUL TO SEE YOU MAKE SUCH GENTLE AND HILARIOUS FUN OF THE WHOLE NAZI TRIP. MY LAUGHTER HELPED TO DISSOLVE THE WHOLE HEAVY PAST AND GUILT ASSOCIATED WITH HITLER'S GERMANY.
BUT THE 'BUNTE' REPORTER, INGE BYHAN, COULD NOT SEE THE JOKE. SHE WAS TOTALLY ENRAGED AND WANTED TO LEAVE IN THE MIDDLE. SHE SAID THAT WHAT YOU WERE DOING WAS A TERRIBLE INSULT TO HUMANITY. SHE WAS SCREAMING AFTERWARDS.
OSHO, I FEEL SO SAD THAT THIS STUPID WOMAN BEHAVED SO INSANELY. I ASK YOU FOR FORGIVENESS ON HER PART AND I THANK YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART FOR LIBERATING ME.

Turiya, it is amazing and yet it is not amazing. It is amazing because the old woman from BUNTE magazine could not understand simple humor. I am absolutely against any Nazi ideology. It may be German, it may be Italian, it may be Indian -- basically, I am against all fascist attitudes towards life. My message to all is: never for a single moment desire to dominate anybody, nor allow anybody else to dominate you.

The very idea of domination has to disappear from the world. Only then can we call this world a human reality. Otherwise, it is absolutely inhuman. Millions of people all over the world are standing with loaded guns just watching for orders to be given. Missiles are ready, just buttons to be pressed, which any idiot can do. Pressing a button does not need much intelligence.

And the whole world will be just a huge fire. Not even grass will grow for millions of years. I was making a joke against Adolf Hitler, but to understand a joke needs intelligence -- and particularly for a German; that too an old lady journalist of a yellow, third-rate magazine. That's why I say it is amazing yet it is not amazing.

She wanted to scream. I also feel sad -- not that she wanted to scream, I felt sad that she did not scream. We would have loved it, and screamed together with her! It would have been such a tremendous revelation; she would have been shocked to see what was happening all around. She would have been the first to stop screaming! But unfortunately, she did not scream. She had not even the courage to say what her whole being was exploding with.

What was the trouble with her? It is not only with her; it is with all of my German sannyasins, more or less. But it is natural. Under Adolf Hitler, Germany has made such wounds in the heart of humanity that every German, although he was not a participant in it, perhaps he was not even born at the time of the second world war -- still, just being German and something inside hurts that "my country, my people have been so nasty, so destructive, so inhuman." They have destroyed forever a healthy heart without any guilt.

My effort was simply to help you to laugh at the point, because what is past, is past. And what Adolf Hitler did, you are not responsible for. If you can laugh, the wounds can be healed, the guilt can disappear. But rather than laughing, if you start screaming at me, you are simply proving my point that inside you the same fascist attitude still prevails. Still you think you are a superior race, superman; that the second world war was only a small battle, the real war is going to happen when the real Aryan German blood will rule over the world.

These may not be conscious ideas in you. But the whole atmosphere in which you have been brought up has left its imprints in your unconscious. And unless you start laughing at the very stupidity of the idea of ruling over the whole world, of being somebody special, superior to anybody else... Laughter is a great medicine. It is a tremendously powerful therapy. If you can laugh at your own unconscious, the unconscious loses its force. In your very laughter your guilt, your wounds, disappear.

Those two old German goats... it was specially for them! My hand has been hurting for months, but thinking that these poor fellows have come from Germany, I forgot about my hand. And they were so angry that today they were going to have interviews with sannyasins but because of their anger they left Poona immediately -- with a threat to Turiya, because Turiya is a princess of Hannover, so that old woman who was screaming, or wanted to scream, was calling Turiya again and again "Your Highness"... Poor Turiya felt ashamed at what that old goat was saying: You are a princess, royal blood, the last descendent of the German emperor, the oldest royal dynasty in the world, and you are mixing with these common people? She told Turiya, "I am going to write against Osho."

I laughed, because I told her beforehand! She was really stupid; otherwise I would have helped her more. I did as much as I could on my own. If she wanted to write... and that was specially the purpose, because BUNTE magazine and those kinds of magazines and newspapers are not in search of anything good happening anywhere. They are in search of something dirty, nasty. They are seekers of gutters. Unfortunately, we don't have any gutters here.

That's why I had told her that "If you write positively... if you write truthfully, you will have to write positively, because you cannot find a more laughing group in the whole world, more joyous, more hilarious, living moment to moment." Otherwise... Turiya is not an idiot. She is living here with "common people." But the old goat does not know that some alchemy is happening here which makes people counts, countesses -- without any account in the bank! Who cares? I can certify you, that you are the Shah of Iran, there is no law which can prevent me.

There are only five real kings: four are in the playing cards and the fifth is Turiya, a

princess! I should start calling you all "His Holiness"... "Her Highness"... "Divine Disgrace"... And nobody can prevent me; I can certify you, that you are "Divine Disgrace."

What more do you want? Small Germany, India, Pakistan... forget all about all these things. I make you Kings of the Moon, Queens of Mars. I just have to figure it out tomorrow, and give you certificates -- and let us see which court can challenge it.

That old goat was threatening that she is going to write against me. I have told her myself -- "Please, write against me, because nobody is writing against me and I enjoy people writing all kinds of lies and fictions. I have nothing to lose." All these idiots have made me a world celebrity, and I am just an ordinary man.

But she has gone in great anger. I have told her, "Let my picture with the 'Hitler salute' be on the front page of BUNTE, with seven thousand hands raised." And she could not understand that this is a joke, and in a very nice and loving way I am telling that you are still carrying your past within you. It doesn't matter that you are carrying a German past -- *everybody* is carrying his past, and my effort is to destroy your past, to free you from your past.

Yesterday Niskriya was sitting there as a Chinaman. Now, look by his side... the Chinaman is present. Please stand up.

This is the Chinaman. Look at him. Now, he is not angry. I have told you, we have only one Chinaman... and he must be very compassionate towards me, where I will have to look and find him. So he is sitting here next to Niskriya with the star -- the red star, the communist symbol on his cap. *This* is intelligence! There is no question of getting angry because here the whole purpose is to take away all the garbage that, without your knowing, the past has been continuously pouring on you. You are living under its burden. And if somebody says something against it, you think it is being said against you.

Your past is not you, neither is your future you. Only your present is you -- pure of past, that which is dead, and pure of future, that which is your dream, desire, longing.

The simple and sheer, crystal-clear present -- that is you. And if you can discover this, you have found not the kingdom of God, but the kingdom of your own.

Why bother God? And why enter into somebody else's kingdom? Why become unnecessarily a sheep, a goat, because somebody else is idiot enough to become a shepherd, leader, savior?

Just enter into your own kingdom. And a kingdom which cannot be conquered by anyone -- unconquerable. A kingdom which once found cannot be lost. A kingdom which blossoms in everyone.

I was talking about that kingdom yesterday as the mystic rose. But that old goat did not hear a word of what I was saying. She was only concerned that I have "insulted humanity." I cannot see any logical connection between the fascist salute of Adolf Hitler and humanity. Adolf Hitler killed humanity, insulted humanity. Forty million people -- a very good account! -- he murdered, butchered, gassed. And that old woman did not think that *he* has insulted humanity.

I am simply making you aware that if some part of you is still carrying, without your knowing, the junk that the past always leaves behind... and it goes on being given from one generation to another generation. Let it evaporate in a great laughter. Drop it. Forget that you are a German, forget that you are an Indian, forget that you are English.

It is enough that you are human.

Because of all these other names, you have forgotten completely that your humanness is covered by your Germanness. If somebody says anything against humanity, I don't think anybody will object. You will say, "What have I to do with it? Let humanity object, I am German. I am Italian -- let him say anything about Italians and I will show him..." Your humanity is covered like a mirror is covered by dust, and the dust has become more valuable than the mirror itself.

My basic approach to human problems is not to take them seriously, because once you take them seriously, you yourself become part of a problem. Watch and witness all the problems of humanity with a sense of innocence, aloofness. Perhaps then you can do justice; perhaps then you can create a better humanity, more loving, more joyous.

It is a small planet. The first astronaut who went beyond the boundary of the earth's atmosphere... the earth's atmosphere extends for about two hundred miles. And when he saw the earth from that standpoint, he laughed at the stupidity -- such a small and beautiful and luminous planet, and he could not see any lines, which we are forcing every child to learn: This is Pakistan; you cannot cross this line without the permission of those political criminals who have imposed themselves on a certain territory.

There are no lines anywhere. All maps should be burned. No school, no college, no university should have any map. There is no need of any lines. Man should demand the simple right of movement, freedom of movement. If one wants to go to live in the Himalayas, it is perfectly beautiful. Why should others be worried?

After a world tour, I wanted to make a commune in the Himalayas, and the Himachal government became worried. I became for the first time aware that even in India... I cannot purchase land within India, because I am not a citizen of that state. I was informed by the Himachal government that, "Unless you are a permanent resident of Himachal, you cannot purchase land."

I said, "Then what is the difference? That's why twenty-one countries refused or deported me, because I was not a permanent resident." In my own country, I cannot purchase a house in Kashmir or in Himachal or in Assam because those states don't want anybody else to enter their territory.

It is a strange thing: the day I came back to Poona, just within two hours... I was asleep, and the police entered the ashram and served me a notice to leave Poona immediately. I said, "At least let me rest -- in the morning, we can settle matters. Moreover, I *have* been living in Poona. At least you cannot deport me from Poona, I have the property in Poona already. And on what grounds do you want me to leave Poona?"

The grounds were the same all over the world: that my presence can be dangerous, can corrupt the young generation's morality. Now, two years have passed and I have not corrupted a single Poona-ite. I don't go into that dirty city. For corruption, at least I have to move outside of my gate! But if somebody wants to be corrupted, he can come here. He is welcome. Now, what can I do? If you want to be corrupted and you come from faraway lands to be corrupted, I say, "Okay, let us corrupt."

Now, today I will corrupt this Chinaman. Remove your Chinacap and be corrupt!

(THE CHINAMAN REMOVES HIS CAP AND REVEALS A HUMAN BEING.)

Right! There is no need to be unnecessarily discriminated.

Princess Turiya will be going in a few days to Germany. I would like her to go to this

magazine's office, BUNTE, and tell the publisher or the owner that "When you send people to Poona, at least send intelligent people -- because that is a totally different world, absolutely corrupted, and if you send old goats, they will be corrupted very soon. They don't even bother to see whether this is too old a goat, so leave it. Young or old, they don't make any distinction. Send very intelligent people."

It is not that intelligent journalists from all over the world have not come here. But when -- also from Germany -- another experienced journalist came here, he got corrupted. He was too intelligent, he could see the point. He became a sannyasin. He is here somewhere... and when he went back, his magazine simply refused -- that's why I had warned them yesterday -- because he wrote a beautiful article saying that "Something new is happening. People of all religions and races are meeting in one place, working out how to be silent, making every effort to reach to their own innermost being. There is no fight, no crime. The whole commune can absolutely be called a love commune."

He wrote a beautiful article, and the magazine told him, "You have been hypnotized." He said, "I am your most experienced journalist, and you think I can be hypnotized? Then I am ready -- you can come with me and I will show you." But nobody was ready to come because then he will be hypnotized too! They refused to publish his article. They said, "Unless you make a few amendments... and the amendments will be suggested by us." The name of the sannyasin is Satyananda.

He said, "You have not even been there, and you will suggest to me? You will make suggestions to be included in the article? I have been there, and you will tell me a few things should be removed... Then it is better that you write the article, because you are not hypnotized; naturally your article will be right."

They fired him, and they wrote something fictitious on their own. When Satyananda came back, I told him, "It was bound to happen. You should have inserted something negative against me; nothing hurts me. You should have told some fictitious stories, allegations, because I don't care about what other people think. And they would have published your article, they would have praised it and they would have thought that you were really great that you came out of that commune without being hypnotized. But you did not listen to me."

He said, "I am absolutely happy that I have not listened to you. I wrote exactly what is happening, and I don't care that they have fired me. It is for my good. I am absolutely happy to be here." And he has been here with me, he has been in America in the commune, and when I came back here, he came here again. And he is utterly happy.

The problem of prestige, respectability, prevents people from entering the door of the commune. It was a strange experience to me in America. The very first day as I reached New Jersey, the governor of California, Jerry Brown, sent a special message that he wanted to meet me because he is immensely interested in Zen. But he cannot come to see me in New Jersey; it is a question of his prestige, his post, his power. He was ready to send a jet airplane which would take me to California... and he wanted to meet me in such a way that nobody would know; particularly the news media should not know.

I said, "A man who is interested in Zen -- if he has not even the courage to meet me, unafraid that the whole world will know, then I refuse to come. If you want to meet me, *you* will have to come, and the news media will be informed." He never came, he never answered.

And when I was in America, people from India... you will be surprised: even people from Poona and Bombay, Delhi and Calcutta, great industrialists, politicians, started phoning me in America to say, "We want to come to see you. I am coming from Poona."

I said, "I am amazed! I have been in Poona for seven years."

They said, "In Poona, to meet you was dangerous. People would have known."

I said, "I will meet you in Poona, nowhere else. If life brings me back to Poona, you can meet me." Life has brought me back to Poona, and that fellow has not come. I have informed him many times. He has told my people, "I know -- you need not come again and again, because the neighbors start suspecting... why do sannyasins come here?"

People who are from Bombay cannot come, a fifteen-minute flight. But they were ready to come from New York to Portland to meet me. I refused. I did not allow any Indian who wanted to meet me there and has not met me here. Those who have come here, were welcomed there; there was no question. They were courageous people.

And what the world calls corruption is really just making you aware of things which are ugly, but your tradition, your country, your race, have conditioned your mind for them. For example, the Dutch parliament has made a law that I cannot enter Holland. The reason is that I have spoken against homosexuality, and "we don't want to disturb the homosexual people of Holland." I became aware for the first time that homosexuality is the religion of Holland! This is corruption; I would have corrupted people because certainly I would have spoken against homosexuality.

Twenty-one governments all around the world have given reasons, so absurd that one cannot believe that we are living on a sane planet. Perhaps this planet is a place where, from all other planets, when somebody goes insane he is sent here. There is no other explanation.

In America, I had not moved outside of my commune. The government agencies which are usually employed to arrest criminals refused to arrest me. They said, "You show what crimes he has committed! He does not come out of his commune, he has not murdered anybody. You don't have any evidence -- don't make us a laughingstock." And when two government agencies refused, the only possibility that remained was to approach the army to arrest me.

The chief of the army laughed at the very idea. When the government attorney approached him, he said, "Never in the whole history of mankind has the army been called to arrest a man who has not even committed any crime. Why shouldn't your own agencies arrest him? Armies are to fight against nations, not against individuals." And what were the reasons? The same -- that "listening to him has a very dangerous effect."

Sleeping in my bed, I worry: I have not committed any crime, and I am the most dangerous man alive?

The pope is behind the Italian government. For two years, Italian sannyasins have been fighting in the streets and in the parliament -- in the parliament there are many members who are sannyasins. The answer is the same: "That man is dangerous and his influence corrupts the minds of the younger generation." But nobody says what corruption is. Is it corruption that I tell people the truth, that the Christian trinity of God, the Holy Ghost and Jesus Christ is a very immoral trinity? It is the Holy Ghost who made poor Virgin Mary pregnant -- and still he remains the HOLY Ghost! Then who is unholy? Now all ghosts can make an effort to make as many virgins pregnant as possible and remain holy.

If I say the truth... And Jesus Christ -- a poor carpenter's son, uneducated -- has gathered a small gang of twelve poor people of the same uneducated type: farmers, fishermen, woodcutters. Not a single rabbi, not a single scholar, not a single wise man -- and he moved on his donkey from one place to another place declaring that "I am the only begotten son of God."

Now to me, this seems to be hilarious. I will tell my sannyasins in Italy to just find

donkeys and declare, "I am a cousin-brother of Jesus Christ, the only cousin-brother." What evidence has Jesus Christ for his claim? And it is very strange that if the Holy Ghost makes Mary pregnant... then how does God become the father? At the most he can be an uncle.

These stupid ideas... if I make them clear, they don't contradict them -- because they cannot. What they can do is, they can pass laws in the parliament that I cannot enter in the country.

But I *am* going to enter -- particularly Italy I cannot leave alone. I have told my sannyasins, "Create a great movement that the pope cannot be both the head of a state and the head of a church. A saint is not supposed to be a sovereign. The Vatican should dissolve itself into Italy." It is such a stupid idea. Eight square miles and the Vatican is a sovereign country, a nation. And the pope is both: the highest priest of the Catholics, and also the king of the country, of the Vatican.

Great! We can declare that if eight square miles can create a country... We had in America a commune of one hundred twenty-six square miles; we could have declared that we were an independent country.

And we could have found any pope, any Polack and said, "He is our high priest and our king."

To give people an opportunity to think is thought to be a corruptive influence. To make them aware of their superstitions is thought to be the greatest crime.

But I want you all to be criminals, if thinking is to be a crime. I want you all to be corrupted, if to be intelligent is to be corrupted.

You have to be in a total revolt in this insane world.

So, Princess Turiya, this time you are the only princess here. When you come back after a few weeks, you will find many princesses, princes, kings, queens. So enjoy for four weeks more -- you are the only princess. In these four weeks I am going to give certificates. Whosoever wants to be the King of Mars... what is the harm? He can enjoy, feel great, without any fight. Without destroying anybody, he can become Alexander the Great!

Niskriya, you choose the planet you want to be the king of. Everybody can choose. And not only choose -- have your letterheads; choose as far away stars as possible. Even if you want to be the Sovereign Head of the Whole Universe, you can be.

These stupid ideas, Turiya has left behind. It is that woman who was continually calling her "Your Highness." Her husband, Vimalkirti, was my bodyguard. He was the descendant of the last emperor of Germany. Prince Phillip of England is his uncle; the Queen of England is his aunt. He was connected, because royal families go on marrying amongst themselves. They make marriage such a mess. They go on cooking each other and the result is retarded people.

Turiya is not really from any royal family, she is a commoner. Vimalkirti was intelligent enough to marry her, against all the royal families of Europe. That was the beginning of his revolution. He revolted, saying that "I am not going to marry into any other royal family." It is a scientific fact that you should not marry close relations; otherwise you will create retarded children. And you can see it: just look at the Prince of Wales, who was a cousin-brother of Vimalkirti. Even his photograph can show you that this guy is *gone*.

It is beautiful that these royal families are slowly slowly disappearing, have almost disappeared. Blood is the same; you cannot tell the difference... that idea that royal blood has some speciality is absolutely absurd and un-scientific.

There was a time in the Victorian Age when queens used to have clothes made in such a

way that you could not see their legs, their feet. And the idea was all over Europe that queens are different from other women; their thighs are joined together. That's why they walk so slowly. That's why they hide, with the long clothes touching the floor, so that nobody can see their thighs.

But nobody was allowed to see, so no investigation was possible. It was only just a few years before... one sister of Queen Elizabeth was on the sea beach, and the winds don't care who you are. And the whole dress blew in one direction, showing both the legs -- separate. All over the world, the picture was printed and a great superstition died. Now, nobody talks about that. But if anybody had said before that "a medical examination is needed, only then we will accept this idea," he would have been thought to be corrupting people's minds. Now, it is time to corrupt your mind.

Mendel Kravitz is standing at the urinal, when he notices a message on the wall at eye level.

"Look upward," reads the message and there is a big arrow pointing up.

Mendel cannot resist and looks up. Several feet up the wall, there is another message, which says, "Higher."

Mendel looks higher, and there near the ceiling is another message. "Still higher," it reads.

Mendel is now looking directly upwards, and on the ceiling in faint writing is another message, "Quick! Look down, you are pissing on your shoes."

A Chinaman in Paris picks up a girl and takes her to his hotel room.

He opens the bedroom window and takes a deep breath. Then, they get into bed together and make love. After a while the Chinaman says, "Excuse me, I am a little tired."

He gets out of the bed, goes over to the window, takes a deep breath. Then he rolls under the bed and comes out the other side. He jumps into bed and starts to make love again.

After a while, he gets up saying, "Excuse me, I am a little tired."

Again, he goes over to the window, and takes a deep breath, then he rolls under the bed and gets out the other side. He jumps back into bed and starts making love once more.

When this has happened five times, the girl gets up saying, "Excuse me, I am a little tired, too." She goes over to the window, takes a deep breath of air, looks under the bed and finds four Chinamen there.

The last prayer, to the God who has died...

Rabbi Nussbaum has been attending a rabbi's convention in Chicago. When it is over, he checks out of his hotel and gets all the way to the station before realizing that he has left his umbrella behind. When he gets back to the hotel, he finds that his room has already been taken by a newlywed couple.

He is about to knock on the door, when he hears a man's voice say, "Whose little lips are these?"

"Yours, dear, yours," says a female voice coyly.

"And whose little tits are these?" says the man.

"Yours, darling, yours," squeals the girl.

"And whose little hips are these?" he croons.

"Yours, darling, yours!" she gasps.

"Hey!" shouts Rabbi Nussbaum through the keyhole, "when you get to the umbrella, remember, it is mine!"

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #5

Chapter title: Blindness and following are synonymous

23 March 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

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BELOVED OSHO,
GEORGE GURDJIEFF IS REPORTED TO HAVE SAID, "REPORTERS AND SMART
ALECKS WHO ATTEMPT TO ATTACK ME THINK THAT TO START SOME KIND
OF MASS MOVEMENT AND ATTRACT LARGE NUMBERS OF FOOLISH
FOLLOWERS IS A SIMPLE MATTER."

BELOVED OSHO, HOW ABOUT THE FOLLOWERS OF PEOPLE LIKE BILLY
GRAHAM? CAN YOU TALK ABOUT BLIND FOLLOWERS, AND REAL,
AUTHENTIC SEEKERS?

Jivan Mada, to seek the truth, to long for the real, needs tremendous intelligence. Not only intelligence, but a great courage to risk all that is false, all that is superstitious, all that is mere belief -- all that has been given to you by others but is not your own experience. The courage to be alone against the vast humanity -- their religions, their political ideologies -- certainly needs a tremendous love which is ready to sacrifice life itself but will not accept anything that is not one's own authentic experience.

Truth is never borrowed; nobody else can give it to you. It is not something that can be transferred from one generation to another generation, one person to another person. Truth is your inner being -- and the crowd has no approach to your inner being; except you, nobody can go there. This is simply the law of existence, that only the individual can rise to the heights of consciousness and awareness. The more you belong to the crowd, the deeper you fall into darkness.

But there must be some reason why so many people, millions of them, always remain part of crowds -- Christians, Jews, Hindus, different kinds of crowds, Germans, Indians, Japanese, Chinese -- crowd within crowd. They make smaller crowds, because the big crowd becomes too far away a thing. They make small families, small communities, small sects, cults. And not being satisfied with that, they start making Rotary Clubs, Lions Clubs, but they always need a crowd to belong to.

There must be some deep psychology behind it. Belonging to a crowd, whatsoever the nature of the crowd -- religious, political, social, but belonging to a crowd -- the very desire is to escape from oneself, is to avoid oneself. Is to keep looking at others so that you don't

become aware of your own being.

The fear is of oneself.

But why should people fear being themselves? There must have been a deep wound somewhere which prevents them from being alone.

According to me... I don't know whether Gurdjieff is thinking in the same direction or not, but according to me the fear of being alone comes because every man, every woman, has to live in the womb of the mother for nine months in absolute darkness and aloneness. And to us, those are nine months, but to the baby in the mother's womb it is eternity because the baby has no idea of time. But it is not unconscious, it is not in a coma; those nine months of aloneness have left a wound in every being. He is afraid to be alone again. Get married, have children, join clubs, become members of churches -- any stupid circus will do, but don't be alone!

Any absurd belief, if it makes you a part, a member of a society, of a religion, is helpful -- not in finding the truth, but in avoiding the truth. The very word 'belief' means *you* don't know; *others* know. And who are those others?

In my village there was a very well-known scholar, a brahmin priest, very well-respected by everybody except me. And I had my reasons not to be respectful. People thought, "Whatever he says is coming out of the sources of wisdom; he knows and we don't know." That's what he had propagated.

All the priests in the world have been propagating the same thing: "We know and you don't know. Accept what we say, make it your belief, never doubt, be obedient to the crowd, and you will be respectable."

That priest lived just half a mile away from my house, in front of a huge garden. That garden belonged to the sect of which the priest was the head; it had become almost his private property.

My father had a friendship with the man, and he always used to take me to him and tell him, "Teach my boy something, because he seems to be a strange type. You ask him anything, and in answer he asks another question. He never answers anything!"

"Even in small things: I tell him to go to the market and fetch some vegetables and he says, 'Why not you? You are sitting so useless; at least I am meditating.' And his meditation is his own invention. He just closes his eyes -- nobody knows whether he sleeps or what, but he calls it meditation. And everybody else, he thinks, is doing useless things -- 'Send anybody!'"

"Ask anything... And we are tired! Naked, he is going to the river. And I will say, 'Listen, this is not good, going naked to the river,' and he will say, 'Why? If man is born naked he has a born right to be naked. And if people object, I will see to them; because I know everybody is naked behind their clothes, so what is the point? I am simply truthful; they are hypocrites, hiding behind clothes.'"

That old priest said, "I will put him right. You go, and leave him with me. I will teach him something."

My father left me with the priest... and you can understand what must have happened to the priest! Whatever he said, I discussed. That was very new, because the whole community... it had never occurred to anybody to challenge him.

He said to me, "Look: these are the VEDAS, the Hindus' ancientmost religious scriptures."

I said to him, "Just give me some evidence. On what grounds are you saying they are

holy?"

He said, "Grounds? It is an accepted fact." I said, "I don't accept it. You have to prove to me that these dirty books, rotten... if you go to sell them, even the waste paper market people will not purchase them. And if you don't believe me, come with me; take all this lot. I will not touch them."

He said, "Your father was right."

I said, "Now you figure out how to get rid of me!"

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "Now I am going to be here. You asked my father to leave me behind. Now, unless I decide to go, nobody can send me away."

His wife came from inside and she said, "Don't fight with that boy, he has been harassing me."

The priest said, "You harass my wife?"

I said, "First give me the proof that she is your wife! Because many other people have said to me that this woman is their wife. Whom to believe? Show me the certificate!"

The old priest said, "My god, you... can't you see my children?"

I said, "That is even more difficult. You may have some evidence from the court that this is your wife, but even the court cannot prove that these are your children."

The wife said, "Don't fight with that boy, because he will harass me more."

The priest said, "Where does he harass you?"

She said, "Everywhere! When I go to the river, he is standing naked under a tree. And once I said, 'This is not right.' He said, 'Close your eyes!' And I thought that perhaps he is right, what right have I to tell him? If I don't want to see him naked I should close my eyes. Since that day I have not bothered about him."

The old priest said to me, "Listen, you are not yet grown up; you should behave like a cultured, well-behaved boy."

I said, "I always do what you are saying. For example, when I told you that you cannot prove these children are yours, was I not behaving intelligently? And you have been believing, unintelligently, that these children are yours. And you don't have any proof! And being a holy priest... are you indulging in dirty sex?"

He said, "My god, you just get out of my house!"

I said, "I am going to visit this house now whenever I want. Otherwise I will tell the whole village that this idiot can't answer even simple questions but he answers that God exists. He cannot even prove that his children are his."

He said, "Listen, wait -- let us compromise!"

I said, "For what? Compromise? Why should I compromise?"

He said, "No, wait..." And he told his wife, "Bring some sweets and other things."

I said, "Okay, but that does not mean that it is a permanent solution to the problem. Today I may not harass you, but whenever I need sweets..."

And after two or three days I went, and as I entered his house he said, "No need to argue; just wait. I will call my wife for sweets."

His wife said, "But this is going to be an unnecessary burden."

I said, "It is up to you; we can drop the negotiation."

The man started fighting with his wife -- "You should not speak when I am talking to somebody. You just bring sweets; otherwise this boy can destroy my whole prestige. He talks such strange things! Now I know why his father has put the whole burden on me."

He told my father, "I cannot teach your boy. You will have to take him to somebody

else."

My father said, "I have tried everybody. Everybody has to make a negotiation with him." He said, "Negotiation? Has he told you?"

My father said, "Every time I take him to somebody" -- an old advocate was his friend, one old physician was his friend -- "he ends up negotiating. And in the negotiation he simply gives temporary relief and gets sweets or anything he wants, and makes it clear: This is only the beginning of a relationship that will last as long you are alive, for certainly he is going to live longer than you."

I have not found a single person my whole life who does not have beliefs. And belief is sheer stupidity. It means you don't know, yet you are pretending. You are not deceiving others -- you are deceiving yourself that you know. When you go to the church, or go to the temple, what is your knowledge?

Just in front of my house there was a temple of Shiva, and as you know, Shiva is represented by a phallic symbol. I used to tease the priest and ask what it is. "If you have any sense, cover it with some cloth."

He would say, "I pray to you... You disturb my customers!"

I said, "Then some negotiation. Who told you that this is the way God is?"

He said, "Everybody knows."

I said, "I have even seen dogs pissing on it." And dogs are very skeptical people; they find very strange places to piss. Particularly the Shivalingam, the statue of Shiva, is very appealing to them -- an absolutely marble urinal, and very comfortable for them because they have just to raise one leg and Shiva comes just underneath them.

The priest said, "Don't torture me with these things. I know that this happens. I have to clean, wash... and I wonder, why so many dogs?"

I said, "You need not wonder. Whenever I have time, I find dogs and bring them -- `Where are you going? Unnecessarily searching for a place... just come here!' "

He used to give me bribes.

I wondered, What kind of religious people are these? What are their beliefs, and why do crowds follow them? From my very childhood I have been in search of a man who can say, "This is my experience." Always it is written in the holy book, it is said by Jesus Christ, it is said in BHAGAVAD GITA.

Gurdjieff's saying -- and he was one of the most important men of this century, but he could not find a great number of followers. Certainly not crowds -- not like the Catholic pope, six hundred million people. And he was condemned all over the world for making statements which were absolutely true according to his experience.

One is not obliged to say things which are written in the books of religions; you may say something which is not written in any religious book. Your own experience is the ultimate value. There are thousands of religious books, three hundred religions on this small planet and they are all contradicting each other. Certainly, truth is one. Maybe its expressions differ a little bit according to the personalities of people, but you can see: the essential will be there.

Gautam Buddha says there is no God. Mahavira says there is no God. And Jesus Christ says, "I am the only begotten son of God." Now whom to believe? And certainly Jesus Christ has not the caliber of a Gautam Buddha or Mahavira, nor the experience, nor the intelligence. Whatever he has said is a repetition of the Old Testament prophets. Not a single word of his

can be said to have contributed to man's knowledge. But half of humanity believes in Jesus Christ, and in such a stupid idea, that he is the only son of God.

What happened to God? Has he gone impotent? -- a natural conclusion, because I don't think he knows anything about birth control. Neither in the Old Testament nor in the New Testament is there any mention of birth control, and still... It is going to be for eternity! A celibacy so long will drive anybody crazy. And nobody, no Christian ever raises the question that it looks a little stupid that only Jesus...

And this kind of idea is not only in the mind of Jesus. This is called, in psychology, "megalomania."

Hazrat Mohammed says, "I am the last and ultimate word of God. After me there will be no prophet." But what are the reasons? Has God stopped sending messengers? Up to Mohammed he had sent many messengers -- twenty-four *tirthankaras* of Jainas, twenty-four *avatars* of Hindus, his own son Jesus Christ. Perhaps he could not find anybody else to send, so poor Hazrat Mohammed... It seems that since then, God has not found anybody to send.

But this megalomania has a reason: Mohammed wants the KORAN to be the last word. If God goes on sending prophets, they are bound to say things which may contradict the KORAN and he cannot tolerate it.

Crowds have followed these people, without ever asking, inquiring of Mohammed, "Where did you meet God? Has he given you any symbol to prove that you are the real prophet? Why should we believe that you are the real prophet?" Because the KORAN is not great literature. Ordinary poets have written better.

He was uneducated, he could not even write his own name. He had to dictate, and that too not in a single go; an illiterate man, once in a while he could manage something. The KORAN was dictated over his whole lifetime; just this one book -- one sentence today, one sentence tomorrow, whenever he could manage some idea. God seems so slow, sending messengers and always choosing the wrong kind of people.

And there are immense contradictions in these books, but the followers are blind.

Gurdjieff's statement is absolutely right that all believers are blind. And the blind people are very angry with those who say that they are blind. Just tell some blind person that, "Listen fellow, you are blind." Blind people become absolutely mad if somebody says that to them. And if you say to them, "There is light," they will ask, "Show us the proof, or let us take a vote, a mandamus!"

And in this blind world, if a mandamus is taken whether light exists or not, one can predict the conclusion: Light does not exist.

Gurdjieff could not find more than a small group of people. The reason was simple. Perhaps in the East he would have been able to find a few more seekers, but he was trying in the West. And he himself was a very strange and unique master. His methods were so strange that ordinary people would simply avoid even a glimpse. Whatever he said had such significance, but that significance is only for those who know.

For example he used to say that not every man has a soul. Now it is not right; I know that everybody has a soul. Still, I say Gurdjieff did a great service by declaring that not all people have souls, because this idea that you have a soul has made you a non-seeker. This idea that you have it already... then what is the point of seeking?

It is simple logic. All religions have been saying that you have a soul, so what is the point of seeking? We have it! And all the religions are saying you cannot lose it, even if you want

to lose it. Perfect! -- so do everything else while life lasts. The soul will always be there, even after death.

Naturally, the outcome of this has been a humanity which is non-seeking, non-inquiring, only occupied in the mundane, material, small things -- because unless you seek something greater than you, you cannot blossom. Gurdjieff was right, but anybody listening to him will become angry. If you had gone to him and he had said to you, "Listen, you don't have any soul. You are just empty, an empty box, nothing inside. Go home"...

His insistence was very strange and very new, very original: "If you want to have a soul you will have to create it; you will have to do something. Call it meditation, call it discipline, but whatever the name is, you have to become crystallized in your consciousness. A crystallized consciousness is soul, and you are not crystallized. You are fragmentary, one fragment is going north, one fragment is going south... You are spread all over the place. Just gather yourself."

Naturally people became angry, that "This is insulting!" To say that you are an empty box... But those who were intelligent remained with the man, because the man had such a presence that if you had the courage to look into his eyes and the courage to be with him for a few days you would understand -- his saying you are not yet a soul is just a device so that you can start discovering, so that you can start going in. Whether he was right or wrong, he was provoking you, challenging you.

He was not against Gautam Buddha or Krishna, he was not against those great souls who have realized themselves. He was saying that the crowd which has accepted the idea of soul as a belief -- its belief has to be shattered, completely shattered.

And unless you are completely shattered in your belief-system, you are not going to move a single inch in your growth. People were very angry with him.

Perhaps I am the only person with whom more people are angry, because Gurdjieff was not known to the whole world. He was known to a small group in France, in England, in America, but not around the world.

But, Jivan Mada, your question is significant: How to make a distinction between blind followers and real authentic seekers?

The first thing to remember is, all followers are blind. There are not some followers who are blind and some followers who are not blind. Blindness and following are synonymous.

And all authentic seekers are non-believers. All authentic seekers are bound to find themselves alone. They cannot be accepted by the crowd. They are too dangerous for the crowd, because they may destroy other people's belief systems, they may destroy other people's consolations.

Friedrich Nietzsche was confined in a madhouse, forcibly, although he was not mad. But whatever he was saying will look really mad to the crowd; for example his saying that "God is dead, have you heard it or not?" He would catch hold of people by their collars and ask, "God is dead, have you heard it or not?!"

Now people thought, "This is too much! He is AGAINST God. We have heard that there are people who don't believe in God, but he is going one step ahead. He says, The question of belief or unbelief does not arise; the fellow has *died*. And moreover, do you know who has killed him? You!"

Naturally people thought that he had gone completely out of his mind, it is better to put him in a nursing home and take care of him. He resisted, but what can he do? A single individual, of the greatest intelligence, was forced to live for one year in a madhouse. But in a

way, in disguise, a great blessing came. That one year in the madhouse he could find time to write his most important book, *THE WILL TO POWER*. Anybody who can understand the book, *THE WILL TO POWER* will testify that the man who wrote it was not mad. No madman can write a book of such brilliance. But his statements were very shattering to the crowd.

He used to go before churches, and when they would come out he would say, "Listen, beware of this fellow Jesus Christ. He has been teaching things which are absurd and illogical." Now to tell Christians who are coming out of the churches, listening to great sermons of well-educated idiots... but his arguments were very clear.

Jesus has said, "Do to others what you would like them to do to you." Now, nobody will object to it, it seems to be a beautiful statement: Do to others what you would like to be done to you by them. But Nietzsche had such a brilliant clarity -- he said, "What if your likings differ? Do to others what you would like them to do to you, but what if your likings differ?" Certainly inquire first what their likings are, and whether they would also like what you are giving them.

Secondly, and more importantly... this statement was made in reference to what happens if somebody slaps you on one side of your face -- "Give him the other side too." Looks very beautiful, very nonviolent, very peace-loving. But Friedrich Nietzsche's insight is far deeper.

He says, "And what will you do if he gives you another slap on the other side of the face? You don't have a third side -- what will you do? Then you will be at a loss and look stupid.

"Moreover, when somebody slaps you on your face and you give him the other side of your face, you insult him. You insult his humanity, you show that you are a God, a superior being; you don't behave like an animal. You are proving your superiority by giving the other side of your face."

It is absolutely insulting.

The best thing is, if he has given you a slap, you give him a good slap in return to prove that "We are equal, we both are human beings. Neither you are lower nor I am higher." It looks strange, but there is a point: these people who go on trying to present themselves as higher human beings are really trying to make others feel inferior. They are taking away your dignity.

A man like Gurdjieff had few people. He would not accept them as followers but just as seekers, as fellow travelers. And hard was the path. His way was very hard, but the result was tremendously beautiful. If somebody followed to the very end what he was saying -- not just believing it but doing it, exploring it by experiencing it -- one became crystallized, luminous. In the West there was no word for it; the East knows the man has become the buddha, the awakened, the enlightened.

And Jivan Mada, you are also asking, "How about the followers of people like Billy Graham?"

That is the blind following the blind. Billy Graham is one of the greatest idiots as far as contemporary times are concerned. Naturally he has a great following: small idiots are everywhere available; when a great idiot arises, small idiots immediately fall in the trap.

Just look at the face of Billy Graham... I would not have believed that a man with such a face could find a single follower. So retarded, so ugly, no grace -- but he is one of the greatest Christian preachers. And what he is preaching is just old nonsense which has been repeated for two thousand years, nothing original.

But people want leaders like Billy Graham; they give a certain consolation to you. They

have not in any way, in their whole life, shocked anybody in his belief. They support your belief, they console you, they say, "Believe in Jesus and paradise is yours."

And if paradise is available so cheap, I don't think you are going to miss it. Why not take it, when it is available? You don't even have to purchase a ticket; just believe, believe that Jesus is the son of God and after death there will be a Judgment Day.

It is strange, two thousand years have passed and the judgment day has not happened yet. Whenever it will happen everybody will rise out of the grave...

Just for a moment, visualize the scene -- because out of graves will come only skeletons. People who have been in graves for thousands of years cannot have anything left but bones, and they will be so many, and only one day of judgment -- perhaps from eleven to five, and the day is finished and God goes into retirement again.

And don't forget that among those skeletons half are going to be women. There is going to be so much chattering, unbelievable, and fighting, because everybody will be looking: where is the husband? And in many many lives... If it is a question of the East, a man has been a husband of many wives and every woman has been a wife of many husbands -- there is going to be such wrestling and boxing that God cannot make any judgment, on that day at least.

But people believe...

Ronald Reagan and Edwin Meese are going for a walk in the grounds of the White House, when they notice a large dog licking its private parts.

"Boy," says Reagan, "I would love to be able to do that."

"Then go ahead," says Meese, "but if I were you I would make friends with him first."

These are the people... both of them go to listen to Billy Graham.

Elijah Lobotowitz is reading his newspaper one evening when his fifteen-year-old daughter, Sadie, comes in and says, "Dad, can I ask you something that will affect my life from now on?"

"Of course, dear," replies Elijah, "what is it?"

"Well," says Sadie, "what is vice?"

Lobotowitz drops his newspaper and stammers, "Sit down, dear, and I will tell you." Then he goes down through the Ten Commandments, paying particular attention to the subject of adultery. After two hours of graphic description, he sits back and says, "There, now do you know about vice? But why did you ask?"

"Well," says Sadie, "you know I have been playing for the basketball team? Well, today I was promoted to vice-captain."

During the second world war, Paddy, Sean and Seamus are fighting against the Nazis in France. Unfortunately they are captured and sent to a concentration camp. On Adolf Hitler's birthday, the camp commander is in a good mood, so he calls the three Irishmen to his office. "Okay, you dumbkops," he shouts, "as it is Adolf Hitler's birthday, I am going to give you your freedom if you can tell me the sex of the bird on my helmet."

Sean goes first and says, "Female."

Seamus agrees that it is female, but Paddy insists, "Definitely male."

"Good," says the commander to Paddy, "you are right. But how did you know?"

"It had to be male," replies Paddy, heading for the door, "with a prick like you under it!"

These are the people, the crowd. What more can you expect of them, except to follow any idiot who is bigger than they are.

Hymie Goldberg and his friend Moishe are having a drink in the clubhouse between races.

"A weird thing happened to me a few years ago," says Hymie. "It was the seventh day of the seventh month, and my little Herschel was seven years old that day. We lived in apartment number seven, and I got to the track at seven minutes past seven."

"You musta put a bundle on the seventh horse in the seventh race." says Moishe.

"I sure did," says Hymie.

"And it won, of course," says Moishe.

"No," sighs Hymie, "It came in seventh!"

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #6

Chapter title: Let-go -- the fundamental principle

24 March 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

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BELOVED OSHO,
RECENTLY, YOU CONCLUDED A DISCOURSE BY SAYING: "REMEMBER, 'LET-GO' IS THE MOST IMPORTANT WORD IN EXISTENCE." IT PENETRATED ME LIKE AN ARROW. SINCE THEN YOUR WORDS HAVE BEEN HAUNTING ME.
BELOVED MASTER, COULD YOU PLEASE SPEAK A LITTLE MORE ON THE ART OF LETTING GO? IT SEEMS THE EASIEST YET THE HARDEST THING TO DO. IS THERE A KNACK? COULD YOU ONCE AGAIN BURN MY IGNORANCE WITH THE LIGHTNING OF YOUR ARROW?

Jivan Mada, it is certainly more difficult to be easy. It is easier to be difficult. The mind, obviously, is interested in the difficult; it wants to avoid anything that is too simple. The reason is very clear: the simple is the death of the mind. The difficult is its nourishment, its life, its very being.

It is strange -- but truth is always the most strange thing -- that one has to ask how to relax, how to go to sleep. Fortunately, nature has not left many things in your hands. Otherwise, it is absolutely certain you would have asked how to breathe: "It is so simple, Osho, but just give me a little strategy so that I can breathe. How to let the heart go on beating?"

But nature is compassionate enough, it has not given you any important thing to do -- so you can be a member of the Couch Potato Club and nature goes on taking care of all that is essential.

Let-go is certainly the most fundamental principle of religiousness. It simply means no goal, no desire, no longing, no past, no future -- just being here in utter totality, drowning in this silence, without any resistance.

There is no art, there is no knack, there is no method; just a simple understanding. Who is preventing you? Your own past, that you think is valuable... how can you drop it? It is a treasure, it is your heritage! The future... how can you drop it? -- although you don't have it. Still, you are worried how to drop it: "How can one drop the future? Future is all that we have. All the dreams, all the tomorrows, all the great things that have to happen are in the

future."

And when I say to you, "Drop the past, drop the future, just simply be"...

In that moment of simple being, immense blessings descend on you, silences, ecstasies -- effortlessly. And because you have not made any effort and the flowers go on showering on you, it creates a very new dimension in your being: the dimension of gratitude, which religions have wrongly interpreted as prayer.

You cannot pray before you have known let-go. All the churches and all the temples are full of people who are praying, but they don't know; they are not in a state in which prayer arises on its own as gratitude.

Prayer cannot mean anything else but gratitude -- gratitude for so much that is given to you each moment without your asking. You could not have conceived of any more than what happens in the moment, if you allow it to happen.

And the allowing is very simple:

No past, no future -- just this moment.

Jivan Mada, you ask, "Beloved Master, could you please speak a little more on the art of letting go?" In fact, there is no art. And I have already spoken too much on it which is not really allowed.

A Zen master is sitting by the side of the sea on the beach, and the king of the country passes by. Seeing the opportunity... the king has thought many times that some day he will go to this man about whom he has heard so much. But you know the troubles of a king, problems and worries. He had not been able to find time.

But this had happened accidentally; the Zen master was sitting on the beach. The king stopped his caravan and said, "I would like to meet the master. So please wait here, and let me go alone."

He asked the master, "I have heard much about you and I wanted to come long, long ago but it did not materialize. I am grateful that today I have seen a man of silence. Can you tell me the art which you have practiced, which has made you a luminous silence? I don't have much time."

The Zen master said, "You don't be worried about time, because I don't have much to say either." And there was silence.

The king waited and waited, and the master went on looking towards the sea. The sun was setting and it was so beautiful -- so immensely golden, all over the ocean.

The king thought, "The man seems to be a little strange. I have asked the question and he is looking at the sea. It seems he has forgotten me and my question." He reminded him -- "Perhaps you don't know that I am king of this country and I have asked you a question and you have not answered it."

The poor master said, "I am trying hard to answer it."

The king said, "Either you are mad or I am mad. I have not heard a single word."

The master said, "Aha! That is the answer -- that you have not heard a single word! You have understood everything. This is it."

The king said, "You are certainly mad! You have not *said* a single word."

The master said, "The question is such that not even a single word can be said. But I will try again, although whatever I have said is more than could have been allowed by existence. But for you, I will descend a little."

And he wrote on the sand, `zen' -- and started looking again towards the setting sun.

The king said, "Zen? Please, can you elaborate on it a little?"

The master said, "I have already said too much. I am going against myself. And you are asking for elaboration? But you are the king... and with great humbleness I will try to elaborate a little more."

He wrote in bigger letters: ZEN.

The king said, "Do you think that my eyesight is such that I am not able to read? This is elaboration?"

The master said, "I can write in even bigger letters, but more than that... I cannot commit a sin against existence. There are a few things which either you understand or you don't."

This silence is let-go.

You are not creating it.

It is surrounding you.

It is overwhelmingly here.

It is all around you. If it can touch your heart, you have understood more than anybody can elaborate on let-go.

O'Reilly walks into the pub, orders a triple whiskey, swallows it in one gulp, spins around and falls flat, face down on the floor.

"That's what I like about O'Reilly," remarks the bartender to the others in the bar. "He always knows when he has had enough."

Just learn something from Mr. O'Reilly. Existence is not to be understood but to be drunk. It is alcoholic, there is no other drug that makes you more silent, more festive, more in tune with existence. Just one gulp of it... and flat on the ground! What more can be said about it? It happens every day to almost everybody except a few dodos. Just the ground is not much, so people spin in their own places.

But if you want I can allow it one day: Don't bother who is sitting by your side or in front of you or behind you. Just fall flat! And enjoy let-go.

Niskriya...(NISKRIYA LETS GO!) That's the way, right! Today we will do it in the end, after the prayer.

So a few prayers to prepare you for the final let-go. And let us see how many dodos are there. Once in a while, it is good to check.

On a small iceberg, somewhere near the North Pole, a little bear goes up to his mother and asks, "Mom, what kind of bear am I?"

"You are a polar bear, son," replies his mother. "Are you sure I am not a brown bear?" he asks. "Quite sure, son," she replies, "you are a polar bear."

But the little bear is not satisfied. "Mom," he says, "maybe I am a grizzly bear?"

"What are you asking these questions for, son?" asks his mother. "You are a polar bear."

So the little bear walks across the iceberg to his father. "Pop," he says, "am I a panda bear?"

"No, son," says the father, "you are a polar bear."

"Not a koala bear?" asks the baby bear. "No, you are a polar bear," says his father. "Why are you asking all these questions?"

"Because," moans the little bear, "I am cold!"

Young Ruben, a poor man without education or social background falls in love with a

millionaire's daughter. She invites him to her house for dinner and to meet her parents.

Dinner is served in luxurious style and Ruben is just beginning to relax when suddenly he farts loudly. The girl's father looks up and then stares at the large dog lying at Ruben's feet.

"Rover," he calls out and the dog waves his tail. Ruben is relieved that the dog has been blamed, but just then cuts another fart. His host looks up and in a louder voice says, "Rover!"

The dog looks up but yawns and goes back to sleep. Within minutes, Ruben farts again. The rich father grimaces and shouts to his dog, "Rover, get out from under there before he shits all over you!"

A pretty girl is driving through the American West when her car runs out of gas. An Indian comes past and gives her a ride to a gas station, sitting behind him on his pony. Every few minutes as they ride along, he lets out a wild whooping yell that echoes around the hills. Finally, he drops her off with a last, "Yaa-Hoo!"

"My god," says the gas station owner, "what were you doing to that Indian to make him shout like that?"

"Nothing," says the girl, "I just sat behind him with my arms around his sides, holding onto his saddle horn."

"Miss," says the man, "Indians don't use saddles."

Now, before the let-go, there are a few questions which have been waiting for long. So, Maneesha, you can ask your questions before the great Yaa-Hoo! happens.

It is going to happen, there is no way to avoid it. How else are you going to learn let-go?

... Now, the dodos are looking very afraid. I can see how many dodos are all around.

Just do it carefully, because poor Niskriya's camera is there, somebody's glasses are there. Do Yaa-Hoo! but just have a look all around. Meanwhile, I will answer a few questions. You take a careful look, which side will be good to do Yaa-Hoo! And don't do it on the poor musicians. Just a little care has to be taken.

So, one question more...

BELOVED OSHO,
AS I WRITE THIS QUESTION MY HANDS ARE SHAKING.

Soon, more than your hands... everything will shake! Okay, let them shake.
You ask the question. Go on!

Even the dodos are laughing now. By the time your question is complete, I don't think anybody here will dare not to let-go.

(GIVEN THE FESTIVE MOOD, EVERYONE LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY AT THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE QUESTION AND MANEESHA IS FORCED TO PAUSE. OSHO HIMSELF IS LAUGHING, WHICH TICKLES EVERYBODY INTO EVEN MORE LAUGHTER.)

WHILE READING THE CHAPTER CALLED "THE WANDERER" FROM THE SOUND OF RUNNING WATER I SAW THAT THE CULMINATING SENTENCE WAS, "YET THE CALL IS HEARD, AS SOMEWHERE IN OUR BEING THE PROMISE IS REMEMBERED." WITH THIS SENTENCE THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION OF ENERGY IN MY HEART, BRINGING TEARS TO MY EYES.

Yes, it will happen again. An explosion too will happen. And tears will also come to your eyes -- they are already coming!

... Complete the question.

(THE CONTINUED READING IS ACCOMPANIED BY WAVE UPON WAVE OF LAUGHTER WHICH CRESTS AGAIN AND MANEESHA STOPS. YEARS OF SERIOUS SPIRITUAL QUESTIONING DISSOLVES IN THE MERRIMENT -- IT IS AS THOUGH A WHOLE AUDITORIUM FULL OF MAHAKASHYAPAS HAVE SUDDENLY GOT THE JOKE -- AND OSHO SEEMS TO BE CO-CONSPIRATOR IN THE CHAOS.

THE STYLIZED QUESTION-AND-ANSWER FORMAT HAS GONE COMPLETELY OUT THE WINDOW. IT IS TURNING INTO A DIALOGUE, A DANCE BETWEEN OSHO AND MANEESHA WHILE THE BACKGROUND MUSIC IS SUPPLIED BY NONSTOP LAUGHTER.)

OSHO, I HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN -- BUT I FEEL SO AFRAID: EVEN AS THE EXPLOSION HAPPENED...

You have been always afraid and now it is *going to happen!*

Just gather courage.

Go on.

EVEN AS THE EXPLOSION HAPPENED, I WAS ESCAPING. OSHO, I CALL YOU "BELOVED MASTER" BUT STILL I ESCAPE.

(THERE IS A SILENCE AS OSHO SEARCHES THROUGH THE PAGES OF HIS CLIPBOARD. APPARENTLY, THERE IS NO JOKE FUNNIER THAN THE NEXT QUESTION.)

You read the next question now because the reading of your questions is preparing people. Go on.

BELOVED OSHO,
TEN YEARS OF SANNYAS HAVE FINALLY BROUGHT ME TO A TOTAL CHAOS.

Give a good applause! Somebody has come to a total chaos!
But you have not known *total* chaos -- just wait...

ON THE ONE HAND I WELCOME IT; ON THE OTHER HAND THERE IS SO MUCH FEAR ABOUT WHETHER I'LL COME OUT OF IT.

There is no hope -- once you are in it, you are in it. Nobody has ever come out of the chaos.

... Just complete his question.

AND THIS "TIGER" ABOUT WHOM YOU WERE SPEAKING TO ME COMES CLOSER AND CLOSER.

That's true.

EVERYONE IS SHIPWRECKED WITH LAUGHTER. THERE'S NOTHING TO HOLD ON TO, WHAT TO SAY ABOUT LETTING GO?
WHAT TO DO AT SUCH A MEETING? MY FEAR IS OF DYING OR GOING CUCKOO.

Most probably cuckoo, because in let-go nobody is going to die. A few people will shout "Yaa-Hoo!" -- that means they have gone cuckoo. A few will remain sane and try... but they will be stupid. Such chances rarely come in life.

BELOVED OSHO, MY HEART IS TREMBLING. CAN YOU PLEASE SAY SOMETHING?

I don't know what to say! Should we do the exercise?

Niskriya, stand up. Yeah.
Now, give the order -- "Yaa-Hoo!"
That is good! Now... stop!
Come back...

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #7

Chapter title: No dialogue, no monologue -- yaa-hoo!

25 March 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

Archive code: 8803255

ShortTitle: YAAHOO07

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 67 mins

BELOVED OSHO,
ARE WE MOVING INTO THE SOCRATIC DIALOGUE FORM OF DISCOURSES
NOW?
BUT I DETECT AN ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE. SOCRATES SAID: "KNOW
THYSELF." YOU HAVE SAID: "LET GO THYSELF!"
PLEASE COMMENT.

Maneesha, the subject of Socratic dialogue is something special to be discussed. His use of the word 'dialogue' was very original; he means by it that truth can be discovered by discussing in a friendly way, respectful towards each other.

This way of finding the truth is bound to be only rational. That's why Socrates cannot be counted as having reached the same heights as Gautam Buddha because at the ultimate peak of experience there is no dialogue, but only monologue. You are alone. There is nobody to whom you can say something and there is nothing which can be said. And the moment the other disappears, you also disappear because the existence of "I" and "thou" is together; you cannot separate them, they exist as two sides of one coin.

I don't agree with Socrates. His words are beautiful when he says, "Know thyself." But Gurdjieff is far more important, because he says, "First *be* thyself; otherwise what are you going to know? First become an integrated individual, discover your freedom. In that very discovery you will find your being."

The words of Socrates have been respected for twenty-five centuries, but they have many flaws. First, the moment you enter into the world of your being there is nobody; hence no possibility of dialogue. And if you think there is a possibility of dialogue between two enlightened people, you are wrong. The moment two enlightened people have ever come across each other, looked into each other's eyes, the dialogue is finished, because they know that there is nothing to say.

I have told you the incident of Kabir and Farid. Their meeting is immensely important. For two days they were together, and not a single word was uttered between them. They laughed, they hugged, they smiled, they kissed each other, but they did not say a single word.

Hundreds of disciples of Kabir and Farid were present, and they could not believe their eyes what has happened to these people? They are so wise, and they are behaving like small children! And they had gathered from faraway places just to hear the dialogue between these two enlightened persons, but the dialogue did not happen.

After two days, when Farid had left on his pilgrimage, Kabir was asked, "What happened to you? You speak to us every day, but for these two days, when we were so expectant and so ready to listen, so alert not to miss a single word that passed between you two... what happened to you? Why did you become so silent?"

Kabir said, "Whatever I know, he knows. And whoever uttered the first word would have proved that he is still on the way, he has not reached."

Gautam Buddha and Mahavira were contemporaries; they traveled for almost forty years continuously in the same province of Bihar. The name of the province Bihar comes from their traveling, *bihar* means 'traveling'.

They passed through villages hundreds of times and there were so many times when they were in the same village, in the same city. At one moment they were in the same caravanserai: half of the place was occupied by Gautam Buddha and his disciples, and half by Mahavira and his disciples. But no dialogue not even a simple "Yaa-Hoo!"

I would not have remained silent, that I can say to you. Enlightenment or no enlightenment, this much I would have done, because it is so nice... It means nothing, just a beautiful greeting with no meaning attached to it.

It looks a little cold that they did not even say, "Yaa-Hoo!" Whenever I meet them somewhere in the eternal journey it is bound to happen; the time is infinite, everything is possible I am going to give them a good salute, "Yaa-Hoo!" Because just yesterday we discovered the tremendous effect of the mantra....

I have decided that from now on this will be the sannyasin salute. Wherever two sannyasins meet "Yaa-Hoo!" There is no need to be so cold. Enlightenment is okay, but you should not become inhuman. A salute cannot disturb enlightenment... although "Yaa-Hoo" is very powerful.

I have been dragged into a court because I used to live outside a city where there was a Mohammedan cemetery, and people used to come there to meditate. The Mohammedans came to me again and again, saying that "This is not good; your disciples are disturbing our sleeping ones."

I said, "Why? How can they disturb?"

They said, "They go on saying, 'Hoo, hoo.' Even a dead person feels like getting out of the grave to find out, 'Who is this fellow?' "

I said, "We cannot change it. And moreover it is really the last part of ALLAH-HOO. It is a Mohammedan mantra!"

They said, "You are very clever, but we have never heard of ALLAH-HOO. ALLAH is okay, but HOO?"

I said, "You can do anything you want to do. If your ghosts come out of their graves, it is *our* problem, we live here. We will enjoy, we will entertain them; you don't be worried."

They said, "This man is difficult we are going to the court."

I said, "That is perfectly good, you go anywhere!"

Even the judge said, "This is not a crime. Nowhere in any law book, in any constitution, any statute, is it written that saying 'HOO' is a crime. And don't drag me into something with that man, because I know him."

But they insisted. They said, "If you don't take action, there is going to be a Hindu-Mohammedan riot."

The judge said, "But he is not Hindu, so why bring Hindus into it?"

They said, "Whoever he is... but if near our cemetery anybody says 'HOO' there is going to be difficulty. Then don't tell us that we are breaking the law." So the judge summoned me. I went there with at least one hundred disciples. First we did "HOO" in the court. The judge was absolutely afraid, he said, "Wait! I cannot say that this is insulting the court, because there is no precedent, nobody has insulted anybody by saying 'HOO.' It is perfectly right but you frighten me! Perhaps those poor Mohammedans are right that the way you shout for one hour, even dead people will come alive. And it is natural for them to protect their dead; otherwise the dead will think that perhaps the Judgment Day has come... You can do your meditation somewhere else" because where I used to live there was a great lake, and mountains.

He said, "You can move anywhere. There is nothing that anybody can do against you. But why unnecessarily create trouble?"

And today I have received one question: "I have been doing your meditation, ALLAH-HOO, for ten years, but last night I saw the effect of "Yaa-Hoo!" so I tried it instead of ALLAH-HOO, "Yaa-Hoo!" And it was such a tremendous transformation that a crowd gathered and people started thinking, 'What to do with this woman?' I said, 'I am doing my meditation.' And they said, 'Never heard about such a meditation'..."

They are right: they have never heard, because this is absolutely fresh and new, just born last night.

Seeing her question... and there have been many questions like that "Great things hap-pened. We never expected that so quickly, thousands of people could get lost into a let-go."

I thought it was a very good meditation, but more than meditation it is a great salute. Around the world, wherever two sannyasins meet, greet each other... and let people's hands shake, let people have heart attacks; let them do that is their problem, not your problem but your "Yaa-Hoo" should be really sharp. And to make it sharp your hand has to be there!

Maneesha, there has never been any dialogue between two enlightened persons. If you are left alone, you can have monologue but monologue is the monopoly of the mad people. Only mad people talk to themselves. You will find them if you stand by the side of the road you don't have to go to a madhouse, you are *in* the madhouse. Just sit by the side of the road, and somebody is talking, somebody is making gestures, somebody is thinking, you can see, the lips are moving! somebody is taking a decision: "No..." And there is nobody else on the road. This is monologue.

No enlightened person will do monologue either. And the discovery of truth from dialogue has never been possible. Only two ignorant persons can have dialogue.

These are the three possibilities:

Two enlightened persons, one possibility no dialogue.

Second possibility: two ignorant persons much possibility of dialogue, but no conclusion.

One enlightened person alone he will be silent. What to say about dialogue, there is no question even of monologue.

Dialogue has only one small possibility, and that is between the master and the disciple; one who knows and one who is ready to know. But in the Greek tradition there is no place for the master-disciple phenomenon. It has happened only in the East particularly in this land, it

was originated that when somebody comes to know, it is his absolute duty to share his experience with those who do not know. Whether they listen or not should not be the concern.

If you talk to a hundred persons, perhaps one may listen. That is enough reward: you have opened one person's eyes amongst thousands of blind people. Hence, although dialogue is associated with the name of Socrates, dialogue did not happen in Socrates' life itself. He himself was not enlightened till the last moment of his life. He became enlightened when the poison was given to him, and there was no time left for any dialogue.

Still, he tried to say a few things because his basic contention was that "Unless I know, how can I tell you? You ask me what death is and I am still alive how can I say to you what death is? Let me die first."

But people said, "Many have deceived us; they say, 'Let us die first' and then they die and they don't even give a call. They simply disappear. What is the guarantee that when you die you will tell us the truth?"

He said, "I will try my best" and he tried his best. Not after death, but just in between, because his death happened by poison and poison takes a little time. So he was hanging between life and death for a few minutes. In those few minutes he said the most important thing. It is the only dialogue worth calling significant.

He said, as the poison was given, "My feet have become numb, I cannot feel my feet, but I am still whole. Inside I don't feel that anything is missing. My hands have become numb, I don't feel that I have hands. I can see them, but they are dead. But inside me I am as whole as I have always been. I don't see that I am missing anything. My heart is sinking; perhaps I may not be able to say anything more. This may be my last statement, that death only separates the body and consciousness; it does not kill, because I am still absolutely whole. I have not lost anything. My consciousness is as pure, as alive, as it has ever been."

That was the only authentic dialogue. But that too was happening between a man who was just coming closer to the truth of death, and people who had no idea what death is. And if you don't have any idea of what death is, you cannot have any idea of what life is. They are all together. The man of meditation...

And Socrates was not a man of meditation. He was a great rationalist, a great philosopher and thinker, but not a mystic. He was a mystic only for those three or four minutes between the poisoning and his death. But he was perhaps the keenest intellect the world has ever known. His saying, "Know thyself," is perfectly true, but it is not possible to know thyself by dialogue.

With whom are you going to have the dialogue? With your wife? With your husband? With whom? You look all around ask people "Please let us have a dialogue." And they will say, "Get lost dialogue, my foot! What have I to do with dialogue? Dialogues happen only in movies, this is real life!"

But in the history of Greece, Socrates was the first man to at least indicate towards the ultimate truth of knowing oneself. But he could not devise methods and strategies through which one can reach to oneself. He could not find a way for the pilgrims, for the seekers. He remained a philosopher. He could not become the enlightened, the awakened, the buddha. It is unfortunate that such a great, intelligent man, a giant of the whole of history, wasted his whole life discussing with all kinds of people.

My own understanding is that he was crucified not because he was doing anything harmful people were bored, he was harassing people. Dialogue, that is what killed him. It is said that people would see him and change their routes, because even to meet him meant the

beginning of a dialogue. Say something and immediately that becomes a question, and he will go to the deepest roots of the problem. "But," you say, "we are going to the market and this is not the time to understand these great things that you are talking about! Sometime when we have time we will come."

Athens became so bored that this old man had to be somehow got rid of. He has not committed any crime, but he has corrupted many people's minds, puzzled their minds, confused their minds. They were living peacefully with the consolation that there is a God, and he has created suspicion. He creates doubt in people's minds about everything. He even says, "What is the proof that the world exists? Can you prove it? What is the proof that you are real?"

Very difficult. Who knows whether you are real, or just some character in somebody's dream?

One Egyptian pharaoh had ordered in Egypt that "I want everybody to know that nobody should come into my dream, because I don't want any disturbance in the night. The day is enough; the night is absolutely mine. If anybody comes, soon the next day he will be shot dead."

People became very afraid. "This is a strange thing; nobody goes into anybody's dream..." His ministers tried to convince him: "This is not right! And most probably *we* are the people who will come into your dream. But we are *not* coming; *you* are dreaming about us."

He said, "Don't befool me. When somebody comes into my dream I will recognize the face and you will see tomorrow that he is hanging on a post outside the gate."

The ministers said, "We want to resign, because to be close to you is dangerous!"

You don't dream about people you have not known. Eskimos don't come into your dreams. In your dreams the neighbor's wife comes. Certainly *your* wife never comes into your dreams. I have never come across a man who says that his wife comes into his dreams. But neighbors' wives are very dangerous, they always harass people all around. Perhaps your own wife will be harassing other neighbors, that's another matter.

Socrates has left a very wrong heritage in a way, because he founded the very base of the Western mind. What has happened to the West... Socrates is in the roots. It is according to his advice that flowers like Hiroshima, Nagasaki, have blossomed; that nuclear weapons are ready at any moment to destroy the world, although you cannot see a direct connection. But he is the man who insisted on sharpening your reason, your intellect, and this he thought is knowing yourself.

It is not. Although he said, "Know thyself," he really means, "Know thy intelligence."

He does not mean the same thing as when I say know thyself the words are the same, but the meaning is different. When I say know thyself, I say put your mind aside, your reason aside, your thoughts aside; your logic, your rationality, put everything aside and know the simple, innocent, silent sky of your being. That was not the meaning of Socrates, certainly.

And Maneesha, you have not heard me right. You say, "I detect an essential difference: Socrates said: 'Know thyself.' You have said: 'Let go thyself!' "

I was simply saying let go. "Thyself" you have heard; I don't know from where. Thousands of witnesses are here.

If I have to use the word 'thyself', I will say, "Kill thyself, so that you can be."
Be. That's enough.

And in deep silence there is no knowing, but a kind of taste, a kind of fragrance, a kind of

beauty, a kind of sense of eternity, immortality. But not very definite knowledge that you can write about to your friend, that "I have come to know these things, one by one, the whole list."

I have not said, Maneesha, "Let go thyself."

But if you really want, then we can manage a new meaning to it: Let go thyself, so that you can be. But that will be totally different from Socrates. The small word you have added thyself makes an immense difference. Let-go is a simple phenomenon. It is not a question of who is going into this let-go. And last night when you went into let-go, there was nobody. Everybody was gone.

Seeing that everybody was gone, I was gone too. I was feeling hungry and I said, "I don't know when these people are going to be back." And I sent Shunyo to check whether people had come back or gone. She reported, "Don't be worried; a few have come back, but most are still flat. A few are coming back, a few are moving towards the canteen..." But now I see that everybody has come back.

So this let-go is beautiful; you take a dip, and you come out fresh and young. Last night must have been the most beautiful night in your life.

... So it seems it is time to pray. This time to pray comes too soon and goes too fast.

Hamish MacTavish comes stumbling into the golf clubhouse, enters the bar and orders a large scotch in a shaky voice. "Great Scot!" cries the bartender, "what happened to you?"

"The tenth hole!" gasps Hamish. "I hit a brand new Dunlop ball into the field. I could not find it anywhere. Then I saw a cow standing there, so I lifted up her tail. And there was a ball, stuck in there. But it was a Goodyear ball.

"Just then, a woman came up behind me looking for her ball. I lifted up the cow's tail again, and said to the woman, 'Does this look like yours?' and she hit me over the head with her club!"

Ramananda has asked:

I TALK IN MY SLEEP. THE OTHER MORNING A GIRLFRIEND... SORRY "MY GIRLFRIEND" LAUGHINGLY TOLD ME, "YOU WERE SO FUNNY LAST NIGHT. YOU SAID, 'I AM ENLIGHTENED' THREE TIMES, AND THEN YOU SANG A SONG." BELOVED MASTER, WHO IS ENLIGHTENED?

I think it must be the girlfriend. You were asleep, and certainly you cannot be enlightened in sleep. Only your girlfriend was awake and seems to be a permanent girlfriend, because if she was just a temporary one, she would not have cared at all whether you were enlightened one time or three times. She may have even hit you because you were singing a song in your sleep and disturbing *her* sleep.

I think, Ramananda... you are certainly not enlightened. Only the girlfriend is left. You just become a disciple of the girlfriend. It will be such a joy... I want a few women to become masters, because in the past man has not allowed them to become masters. Although they have great qualities... Otherwise who cares what you are talking in your sleep? She would have put a pillow on your face and in the morning we would have had to make a celebration!

Strange questions come to me. One question is from Christiane:

I CAME ALL THE WAY FROM BELGIUM TO SEE YOU FOR TWO DAYS ONLY.

WHY DO I FEEL LIKE A BAT
AMONG THE BIRDS,
I FEEL A RAT,
AMONG THE RATS,
I SAY I AM A BIRD
WHERE DO I BELONG?
I LOVE YOUR BOOKS, THEY MAKE ME LAUGH AND THEY MAKE ME CRY,
THEY MAKE ME LIVE ALSO.

It is a very difficult problem. One thing is certain: you are not a bird, you are a rat. That's what I was wondering who is eating my books? Certainly they are rats; birds don't eat books. And coming from Belgium just to eat books? And only staying two days? You could have sent a card to ask, "Please, send all the damaged books. I live on them, I laugh, I eat, I am a rat!"

I hope you will not stay longer than a few days. Already you have destroyed many books. This is not nice, and your name is Christiane. It is not even Christian!
And now I think the prayer should begin...

Herbie's father sends him to New York to learn the undertaking business from the legendary Moishe Finkelstein. Some months later, Herbie returns and his father asks him what he has learned.

"I have learned a lot, dad," says Herbie. "It has been very interesting, as we had one wild experience that taught me a lesson."

"What was that, son?" asks his dad.

"Well," says Herbie, "one day, we got a phone call from the best hotel in New York. A man and a woman had died in their sleep, completely naked."

"My God!" says his father, "what did Mr. Finkelstein do?"

"Well," says Herbie, "we got dressed in our best suits and drove over in the limousine. We arrived at the room very quietly and with great dignity."

"Wow!" exclaims his father, "and then what?"

"Well," continues Herbie, "Mr. Finkelstein pushed open the door with his gold-tipped cane, and we went quietly inside. Sure enough, there was this naked couple lying on their backs. And immediately, Mr. Finkelstein saw a problem: the man had a large erection."

"What did you do?" asks his father.

"Well," says Herbie, "as always, Mr. Finkelstein was ready for the situation. He swung his gold-tipped cane and very stylishly, whacked the prick!"

"And then what happened?" asks his father.

"Well, dad," says Herbie, "then all hell broke loose! You see, we were in the wrong room!"

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #8

Chapter title: Our longing is for the stars

26 March 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

Archive code: 8803265

ShortTitle: YAAHOO08

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 106 mins

BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THE RAISED HAND AND "YAA-HOO"?

Neelam, you must have seen that today I have raised both my hands, because the German idiots have made a law in Germany that raising one hand is a criminal act. And what about all the dogs? They are not just raising one hand, they are raising one leg all over the Fatherland and pissing! They are the real followers of Adolf Hitler.

I had not been aware that Germany will never become intelligent. It is unfortunate that they have banned me from entering Germany; otherwise I would have been in jail by now, another deportation... I have missed a great experience!

Because if you have seen a German jail the American jail is nothing you have seen the very hell. But the Germans themselves have prevented me; otherwise I would have raised one hand, without fail!

But thinking of my sannyasins... I don't want to create more trouble for you. I have created so much trouble already. So we leave behind that son-of-a-bitch Adolf Hitler. We will be raising *both* hands, meaning that our longing is for the stars.

And as far as "Yaa-Hoo" is concerned, it means nothing, but it has tremendous significance. It somehow vibrates you without saying anything; just say, "Yaa-Hoo!" and something in your belly...

And, as I have told you, all other greetings are born out of war. This is the only greeting which is born out of laughter, out of love in fact, out of a joke. I searched the whole day for the Red Indian who created the trouble, because in India you can find Indians, but Red Indians... very difficult. But in America, they will not allow me to enter; otherwise I would have searched there and asked the fellow, "What was the reason?"

But a great salute certainly has to have some meaning. And all words have to be given meaning by us; no word has a meaning on its own. You must have heard Mohammedans say, YA ALLAH. It means, "Ah, God." YAA-HOO means "Ah, God."

It is easy to give meaning, just a little searching I have to do. I am a lazy man I could not find any Red Indian. What to say about Red Indian, it is very rare to find an *Indian* here. I

looked all around; then I finally thought, "It is better that I should put in a little of my own effort and work out the meaning." Now it is absolutely clean, clear: it means "Ah, God." So you need not be worried if somebody asks you what it means.

And naturally, two hands reaching to the stars... you have to shout, "Ah God!" in *our* language; why should we borrow from anybody else? Adolf Hitler himself has borrowed his swastika from India; we never objected. And now, my raising one hand they will discuss in their parliament: "One more reason that this man is criminal." And certainly, according to the definition I become a criminal.

Unfortunately, I am not in their territory so they cannot do anything to me. But many of the sannyasins come from Germany. For them, I had to find a way. And I am not a man to step back. To step forward is my way so from one hand, I have gone to two hands. Now let them make a law against raising two hands....

And you call these countries democracies, where you cannot raise your hands? It is a crime, and dogs are free and man is in all kinds of chains. Just on the first day, when I raised one hand, Premda... he is a doctor and my personal optician. He became afraid because he was sitting in the front row, and his picture was also taken. He started trying to find ways... "Somehow drop my picture, because if this picture is found in Germany, I am finished!"

In fact I told my people, "Don't let him remove his picture"... because as it happens he is the head of the darkroom! Then I understood also that Niskriya looks so innocent but is not so innocent... that cunning fellow was raising both hands, knowing perfectly well that one hand can create trouble back home!

I was thinking, "What is the matter? Why is he raising two hands?" But there is no need to be worried. Now, knowing that those idiots have passed a law that raising one hand is a crime... I had even to consult one of my sannyasins who is an attorney in Germany to ask him what is the situation. He said, "One hand is going to create great trouble, unless we can prove that it was raised in a comedy or in a drama."

I said, "It will be very difficult because it is not comic and it is not a drama. And even if it were because of me it is impossible for any court to accept that this is a drama." So I told my sannyasin attorney, Sadhu, that I would change it.

And why not find something better? Why bother about a dirty past and an ugly nightmare? I had raised that hand only to provoke those two dodos who had come from BUNTE magazine. That work is done. Now we settle for two hands and a good full-heart "Yaa-Hoo!"

Just give me a demonstration....

That's good!

BELOVED OSHO,
IN THE BOOK DIALOGUES WITH GURDJIEFF, GEORGE GURDJIEFF IS SAID TO HAVE DESCRIBED THE WORK AS:

"IT IS MORE THAN ALL WORDS, LESS THAN ALL DREAMS. IT IS A TERROR TO BEHOLD, A JOY TO EXPERIENCE. IT IS THE CONNECTING ENDS OF A GREAT AND SECRET CIRCLE CLOSING THE GAP TWIXT ALL AND NOTHING, IT IS THE WORK."

BELOVED MASTER, HOW WOULD YOU DEFINE THE WORK?

Jivan Mada, I love George Gurdjieff but I don't agree with him. He used to call the search "the work." He has a reason to say so: his reason was that all else that you are doing is futile, it is just making castles in sand which will disappear. Do something which will be eternally yours, which will be forever a part of your being.

Because of this he called his own style of life, his teachings, his philosophy, "the work." He said, "Except this, all else is childish, stupid. People are wasting time, a time which is immensely valuable in which they can crystallize themselves, in which they can become what is hidden in them: the golden splendor."

In a way, he was right. But I don't call my search "the work" because to me... the "work"... the very word perspires! It really stinks. I call it playfulness, I call it joyfulness, I call it a hilarious search. And it is certainly hilarious, because you are searching *yourself!*

Just say "Yaa-Hoo" and be yourself there is not much search in it. I cannot call it "the work."

My people are not workers, laborers, slaves.

My people are lovers of truth.

In the ultimate sense, it is a love affair.

It cannot be anything else than a love affair, falling in tune with existence, dancing with the trees and the winds, being silent with the stars and the sky, listening to the roaring ocean and feeling this all as your own empire.

The moment your heart beats with the heartbeat of the universe, nothing more is needed. This is not work, this is love; love in the ultimate sense.

Gurdjieff says, IT IS A TERROR TO BEHOLD, A JOY TO EXPERIENCE. IT IS THE CONNECTING ENDS OF A GREAT AND SECRET CIRCLE CLOSING THE GAP BETWIXT ALL AND NOTHING, IT IS THE WORK.

I have told you, in one sense he is right. But in a very ordinary sense he is right. He was not a poet. He was a tremendously beautiful man, but he had no sense of beauty. To him, everything was hard work and the meaning that he is giving to his work is creating A SECRET CIRCLE CLOSING THE GAP BETWEEN ALL AND NOTHING. But that gap can only be closed by a loving silence, not by any work.

And there is no need to go far away to search. Just this moment, if you are silent, you are all and you are nothing. The gap is closed. And certainly it is not work. It is a simple intelligence, a loving intelligence. But Gurdjieff had never known any love. Although he has left behind him in perhaps a dozen countries, boys and girls he made love to many women but that was not love. He never asked the woman, "What is your name?" because he never wanted to see her again; what is the point of unnecessarily noting her address and telephone number?

I have come across one girl... the moment I saw her she had come to me I could not believe my eyes. She looked so much like Gurdjieff. I asked her, "Do you know your father's name?"

She said, "It is strange. You don't ask *my* name, you ask my father's name."

I said, "Your name I will ask later on; first let me be satisfied. What is your father's name?"

She said, "You are unnecessarily wounding me. I don't know. My mother never told me my father's name, she simply said that he was a very strange and very powerful man."

I said, "My suspicion seems to be absolutely correct. Your father's name is George Gurdjieff, I tell you."

She said, "This is strange how can you know?"

I said, "Your face, your eyes, your color, the color of your hair, the color of your eyes... and I have never seen such a strong woman. You cannot be anybody else but Gurdjieff's daughter."

She started crying out of joy. She said, "Many have suspected, but I have never believed it. But when you say it, you are saying it with such authority that I am not ashamed. These tears are of joy that I had a father like George Gurdjieff."

I said, "Not only *you* had a father like George Gurdjieff, you will have at least a dozen cousin-brothers and sisters all around the world!" Because he believed in sowing the seeds anywhere; he never bothered whether it is the time or not, the season or not. And he never bothered again to inquire what happened to the crops.

He was certainly a very strange man. But what he is saying is very ordinary. He was not well educated in fact, not educated at all. His father died when he was nine and he was part of a nomadic tribe in the Caucasus, in an uncivilized part of the Soviet Union. No schooling... whatever he learned was by experience. To write a single page used to take him months, because he was not articulate at all. He knew many languages because he had lived in many tribes so something from here, something from there, but everything was mixed in his mind.

To talk to him was a torture, because he would say such words... you could have never imagined that such words existed. Moreover, he used to make up words. And his way of writing will explain it to you. He would write something, and then each evening a disciple was chosen to read it and he would sit by the side and look at the faces of the disciples, their response. Nobody has written that way, he was unique in every way. And if he saw that there was no response, nothing was moving in their hearts; or if he saw that people were yawning and wanted to go to sleep and it would be late at night; just within hours it would be dawn he would ask if they had any suggestions to make.

And then the article would be passed around, and every disciple would change a few things, a few words. Here and there a few sentences he would add, a few he would cancel. And the next day he would write the same paper again, with all the corrections again. A single article would be passed around at least thirty times. And when there were no more corrections to make... And my feeling is that people got tired how long can you make corrections? There is a limit to everything. Then one day nobody would correct anything, and unanimously the article would be accepted, although nobody would understand what it was.

When his first book, ALL AND EVERYTHING one thousand pages, his whole lifelong work was published, his publisher suggested... because nobody was ready to publish it, so he had to collect money from his disciples to publish it. The publisher suggested one thing: "I cannot figure out anything of what is written in it, but because you are putting up the money, I am publishing it. I am risking the name of my publishing house! You will have to agree to one thing: cut a hundred pages and let nine hundred pages remain joined, don't cut them. With a note in the beginning of the book saying: First read one hundred pages, and if you feel that you still want to read ahead, cut the rest of the pages. If you feel that it is enough, you return the book and take your money back."

And the fact is, even to go through those hundred pages is very difficult because sometimes one sentence runs through the whole page. By the time you come to the end of the sentence, you have forgotten the beginning. Somehow you look again at the beginning; by that time the middle is lost.

Most of the copies that were sold were brought back, nobody dared to open the rest. Those hundred pages were enough never again to touch any book of such a man! But he sold his books... the ordinary price was only one hundred dollars, but his price was one thousand

dollars. He used to keep a few books with him he was a very impressive man, solid steel; anybody would become interested in him and he would say, "If you really want to understand me, first read the book. The price is one thousand dollars, and you cannot return it because that note is valid only if you purchase the book from the publisher." But the publisher had given all the books back to him, saying, "It is impossible. A few people have taken, they read one or two pages and they come running: 'Just give us our money, we don't want to get into this trouble. This man will create nightmares! You cannot make anything out of what he is writing and why he is writing and what his goal is.' "

This book... And he was very inventive he had to be, because he had no education so he had to substitute what he had learned from all his nomadic training. Now, have you ever heard the name Beelzebub? That is the first chapter of the book Beelzebub. My god, what is "Beelzebub"? In a certain nomadic tribe, Beelzebub is the devil's name. But there is no way to know that. And this Beelzebub tells about such things as the creation of the world; that in fact, *he* has created the world and this fellow God is simply a fiction.

Now, it will annoy anybody "Who is this Beelzebub in the first place? We have never even heard the name and he is establishing himself as the creator of the world and the father of us all."

It annoyed people: "We don't want to be sons of Beelzebub. You take this book back one hundred dollars, and all kinds of nonsense?" In those one thousand pages perhaps I may be the only man alive who has read it from the beginning to the end. There are not more than ten pages one sentence here, one sentence there, in that one-thousand-page book, which can be written on a small post card which have any significance.

But what was his influence? His influence was not the book; neither was he an intellectual. He was a very different kind of person, which has no parallel. All his learning was from different tribes of nomads, who are very primitive people. And then he started while he was young, entering into different Sufi monasteries, collecting whatever he could. And he managed to learn some practical ways, which he could not explain theoretically but he could produce effects through work. That's why he is insisting on calling it "the work."

For example one Englishman, Bennett, who became his disciple, was told on the first day of initiation: "In the garden, from this tree to that tree, you dig a ditch three feet wide and three feet deep. And when it is complete and it has to be non-stop; you cannot stop even for a coffee break when it is complete I will come and give you the instructions for what else to do."

The man said, "My god, but what will happen about my food?"

He said, "That is my concern. Do you want to be my disciple or not?"

Bennett said, "I have come to be your disciple. I have heard so much about you; I am going to dig the ditch."

He went on the whole day, a hot day. He went on digging and digging. And by the evening, he was thirsty and hungry and tired. Gurdjieff came with his gold-topped cane, looked around and said, "Yes. Now fill it back up! Make it exactly as it was."

Bennett said, "But I have not eaten anything!" Gurdjieff said, "A man can live ninety days without eating. Don't worry! That is my business. Are you my disciple or my master?"

The poor fellow started filling. By the middle of night, the ditch was filled up. In his memoirs, Bennett writes, "First I felt angry, irritated, felt to drop it and go back home. What kind of nonsense? Who has heard that finding God, one has to dig a ditch?" He was thinking that some prayer, some holy scripture... And this Gurdjieff a chain smoker, always keeping a bottle in the pocket of his long coat, and at any time he would take out the bottle, and a few

sips, put it back... and he was never drunk.

Bennett said, "I have fallen into an utterly stupid thing." But a few others were there, and he inquired: somebody had been there for two years, somebody for five years. A few Russians had been living there for twenty years, and he could see that those people had something which nobody else had in the world. This is what Gurdjieff used to call the soul. Bennett wondered... "How, by digging a ditch, can you get a soul?" But he said, "Let us try at least one week."

But even that night he found a tremendous experience. He got tired, because he belonged to a royal family; he had never worked. He had never thought that he would have to dig a ditch! By the afternoon, he was utterly tired. And Gurdjieff used to come again and again, watching, because all the disciples were doing all kinds of stupid things.

Somebody was chopping wood, somebody was carrying big stones and storing them. And Bennett thought, "In what kind of situation have I ended up?" But he said, "At least seven days I should give; these people, if they have looked within for twenty years... And they seem to have something which nobody else in the world seems to have. Their eyes are so shiny; they seem to be made of steel. They have a certain presence, a certain authority. They look more like statues. So it is not bad. It is a torture, but for seven days..."

In the afternoon, when all energy was gone and he was feeling as if he would fall back in the ditch the mind was buzzing, tiredness, and heat, and he started feeling as if he were digging his own grave; he was not going to get out of this ditch again. But when the last moment came, when he was feeling that he was going to fall and then it is finished and he has not even made peace with God... Christians make peace with God the last prayer. Now there was no time and no energy, even to repeat the last prayer to God.

He suddenly found a great rush of energy which he had never known that he had. Very fresh energy, as if he had become again ten years younger. He said, "My god, this is strange just digging the ditch! The man knows something." He started to dig again, now with fresh energy.

By the time the sun was setting he again started feeling tired and he said, "Now it is finished. It seems it was reserve energy." He had just calculated in his mind that there must be some reserve energy, as you keep some reserve gas in your car. At least it can take you to the nearest gas station. But now even that was gone.

Gurdjieff was sitting by the side under a tree, and his cigar was lit... strange fellow! Neither does he eat the whole day he has been here nor does he allow anybody to eat. What kind of company is this? And when will the time for lunch come? No question of breakfast; that has passed long ago in the morning. It is time for dinner! But again Bennett felt that now *this* time he was going to faint. This is the last time he is seeing the sunset; never again will he see the sun.

And again it happened: at the last moment a tremendous wave of energy overwhelmed him, which was bigger than the first one a tidal wave. He had again become *twenty* years younger. He said, "My god, that man seems to be a magician. I have not eaten, I have not even drunk water, and that fellow is simply smoking cigars. In between he sips his vodka and puts it back. And nobody has eaten, and no talk, no spiritual discussion..."

In the middle of the night, when he had filled the ditch completely, he was so full of energy as he had never been in his life, even in the early morning after a full, deep sleep. And Gurdjieff called everybody: "Breakfast is ready." He was a great cook. The people who lived with him had never known such a great cook, because he had learned the art from different tribes, different nomads, and he had such a big kitchen... full of strange, weird things that

people had never seen.

And then the breakfast was served and Gurdjieff for the first time in the whole day spoke to Bennett. "Have you learned anything or not? Man has one layer of superficial energy that he uses in day-to-day work, and he thinks this is all. If he exhausts it... which is really rare, unless you make an effort to exhaust it. That's what you were doing in digging the ditch. The second layer is the reserve layer. If the first layer is finished, the second takes over. It is bigger, deeper, stronger.

"Then the third layer there are very few people in the world who have known the third layer. But if you can exhaust the third layer also, you will know the fourth, cosmic layer, in which you are connected with the universal energy. It is no longer yours now the whole energy of the universe can flow through you. But nobody comes to that point..."

Gurdjieff said, "I know you must have felt angry, annoyed: What kind of teaching is this? But my teaching is the work. I don't know how to philosophize it; I first give you the experience and then I explain it to you. I am not a learned man and I don't want you to become learned. I want you to become experienced."

That's why he used to call it "the work."

But very few people were able to remain with him not more than a few dozen people. He was in America, he was in Europe, he was in England, but people would remain a day or two and then get lost, because the things that were to be done were so hard and the man was absolutely without compassion. That's how it looked.

It is not true; the man was very compassionate. But he was a master of his own kind.

And you are asking, Jivan Mada, "How would you define the work?" In the first place, I don't like the word and I don't define what is happening here as work. I want you to be more playful and more joyous. It is a totally different approach. You will reach the same point, but if you can reach dancing then why go weeping?

Gurdjieff never mentioned meditation, he had no idea. In his work, it does not come in. But what happens in his work with so much hardship can happen silently, sitting without any effort, in a simple state of let-go.

I call my discipline let-go. Just drop everything and be silently here and you have arrived because you have never left.

Don't go unnecessarily round and round.

You are where you have always been.

And ultimately you will find one day that this is where you have always been seeking and searching in all directions because you thought that you would meet yourself somewhere. It is play, it is love, it is dance.

But certainly, it is not work. It is a very relaxed approach towards reality. Because we are part of it if we relax, we start merging and melting into it.

Garimo has defined my work very well. She is saying a new version of an ancient prayer:

YOU ARE NUTS,

WE ARE NUTS,

LORD, HAVE MERCY ON US.

YAA-HOO!

It is so simple. It does not take much effort to be nuts. Just avoid being coconuts. Nuts are perfect, coconuts are very hard. Coconuts need masters like Gurdjieff. For nuts, I am perfectly right.

The prayer time is coming near, but before it comes I have to answer one question which has been waiting almost for two weeks. It is from Vimal. The answer is very simple but the question is very difficult. He is asking:

BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS GOING ON? THINGS HAVE BEEN BUILDING UP INSIDE ME FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS AND NOW I FEEL I AM ABOUT TO BURST.

So who is preventing you? And everybody knows what is going on. It is happening so clearly and so loudly, and it will happen today also. And it seems Vimal is trying to be very philosophical about it "theoretically speaking," he is asking what is going on.

Everything is going on!

And he is saying:

I FEEL UNWORTHY OF YOU.

My god! I don't see that anybody in the world has any need to feel unworthy of me. Everybody is worthy and particularly here, my whole approach is to help you get rid of this stupid idea propounded to you that you are unworthy and you have to become worthy. I am saying to you, you are worthy as you are. You don't have to *become*. If you try to become somebody other than who you are, you will be phony.

Be real and you are worthy.

I accept you with my total heart; I have not rejected a single person in my life for any reason. But I know your problem; that's why I said the solution is very simple to why you are feeling unworthy and all these theoretical stupidities...

I FEEL AFRAID AND ISOLATED...

My god! Here? You feel afraid and isolated? People don't have even space to sit! And when the great relaxation happens, then even I cannot find who is who. People disappear. Somebody's head and somebody else's body... That day when that "Yaa-Hoo" happened, I was looking at Zareen. She was sitting just in front of me. Such a solid woman disappeared! A few parts here, a few parts there. I even started worrying whether she would come back joined, it appeared to be almost a massacre. Then I realized that perhaps people are right that I am a great criminal, that I not only corrupt people, I kill people! But I will do it again...

And Vimal is feeling like a coward:

AND MY RELATIONSHIPS WITH PEOPLE ARE ALL FALSE!

So what do you want? *Real* relationships? Relationships have to be false; otherwise you will have to be glued together, and it will be really a difficult life! I cannot understand.

He is saying:

I FEEL MEAN.

Very good! So who is telling you not to feel? feel mean, *perfectly* mean! And here, my people will enjoy it. "This fellow is going... he is *perfectly* mean. Just avoid him!" But there are people even greater than you think, meaner than you can believe. Have you seen Sarjano? The day I told him to open the suitcase and give back all the things in the suitcase to the people they belong to, he disappeared! He said, "Now it is too much." He will come back and I can assure you, when he comes back... open his suitcase and see: it will be empty. He always comes, fills his suitcase, and goes away. And just after three or four days, he will be back.

So, don't you feel in any way that you are the only mean person. There are greater fellows

and they are all respectable. I love Sarjano, he is very articulate. And you are saying,

I FEEL MEAN AND MISERLY AND VERY UNGIVING OF MYSELF IN ANY WAY. AND WORST OF ALL I FEEL LIKE I AM HIDING ALL THE TIME, NEVER LETTING ANYONE SEE WHO I AM.

It seems you are thinking to stand naked on the podium, so everybody knows who you are. Everybody knows who you are. Why are you worrying? Except you, everybody knows but you are not worried about that. You are not concerned with knowing yourself, you are concerned that "Nobody knows about me, who I am or what I think or feel."

Why should they? People are doing their own things why should they bother about you? Your emotions, your feelings, your thoughts... then they will not have any time for themselves.

And finally:

I FEEL I AM FED UP WITH LIFE...

That's very good. Every great man always gets fed up with life. Gautam Buddha got fed up with life. So you are on the right track. Just don't go to Goa. Because you are saying:

... AND HAVE THOUGHTS OF GOING SOMEWHERE...

That somewhere should not be Goa. If you are really fed up with life... and do you think Goa is a place to commit suicide?

Strange thoughts:

... REALLY SAFE AND JUST VEGETATING.

If that's what you want "really safe and just vegetating" then become a member of the Couch Potato Club. I am going to tell Avirbhava to open an office and register people who want to become potatoes.

Vimal is saying:

IT FEELS LIKE MORE THAN JUST LAZINESS, IT FEELS LIKE I JUST WANT TO DIE.

Vimal, people who want to die simply die. They don't harass others. Now you are harassing me. Do you want me to give you directions how to die? All the governments are after me, I was fined four hundred thousand dollars on the grounds that I have arranged a marriage, and this is their highest punishment. You can murder the president then also, the same punishment... And I have been speaking my whole life against marriage.

And you are asking directions from me how to die? There are simple ways and please don't involve me. You can inquire of anybody; everybody knows how to die, it is such a simple matter.

But you don't want to die, you want to discuss. And I am not saying that from my side. Your question ends:

FROM WHERE YOU ARE SITTING CAN YOU SEE ANY LIGHT AT THE END OF MY TUNNEL?

Everybody has to see the light of his own tunnel. I am seeing light in my own tunnel. This is impossible, you cannot exchange tunnels. And I don't like peeping into other people's tunnels. If you cannot find it you who have lived in your tunnel for so long how can just a stranger looking into it find any light? And what is the need? Just purchase a few candles.

Now I come to the real thing.

All this nonsense that Vimal is writing is to hide the real problem. I knew it was going to happen, and I have been telling Maneesha, "You should not fall sick." But she goes on falling sick, once in a while. And I knew that whoever would be given the chance to read the questions or the sutras would soon start thinking that he is also capable: why should he be the

substitute? He can do it. He *has* done it. And this Maneesha again comes back and Vimal is...

That's what is giving him the feeling of unworthiness and desire to go somewhere, even to die. And the only thing is that he wants to read the questions.

But this is how people's minds function. He may not even be aware that this is the real question, and if I allow him from tomorrow to read the questions he will not be fed up with life and he will not be thinking of going anywhere and all problems will disappear. But my problem is, the same problems will appear in Maneesha! And you know perfectly well that women can create more fuss and tantrums, and she lives just on top of my head. It is very difficult: they start crying, weeping.

You may be right, but a woman is never wrong.

Once a woman has got a position finished! You should be happy that periodically she falls sick just pray to God that her periods come more often. Don't get fed up, persist. Try and try! But I cannot help.

But you should not hide your real problem through such things. That's why I have been keeping your problem for two weeks: so that perhaps you will cool down, and then I will see. Because a person who wants to die does not wait for two weeks for the answer.

At three o'clock in the morning, the phone rings on the hotel night desk. The night porter, O'Grady, picks it up. "Hello," says Paddy's alcohol-filled voice. "What time do you open the bar?"

"At ten o'clock in the morning," replies O'Grady and puts down the phone.

At five a.m. the phone rings again. "What time did you say you open the bar?" asks an even drunker Paddy.

"I told you ten o'clock," says O'Grady angrily, "and you are not going to be let in!" He is about to slam down the phone when Paddy whines, "But I don't want to get in, I want to get out."

Seamus blunders out of the bar and staggers into the local cemetery where he falls into a freshly-dug grave and goes to sleep. In the morning, the factory siren wakes him up and he gets up on his feet to have a look around.

"Ah, my god," gasps Seamus, holding his hands over his ears. "The day of judgment... and I am the first one!"

On a very hot afternoon chief Brown Bear and his wife are traveling across the plains on a rickety old train. The chief is thirsty so he orders his squaw to fetch him some drinking water. She waddles down the train corridor and returns shortly with a cup full of water.

Drinking it quickly, the chief demands more. So off she goes down the corridor. He drinks the second cup and again demands more. The squaw again makes her track to the water source, only to return promptly with an empty cup.

"Where water?" asks the chief.

"Sorry," says the squaw, "white man sitting on well."

A man walks into a bar, orders a drink and proceeds to laugh out loud for about two minutes. When all the people are looking at him, he abruptly stops laughing, and starts crying and sobbing. After about two minutes of this, a smile comes onto his face and he again breaks into uncontrollable laughter.

This is followed by another bout of crying and then more laughter. After about twenty minutes of alternate laughing and crying, he looks up at all the inquiring faces and says, "Please forgive me, but my mother-in-law has just driven over a cliff in my new Rolls Royce."

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #9

Chapter title: Say goodbye to politics -- not to science

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BELOVED OSHO,
THE WORLD OF TOMORROW IS A WORLD THAT WILL SEE A SIGNIFICANT PLAY OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY. THIS IS BOUND TO AFFECT THE LIVES OF PEOPLE AS IS ALREADY HAPPENING DRAMATICALLY, SOMETIMES FOR THE BETTER, SOMETIMES ADVERSELY.
DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD SAY GOODBYE TO ALL SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY; IF NOT, HOW DO WE PREPARE FOR THE FUTURE CITIZENRY? WHAT IS YOUR ADVICE?

Satish Seth, your question is in fact a way of putting forth the whole idea of Mahatma Gandhi in a roundabout way, but you cannot deceive me. There is no way to go back to nature, and that's what your question is: whether we should go back to nature and say good-bye to science and technology.

You have not used the words "back to nature." But in effect, if you say goodbye to technology and science, that will be the outcome. And there cannot be anything more dangerous than the idea of going "back to nature." It is true that there have been many things in science and technology which make many thinkers around the world feel that it is time to say Stop. They have brought us nuclear warfare, they have brought us to a possibility of total destruction of life on this planet.

But still I say there is no way of going back. That does not mean I say yes to everything that science and technology have done. Man in every sphere has worked unconsciously. He knows not what he is doing. He goes on groping; sometimes he finds diamonds and sometimes he finds ordinary stones and sometimes he finds nothing. And up to now he has not been able to transform science from something accidental to something intentional.

That is my proposal: that science should be intentional. It should not grope in the dark, it should have a sense of direction. All those discoveries that are going to be harmful to humanity or to the ecology of the earth should be immediately dropped. All efforts that are being made to create more destructive weapons for war should be stopped.

And the same people, the same scientists and technologists, can be given a sense of

direction; then this earth can become a paradise. It is not that they have given only that which is harmful they have given you electricity; otherwise the earth was completely dark. They have given you tremendously sophisticated medicine, surgery; otherwise many people who are alive would have died long ago. This is because of scientific growth.

For example in India, just fifty years ago, out of ten children born, only one used to remain alive more than two years. Nine were bound to die. Within fifty years the situation has been changed, completely reversed. Now, out of ten children only one child dies and nine children live.

Science can be very life-affirmative. It can create new dimensions of joy, new dimensions of comfort; it can give man more health and longer life, which can have tremendously significant implications. For example if we can give a longer life to Albert Einstein, if rather than the normal seventy-five years he can live for three hundred years, perhaps he can reach an understanding of new mysteries an understanding which may not be possible to reach the way we are doing things now. Now, those who are experienced are retired not only from their jobs, from life itself. And those who are inexperienced are welcomed with bands! Now teach them, waste time, and still you may end up with an idiot politician or a clerk in a post office. There is no guarantee that you can find another Albert Einstein in this accidental way.

And even if you can find a man of the same caliber, by the time he reaches the point where Albert Einstein has left physics, he will have to begin from ABC. The XYZ of physics will always remain a faraway horizon. And this is the situation in all dimensions of life. It may be science or art, poetry or drama, literature or music.

But the problem is not with the scientists and the technologists, Satish Seth; the problem is with the politicians.

As far as I can determine, Satish Seth himself is a government employee in New Delhi. All the scientists and technologists are employed by stupid politicians, because they have the power and they have the money to invest. And their interests are very mundane. I have never come across a politician and I have been around the world who is interested in Kalidas, who is inter-ested in Mozart, who is interested in Rabindranath, who is interested in Michelangelo.

Their interests are so stupid: their interest is how to be more powerful, to dominate. Deep down the same desire is still burning that was in Alexander the Great, in Genghis Khan, in Tamerlane, in Joseph Stalin, in Adolf Hitler, in Benito Mussolini the same desire. Every power seeker is against life. And these power seekers don't have the intelligence even to understand a painting of Picasso, or a novel of Dostoevsky, or a poem of Rabindranath Tagore.

These people dominate education according to their vested interest: how to create more slaves, how to create more obedient people. Not people who have individuality, not people who can think, but people who are just robots: when you say "left turn," they turn left; they don't even ask why. They are not trained to ask why, they are trained to obey.

And science has become so sophisticated... it is not the time of Galileo when a scientist could do something alone, on his own, in his own house. Now it is so complicated, it requires millions of dollars to do any research work. The scientist has to surrender either to a political investment or to a capital investment, but he is no longer free.

Naturally, we cannot condemn him.

There are hundreds of inventions lying in patent offices around the world in every country which are not being used, because their use goes against the vested interests. For example one of my sannyasins from Australia has invented a very small instrument that you put on your hand, and within five minutes it will show how much sugar is in your blood. No

need to take the blood out, then send it to the laboratory so they can check it. And if you are in a city like Poona, one lab says one thing, another lab says another thing... I tried three labs and came to three results! My personal physician, Doctor Amrito, said, "What to do?"

I said, "Just find the common factor among the three. Somewhere near that..."

That small mechanism will destroy millions of labs around the world, will make them useless, and the technicians who are employed there will become unemployed. Now nobody is ready to produce this instrument; everybody is ready to take the patent and then hold it! And the patent will remain in the files and you will never know that a tremendously useful thing exists, that you could have had in your own home, in every home, and there is no need to take the blood out.

And it could manage many things; it could tell not only how much sugar the blood has, it could tell whether the blood is carrying AIDS virus....

Naturally, no government is ready to declare how many people in its country are homosexuals and how many people are suffering from AIDS, because it is a question of prestige. I have been informed by my sannyasins because many of my sannyasins are scientists, in many different countries that they have been ordered, doctors and surgeons, that "even if you find a person who is suffering from AIDS, give him a negative certificate." The reasons are clear: "We don't want to let the world know that our country has homosexuals, that people are suffering from a deadly disease."

And once you say that you are suffering from AIDS, terrible are going to be the consequences. The man will be hated by his own family, by his own children, by his own wife, by his own parents, by his own friends. But that is not the problem for the government. The government's problem is that you will have to admit him into the hospital, and no doctor wants to treat a man who is suffering from AIDS because every possibility is that the doctor will also start suffering from AIDS.

Even perspiration carries the virus. That's why I have given you a new greeting, "Yaa-Hoo!" Never shake hands, because who knows? If the other hand has a little perspiration on it you are unnecessarily getting into trouble! It is better to say "Yaa-Hoo" and run away clean, hygienic. Stop hugging people.

Nurses are not ready to serve a patient who has AIDS, because it is not just a question of sexual involvement. His saliva will carry the virus... Never, even out of compassion if you find a small child with a runny nose, don't touch, because even children are born now with the AIDS virus from their very birth. The runny nose is a very dangerous thing.

And they are working out that there may be other possibilities for the virus to spread. Anything that comes out of the body carries it. It is very dangerous to eat in a restaurant; one never knows who has been washing the plates.

No government wants to be involved in such difficult situations. No doctor wants his hospital to be involved. So the best way is simply to give the person a negative certificate. But this is very inhuman, because if that man has a negative certificate... Perhaps in the whole world this is the only AIDS-free place. But we became worried when it came to light that people were bringing certificates which doctors are giving out of fear that otherwise they will have to treat them. And in a few poor countries doctors are even selling negative certificates. We had to order a machine, to be installed in the ashram, so that we can check every certificate to confirm whether it is authentic or not.

There are hundreds of inventions which have been made by scientists which governments will not allow. Neither will the capitalists, the industrialists allow them, because the inventions will destroy them; they will go bankrupt.

For example, I met a scientist in Calcutta who says he has worked for his whole life, and he is a well-known scientist in Calcutta University that petrol has a limitation; sooner or later petrol is going to be finished. And our whole life is now becoming more and more dependent on petrol cars and trains and airplanes, everything needs petroleum. That scientist has been working for his whole life on how the same quantity of petrol that now takes a car fifty miles, can take it five hundred miles. And according to him he says he has registered the patent he has found a way so that a certain quantity of mercury mixed with petrol will give the petrol the power to work twenty times more efficiently.

But no oil emperors will allow such a thing to happen; otherwise their empires will dissolve. No invested parties who are dependent in any way on selling petrol will like such an invention although that invention is immensely helpful to humanity, to the future, because we are exhausting our sources.

And the scientist had tears in his eyes when he said to me, "I am a poor man; what can I do? I cannot produce it, I don't have that much money to arrange for mercury and all the other things that are needed to create that small instrument. It can be put in every car, in every railway train, in every airplane, and it will give twenty times more efficiency, but nobody seems to be interested."

And this is not an isolated case. There are many medicines which have never come into the market because those medicines will stop the use of many other medicines immediately; they will prove very inefficient in comparison to the new medicines.

So the fact has to be realized that it is not a question of scientists and technologists who are dangerous to the world. The question is of the politicians, the governments, who are playing into the hands of power groups. And their interests are not for man or for the future humanity. Their whole interest is how they can become powerful.

Even the poorest countries, where people are dying in thousands of starvation, are purchasing the latest atomic weapons. One cannot believe that this is a sane world. Seventy-five percent of all energy, money, power, is wasted for war. Right now there are five nuclear nations. Just five years ago, there were only two nuclear nations. And by the end of this century there will be twenty-five nations in the club. Even the poorest nations are trying to become nuclear.

The scientist is absolutely helpless. Either he has to stop working and die, starving, or he has to do things which he never wanted to do.

It was Albert Einstein who wrote to President Roosevelt... seeing that Germany and Japan had been continuously winning for five years and there was no way to prevent them, he said, "I am ready to help make the atomic weapons which can prevent the war immediately."

Roosevelt was very happy, he accepted the offer of Albert Einstein and gave him all the facilities he wanted. And Albert Einstein was not creating the atom bomb to destroy anybody just the threat would have been enough, that America has atomic weapons. Now it is better to surrender; otherwise the death of millions of people will be the result. Germany surrendered. Japan was considering the fact: What to do? because they could not manage to fight with an enemy who had atomic weapons. Their weapons were all primitive.

Japan was going to surrender that same week, but the American politicians... Roosevelt was no longer president; Truman was president. He was in a hurry to drop the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Now it has been revealed through the correspondence between him and Albert Einstein that he wanted to use the atomic weapons as quickly as possible to see what was their actual value, whether they could destroy as many people as Albert Einstein said they could. He wanted to test them by killing two big cities like Bombay, or

New York... Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

And he destroyed those two cities. Even his own army experts said to him, "It is absolutely stupid to kill them. They are thinking about it, negotiations are on, our generals and their generals are meeting every day on conditions for how to settle and stop the war. It is only a question of one more week at the most. Japan is aware of the situation. Just as Germany has surrendered, Japan is going to surrender; there is no question."

Truman was in a hurry: if Japan surrenders, then there will be no possibility in the near future to test the bombs to see what they can do. How many people can be killed within minutes?

And Albert Einstein wrote to Truman saying that "There is no need to use the atom bombs, just that you have them is enough. Germany has surrendered and Japan cannot stand long. It is going to surrender. I pray to you: please don't use them!"

But once you have given the power into the hands of the politicians, who cares? Truman never replied to the letter. And Albert Einstein died with such frustration: "I am the cause of unnecessarily killing two hundred thousand people."

A journalist asked him the day he died, "If another life is given to you, I hope you will still work to explore more and more deeply into physics and the power that matter contains."

Einstein said, "Never. If I am born again, I will ask God to make me a plumber, but never a physicist. One time is enough."

The plumber cannot do harm; at the most his plumbing may not be good and your bathroom may leak, but he cannot kill Hiroshima or Nagasaki. His statement that "I would like to be a plumber"... the lowest category one can ever aspire to; I have never come across anybody who is ambitious to become a plumber. This is sad, a very sad commentary on the whole situation of science.

Satish Seth, people like Mahatma Gandhi condemn science and technology. They don't condemn politicians because they themselves are politicians. It hurts to know... Mahatma Gandhi was continuously teaching the philosophy of nonviolence, and he was asked by Louis Fischer, "If your country becomes independent, what are you going to do with the great army that you have, and the factories and the arms?"

Gandhi said, "I am going to throw all the arms into the ocean, close all the factories that create arms, and order all the armies to go to the fields and work as farmers, gardeners. This country is going to be nonviolent."

Asked, "If somebody invades you, what will you do?" he said, "If somebody invades us we will welcome him and we will say, 'You can also settle here.' Nobody has come in this world to live forever, and this whole earth is one. If you are tired of living in your own country you can live here."

It was so beautiful, in theory, but when India became independent no arms were thrown into the ocean, no factories were closed. On the contrary, Mahatma Gandhi blessed the first three airplanes, three bomber planes, which were going to bomb Pakistan. He came out of his home in Delhi, in the park of the Birla house, because the army had asked for his blessings and the first three planes came as close as possible to the house to receive his blessings.

What happened to the philosophy of nonviolence? All was forgotten. And after independence India has been putting seventy percent of its energy, money, power, into becoming a world power the great desire to be a member of the nuclear club.

Fifty percent of Indians are going to die of starvation by the end of this century. And the end is not very far this is 1988. Only twelve years more.

When India became independent, its population was four hundred million. Today its

population is nine hundred million. We are great producers! In the whole world, nobody can compete with us as far as production is concerned. In just forty years we have produced five hundred million people, and by the end of this century, the year 2000, India will be the biggest nation in the world, for the first time.

Up to now China had that distinction, but now they have become more intelligent. They are using birth control methods and are far happier.

But in India... Satish Seth, you should ask the politicians and your *shankaracharyas*; they are all against birth control. Simply the fear that if you say that birth control should be enforced, the world will condemn you that you are not a democracy. The people will not vote for you.

Indians have only one entertainment which needs no money, no standing in a queue, no purchasing a ticket in the black market: just go home and your wife is ready! And India is the only country where the wife cannot say no. The wife has been taught for centuries just to be a servant, a slave, and the man has turned the woman into a factory that goes on producing children.

A man was reading the newspaper and suddenly he said to his wife, who was cooking food, that "This newspaper says that in every five persons, one is a Chinese."

The woman said, "My god I have been telling you again and again to stop. Now we have four children, and the fifth child will be a Chinese!"

After the year 2000 the fifth child will be an Indian. India has defeated China absolutely. But that status will not be possible to keep for long. If by the year 2000 we can reach the number of one billion people, then half of the country is going to die of starvation.

But Indian politicians are not interested at all. Just to conceive the idea... all around you there will be corpses, not even enough people to carry them to the cemetery or to the funeral pyre. The only people who will be benefited by it will be the vultures. Right now they are benefited only by the Parsees...

One should go and see the place in Bombay where the Parsees leave their dead a beautiful place, surrounded with ancient trees. And all over the trees, thousands of vultures. You cannot conceive that there could be anywhere in the world a place where so many vultures are always meeting. That conference continues because the Parsees go on dying and they have only one place; no other city allows them.

In fact they are not spread far; only Bombay is their world and a few branches here and there Poona and Lonavala and Khandala and Surat, at the most this small area. The vultures are so happy with Parsees....

Even vultures will be at a loss: how to dispose of five hundred million people?

But rather than putting your scientists and your technologists to create more productive scientific farming and cultivation, your stupid politicians are teaching people that "You spin wheels, and just by spinning wheels all problems will be solved."

I cannot conceive how just by spinning wheels, all problems will be solved. Ask your *shankaracharyas*; they say, "There is no problem; just worship every day, repeat the name of Rama, do the transcendental meditation..."

Even then it is not going to help. Except with a life-affirmative science and technology, this country is doomed. The whole world is doomed.

Science up to now has been aimless. But don't blame *it* all the religions of the world have been trying to prevent science; it goes against their scriptures. The stupid idea is that anything

that is written in their scriptures should not be proved wrong.

When Galileo wrote that the sun does not go around the earth but vice versa, the earth goes around the sun he was very old, seventy-eight and almost on his deathbed he was dragged to the court of the pope. And the pope said to him, "You have to change this statement, because the BIBLE says the sun goes around the earth and the BIBLE is written by God. Do you think God can commit a mistake? God, who has made the sun, who has made the earth? He knows more, or you?"

Galileo said, "Certainly he knows more. And it is absolutely right that I should correct it, but I should remind you: my correction is not going to make any difference."

The pope said, "What do you mean?"

He said, "I mean that the earth will still continue to go around the sun. Neither does it care about you nor does it care about me nor does it care about your God."

He changed it in his book, but in a footnote he made the statement: "I can't help it; it is beyond my capacity to force the sun to go around the earth, I am just stating a fact that I have discovered: the earth goes around the sun."

And since then, for these three hundred years continuously, on every point religion has been against science. And sometimes it is so stupid that you cannot believe...

I was staying in Raipur for a few months I was a professor in Raipur. Just for a few months, because more than that nobody can tolerate me.

One of the most respected Hindu saints, Karpatri, was delivering a lecture in the college, so I had to listen. It was just a few days after the government had finished a big dam, and the electricity from that dam was going to faraway villages. This great saint Karpatri was saying and in the university, and not a single professor objected to it, not even from the science department he was saying, "Once the water goes through a dam and the electricity is taken out, it becomes impotent. So tell the people not to use that water for cultivation. It will destroy their crops, because the real thing has been taken out."

I looked at the head of the science department... and they were all listening with no objection! I had to stand up. I said, "It is not my business, I am not a farmer; neither am I a scientist. But I want to tell you that electricity is not something that is being taken out and the water becomes *impotent*? I am amazed that the whole university and the professors are silent because nobody wants to be against a saint. But I cannot tolerate it. You have to prove to me how much you know about electricity and how much you know about water. Have you ever cultivated?"

And that was the reason I was transferred immediately: "This is a disturb-ance; a great Hindu saint has been insulted." Because he could not answer, and he was spreading nonsense!

The real problem is to create more consciousness in the world so that mediocre and stupid people don't enter into politics, so that they are not chosen. I have never voted in my life and I don't think I will ever vote, because what is the point? Voting for one idiot against another idiot... they are both idiots.

And these are the people who are the real problem. Satish Seth is himself concerned with a government department dealing with science and technology. If he has courage enough, he should make it clear that neither science is dangerous nor technology is dangerous; the danger is in the idiots in whose hands lies all the power that science has. And they want only destruction, war.

Adolf Hitler in his autobiography has a beautiful statement: "If you want to become a great hero you need to create a great war." Without war, heroes are not created; that's true. Have you ever heard about any hero without a war?

Just in this small campus, it is another thing. There are heroes Niskriya is a hero but there is no war. He is a simple and innocent person; he is looking here and there... "What is the matter?"

But in your whole history, whenever you find a hero you will find it is because of a war. If war disappears from the world, heroes will disappear also. They will be only in the films, actors. That is perfectly good.

You are saying, "The world of tomorrow is a world that will see a significant play of science and technology."

Why the world of tomorrow? We are also seeing the "significant play of science and technology."

Just two years back, for three days the electricity failed in the New York area. And you cannot conceive of the trouble somebody is hung up in a hundred-story building; just coming down and going up is enough to finish his life. But one needs water, one needs food; the children are crying... And there is no way, because phones are not working. The whole electrical system has failed. In those three days, New York knew the most primitive times in a very horrible way, nightmarish.

Your whole life now is dependent on science: your medicine, your light, anything that you can think of, from the needle to the airplane; everything is a product of science. Just because you have become accustomed, you don't think of it. You think as if airplanes grow in the forest, far away deep in the Himalayas, in secret places. These railway trains come from other planets.

When the first railway train started its first journey just a ten-mile journey, from London to another station the whole church, the archbishop of England declared... and every church was crowded and everywhere there was such terror, because the archbishop said, "God never created railway trains. This must be an invention of the Devil." Moreover, those old trains and their faces looked like devils, dangerous.

And the train was giving breakfast and lunch free, no ticket, but nobody was ready to get in. People were being persuaded, the scientists who had created it were persuading people. But even their wives and their parents were crying, "You should not go into it! What you have done is so much against God... and first just give us a proof: if this train starts and never stops, then what will you do?"

Now there was no way to guarantee it. The archbishop was saying, "Before you enter into it, just for one lunch and one breakfast, don't waste your life! This train will start, certainly, but it is never going to stop. If you are tired of life finished say goodbye to your family and go. Take a BIBLE with you."

The train was meant to carry two hundred people, but only eight persons could be persuaded to enter the train. And these eight persons were daredevils. At the very last moment people were telling them, "Come out, there is still time! You will repent, you are doing something against God."

But there are always a few people courageous enough to do something even if it is against God. The train started, thousands of people waited on both the sides of the train, watching sadly. And praying for these eight persons who have gone astray, that God should be merciful to them, they are idiots.

Now, you don't take any BIBLE with you and you don't go to the church first to pray to God that "this train I am going on should stop." In fact the prayer is that it should start!

I have been traveling for years; never have I found any train to be on time. One day it happened. I was in Allahabad waiting on the platform and the train came right on time so unbelievable!

I said, "This proves that miracles happen. Jesus must have walked on water. If a train can come in India at the right time, then every miracle is possible."

So I went to the driver to thank him. I told him, "I am proud of you, you are a great son of India."

But he looked ashamed, and he said, "Don't make me more ashamed."

I said, "I am praising you! This is the first and I think the last experience in my life that a train has come on time."

A crowd gathered, the stationmaster came, the guard came, and finally I asked the driver: "Why are you feeling so ashamed?"

He said, "In fact this is yesterday's train. And you are making me feel like committing suicide."

The stationmaster came to save him, and the guard, and they said, "Don't harass him."

I said, "I was not aware that this is yesterday's train. Then why do you publish these timetables?"

And the stationmaster said, "We have to publish timetables to know how much a train is late!"

I said, "That is right; if there were no timetables then you wouldn't know which train you are traveling on, where you are going, and why you are going..."

I knew for the first time that the timetable is the most religious thing, almost spiritual.

Everything that you see all around your clothes, your shoes... you can take a look and you will find that it all owes itself not to the God who made the world four thousand years before Jesus Christ's birth. All this that you see is three hundred years of labor, immense intelligence and genius, that science has poured into the life of the world.

There is no need to wait for tomorrow. You can see it today. And if you cannot see it today, you will not be able to see it tomorrow either, because tomorrow never comes. When tomorrow comes it always comes as today. So it is better to see it today it was also tomorrow, yesterday. So what is great in waiting for tomorrow?

And you are saying, "This is bound to affect the lives of people."

It has *already* affected them. You seem to be a very simple-hearted fellow. How have you reached Poona, and never thought for a moment that science is affecting life? Have you come in a bullock cart from New Delhi to Poona?

Everything that we are, our education, our body, our life... even small things make changes that you don't take note of.

Only recently psychologists became aware that the invention of the car has destroyed marriage. Nobody has ever thought that the car... what has the car to do with marriage? The car has created a new thing the boyfriend, the girlfriend. Before the car there used to be wives and husbands, not boyfriends and girlfriends. The car is the cause.

But how has the car managed it? Without a car, just sitting in a bullock cart, how far can you go? With a car you can go far away, where people are not acquainted with you and they don't bother whether the girl you are with is your wife, or you are her husband. Without a car

it was almost impossible. In a bullock cart, wherever you go, you cannot go far enough. And every day you have to come back also; you don't have your whole life... just for one life and one wife and one love affair... With the car it became possible: in the morning one girl, in the evening another girl. People have appointments, dates; otherwise who bothers about a calendar?

The car changed the whole fabric of society. But where the car has not reached you can see the difference. In a small Indian village you cannot have a girlfriend. They will beat you, and you will never again think of having a girlfriend! In small villages no girlfriend, no boyfriend exists. You cannot even talk to somebody's wife or somebody's daughter. It is a very strange trouble; you cannot talk even with your own wife because she will not allow you to talk, and you cannot talk with anybody else's wife. That's why every language is called the "mother tongue," because the child never hears the father....

In a small village, where science has not entered, you cannot marry according to your own desire and love. Your parents arrange the marriage, you are not even asked. Every decision is made by others. Even stars, faraway stars make arrangements for your marriage, but you are not asked. You cannot talk with your wife in front of your elders, you cannot play with your own child in front of the elders that is absolutely uncivilized in the eyes of those villagers.

In Indian villages you see your wife in the night when everybody is asleep. Then too, there is no possibility for a film dialogue. You cannot make any noise silently, nobody should know. And *everybody* knows, they are all waiting and listening to what is happening! Because in one house, and under one roof, there are a dozen persons, old people, young brothers, uncles, the father... So it is very rare that you manage to see your own wife, how she looks. In the day you cannot see her....

That's why in Indian villages there is no need of divorce. You have not even seen your wife, there is no question of getting fed up. You are still curious to know, "Who is this woman?" Trying to meet in some place, when the elders are not around... but they are always around. Divorce is possible only because villages are disappearing, because of scientific growth.

And in big cities nobody knows anybody. You are imprisoned in small, box-like places called apartments, with the same wife every day. Both try to change the hairdo, the clothes, the perfume still you know who is behind that hairdo, who is behind that lipstick. You know that real woman. And all that show... soon you get finished, and you start looking here and there and the car helps. You can go far away and come back in time and nobody will know.

In fact when you have gone, your wife has also gone, so real families have two cars. And these cars have made it possible for you to go to the beach with somebody's wife, whose husband has gone with somebody else's wife, and everybody is enjoying and life is great! But all is because of the car.

You are talking about tomorrow, and I am seeing it today, the whole play that science has dramatically created.

Your statement is, "... Sometimes for the better and sometimes adversely."

That "adversely" comes from your politicians. If the politicians don't force the scientists to create things against life, no scientist has any reason to create something against life. His intelligence, his genius, will prevent him. His creativity will prevent him.

Science has to be freed from the hands of the governments. A world academy is needed for creative science, art and consciousness.

And this world academy should not be a bogus institution like the League of Nations, or

the U.N. This academy should be a world institution, and all the universities of the world should be affiliated to it. All the governments of the world should have to give their share to the world academy but they will not have any power; the world academy will have the power to decide what to produce, what not to produce.

Governments have to be transformed into functional institutions like the post office, which is very innocent. It cannot do much harm at the most it can open your love letter and read it. So let them read! The government can run post offices, railways, airplanes, but it cannot dominate and should not be allowed to dominate science, art and methods of creating more consciousness in humanity.

All education and all educational institutions should be part of the world academy and each child should learn two languages: one, his mother tongue and by chance English has become the international language; there is no reason why it should not be accepted as such. So one international language, and the other, your mother tongue. The mother tongue should be optional. You have to study it, but you need not pass it. The international language should be compulsory, because we want to create one world, slowly slowly dissolving differences of language, religion, race, color.

And the world academy of science and arts will slowly develop as the world government, too. There is no need of nations: they don't serve any purpose except war. And scientists are absolutely certain that if power comes into the hands of science, then not only five billion people which is now the population of the world but twenty-five billion people can live joyously, with more health, longer life. There is no need for anybody to starve.

In fact, nations are out of date. Governments are simply dragging themselves, and because of these nations and governments man is suffering immensely.

You are saying, "Do you think we should say goodbye to all science and technology? If not, how do we prepare for the future citizenry? What is your advice?"

I would say:

Say goodbye to all politics.

Say goodbye to all governments.

Not to science, not to technology they are the future of man, of a golden future.

Paddy applies for a new job and has to fill out a long employment application form.

When he comes to the question, "What did you like least about your last job?" he writes: "Everything was in chaos, there was no sense of direction at all."

Further down the form, half an hour later, he comes to the question, "What did you like best about your last job?"

Paddy writes down:

"I was in charge."

These people who are in charge and creating the chaos should be retired. They are retarded, they need retirement. They should be given teddy bears to play with.

I have heard that a scientist, a surgeon, and a politician were talking together. The scientist said, "If God created the world, then certainly it is a work of science and God is a scientist."

The surgeon said, "It is true, but you must remember that Adam, the first man, and Eve, the first woman, prove that God was a surgeon. Because he created Eve by surgery, taking a rib out of Adam while he was asleep. And he must have been a great surgeon, because there

was no anesthesia, no chloroform, and he took the whole rib out of Adam. That proves him to be a great surgeon."

"Before that," the scientist said, "all was chaos."

And the politician said, "Aha! Who created the chaos? God created the world, that's okay but who created the chaos out of which he had to create the world? That proves God is a politician!"

We have to say good-bye, certainly but to the politician, to the governments. A world purely in the hands of well-educated, intelligent scientists, artists, painters, musicians, dancers, will be a paradise.

Now this is the time for a little prayer. Perhaps Satish may not be aware about our prayers. We have totally new and fresh prayers which have never been done before.

"Now I want complete silence!" says Mrs. Goodbody to her class. "I want it so quiet, you can hear a pin drop."

A deep silence descends over the classroom.

After two minutes, little Ernie shouts out from the back of the room, "For God's sake, let it drop!"

A big black guy goes into the grocery store and asks for half a cabbage. The assistant says, "I am sorry, sir, but we don't sell half cabbages."

The black guy insists that he wants half a cabbage, so the assistant says, "Just a minute, sir, I will ask the manager in the back room." He goes into the back room, but does not notice that the black guy is following him. The assistant says to the manager, "There is a big nigger in the shop and he wants half a cabbage."

Then he hears a noise behind him and, realizing that he has been followed, adds quickly, "And this colored gentleman wants the other half!"

Luigi is guide at the Vatican. One day he is conducting a party of tourists around the papal palace, the home of Pope the Polack.

"If you look-a to your-a left," says Luigi, "you see-a a large-a window. That's-a the pope-a's study."

"Gee," says one of the tourists, "I do wish we could catch a glimpse of His Holiness the pope himself."

"Right," says Luigi. Stooping down he picks up a large stone and hurls it through the window.

A face immediately appears behind the broken glass, red with rage and shouting incoherent Polish.

"There you are!" exclaims Luigi, "that-a always gets the old-a goat."

Paddy has been getting very fat from drinking so much beer. One day his wife, Maureen, complains about it. "Why don't you go to the new health clinic?" she asks. "I hear you can lose as much weight as you want there."

So Paddy goes to the clinic and pays ten dollars for a ten-pound weight reduction course.

He is shown into a small room and there is a pretty redhead. "If you can catch me," she tells Paddy, "you can screw me."

Half an hour later Paddy comes out ten pounds lighter and with a happy grin on his face.

Maureen is so pleased with her new, more streamlined husband, that she sends Paddy back the next day for the fifty dollar, fifty-pound weight reduction course. When he has paid the money, Paddy is shown into a room and the door slams shut and locks behind him.

Paddy looks round expectantly then he notices a huge gorilla standing in the corner. Paddy feels a bit confused, but then as the gorilla starts to walk towards him, he notices a sign around the creature's neck, it reads:

"If I catch you, I will screw you!"

And the last thing:

Niskriya has asked,

BELOVED OSHO,
WE LOVE THE GREETING OF TWO ARMS RAISED, BUT IT FEELS MORE
APPROPRIATE FROM THE DISCIPLE TO THE MASTER, AND WE WOULD LOVE
YOU TO RESPOND TO US WITH YOUR BLESSING.

It seems, Niskriya, you are right. And anyway I more often forget who is master here and who is disciple. This will remind me also that I am the master and you are the disciple. So I accept your proposal....

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #10

Chapter title: That flame depends on you

28 March 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

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BELOVED OSHO,
IT SEEMS WESTERN MINDS CRAVE NEW EXPERIENCES. IF MEDITATION IS CONCERNED WITH THE EXPERIENCER, NOT THE EXPERIENCE, HOW DO THE NEW HI-TECH EXPERIENCE KITS MOVE US INTO MEDITATION?

Pradeepa, the question you have asked is very relevant, particularly because so many machines are being developed around the world, pretending that they can give you meditation. You just have to plug your ears with earphones and relax and within ten minutes you will reach the state of meditation.

This is utter stupidity. But there is a reason why such an idea has come to the minds of technical people. The whole responsibility goes to Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. What he calls "transcendental meditation" is just repeating a certain mantra, or just any word, continuously not giving a chance to the mind to have thoughts, emotions, sentiments... and certainly, if you can manage even for ten minutes to keep the mind in abeyance, you will feel a very beautiful peace, silence. It may be even healthful, a well-being can be felt for hours, but it is not meditation.

These machines which hi-technology is creating... I have ordered the best ones to be sent here, so that you can also experience what I am saying.

Mind functions on one wavelength when it is awake; when it is dreaming it functions on a different wavelength. When it is fast asleep it functions on another wavelength. But none of these are meditation.

For thousands of years we have called meditation TURIYA, "the fourth." When you go beyond the deepest sleep and still you are aware, that awareness is meditation. It is not an experience, it is you, your very being.

But these hi-tech mechanisms can be of tremendous use in the right hands. They can create wavelengths in your mind so that you start feeling relaxed, as if half asleep thoughts are disappearing and a moment comes that everything becomes silent in you. That is the moment when the waves are of deep sleep. You will not be aware of this deep sleep, but after ten minutes when you are unplugged from the machine you will see the effects: that you are

calm, quiet, peaceful. No worry, no tension life seems to be more playful and joyous. One feels as if one has had an inner bath. Your whole being is calm and cool.

What the transcendental meditation of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi can give, these machines can give in a far better way, in a more certain way, without fail. To anybody, it doesn't matter, because your effort is not needed.

In transcendental meditation you are trying to create those waves without knowing it. You are only aware of repeating a certain mantra, but repetition of anything continuously creates boredom. Boredom is very restful... and that's why in churches you will find most of the people having a beautiful Sunday morning sleep when the sermon is going on.

It is strange that it happens in every church, in every place all around the world, that the people who go to listen to the sermon sleep. Because those sermons are the same the same BIBLE, the same statements, the same interpretation. In fact the preachers have a few ready-made sermons: five, six, seven. So they go on changing one week this sermon, another week another sermon. Those who have been coming to listen to them for years know every sermon; the moment the preacher starts, they know what is going to happen and they relax and close their eyes.

But with machines, things are very certain, because they don't depend on any doing of yours. It is just like listening to music: you feel peaceful, harmonious. Those machines will lead you up to the third state: deep sleep, sleep without dreams.

And I have ordered them: they will be coming here soon and with one machine even a hundred persons can be plugged in. A hundred persons for ten minutes, then another hundred, then another hundred... the whole day the machine goes on creating meditative waves.

But if you think this is meditation then you are wrong. I will say this is good experience, and while you are in that moment of deep sleep... If you can be aware also from the very beginning, as the mind starts changing its waves you have to be more alert, more awake, more watchful of what is happening and you will see that mind is by and by falling asleep. If you can see the mind falling asleep, the one who is seeing the mind falling asleep is your being. And that is the authentic purpose of all meditation.

So these machines cannot create that awareness that awareness *you* will have to create. But these machines can certainly create within ten minutes a possibility which you may not be able to create in years of effort. So I am not against these hi-tech instruments, I am all for them. It is just that I want the people who are spreading those machines around the world to know that they are doing good work, but it is incomplete.

It will be complete only when the person in the deepest silence is also alert, like a small flame of awareness which goes on burning. Everything disappears, all around darkness and silence and peace, but an unwavering flame of awareness remains.

If the machine can be used in the right hands and people can be taught that the real thing will come not through the machine, the machine can create the very essential ground in which that flame can grow. But that flame depends on you, not on the machine.

So I am in favor of those machines on the one hand and on the other hand I am very much against them, because many, many people will think, "This is meditation."

And people are getting deceived. What Maharishi Mahesh Yogi could not do, these machines will do immense harm. He has done harm to many people, but these machines will spread all over the world very soon. And they are simple, there is nothing much in it. It is only a question of creating certain waves.

Our musicians can learn from those machines, what waves they create, and they can start creating those waves through their instruments. There is no need for the machines, just the

musicians can create those waves for all of you and all of you will start falling asleep! But if you can remain awake even in the deepest sleep, when you see that just one step more and you will become unconscious, you have learned a secret. That machine can be used beautifully.

And this is true about all machines of the world. In the right hands they can be used tremendously for the benefit of mankind. In the wrong hands they can become hindrances. And unfortunately, there are so many wrong hands....

Already they are spreading in America, in Europe, and better and better mechanisms are being developed.

One of my sannyasins you may remember Proper Sagar. His letter has come to me today... because he was refused entry at Bombay airport. He could not enter India. He tried from Kathmandu there he was refused. Because they have his name on a list at every airport around India, he could not enter. So finally he went to Hawaii and met a woman who works with crystals and he started working with her. The woman is old and he proved a good, healthy young man to help her.

Now Proper Sagar has created a carpet. All around the carpet there are crystals, and the carpet has electric wires running inside. And with those electric wires he creates the same kind of wavelength. So you don't even have to plug your ears, you just lie down on the carpet and the carpet does the meditation! You feel great, and Proper Sagar goes on changing the wavelength.

He has sent me pictures of his carpet. This is great, but on one carpet how many people will you be able to manage? It can be done around the whole Buddha Hall! It is simple technology to change the wavelength, and as the wavelength changes you will start feeling drowsy, sleepy.

But this is not meditation, this is a dangerous deception. If it is not in the right hands then the person will go home thinking he has meditated, and he has only been lying on Proper Sagar's carpet! Neither Proper Sagar knows what meditation is nor the carpet knows what meditation is, but that fellow has got the idea that he has meditated. And people are giving money, a hundred dollars for ten minutes. Not costly... if real meditation is available for a hundred dollars for ten minutes, I don't think it is costly.

But it is not meditation, it is simply a change of the radio waves that are continuously moving around you in the air.

I think within a week the machine will be here. You can all first experience what the machine can give you, and then I will tell you what you can get out of the machine which the machine cannot give you, but it can be certainly helpful as an experience. Otherwise for many people meditation remains only a word. They think that some time they will meditate, and there remains a doubt whether anybody meditates or not.

Proper Sagar has informed me that "I am now trying, Osho, so that even Dynamic Meditation can be done on the carpet." And I think it is possible, because the question is... you will be jumping on the carpet and the carpet will be changing the electric waves in your body. And he does not know "Yaa-Hoo" yet. Otherwise, with "Yaa- Hoo" and the magic carpet that he has, within ten minutes... you enter inside, and after ten minutes a Gautam Buddha goes out!

Just a little dance, "Yaa-Hoo" and see you in the other world! There is no need to do it again and again.

But in the West the mind is mechanical, the approach is mechanical; they want to reduce

everything to a machine, and they are capable of reducing it.

But there are things which are beyond the capacity of any machine. Awareness cannot be created by any machine, it is beyond the scope of any hi-tech. But what hi-tech can give you can certainly be used, so when I was informed I immediately ordered that the best, the latest machine should be sent here so I can show my people both things. I can show them what the machine can do and tell them that this is not meditation, and also can tell them that this can be used as a very beautiful jumping ground into meditation.

And once you have tasted awareness perhaps a few times the machine may be helpful, so it becomes more and more clear and your awareness becomes more and more separate from the silence that the machine is creating. Then you should start doing it without the machine. And once you have learned to do it without the machine, the machine has helped you immensely.

But people should not believe in machines too much.

I have heard about a man who was uneducated, could not read. He went to the optician and said, "Just look and check my eyes, because I cannot read."

So the optician said, "There is no problem, I will check and I will give you glasses and you will be able to read."

The man said, "Are you certain?"

The optician said, "There is no problem, I am doing it every day."

But the man said, "One thing you should know I am uneducated!"

The optician said, "Then it is very difficult. Glasses I can give you, but education? If you don't even recognize the alphabet then glasses will not help. Perhaps your eyes are all right and they don't need glasses, but you need a certain education."

But glasses can be helpful if you are able to read and your eyes are not functioning properly. Then glasses can enhance the power, help your eyes. And this is the situation with every machine.

Pradeepa, in just a few days... because in India everything takes such a long time. The machines may have already reached Bombay airport, but to take them out of customs is just anybody's guess: one week, two weeks, three weeks... Here things go so slow.

One of my friends... he was very old, but we had a certain deep affinity. A case was started against him in 1915, because he had written a book of history which was different from the books which the British government had approved. Although he was right, the government did not want those facts to be taught to the people because they were against the British government.

So the case was against him, the publisher, the printer, the owner of the press against four parties. And the case was so complicated, because what he had written was absolutely factual, right; you could not just deny it. It was self-evident. So it went on from one court to another court, to the high court, to the supreme court. Out of four, three of the parties died; only the writer remained.

His name was Pandit Sunderlal. He was really a very authentic, sincere man. All the judges who tried his case died. All the advocates, for or against, were gone. Because the case went on and on, even the government which had started it was finished, in 1947. But the case continued.

I inquired of him in 1975 he had become very old "When is your case going to end?" He said, "It cannot end unless I die. Then they will close it, but otherwise it will continue

because they cannot accept defeat and they cannot allow me to be victorious. All the facts are in my favor, and the strangest thing is that the government that started the case those facts were against that government that government is gone, the country is independent. But bureaucracy works in a strange way. Those files have to be completed, so they are not doing anything. They simply go on postponing, and they are simply waiting for me to die."

He died and the case was closed. But for sixty years... a case that can be decided in six hours, not more than that! But in this country...

I came to know, in a family I was staying with, that they received a letter written to their grandfather who has been dead for almost fifty years. And the letter was sent not from a very faraway planet, but just from a village eighty miles away. It traveled so slowly... even I wondered how it managed to travel so slowly. Eighty miles in fifty years?

But it happens in many places. Every year some case happens: some letter has traveled for thirty-six years; a few letters never reach they start the journey, but... Perhaps some time they will reach, but you will not be here and neither will the person to whom you have addressed the letter.

Files don't move. Just go into any office and you will see on every table, file upon file. It seems nobody is doing anything but just every day protecting the files. And people go on bribing them: "My file pull it out and put it first." But they don't know: somebody else comes and *he* bribes; his file comes on top of yours. So there is nothing that you can do, and those people go on collecting bribes.

In this country, bribery is not a crime, it is simply friendliness. For centuries, India has been bribing even God. People go to the temple and say, "If a child is born to my wife and if he is a boy, remember I will bring one coconut and sweets as a present to you." If this is not bribery, then what is?

So the country has been traditionally accustomed to it. Nobody seems to think that anything is wrong in it: I am doing your work, bringing your file, which is hundreds of files down, to the top. Naturally some *prasad*, some *baksheesh*, some friendly gesture... But then somebody else comes, and *his* file... And nobody wants his table to be clean of files, because those files are so productive. If you don't have any file on your table, you are a beggar; you don't have anything.

I have heard about a friend who became a clerk in a collectorate, and he was a very efficient person. He managed to dispose of all the files in one day. The collector himself told him, "You idiot! Now what are your sources of earning? Are you thinking that you are going to live only on your wages? Those files have been on this table... one knows not how long. Many collectors have come and gone, the files have remained there. They were sources of income."

But now these machines will be available as sources of income. Just as you go into a barber's salon, you go into a meditator's shop, give a hundred dollars in America; in India a hundred rupees will do meditate for ten minutes and go home. And think about yourself that you are a great religious person.

Now there is a danger from these mechanisms. Soon you will see that churches and temples and mosques will install these machines, because otherwise they will lose their customers.

I have told you about a church... An old man used to come with his grandchild and he used to sleep. That was not a problem; the problem was that soon he would start snoring. Many times the preacher said to him, privately, that "You are a great member of our

congregation, but your snoring disturbs many other sleepers. I have no objection, but many people come to me and say, 'That old man snores too much. We cannot sleep at all. And he is such a regular person that he comes first into the church every Sunday.' " Finally, the priest found a way. He talked to the child. He said, "I will give you one rupee if you can keep your old man awake."

The child said, "How will I keep him awake?"

The priest said, "It is easy. Whenever he starts snoring, you start hitting him. He will be angry with you, but you are getting one rupee."

He said, "Done let us see what happens."

The boy did not allow his grandfather to snore at all that day. The old man was very angry. Many times he looked at him and he said, "You never used to be such... what are you doing? You just listen to the sermon." On the way home, he said, "What is the matter? Why are you harassing me?"

The boy said, "It is a business. The priest is giving me one rupee to keep you awake."

The old man said, "You idiot! I will give you two rupees, just let me sleep silently. And remember, that priest will make signs towards you: 'Wake the old man!' Don't bother, just go on looking at him directly without any fear."

The boy said, "I want an advance, because you always talk great things and nothing happens."

The old man said, "This is too much. An advance?"

He said, "Otherwise, I am going to follow the priest. He has already given me one rupee."

So the old man gave him two rupees on the second Sunday, and slept heartily and snored as loudly as possible without any fear.

The priest was very much worried. He looked at the child, and the child was sitting straight, as if he had completely forgotten. Many times the priest made indications, but the child did not pay any attention. So after the meeting he took the child aside and said, "You are such a cheat! I have told you and I have given you one rupee; I was going to give you one rupee today."

The boy said, "Now one rupee will not do. My old man has given me an advance of two rupees. Have you guts enough to give me three rupees in advance?"

The priest said, "I am a poor priest, and in this competition... you are a very nasty fellow!"

He said, "Business is business. Otherwise I am going to follow the advice of my grandfather."

In churches, in synagogues, all is simply talk and talk, which people have heard thousands of times, meaningless. But it is just that they have to go there to show themselves, that they belong to the society. It is a formality. Otherwise, people would start thinking that they were becoming rebellious, or something was wrong. So it is a social function.

As psychoanalysis became important in Western countries, and the people who used to come for advice and confession to the priest... they were the customers, because the priest would give them a punishment: ten dollars, twenty dollars, whatever the coin. These same people started going to the psychoanalyst, who was more educated, more sophisticated, although you had to pay more too. But people's minds are strange. If you have to pay more, you think you are getting a really great thing. If you have to pay nothing, you think that it does not have any significance.

The psychoanalyst now earns the most in comparison to any other profession in the whole

world. And the clients are the same those who used to confess in the Catholic Church are now confessing on the psychoanalyst's couch. The priests became concerned "This is competition, and a dangerous thing; it is growing. More and more psychoanalysts, more and more therapies, and people are disappearing from the churches."

Now it is part of every Christian missionary's education to study psychoanalysis. I was invited to one of their theological colleges, which is the biggest in the East. I was surprised to see a department of psychoanalysis. I said, "What are you doing with psychoanalysis? Jesus has not talked about it. In fact, he himself needed psychoanalysis! But the Jews had no idea what to do..."

If Sigmund Freud had been born before Jesus and he was a Jew also Jesus would not have been crucified. He would be lying on the couch of Sigmund Freud, confessing that "This idea tortures me that I am the only begotten son of God. However I try, it does not leave me. I dream about it. Even in the waking hours, I feel I am the only begotten son of God." There would have been no Christianity. But fortunately, Sigmund Freud was born two thousand years afterwards.

But both are Jews, both are Jewish concerns, and both are earning more than any other firm in the world and they are competitors!

These machines will soon be found in every church, because otherwise they will become competitors. They will give you a certain kind of solace. That's why I became interested that before the disease spreads, we should make it clear to the world that these machines don't give you meditation.

Meditation is not something which a machine can give. But certainly these machines can be very useful and can be used to prepare the ground for meditation to grow. So in a way I am very favorable and in another way I am absolutely against. What these machines can do is dangerous in the sense that you can be deceived, you can start feeling that you are a great meditator. You have the machine... and there are small machines which individuals can have. There are bigger machines in which four persons can join together. And the bigger machine, in which four persons can meditate together, has the capacity to just go on adding more and more earphones to it and hundreds of people can meditate together. We will manage it here, because it has to be made clear to the world that this is not meditation but it is a very good preparation for meditation.

And once you have had a few experiences, then there is no need of

the machine. Then you know what happens: you can close your eyes and *you* can make it happen. Then it has a beauty of its own.

So Pradeepa, you need not be worried. Your vipassana group is not in danger!

Now, before our meditations...

Premdipa has written:

BELOVED OSHO,
RECENTLY WHEN YOU HAVE BEEN TALKING ABOUT MEDITATION, I FEEL
GUILT ARISING IN ME FOR NOT MEDITATING.

And I have been telling you again and again not to feel guilty for anything! Forget all about meditation, but there is no need to feel guilt. Because guilt will destroy your life much more than anything else can. It will destroy your joy, it will destroy your love, it will destroy your peace. And what is the reason that you don't feel like meditating?

You say, "I FEEL SO FULL WITH MY EMOTIONS, TAKING IN THE SPICES OF LIFE AND ENJOYING JUST BEING HERE, THAT I DON'T EVEN WANT TO MEDITATE."

Who is telling you to meditate? At least you cannot blame me. All I am saying is: enjoy life and the spices and just be here, and there is no need of any meditation.

Meditation is from the same root as 'medicine'. If you are healthy enough, there is no need to feel guilty that you are not taking medicine. Sick people need medicine. You are perfectly healthy, enjoying life and its spices, enjoying just being here. That's perfectly good. You need not ask FORGIVE ME FOR SAYING THIS, FOR I KNOW YOU HAVE SPOKEN SO MUCH ON THE BEAUTY AND RELAXATION OF MEDITATION. In fact, I should ask you: Forgive me that I have spoken so much on the beauty and relaxation of meditation that it has created guilt in you.

Now you are creating guilt in *me*!

AND I HAVE EXPERIENCED GLIMPSES OF PURE ECSTASY AND UNBOUNDED JOY THAT ARE TOTALLY INEXPRESSIBLE.

Great, Premdipa! Then what more meditation do you want? You already have it. But the trouble is... you say,

BUT I AM ENJOYING THIS LOVE, THIS CRAZINESS HERE EVEN YOUR HEART SURGERY SO MUCH THAT I DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT MEDITATING.

Then who is writing this question?

I LOVE YOU WITH MY WHOLE BEING.

Just don't do that. Because I am alone and you are too many and if everybody loves me with his whole being, you will kill me! Just a poor soul... your whole being! And ask anybody everybody loves me with his whole being, and I have to remain hiding in my room because if somebody comes and starts loving me with his whole being then it is the end of my life!

Just a little love is enough.

I am a very contented man, I don't ask much.

Just a little "Yaa-Hoo" that's enough.

AND I CANNOT THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR EVERYTHING.

My god! I don't remember that I have done anything to you!

BUT I HAVE NO LONGING TO PURSUE THESE GLIMPSES ANY FURTHER. CAN THIS BE, OR AM I TOTALLY ON THE WRONG TRACK?

I hope that you are totally on the wrong track, because I don't want to meet somebody who loves me with his whole being, who does not want to meditate, and who already has experiences of pure ecstasy and unbounded joy that are totally inexpressible. And who does not want to meditate who not only does not want to meditate, he does not even think about it!

Then I am puzzled: either you are on the wrong track... or perhaps you are cuckoo.

Pope the Polack is on his world pilgrimage. He stops in San Francisco to bless the people and take part in a holy mass at the cathedral.

Claude, a transvestite, happens to be sitting next to the aisle as the pope comes past on his way to the altar, swinging the incense burner.

"Hey, sweetheart," says Claude to a startled Pope the Polack, "I just love your gown. But did you know that your handbag is on fire?"

You must be the same type of person.

Ezra Grubelberg fell out of a fourth-story window. While he is lying flat on the ground with a big crowd around him, a policeman walks over and asks, "What happened?" "I don't know," Ezra replies, "I just got here."

Grandma Faginbaum walks into the pub with a parrot on her finger. She holds it up and shouts, "I will screw the first guy who can guess the weight of this parrot."

After a long silence, a drunk in the back of the bar yells out, "Two hundred kilos." Grandma whirls round and says, "Close enough!"

You seem to belong to these people.

One night, Paddy and Sean are stumbling along some railway tracks when Sean turns to Paddy and says, "I hate this staircase. The steps are too far apart."

"I don't mind that," says Paddy, "the thing that is killing me is the low hand-rails."

Bernie Bernstein phones Goldberg and Finkelstein, the merchants. "Put me through to Mr. Finkelstein, please," says Bernie.

"I am afraid Mr. Finkelstein has gone out, sir," replies the secretary.

"Then get me Mr. Goldberg," says Bernie.

"I am afraid Mr. Goldberg is tied up at present," says the girl.

"Okay," says Bernie, "I will call back." Ten minutes pass.

"Mr. Goldberg, please," says Bernie.

"Mr. Goldberg is still tied up," answers the girl. "I will phone back," says Bernie. Half an hour later...

"Get me Mr. Goldberg," demands Bernie.

"I am terribly sorry, sir," says the girl, "but Mr. Goldberg is still tied up."

"I will phone back," snaps Bernie. And another half hour passes.

"Get me Goldberg!" shouts Bernie.

"I have got dreadful news, sir," says the girl, "Mr. Goldberg is still tied up."

"My god," screams Bernie. "This is ridiculous! How can you run a business this way? One partner is out all day and the other is tied up for hours on end. What is going on there?"

"Well, you see, sir," explains the secretary, "whenever Mr. Finkelstein goes out, he ties up Mr. Goldberg."

It is the mailman's last day on the job, and he is feeling mixed emotions. On the one hand he is glad to be retiring, but on the other hand he will miss seeing the beautiful young married woman he has fancied for the last few years.

He is shocked and delighted when she opens her door for this last time, wearing a see-through gown, and invites him in. She drags him up to the bedroom and makes passionate love to him.

Afterwards she cooks him a delicious breakfast. When he is about to leave, the young woman goes to her purse, takes out a dollar bill and gives it to him.

"I don't understand," says the satisfied mailman. "You are going to pay me as well?"

"It was my husband's idea," the woman explains, "when I told him you were retiring and suggested we give you something, he said 'Screw him, give him a dollar'."

"The breakfast," she adds proudly, "was my idea."

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #11

Chapter title: These creatures are found everywhere

29 March 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

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BELOVED OSHO,
WHEN DOES THE DISCIPLE'S FREEDOM BECOME HIS MASTER'S
CONDEMNATION?

Milarepa, the authentic disciple has never condemned the master. In fact, he cannot condemn the master; the master has become his own heart and being.

To condemn the master is to condemn oneself. But yes, there are so-called disciples. Your question can only be relevant to those so-called disciples. In the first place, they are not disciples this is condemnation enough, not of the master but of their own being, of their own sincerity, of their own authenticity.

As far as the master is concerned, he *is* the freedom of the disciple. If the master's being in any way becomes a hindrance to the freedom of the disciple, the master is not true.

So your question raises a very complex experience of the relationship between master and disciple. If it is authentic, then the disciple never feels himself separate from the master. There is no question that he would act in any way or behave in any way in the name of freedom which goes against the master. It simply is not possible. He breathes the master; in a certain way, the master and his own being have become so deeply involved that it is difficult to make demarcations, where is the master and where is the disciple. They are one heart, beating in two bodies.

But if the disciple is pseudo, not a hundred percent but just so-so, a lukewarm disciple, then he is going to condemn the master sooner or later. Then it becomes almost a destiny which can be predicted, that he will condemn the master, because the master and his being have never become one. He was never able to dissolve totally into the master or let the master dissolve totally into him. He cannot forgive it; neither can he forget it. He will do things, consideredly, which go against the master and his teachings, just to condemn him and to protect himself: "Why have I become separated? The master was not worthy, I had to separate. The master was not truly a master, so the question of my being a disciple to him does not arise." To protect his ego, he has to condemn the master. And the only way to condemn is to do things exactly against what the master has been teaching.

Every breath of the master's life is devoted to a certain phenomenon: a certain ecstasy, a certain experience beyond which there is nothing higher or holier. The disciple will do things against the master just to protect his ego. If the master is also a false one, then certainly he will feel the condemnation and he will react furiously. He will also condemn the disciple.

But if the master is authentic, he will simply laugh at the stupidity of this ignorant man who does not know that he is cutting the same branch on which he is sitting by his acts he is simply becoming a laughingstock. But not for a moment can the authentic master think that he can be condemned. Thousands may be against him, thousands may be in opposition to him, thousands may come to be disciples and leave him at any point in the journey, but he will not feel any condemnation. Simply a great compassion, that it is not their fault.

If you are selling glasses ask Premda, my optician if you are selling glasses in a city of the blind you should know that nobody is going to accept that you have brought a great blessing to them. The people are blind, they have never seen anything, and your glasses cannot help them.

And all great masters have been selling glasses to the blind. If the blind are ready to follow all the instructions, disciplines, perhaps their eyes may start opening, because nobody is born spiritually blind. Only eyes are closed, and you have forgotten how to open your own eyes.

The whole function of the master is to help you to open your eyes. Sometimes it hurts. It is a surgery. And the disciple becomes offended when something hurts. But the master's intention is never to hurt you; his only intention is to help you to a better and more spiritual, more beautiful, more immortal life.

How can one even think to do something, in the name of freedom, against his own master? The master *is* his freedom, and if something is going against the master, that is not freedom. You are going against yourself and against freedom. It may appear on the surface that you are acting on your own, but you will harm yourself. If you think harming yourself is your freedom, destroying the work that the master has been doing on your eyes... if you think it is your freedom to destroy the glasses that have been provided to you, then you are behaving in an absolutely idiotic way.

To find the master is a blessing, and to dissolve oneself into the master is the most delicious experience experience of freedom and joy, a kind of unburdening of all the unnecessary load, an experience of lightness and laughter....

But it is very difficult to see one's own faults. By our very nature we are made up in such a way that we can see the faults of others, but we cannot see our own fault. And our own fault may be big enough; then too, we will not be able to see because it is our own. We have become identified with it, it is our personality. If somebody points it out, it is going to hurt us.

The ancient Sufi proverb is, "One can see a small piece of sand in somebody else's eye, but one cannot see a whole camel in one's own eye."

The big-mouthed frog is sitting by his pond in the jungles of Goa one day, when the tiger comes by and says, "Hey man, have you heard? There is a big full-moon party down at the beach tonight."

The frog opens his huge mouth and says, "Faarr out!"

"Yeah," says the tiger, "and there will be lots of dancing sannyasin girls."

"Faarr out!" says the frog.

"And there will be lots of jazz music and skinheads," says the tiger.

"Faarr out," says the frog.

"And there will be lots of booze and plenty to eat."

"Faarr out," says the frog.

"One thing only," says the tiger, "has to be remembered: that people with big mouths are not allowed to go."

The frog shuts his mouth with a `bang' and says, "Poor crocodile, he will be so disappointed."

Faarr out!

BELOVED OSHO,
I AM QUAKING INSIDE AS I WRITE THIS QUESTION. MY GIRLFRIEND WANTS TO BE A ZEN MASTER. SHE DOES NOT HAVE A ZEN STICK BUT SHAKES PRETTY GOOD TAIL FEATHERS WHEN SHE GETS RUFFLED. SO FAR I'VE BEEN FIGHTING HER FOR MY SMALL PORTION OF THE TRUTH. SINCE YOUR STATEMENT THE OTHER NIGHT ABOUT WANTING MANY WOMEN MASTERS, I THOUGHT MAYBE I SHOULD JUST GIVE UP MY FIGHT AND TOTALLY SURRENDER, BECOME ABSOLUTELY, TOTALLY HENPECKED!

Satyam Ambhoj, I agree with you on that question. Just one thing I have to remind you, that you may be thinking that you have to become henpecked; the reality is that once you are in the hands of a girl, you are nowhere, nobody, just a henpecked husband! Just because of you, I am introducing the phrase `henpecked boyfriend', because boyfriends think this is all about husbands.

It is not a question of husbands. It is just the very nature of relationship with a woman: she is the master. But she is clever enough to let you pretend that you are the master.

You are saying, "I am quaking inside as I write this question. My girlfriend" there is no such person as `girlfriend'; there are only girl enemies... what nonsense are you talking? "wants to be a Zen master."

So what is wrong in it? Every woman is a born Zen master. That's why there are so very few well-known women masters, because if *every* woman is a master... It is the poor man all men are not masters; only once in a while a Gautam Buddha, so you can count them on your fingers. But as far as women are concerned, the whole ocean...

And you are saying, "She does not have a Zen stick." Don't be worried, I will supply. I have a Zen stick which I never use, so just find out from Anando where the Zen stick is and give it to your girl-enemy.

You are saying, "So far I have been fighting her for my small portion of the truth." Don't fight. Nobody can have any portion of truth. Either one has the whole of it or one has none. Just please give it up why torture yourself? Truth cannot be divided. And you are not asking much, just a small portion, but a woman and particularly a woman who is my disciple is absolutely non-compromising. She has put you right in your place.

You are asking *me*! And the thing has happened long before....

"Since your statement the other night about wanting many women masters, I thought maybe I should just give up my fight and totally surrender, become absolutely henpecked." A tremendously great insight! Almost a revelation!

Hymie Goldberg is drunk again, sniffing and spluttering in the bar.

"For eighteen years," he says to his friend Moishe, "for eighteen years, me and my wife were the happiest people in the world!"

"What happened?" asks Moishe.

"Then," sobs Hymie, "we met!"

"I have been thinking it over, dear," says Hymie Goldberg, "and I want you to know that I have decided to agree with you."

"It won't do any good," snaps Becky, "because I have just changed my mind."

To live with a woman is the world's worst horror.

... Niskriya is enjoying, because one woman tortured him for almost five months, it took him five months to get rid of her. But he could not enjoy his freedom long enough. Just a few minutes, and another woman jumped up. And now he gets free every day, and by the evening he is enslaved again. I wonder why people torture poor Niskriya when there are so many others. He is so simple that he never says no to anybody, so any woman gets hold of him and he has to surrender.

He is tired... the whole day working with his camera, he is a great scientist, working... because once I mentioned that in the future there will be cameras giving three-dimensional pictures. Since then he has been working on producing three-dimensional pictures. It was very difficult but he has managed. A German, after all, is a German. He could not manage one camera; he joined two cameras, and two cameras take the photographs.

And it is a hard job, each time to bring those two cameras together, and separate them, and bring them together, and separate them.

And then many people to whom he showed his first results... they all said, "Very great, good," and to me they said, "We see nothing, but we don't want to hurt his feelings."

I said, "This is a great joy! He is showing people three-dimensional pictures, and they see nothing, and they say 'Great, Niskriya, you have done it!'"

Finally he understood that it was nothing that he was showing these people. He had to work again in a different direction. And he managed: now he has come with a small box in which you put the slide and it gives a three-dimensional effect.

But to produce that slide is such a torture. Whenever my photographers want to take my picture, they all say to me, "Just don't allow this Niskriya, because he does not care about anything and he disturbs everybody. He is just concerned about his three-dimensional pictures." So instead of one camera, he has two cameras on a trolley, continuously moving them.

And he does not look at anybody. He does not think that there are other cameramen, he takes the main position in the middle. They say, "If Niskriya is coming then there is no point in us coming because he neither listens nor does he look at anybody." He is so absorbed in his work. A real scientific mind...

So he does not even bother who the woman is: if she wants to harass him, let her harass. Sometimes, the same woman goes on harassing him again after a few days. By that time he has forgotten her face. I have heard that one woman has harassed him three times and he thinks he has met three women.

But in fact, he never looks who is there and what is happening, he is totally satisfied with his camera. Now, if a poor woman wants some time, he gives her some time, but his mind is working on three-dimensional pictures. Who looks at women? he is thinking of new devices.

Maybe it is the same woman who has come yesterday, or maybe it is somebody else, or maybe there is nobody; he simply thinks that a woman is sitting behind him.

But he is a happy person in that sense, that he does not need to surrender to anybody. He does not even know the name, he does not recognize who you are girl-enemy...?

Satyam Ambhoj, to be totally and absolutely henpecked is a great experience because then there is absolute peace. Rather than renouncing women and going to the Himalayas... where nobody knows, you may come across another woman, because these creatures are found everywhere. And their faces differ, their bodies differ, but under the bonnet every car is the same. So you can look at the bonnet and think that this is somebody else: Perhaps this is the right woman, she is born just for me. By god, I have found her!

But your happiness will not last even for twelve hours. Once the woman is certain that she has got hold of you, you will be surprised, that "This is a totally different woman, but behaving exactly like the woman I have renounced!"

I have heard of a man in California who married eight times. And each time, after three months he found that although the woman is different, everything else is the same. The same quarrel, the same fight, the same jealousy, the same demand. And the eighth time, it was a miracle: he married a woman whom he had married one time before also, but it was such a long time before that he had forgotten her. After three days he by and by recovered he remembered: "It seems I have seen you somewhere."

The woman said, "I have also seen you somewhere! I have given you enough rope; now there is no question of any divorce. I have been waiting where will you go? Finally, you will have to come to me because every woman will do the things I am doing. In fact, you must have been remembering me on the way: 'The first woman was far better.' "

It is the nature of the mind that it forgets that which is not very good and only remembers that which is beautiful. As time passes, the past becomes golden. "Those days were totally different..." And certainly he did not divorce her again, because what is the point? Unnecessarily going to the court, being tortured by the judges and the attorneys, and finally ending up with another woman.

Those who have escaped from the world have not escaped from the world, they were escaping from the woman.

This is perfectly good for a meditative man like you, Satyam Ambhoj, to surrender totally. Flat on the ground, Hindu style! Touching the feet of the enemy girl, and saying to her that "I am your servant. You are my master. You order and I will follow."

And you will be surprised how much peace... I think not only you but many others are going to do the same, because everybody is in search of peace. And such a simple Hindu style! Flat on the ground, putting your head on the feet of the enemy. Christians could not understand what Jesus was saying "Love your enemy." I am giving it for the first time the right interpretation.

It seems prayer time has come... In this congregation it comes so soon.

The 1988 meeting of the World Council of Churches is presided over by his holiness, Pope the Polack.

During the proceedings, he and brother Jesse Jackson, the American presidential candidate, are having an argument about whether God is black or white.

Soon, the whole Council joins in and the pope is screaming about white supremacy, and beating his fist wildly against his papal throne.

Finally, the dreadful noise wakes up God from his sleep. He is very pissed off, so he parts

the clouds and bellows down in a thunderous voice, "I am what I am!"

A deathly silence falls over the Council, until Pope the Polack turns around and says, "See, you black idiot? I told you God is white, and there is your proof!" "What do you mean?" cries brother Jesse. "He only said a few words." "Aha!" says the Pope, "but if he was black he would have said, 'I is what I is!' "

Pope the Polack is standing at the pearly gates demanding admission. Saint Peter lets him through, but warns him, "You are not in paradise yet! We have made a few alterations in heaven. Before you can finally be accepted you must walk along this passage. If a single evil thought enters your head during that walk, a trap-door will open beneath your feet and you will fall straight down into hell!"

Pope the Polack accepts the challenge and starts to walk along the passage. When he is halfway, Saint Peter cannot resist the temptation to whisper, "Osho!" Instantly, the trap-door opens and the pope drops through.

A short while later, Ronald Reagan arrives. Saint Peter gives him the same instructions. Again, the temptation is too much for Saint Peter and the moment he whispers, "Osho!" the floor opens and Reagan drops down.

Some time later, Osho is touring the universe and arrives at the pearly gates, where he is welcomed by Saint Peter. Saint Peter shows Osho the passage to paradise and explains about the trap-door. Halfway across to heaven, Osho turns slowly round, raises his right hand to the sky and says, "Yaa-Hoo!" Saint Peter drops through the floor.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #12

Chapter title: On the flight alone

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BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE READ THAT KABIR SAYS, "I LEAVE BEHIND MY CLOAK INTACT. I WORE MY CLOAK WITH GREAT CARE AND THEN PUT IT ASIDE AS I FOUND IT, WITHOUT IMPAIRING IT IN ANY WAY. OH SWAN, TAKE OFF ON THE FLIGHT ALONE."

OSHO, WHAT IS THIS?

Nivedano, Kabir was a poor man. As far as the outside world is concerned, he was nobody. But as far as the inner world is concerned, he belongs to the same category as Gautam Buddha, Lao Tzu, Zarathustra.

His statements of course cannot be in the language of the learned and the scholarly. And it is not unfortunate in any way; on the contrary, it is very fortunate that he speaks the language of the very ordinary man, but he brings such beauty to language that no scholarship can compete with it. He brings such glamor to the mundane words used in the marketplace... you could have never thought that this can become a symbol for the ultimate. But he knows no other language.

He has the experience of the ultimate, but his language is that of a weaver he was a weaver. His whole life he was weaving clothes, going to sell them every Sunday in the marketplace. Even though he became famous far and wide as an awakened, enlightened consciousness and thousands of people started coming to him, even kings, the richest people but he never left his job. He continued weaving.

A thousand and one times he must have been asked by his disciples: "We can take care of all your needs. And your needs are not very many..." He had only one son, one wife and himself, and they lived in absolute poverty. But he always refused. He said, "God has made me a weaver and I cannot be otherwise. And you never think about those people who get the clothes which I weave. I weave with such love and such joy, such celebration, such consciousness, that nobody else can do it. What will happen to my customers? I am always weaving for my customers, because every customer of mine is a representation of the divine. I am in the service of the divine please don't distract me."

His language because he was a weaver reflects again and again his profession and the language that must have been used by his profession.

In this beautiful statement, which nobody else could have made Buddha cannot make it, he cannot even think of it...

"I have read," you are asking, Nivedano, "that Kabir says: I LEAVE BEHIND MY CLOAK INTACT."

This statement was made before his death, just a few moments before. He is saying, I am leaving my cloak intact. I WORE MY CLOAK WITH GREAT CARE, THEN PUT IT ASIDE AS I FOUND IT, WITHOUT IMPAIRING IT IN ANY WAY. OH SWAN, TAKE OFF ON THE FLIGHT ALONE.

The moment of departure the final departure of consciousness from the body... In the Eastern mystic language the swan symbolizes the soul, because the swan is so white and so pure and particularly the swan that comes from the Himalayas has the same purity as the eternal snow of the Himalayas.

Because of the whiteness, the purity... And it lives far away in the Himalayas where very few people have ever reached, the highest lake in the world, Mansarovar. Nine months out of twelve it is frozen; only for three months it melts. The swan for nine months comes down to the plains, but without fail it returns after nine months to Mansarovar.

And a strange mystery is that these months that he is not at Mansarovar are the months when the swan gives birth to children. Even when they leave, their eggs have not opened yet. When the time comes they leave their eggs behind and move away towards Mansarovar. The mystery is that the parents have never met the child, the child has never traveled the path; he knows nothing about Mansarovar, but still when the egg ripens and the child swan is born, it immediately starts flying in the direction of Mansarovar.

Because of this fact it became a tremendously important symbol: You don't know where your home is; there is no guide, no map, you have to go alone. But every child swan reaches Mansarovar, without fail.

Metaphorically, we don't belong to this mundane world. It is not our home. Sooner or later the moment comes: your consciousness opens its wings and flies towards its home.

Kabir is making this statement just before leaving the body. The body is symbolized as the cloak. In Hindi it is called *chadariya*.

I LEAVE BEHIND MY CLOAK INTACT. Just as you have given it to me: I have not spoiled it, not even a small scratch, not even a small dark spot. As white and as clean and pure as you had given it to me, I am putting it aside.

I WORE MY CLOAK WITH GREAT CARE. This is to be understood. He is not against the body. He is saying, I WORE MY CLOAK WITH GREAT CARE, I used my body with great care, with love, and then put it aside as I found it. Now the moment has come to put it aside, but I am putting it aside exactly as I had found it.

The words of Kabir are very beautiful. Almost untranslatable is their beauty. They have a certain music that is missing in any translation, but still you should hear those words:

JYON KI TYON DHARI DINHI CHADARIYA
KHOOB JATAN KAR ODHI CHADARIYA.

With great effort I have used the cloak you had given to me and I am putting it back JYON KI TYON just the way you had given it to me, without spoiling it, without impairing it in any way. OH SWAN and this he addresses to himself OH SWAN, TAKE OFF ON THE FLIGHT ALONE.

Now even this cloak, this *chadariya* that you have been using for your whole life, cannot go with you. Neither your wife nor your son nor your friends nor your disciples nobody can go with you; you have to go alone. It is a flight of the alone to the alone.

OH SWAN, TAKE OFF ON THE FLIGHT ALONE.

And Kabir blessed his disciples. Before closing his eyes he said the *chadariya* is simply like a bed cloth, you can wrap it around your body he told his disciples, "Cover me with the *chadariya*, with the cloak."

And one asked, "Why?"

He said, "You will find out later on."

His body was covered with the same cloth that he had used his whole life.

It was undecided about Kabir, whether he was a Hindu or a Mohammedan. This created a great problem. He had Hindu disciples, he had Mohammedan disciples. And they were constantly quarreling about who he was. Whenever Kabir was asked, he simply laughed. He said, "I am myself! What have I to do with Hinduism or Mohammedanism? I am perfectly happy being myself."

So he never answered; the question remained. And after his death it became tremendously important, because Mohammedans put the body in the grave, and Hindus put the body on the funeral pyre. Now, what has to be done? Both sides were standing face to face, to fight, to kill each other!

And the problem had arisen from the very beginning because his name, Kabir, is a Mohammedan name. It means God in Mohammedanism, God has one hundred names. Ninety-nine names can be pronounced, the hundredth one remains unpronounced. Amongst the ninety-nine, one is Kabir, so as far as the name was concerned he was certainly a Mohammedan.

But it seems that his parents, for some reason of their own perhaps he was an illegitimate child, although no child can be illegitimate; only parents can be illegitimate had left the child on the steps of the Ganges. And a very great Hindu saint, Ramananda, came early in the morning... it was still dark, and the child must have been not more than two years of age.

As Ramananda was returning after his bath the child caught hold of Ramananda's feet as Ramananda passed by him, he caught his feet. Ramananda thought, in the darkness, that some disciple is touching his feet so he said, "God bless you."

Hearing no answer he looked closely: there was a small child sitting. But Ramananda has accepted him as a disciple, and being a man of his promise and word, he took him home.

His disciples were very angry. They said, "What have you done? Because in the first place the child is certainly illegitimate; otherwise who is going to leave such a beautiful child in this cold winter night on the steps near the Ganges?" And on his hand was written in Arabic his name, Kabir.

"So first he is illegitimate, and second he is Mohammedan!"

Ramananda said, "It does not matter. Whoever he is, he has received my blessings. I have initiated him, he has touched my feet. I cannot deny him. He is going to live with me. It doesn't matter whether he is Hindu or Mohammedan. He is simply a child, he does not know anything of who he is."

It became such an uproar that many disciples of Ramananda left him, saying, "This is absolutely against Hindu tradition. He is not following the tradition and he is allowing a Mohammedan in the house not only allowing, but he will bring him up!"

But Ramananda was a very courageous man. If he had been an ordinary Hindu saint, he

would not have risked his respectability. So many disciples leaving him, so many condemning him, that "He is supporting illegitimate children. By his act he is not saying that illegitimate children are to be denounced so that nobody ever attempts it again."

Ramananda listened to all the condemnation, and brought up Kabir. He never asked Kabir, "What is your religion?"

In fact, a man of religion cannot ask another man of religion, "What is your religion?" Because religion is not something like an educational degree..."Are you a matriculate, or are you a bachelor, or a post-graduate?"

Religion is a quality. And Ramananda could see in this child more religiousness than in any of his disciples. It was enough for him that Kabir was truthful, that he was sincere, that he was meditative, that he was continuously making every effort to know himself.

There are memoirs of people who have seen Kabir growing under the shadow of Ramananda, saying that even as a small child he looked like a buddha so silent, so peaceful, one could not believe that he was a child. He never did anything childish. Soon people started even asking him questions, touching his feet. Even in the presence of Ramananda, Kabir became a famous saint and he was a young man.

He told Ramananda, "I feel very much in a difficulty because people who should go to you, come to me."

Ramananda said, "Don't be worried, you have all my blessings. In fact people who come to me, I send them to you! You are far more fresh. You are not conditioned by any religion, you are not conditioned by any parents, any tradition, any church. You are far more pure. I am proud of having a man like you as my disciple."

Ramananda never listened to those who said that, "At least it should be decided to what religion he belongs. It is creating confusion." Ramananda died; he never said anything about it. He simply said, "He is a religious person and I cannot say anything more about him."

So when Kabir died, he knew it, that "After my death there is going to be a great riot amongst my disciples. They are just waiting for the moment 'Let him die, then we will see who decides.' "

And certainly they had in their favor, on one side, the name written on his hand, "Kabir." The other side had in their favor that he was a disciple of Ramananda who was a great Hindu saint: "Being a disciple of a Hindu saint, it does not matter what is written on his hand. You can take his hand, but his whole body belongs to us."

And you will be surprised: to avoid the riot which might have culminated in a massacre of thousands of people, it was decided, "We should cut Kabir in two parts. Half goes to the Hindus, half goes to the Mohammedans."

Sometimes I think if I have to be cut, you will have to cut in so many pieces... just two pieces won't do!

Kabir, envisioning the situation beforehand, said, "Cover my body with the cloak," and he died. And when they decided, and opened the cloak, there was no body but just a pile of beautiful roseflowers.

It is an immensely beautiful story. And a voice they could not find the source from where it came said, "Now you can divide the flowers."

And in India, particularly since Kabir's time, when a person dies and he is burnt, on the third day his bones are collected. Those bones are called "flowers" just in remembrance. People may have forgotten who was the source, why you call the bones "flowers," but certainly a man like Kabir...

It cannot be factual, it cannot be historical, it can only be indicative that if you divide the

body of a man like Kabir you will find only flowers and nothing else. That's my understanding. I am not in agreement with scholars who deny the story; neither am I in favor of those scholars who say that it is factual.

I say it is very symbolic: it says that even if you divide the body of Kabir you will find nothing but roseflowers.

I have been to the place where Kabir died, just near Varanasi, on the other side of the Ganges. On one side is the great city of Varanasi according to Hindus the most ancient city of the world. And it looks like it. You cannot use cars in the main city, because the roads are so narrow that they were meant to be walked on, not to be used by any vehicles. They must have been made even before bullock carts were invented. Otherwise at least they should have been as broad as a bullock cart.

In the ancient part of Varanasi the roads are so cool the sun almost never reaches there because the buildings are high, and the road is so narrow that only two persons can go side by side. Only for a few seconds, when the sun comes exactly in the middle of the sky, those roads get a few rays and again shadow. They are very cool, almost air-conditioned and centuries of air-conditioning....

Just on the other side of the Ganges is the small village of Maghar, where Kabir died. The *samadhi*, the memorial grave, is divided by a partition. One side belongs to the Mohammedans, the other side belongs to the Hindus. Such is the stupidity of humanity. You worship the same man, you love the same man. You have breathed his philosophy, the same words, but the conditioned mind of man....

Mohammedans made a grave for the flowers that were their portion, and Hindus burned those flowers that were their portion on a funeral pyre. And they both made the memorial, but with a wall in the middle: half the memorial belongs to the Hindus, half the memorial to the Mohammedans. The Mohammedans will not go to the Hindu side, and the Hindus will not go to the Mohammedan side. And this is the memorial of a single man!

It is significant to remind you that Kabir lived his whole life in Varanasi. And for some strange reason... there are many places. In Punjab there is a place called Hoshiapur. It means the city of the wise. One man from Hoshiapur....

(NOW SUDDENLY EVERYONE UNDERSTANDS WHY "SARDARJI," AS HE IS AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN, HAD BURST OUT LAUGHING AT THE NAME. HE'S WELL KNOWN AROUND THE ASHRAM BOTH FOR HIS COLORFUL PUNJABI ATTIRE AND HIS HEARTY ROAR OF A LAUGH.)

And never ask anybody in Punjab, "Where do you live?" because if he lives in Hoshiapur he will immediately take out his sword "What do you mean? Why have you asked? How have you come to know that I live in Hoshiapur?" It has become well-known for centuries that Hoshiapur is the place of the idiots. So nobody can say, "I live in Hoshiapur," and nobody can ask. If you ask, you are putting the person in a difficulty, because he cannot admit it and he cannot deny it.

And there are many places perhaps all over the world there are places. For example in Judea, where Jesus was crucified, it was said against Jesus... as if it were his fault! He was born in a small village, Bethlehem, and it was said, "Have you ever heard of anybody being born in Bethlehem who is a prophet? Just *because* you are born in Bethlehem you cannot be a prophet! Never heard nobody can even imagine that in that stupid place Bethlehem, God will

send his only begotten son. He could not find a better place?"

In the same way, in India it is the Hindu conception that if you die in Varanasi then there is no question of whether you were a good man or a bad man, a saint or a sinner it does not matter; if you die in Varanasi you will go directly to heaven.

So in Varanasi you will be surprised the population is a very special population. As people become retired, they start moving towards Varanasi. Their time of death is coming, they have done every kind of sin, now the only chance to enter heaven is to die in Varanasi. You will find it strange... because I have been there, and I am a strange fellow, certainly. I look at things which nobody bothers about.

I used to stay with an old friend of J. Krishnamurti. And just because of J. Krishnamurti he had become acquainted with me. I was speaking to the Theosophical Society of Varanasi and he became interested in me and he said, "I live alone in a big house why do you stay in a hotel? Stay with me."

So I asked him, "I look all around and there seem to be so many old people. In no other city do you see so many old people, they would have died by now. What are they doing here?"

He said, "This is a problem here. You will find old people who have come here to die, but death is not in your hands. When it will come it will come..." And you will find that a larger proportion of these old people are women, because the woman's life span is five years longer than man's. So thousands of widows, because in Hinduism you cannot marry again if you are a woman. All over the city, widows....

And the third thing which is so dangerous thousands of bulls. It is thought, because Varanasi is the city of the god Shiva, that if you present a bull to Shiva you can ask anything and it will be fulfilled. So people bring bulls and bulls are very cheap, because they are not much use. One bull can serve a dozen cows, so the remaining eleven bulls, if they are born proportionately, are useless. Either they go to the butcher... but the Hindus cannot sell them to the butcher. They go to Varanasi.

And in Varanasi, if you are driving a car that is in the newer part of Varanasi; in the older part there is no question everywhere bulls are resting on the road. You can go on honking your horn, they don't care at all. They are no ordinary bulls, they are SHIVA'S bulls! They enter into shops, they eat vegetables, fruits, and you cannot stop them because it is against Hinduism to stop Shiva's bulls.

So you may have seen bulls, but to see the bulls of Varanasi is a totally different experience very strong people. And everything is available, nobody can prevent them. You will have to get out of the car and push them. They don't listen to your horn, you have to push them aside. You cannot even beat them. If you beat them, *you* will be beaten immediately because you are beating Shiva's bull. You can persuade, and lovingly push the bull..."For Shiva's sake just stand by the side and let my car pass!"

Just as it is believed that anybody who dies in Varanasi goes to heaven, it was believed in Kabir's days and it is even believed today that whoever dies in Maghar that is the other side of the Ganges becomes a donkey after death.

I have tried hard to find out the sources, how this belief... and why unnecessarily condemn the poor people who live in Maghar?

Kabir, before dying he lived all his life in Varanasi told his people, "Take me to Maghar. I want to die in Maghar."

They said, "Have you become mad? You must have gone senile! Anybody who dies in

Maghar goes... worse than hell, he becomes a donkey. Do you want to become a donkey?"

Kabir said, "Donkey or not, I want to be myself. I don't want to go to heaven because of Varanasi. If I go to heaven, I have to go with my own authority. I want to go to heaven from Maghar. And besides, I want to protect the poor people of Maghar, because once I have died in Maghar nobody will be able to condemn those poor people by saying that, 'Anybody who dies in Maghar becomes a donkey.' "

... Because nobody can conceive that a man like Kabir can become a donkey. Wherever he dies, and wherever he lives, and wherever he is, and wherever he will be, he is in heaven.

The disciples tried to persuade him; even the Maharaja of Varanasi tried to persuade him that "This is not good who knows? maybe there is some truth in that belief. And we don't want you to become a donkey. It will hurt thousands of your followers seeing you in the shape of a donkey. I represent my whole kingdom, and I want you to remain here."

Kabir said, "I will die in Maghar. And if there is any heaven, I will reach there from Maghar so that after me nobody can condemn the people of Maghar. If it is my fate to be born as a donkey, then it is perfectly good. I want to destroy the very idea that a place can matter in such things. It is your consciousness not where you are, in Maghar or in Varanasi."

Being in Varanasi, you will be surprised: people who have died in nearby villages they have died already and they are being driven fast towards Varanasi, to deceive God that at least they died in Varanasi. I asked many people I used to sit on the steps near the Ganges where... Varanasi is the only place where people just throw the bodies half burnt into the Ganges, because they are in a hurry to go back home and this man is taking so much time in burning.

I asked, "What is the matter? Why are you so much in a hurry? If this man has died..." They will say, "No, he had not died, he was still breathing."

I said, "He was still breathing? Then why have you burned him? I will take you to the police station!"

They said, "You are unnecessarily interfering in our matters. It is between us and God, it is not a matter for the police. In fact, when we started from our village he was breathing. When we reached Varanasi, he stopped breathing."

People are just... I said to them, "You are trying to deceive God also? You are deceiving yourself, you are deceiving God, and you think you are religious people! And this fellow who died somewhere else, if Hinduism is right, cannot reach heaven. Then what happens to the people all over the world? If only people who die in Varanasi reach heaven then what about Poona?"

After Kabir's death, Maghar at least is no longer condemned, because Kabir has to be respected and he is respected both by Hindus and Mohammedans. Now you can die even in Maghar without fear.

Mohammedans believe that if they cannot go at least once to Kaaba in their life, they cannot reach heaven. So the poorest Mohammedans will sell their houses, their farms, whatsoever small belongings they have, in order to at least have one trip to Kaaba. Just the idea that if you don't go, and if you cannot show God that once you have been to Kaaba, you will not be allowed.

These religions have been spreading such nonsense and stupidity in people. I say unto you, neither Varanasi nor Jerusalem nor Mecca can make any difference. It is your consciousness. If you die consciously you will reach to the ultimate blissfulness it does not belong to, it is not a monopoly of any religion.

But you will have to go alone. It is not the crowd to which you belong that makes it sure

that you will reach to the ultimate truth. The ultimate truth is always individual.

OH SWAN, TAKE OFF ON THE FLIGHT ALONE.

It is time for prayer, but before that, Maneesha has asked a beautiful question. She has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

I AM FEELING ANCIENT LATELY, NOT ANCIENT AS IN WISE, BUT ANCIENT AS IN FEELING LIKE A WRINKLED UP OLD PRUNE.

Maneesha, there are many people who like wrinkled up old prunes. I don't like, that's true. Just a few days ago Shunyo has brought me wrinkled up old prunes. I said, "Shunyo, never again."

But that does not mean that other people don't like them. Somebody has sent them as a present to me. They were coming directly from the fatherland, Germany.

And to feel ancient is great! If you are not wise, be otherwise, but don't feel sad.

It is a particularly difficult problem in the West, and more so for Western women, to think of themselves as ancient. Even ancient women, even the dead put on lipstick, do a good make-up and hairdo. And you will rarely suspect whether they are alive or dead, to what century they belong.

Particularly in the West I was surprised seeing a few women... My god! As far as I can see these women should be in their graves, and they are doing shopping! And particularly ancient women have nothing else to do, except shopping.

So don't be worried about being ancient enjoy! If you can enjoy your childhood, your youth, your old age... then suddenly you realize that you were never a child, never young, never old. You are just pure consciousness, which does not categorize into any age group.

It is the body-oriented mind, too much identified with the body, that creates difficulty. The Western woman is very much body-oriented, and there is reason to be, because youth does not last long enough. It is a fleeting phenomenon. And the West is more interested in youth than in anything else. Once you have passed the age of youth, you are ready for the waste-paper basket; nobody cares about you, nobody even looks at you.

In the East the situation is not the same. In the East the older the person is the more he is respected, because he is more experienced, he has lived life, he has known much more, and you will also have to pass through the same experiences. It is good to be respectful towards him, because soon *you* will be old and if this idea becomes fashionable that to be old is not something wrong, but rather experienced and respectable, then your children will respect you when you are old. But you have to create that idea by respecting those who are old.

The West has destroyed completely the respectability of the old person, has taken away the dignity of the old person. And because of that, old men and old women and women more so, because old men die sooner; they are more fortunate people, they die five years earlier. And after they are dead, the wife has to live at least five to ten years more alone, old, discarded. Nobody says to her, "Sweetheart." She waits and waits, and remembers the old days, beautiful days, romantic days when she was also called, "Darling."

Now nobody takes note of her and she makes a fool of herself, because she wants attention: uses all kinds of make-up, dyes her hair, most probably has become bald by now, then wears some other dead woman's hair...

It is so strange that people use wigs. A wig means you are using dead people's hair! And you are not ashamed at all.

Tries to behave as if she is young, smokes cigars... And there are old fools also. Every day there is news in the papers that somebody has got married, the man is ninety-seven, the woman is ninety-four, both are dressed up by their friends. And then strange things happen: they even go for a honeymoon with suitcases labeled "Just married."
It is so hilarious to see such people.

Once a just-married couple reached a hotel on a sea beach. The woman immediately went into the bathroom and she told the man, "Put the light out."

The man said, "Why? First you come out, then I will go in the bathroom and then we can go to bed and put the light out."

She said, "No, you put the light out. First I will get in bed, and then you can go to the bathroom."

The man said, "This is strange the first night of our honeymoon has not even started and the fight has begun."

The woman said, "Why do you want to keep the light on?"

The man said, "Naturally I want to see you, who you are. All the make-up, whether you are bald, or something else is missing. Naturally I am your husband, I want to know the whole territory. I will keep the light on."

The woman said, "If you insist, then it's okay. And when you go into the bathroom I will also keep the light on."

He said, "That you cannot do, I am your husband."

She said, "It is not possible, this is the age of equality between man and woman. And I am not a small child ninety-four years old. And I know that certainly you are also missing many things. At ninety-seven years you cannot be intact!"

The man said, "This is very strange. Okay, I admit that one of my legs is wooden."

The woman said, "Anything else?"

The man said, "This is not right to inquire about such things, when we are not even well acquainted! One of my eyes is not real."

The woman laughed. She said, "Now you can keep the light on, because both my breasts are finished. You were continuously watching my breasts both are just rubber. And you are right" and she threw off her hair "take this wig. Just for your sake I have been wearing some dead woman's hair. And my teeth I will leave in the bathroom!"

Now what... why are you getting married? To torture each other? So many people I have seen when I was moving around the world. I could not believe: why are they not silently asleep in their graves? There seems to be no reason but to go on unnecessarily harassing other people.

And Maneesha, you are not ancient, yet. Whenever this feeling of ancientness comes to you, just say, "Yaa-Hoo!" And you will feel much younger, healthier. Take a deep breath, and with each "Yaa-Hoo" you will start getting younger and younger and younger. Don't do too much; otherwise you will be late for school. It is a magic formula.

I will tell you... if by some accident somebody does it and gets into his childhood again and then feels lost what to do... for him, another formula to bring him back up to his authentic age. That is, "Boo-Hoo!" That you will have to repeat unnecessarily. And "Yaa-Hoo" is perfectly religious, "Boo-Hoo" belongs to witchcraft. These two belong to different sections you must have heard about white magic and black magic. "Yaa-Hoo" is white magic and "Boo-Hoo" is black magic.

I am simply making you aware so that if by chance you make some mistake you can correct it.

And Maneesha, you say:

I WOULD LIKE TO DO WITH THE APPROACH OF OLD AGE, AS SOCRATES DID WITH THE POISONING OF HIS BODY, TO JUST WATCH EVERY BODILY CHANGE AS IT COMES AND KNOW IT IS NOT ME.

Now this idea must have come to you because of that great fellow Vimal. He was going to commit suicide, but because of so many people doing "Yaa- Hoo!" he cannot die. I saw him and he himself was doing "Yaa-Hoo!" For two weeks he was still waiting for my answer, and he wanted to commit suicide.

Now the same stupid idea... you are under the influence of that Vimal who is going to Goa, not going to die or anything. After two or three days he will be back.

It happens to many people here. When they become too old they go to Goa and after two or three days they are back home.

And there is no need to do it the way Socrates did it. Somehow you want me to be a criminal! Should I provide poison to you? Vimal wanted to know how he should commit suicide there is no need to commit suicide and there is no need to die like Socrates. Just die like human beings die, on their beds, silently, making no fuss about it.

And she is saying,

MEANWHILE...

She is not going to die soon!

MEANWHILE, I LOVE DRESSING UP FOR YOU IN DISCOURSE AND WANT TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL FOR YOU.

You are making unnecessary efforts. I know already, you are beautiful. Even Niskriya is laughing, just sitting behind Maneesha.

There is no need to dress up. I love you, even if you are a wrinkled up old prune. I will not eat, that much I can say. I can love you, but I will love you from a distance.

And she is asking me:

FROM WHERE YOU ARE, YOU CAN'T SEE MY WRINKLES. OSHO WHAT DO YOU SEE?

Now this is such a universal question everybody is worried whether I am seeing him or not! Just to avoid this question, Hindus have given God one thousand eyes, so he can look. But even one thousand eyes will not do. There are five billion people on the earth. And with so many eyes he will get confused.

I look perfectly and don't be worried about your make-up, dressing, don't be worried about your wrinkles... because so many people send me eye creams. From now onwards I will start sending them to Maneesha. Because they are all fake: just they are called eye creams and cheat women, nothing changes. They create instead great trouble.

Last night Shunyo put some eye cream in my eye. And the whole day I suffered, because the eye cream should not go *inside* the eye... and my optician, Premda, is sitting here. He has put in some eye drops, and the eyes are so deeply connected with the throat that since he has put in those eye drops it is feeling so bitter in the mouth!

You don't know how much I am tortured, the whole day. And I have many torturers. Now they are making a gymnasium for me! It is certain that they will torture me they go on looking into catalogues and finding what will be right for me. I want to live silently, not to be bothered!

So don't be worried about your wrinkles. I cannot see from here particularly today, because my eye has been in pain the whole day and then finally Doctor Premda with his great German expertise... He must have never thought that the eye drops would reach to the throat, but they are all connected. That's why those departments and experts are called E.N.T "eyes-nose-throat!"

He has cured my eye, he has destroyed my throat. Now another expert... and I have all the experts. So I will send you all those... and many come, because from Japan, from Germany, from England, from America, people who love me bring something. And I don't know why they bring eye creams, my eyes are perfectly okay.

Hamish MacTavish and his wife Maggie have never been flying, so at the local Air Show they decide to take a ride in a small open aircraft.

They are just climbing into the back of the plane when the pilot asks for the fare, which is twenty pounds.

"Twenty pounds?" screams MacTavish, "That is ridiculous, it is far too much!"

"Okay," says the pilot, "I will make a deal with you. If you can complete this ride without opening your mouth I won't charge you a penny. But if you make a sound you pay me double!"

Hamish agrees, and they take off.

As soon as they are in the air, the pilot starts to loop the plane, flies upside down, sideways, and gives a whole display of aerobatics.

When they land again, the pilot says over his shoulder, "Well sir, you win. I never thought you would be able to go through all that without opening your mouth!"

"It was not easy," admits MacTavish, "especially when my wife fell out!"

Old Man Finkelstein, aged eighty-five, and Grandpa Rabinowitz, aged eighty-two, are sitting on a bench overlooking the beach in Florida.

Grandpa Rabinowitz is telling Old Man Finkelstein about the local girl he took out on a date the night before.

"What did you do?" asks the Fink.

"We checked into a motel," replies Rabinowitz, "got into bed, and then I sang: 'Those Were the Days'."

"That sounds like quite an evening!" says old Fink. "Would you mind if I took her out tonight?"

"Sure!" says Grandpa Rabinowitz, "go ahead!"

The next day they meet again on the bench. "How did it go last night?" asks Rabinowitz.

"Just great," replies the Fink.

"And what did you do?" asks Grandpa Rabinowitz.

"Well," replies Old Man Finkelstein, "we got to a motel room and got into bed. Then I could not remember the song, so we screwed instead!"

An Englishman and a Frenchman both want to marry the daughter of Sheik Bab-el-Err, one of the richest men in the world. So the sheik decides to hold a competition.

He calls the two men to his palace and says, "Whoever of you two can bring me the most ping-pong balls in one week can have my daughter's hand in marriage."

The two men rush off, and within two days the Frenchman's ping-pong balls begin to arrive. By boat, by plane and by truck, the ping-pong balls keep pouring in, the palace is

completely full of them. On the fifth day the Frenchman himself comes back, and the sheik welcomes him.

"Well done, my son!" he says. "I am sure that English guy cannot win, we have not heard a thing from him yet. But I said a week, so we must wait."

Sure enough on the last day, just before sunset, the door bursts open and the Englishman staggers in. He is covered in blood and his clothes are torn and dirty. In his hand he is holding a brown paper bag which he proudly gives to the sheik.

"What is this filthy mess?" screams the sheik. "Where are the ping-pong balls?"

"Ping-pong balls?" cries the Englishman, in dismay. "My God! I thought you said King Kong balls!"

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #13

Chapter title: Just ordinary friday

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BELOVED OSHO,
WE ARE TRYING TO LIVE IN THE HERE AND NOW -- ESPECIALLY IF WE ARE IN POONA. BUT NEVERTHELESS WE SOMETIMES THINK OF THE FUTURE. I ASK MYSELF, IF NOBODY ELSE HEARS YOUR VOICE EXCEPT US, WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE YEAR 2017? WHAT MORE CAN WE DO SO THAT YOU WILL BE HEARD AND THE BAD VISION OF THE YEAR 2017 THAT I HAVE WILL NOT HAPPEN?

Dhyandeep, the first thing to remember is: do not take anything seriously. What happens in 2017 is not your concern. One thing is certain: you will not be there. So who cares? Particularly herenow in Poona! If by chance you are still alive -- which is very much an impossibility -- still you will be living in the herenow. The years change, the centuries change, but life is always here and now.

Wasting it in thinking about the past... and there are many who do that. Just on my way here, Shunyo was saying, "Today is Friday..." I don't know, because what concern have I to remember which day it is, or which year, or which century? I am herenow.

Her question was that "This is Friday; Jesus was crucified on this day. Why is it called Good Friday?" As if, it seems, I have crucified Jesus! I am not answerable at all. Naturally, the people who had crucified Jesus must have celebrated. That was their goodbye to Jesus -- "We are finished with this guy who has been torturing us for so long." It is not a good thing, but it is not in my hands.

If it had been in my hands, Jesus needed psychiatric treatment. A good body stretch until he had forgotten to say that "I am the only begotten son of God." Then it would certainly have been Good Friday because then there would have been no Christianity. It is the crucifixion which started the greatest criminal religion on the earth, Christianity.

But the Jews were not so sophisticated that they could have tolerated a young man, only thirty-three years of age, trotting on his donkey here and there. Never went out of that small place, Judea. And he had a few followers -- every idiot can collect a dozen followers, and he had exactly one dozen followers.

Those twelve idiots became twelve apostles, and they followed him because they had no other business. They were not educated; not a single one of them was cultured, educated, a rabbi, a learned man. None of them had any knowledge of the scriptures. And on their own, they knew one thing for certain, that they could not enter into paradise. They didn't have any qualifications. And this guy sitting on the donkey says, "If you believe in me, I will take you into paradise."

All those fools must have thought, "This is the simplest way. Rather than becoming a rabbi, a great learned scholar, virtuous, a saint, disciplining, torturing yourself... then, too, there is no certainty, no guarantee. Nobody is saying to you that 'I am responsible.' At least this guy says, 'I am taking you. Just believe in me.' And he is not asking anything, not even any entry fee." And who would not like to see the scene without a ticket?

There were moments of doubt in their minds also, that God's son should not sit on a donkey. And they all *knew* that he was a carpenter's son, but what to do? He does not listen at all.

If people had simply tolerated him as a joke, which in fact he was -- a practical joke... People should have laughed. And he was bringing such great news! They should have enjoyed, entertained him, but they were not sophisticated enough. They took him too seriously.

That's what I am saying:

The most important thing is not to take anything seriously.

Jesus took himself very seriously. Even when they were putting him on the cross, he could have said, "Wait, I have changed my mind!" He carried the joke too far. In his place, I should have certainly said, "I have changed my mind." A joke is a joke; one should not take it too seriously.

And he would have left the Jews and the Romans who crucified him in a very weird space: What to do? He has changed his mind! But he took himself so seriously that he allowed them to put him on the cross, nail him on the cross. Still, he was waiting for God and looking upwards. And the sky by chance was completely empty.

His idea was that on a white cloud... Obviously, it has to be a white cloud when God comes. He will come thundering and show all the Jews -- "You are stupid, you are killing my own son and you think you believe in God?" But nothing seemed to happen.

Thousands of people had gathered to see -- the one and only chance; for the first time somebody has claimed to be the only begotten son. And he was certainly serious because even on the cross he did not just say, "It is enough. My father's name is Joseph, my mother's name is Mary, and I don't know who is this God." He had enjoyed enough, he was a celebrity in his own small country, but he waited....

And the Jewish way of putting somebody on a cross is such that a person can be alive on the cross at least forty-eight hours, because they don't kill you by breaking the neck. They kill you by nailing the hands and the feet to the cross, so drop by drop the blood oozes out. It is the most cruel and ugly way of taking revenge. But that was good in a way; it gave forty-eight hours for the person to change his mind.

But Jesus wouldn't change. On the contrary, he shouted at God! Thousands of people are there, everybody wants to know God, to see God -- so much one has heard about God, and never a single witness. And this great opportunity... people had come from faraway places.

Jesus shouted at God -- "Father!"... but he still did not forget to call him "father." He was really an absolute crackpot. "Father, have you forgotten me? have you forsaken me? Why is the miracle not happening?"

It was all his fiction -- his God, who will descend on a white cloud; that he will save him and show the world that Jesus is his only son, "and anybody who wants to be saved from this miserable suffering life and enter into the eternal bliss of paradise has to believe in my son. He is my agent. You cannot directly contact me. Call him, and if he chooses you will be allowed. Even on the Judgment Day when all the dead of the past and the future will be raised from their graves..."

It is going to be a tremendous crowd. The world has never seen such a crowd. I don't think the earth can contain that much crowd. Five billion people are alive today and man has existed for at least four million years. The crowd will be so much, and Jesus will choose: "Who are my people?"

But nothing happened. Fictions are fictions.

There is no God and there is no God's son.

And all the messengers are megalomaniacs who need to be immediately caught and treated before they get out of hand.

But they have founded religions, they have written great scriptures. They have done such harm to humanity.

So there are many who are concerned about the past....

Now Shunyo is asking, "Why is this day called Good Friday?" Good for the Jews because they got rid of Jesus and good for Christians because this is the beginning of their religion. But as far as we are concerned it is just ordinary Friday. There is nothing special in it, neither good nor bad.

And I am not at all certain whether it is Friday or not. I am simply taking her question without giving my consent that this is Friday. In fact, all these seven days and their names are our arbitrary names. There is no existential reality behind them; it is not like the sun and the moon and the earth. They are just our ideas. They represent one thing certainly, that once upon a time somewhere long past, thousands of years before, humanity must have lived in a small tribe. And from that tribe people started to grow more and more, and started spreading all over the earth. So a few things they have carried from those days.

For example, every language has ten digits because man has ten fingers. The primitive man counted everything on his fingers. Even I myself count everything on my fingers. Then, too, I get lost after the fourth because so many things come in between.

And just like the ten digits of language, of mathematics, all over the world the seven days have the same names. Slowly slowly, slight changes have happened down the centuries because people went very far away from the original source.

For example *somwar* -- Monday. *Som* is the name in Sanskrit of the moon, and in English, *monday* is the day of the moon. How *som* became *mon* one never knows. Saturday is Sanskrit's *shaniwar*. *Shani* is the name of Saturn; hence it became *saturday*. *Sunday* is the day of the sun. In Sanskrit it is *raviwar*. *Ravi* is the name of the sun.

All these names indicate that people at one time must have lived together and have carried fragments of those ancient days with them. All seven days can be found in Sanskrit; all ten digits can be found in Sanskrit -- however they have changed, some trace... or if somebody is mad enough to go after them he can find exactly the whole sequence of change.

For example the English *two*. The Hindi *do* and the Sanskrit *dwa* are the same word. Just one word is missing which is *twa*; in Mongolian, it is *twa*. So from *dwa* to *twa*, from *twa* to *two*. It is not very difficult, these changes are very simple. The English *three* is Sanskrit *tri* -- not much difference. The Hindi *teen* is not different; it is the same *tri*. And you can go on

discovering. The English *nine* is sanskrit *nav*, is Hindi *nau* -- in English, *nine*. These people must have lived together, then separated.

Sanskrit seems to be the original language of mankind. All languages of the world have a certain percentage of their basic roots in Sanskrit. You will be surprised... German has thirty percent of its roots, English has forty percent of its roots, Dutch has forty percent of its roots, Lithuanian has seventy percent of its roots -- more than Hindi. They are all sister languages. All these people are coming from one source.

But the names are all arbitrary. They have no existential reality. It depends on you.

There have been mathematicians like Leibnitz who did not believe in ten digits. He worked out that three are enough and the whole mathematics can be done. It is hilarious to read Leibnitz because after three, four does not come. After three comes ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, twenty... But he has managed, there is no problem in it. It is fictitious.

Albert Einstein even tried to improve on Leibnitz. He says, "Two digits are essential, three are a little unnecessary. Just one and zero. And after one comes ten, eleven... and... I forget, but he has managed all his mathematical calculations with two digits.

There is no necessity that there should be only seven days. It depends on you.

So to me, it does not matter whether it is Friday or not. One thing is certain: every moment is Good, whether Jesus is crucified or not crucified. Here and now, life is blossoming, love is flowering. And there is so much -- so many stars in the sky, so many trees with such colors, such depths of darkness, so many people with immense possibilities of consciousness... who cares about the past?

George Gurdjieff used to say that Jesus never happened; it is an old drama. Now what can you do? We know that for example in India, Ramayana, the story of Rama, is played every year all over the country in every village. It is conceivable that it may not be anything historical; Rama may not have ever existed. But the story is very ancient, and it has been played for so long, every year, again and again, that slowly a fictitious figure has become a historical figure.

It is a possibility. Except Gurdjieff, nobody has even raised the question. But a man like Gurdjieff has a clarity and intensity of seeing. He says, there is no mention of Jesus in any Jewish scripture. A man like Jesus -- whom Jews could not tolerate alive, whom they had to crucify -- is not even mentioned in any scripture, in any book. Jews don't think that there has ever been any such person as Jesus. It was an old Jewish drama that a few people started taking seriously, and now on that fictitious drama, half of humanity has become Christian. Now if you go on digging deep, you will find simply a film story.

But there are many people who will waste their whole life looking towards the past. And in the same way your question, Dhyandeep, is about the future. "What will happen in the year 2017?"

I am not a prophet and I don't think there has ever been anybody who was a prophet, except frauds. In fact, it is very easy to say what will happen in 2017 or 13, or any year, when I will not be there to answer if it does *not* happen.

Who cares? What can you do if it doesn't happen? Nobody will bother that somebody has said something which has not happened. Or if it happens, then you will be too much involved in it. Who cares that fifty years before, somebody has said that it is going to happen?

As far as you are concerned, if you can learn to live here and now that is the most significant religious way of living. Silent and peaceful, joyful -- if you can start living like the

flowers and the birds, then if the whole world starts living in the same way perhaps nuclear weapons and nuclear wars will not happen.

People who live peacefully here and now are not going to be involved in any kind of war, in any kind of destructiveness. The people of herenow are bound to be creative and loving. They will not be Christians and they will not be Hindus and they will not be Catholics and they will not be communists. They will not belong to any denomination, any nation, any race. They will belong only to this moment.

And they will rejoice so much in this moment that the whole existence will become a celebration, moment-to-moment celebration -- a dance, a music, a poetry, a love affair.

But if you do not live here and now -- and that's what you are asking for, that "We are trying to live in the here and now, but nevertheless..." There is no question of, "but nevertheless we are sometimes thinking of the future."

Why? What is the necessity of going on a holiday into the future? People think about the future only because the present is miserable. Then they think not only of *this* life and its future, they even think about what will happen after death.

I have been traveling for thirty years and I have come across thousands of people who ask, "What will happen after death?"

I have said, "Just die and see! It is not *my* problem, I am perfectly at ease. When I die, I will see what happens. But why should I die for you? And what is the guarantee that if I die, I will remember to tell you?"

At least up to now, nobody has remembered to give a phone call or just a telex saying that, "Don't be worried, everything is good. God is still alive."

All that can be done is hypothetical; your "sometimes thinking of the future" can only be hypothetical. What will happen tomorrow you cannot predict in any way. But one thing can be done: if you are joyous today, and you know the art of being joyful, if tomorrow ever comes you will still know how to be joyful and how to be festive and how to continue the celebration. If it does not come, it does not matter.

Just think about one thing:

Have you ever bothered about what was happening in the world when you were not yet born? Was there peace or war? Have you ever bothered whether things were going right or wrong before you were born? You have never bothered; that is not your concern. You were not here.

If the whole world disappears, then too there is no problem. The problem will be only for those who somehow don't disappear in a nuclear war -- and this is not possible, you cannot hide yourself anywhere.

Nuclear war is total war. All life on this earth will become impossible. Not even grass will grow. No man, no animals, no birds, no trees, no possibility for any living, breathing phenomenon after the nuclear war. So why worry about it?

Either it will not happen... then enjoy while it has not happened. And I think 2017... that is still enough time to enjoy. And if it happens, then if it is true that you are only consciousness and the body is only an abode... nuclear weapons can destroy bodies. You will all be ghosts, so we will be meeting still. What is the problem? And that will be a very beautiful meeting, because it has not been known that ghosts become sick, that ghosts become old, that ghosts commit crimes, that ghosts murder each other, that ghosts become politicians, prime ministers, presidents. They don't do these things. They really enjoy life, without any burden of children and a wife.

If the year 2017 is really going to evaporate the whole existence, I don't see anything to be worried about. We are all going to die separately anyway, why not enjoy dying collectively? Once and forever, all friends, wife, children -- all become ghosts. No question of shortage of food, all these things don't matter. And if you don't believe in ghosts... there may be a few; they are laughing, although they don't know that many ghosts are sitting inside you, hiding here and there.

I can indicate them to you -- just touch somebody and if he laughs you can be certain. If there are no ghosts, then there is no problem either. There will be no meeting in Buddha Hall anymore. There will be silence; that's what we are trying, to attain to silence. There will remain forever silence -- no "Yaa-Hoo"... only silence.

I don't bother about the future.

And you are asking, "What more can we do?" As if you are doing much! What are you doing? I don't even know that you are doing something to prevent anything happening in 2017, and you are asking, "What more can we do so that you will be heard?"

What is the need?

If people want to live, if people want existence to continue, life to remain, they will hear me. There is no need for you to become messengers and prophets, torturing people like Witnesses of Jehovah. Or harassing people like Hare Krishna people. Just if you want there to be more love and more peace in the world, you be peaceful and you be more loving. On your part, you should not contribute anything to destructiveness -- by your jealousy, by your anger, by your greed. You should simply rejoice the moment that is available to you.

If your dance goes on spreading ripples, if your song is heard and echoed in faraway souls, if your silence attracts, becomes a magnetic force, that's another thing. You are not *doing* anything, it is happening.

But if it is not happening, there is nothing to be worried about. It is not your problem. The people who will be here, at any point in the future... it will be *their* problem. You cannot solve it, you cannot change it. In fact, you cannot even envisage....

Just have a look. Do you think Gautam Buddha in his ultimate enlightenment could have conceived of railway trains? I am not talking about airplanes and rockets and nuclear weapons. Those are certainly big things. I am talking about small things. Do you think Gautam Buddha could have thought about a bicycle? With all his enlightenment, he could not have conceived that two wheels could possibly make a carriage. He had seen only four-wheeled carriages.

And it is really a miracle! But you don't understand, when you sit on a bicycle, you are doing a great miracle -- against gravitation! He could not have conceived of it in any way. Small things, which you use every day, which you never think about -- the greatest man of the past would not have been able to conceive of them. Just three hundred years ago it was not possible for anyone to think about railway trains or motorcars or airplanes.

The Wright brothers, two young men who first conceived the idea of flying, were thought by their village to be either idiots or mad. If God wanted man to fly he would have given wings; it is certainly not the intention of God. And those two brothers, the Wright brothers, were the sons of a poor man who used to sell bicycles, give bicycles on rent, a small mechanic. He was ashamed of his own sons: "You idiots, you should work with me and help in the shop. What do you go on doing, always in the basement?" In the basement, they were preparing the first airplane!

But they did not listen to anybody; they went on working, and just out of broken cycles,

cycle parts, the first airplane was made. They could not even tell anybody that they had made the airplane. Deep in the night when the whole village was asleep, they took their great invention out in the fields to try it out. Because if they fail, then they will be condemned by everybody, laughed at.

But they managed, deep in the night, to fly their first airplane -- a small-sized open airplane which could remain in the air only for thirty seconds, and then came down. But that was enough to prove the point that it was possible. If you can be thirty seconds in the air, you can be thirty minutes, thirty years! Then it is only a question of getting more and more sophisticated.

Next day, they informed their father and the people of the village to come and see that what they had been thinking they could not do, they have done. Hundreds of people came. Hundreds did not; they thought, "They are idiots, don't waste time. Who has ever heard of flying machines?" The word 'airplane' was not used -- "flying machines." But still a few people came to see and were amazed when they saw this small caricature of an airplane, made out of broken bicycle parts.

And they had managed in the night to improve it so that it stays in the air for at least one minute. And it stayed, a hundred feet high, for one minute; the principle was proved. But nobody in the whole of history before those Wright brothers would have conceived that flying in the sky was possible.

Just in this century, in the beginning of the century nobody thought that one day man would go to the moon, would walk on the moon. There is a Jaina monk who came here to see me. He is collecting money... and he has collected much money, because Jainas are rich people. Because it goes against Jaina scriptures that anybody can reach the moon: the moon is a god, it is not a planet, and you cannot walk on a god! That is inconceivable. God will throw you out into empty space and you will never be heard from again.

So this Jaina monk wants to prove that all these Russian astronauts, American astronauts, are all frauds; that they have been cheating the whole world by printing pictures of a man walking on the moon and he is *not* walking on the moon, he is walking somewhere in Siberia. They are bringing stones from the moon and they are not... those stones are from somewhere around the earth. And the pictures that show their rockets going to the moon are just photographic tricks.

I told him, "You are unnecessarily wasting your time and the money of others."

He said, "No, it is a question of immense importance. Our whole religion is at risk. If people start landing rockets on a god... and they will do all kinds of nasty things there. Naturally, they will have to piss. This kind of thing happening on a god?"

I said, "This is right!" And he has a great file in which he is collecting all the pictures and things, and trying to prove that everything has been a deception.

Even though man has walked on the moon, there are people who are not believing that he has done it.

What will happen after thirty years is almost impossible to conceive. What I want to emphasize is that you should drop even thinking about the future. Your whole being should be involved in the present moment. And if you can create a silent being, full of the song of existence and all the music and all the fragrance that comes from your innermost core, you have done more than can be expected of anyone.

Don't ask what more you can do. You just be yourself -- know thyself -- and your very vibe will start creating ripples around you. The more people become meditators in the world,

the less is the possibility of any war, because who is going to fight? You and your children, you and your brothers and sisters? If more and more people are peaceful and really enjoy peace, they will simply refuse to participate in war or any kind of destructive activity.

It happened in the second world war that thirty percent of the American soldiers did not use weapons. They would go to the battlefield and throw bombs where there were no human beings. When it was discovered... it was a very strange phenomenon. Thirty percent is not a small percentage -- one third. Those soldiers said, "We cannot kill human beings -- it is so barbarous -- but because we are paid and we are employed, we go to the war front and we have to do something..." So in the rivers, in the ocean somewhere they threw the bombs and in the evening they would come back.

If this is possible for thirty percent, why is it not possible for a hundred percent? And if a hundred percent of people simply refuse to be destructive... just Ronald Reagan or a few other idiots can have a boxing match in Moscow or in the White House, wherever they want. And the whole world can enjoy it on television.

There is no need to bother, to destroy. You can have a "World Conqueror" cup, so sometimes Gorbachev can have it, sometimes Ronald Reagan can have it. And every year the World Conqueror's Boxing Match happens, everybody enjoys it, and there is no harm.

If you want it to be even more harmless, then let it be Indian style. American boxing is a little cruel and primitive, punching each other's noses -- that doesn't look good. The Indian style of wrestling is far superior. It is an art. And if to this style, the Japanese mannerism is also added, it can become really a joyous day, a Good Friday! Every Good Friday, in different capitals of the world, just as the Olympic championship happens, let some idiot declare that he is the world conqueror. There is no harm. We can give him the trophy and he can keep it if he wins three times in a row. Otherwise, every year it goes to other conquerors.

Make life a joy and a playfulness. Up to now, we have not been able to do it but now, we will be compelled to do it. Because up to now, we had not weapons enough to destroy all living beings, so partial wars were possible. For the first time, we are capable of destroying this earth seven thousand times. Each person we can kill seven thousand times, although ordinarily people die only one time. Except some few guys like Jesus, who resurrect... kill them again!

I don't think even Jesus will be able to manage to resurrect himself seven thousand times. And even if he manages, it will be a great event. Everybody will rejoice in it, and he will certainly prove that he is the only begotten son of God. But the truth is, just one time is enough. Because of this totality of war and the possibility of absolute destruction, this war cannot happen. Nobody is ready now; that's why it goes on being postponed.

Soon you will see: the same nuclear weapons and the same technology will be used for creative purposes -- for creating more food, better clothes, better houses, more nourishment. Scientists say they can -- if war is stopped and the effort to manufacture war material is stopped -- they can manage to support five times more people on this earth, living joyously, with a more healthy, longer life. It seems unbelievable but I can see the point that if war is not going to happen, then we have to do something with the war material that is accumulating in every nation. That war material has to be converted into creative resources.

But that is a question for the scientists. For you, the only thing to be done is to become a source of song and dance and beauty and love, and create as many ripples around you of your fragrance as you can.

The heart and its silence is as catching as anything else; it is contagious. We just want many many people to be silent, so they can spread this contagious health around the world.

You don't have to do anything else except change yourself as deeply as possible.
Just a little realization, for which the time has come....

Paddy phones the police station one night to report that the steering wheel, brake pedal, accelerator and radio have been stolen from his car. The policeman says he will send a patrol car to investigate.

A few minutes later Paddy is back on the phone. "Don't bother about the patrol car," he says, "I just realized I got in the back seat by mistake."

Paddy comes limping into the police station, covered in bruises, his clothes torn and dirty. "My mother-in-law just knocked me down with her car," Paddy announces.

"Are you really sure it was your mother-in-law?" asks the police officer. "Did you see her face?"

"No, I didn't see her face," admits Paddy, "but I would recognize that laugh anywhere."

Ronald Reagan is visiting a mental hospital to boost his public image. After touring the wards, he wanders into the garden where he gets into conversation with one of the gardeners.

The gardener turns out to be a very intelligent and interesting man and Reagan suggests that he must find work amongst so many insane people rather depressing.

"Not at all," replies the gardener, "You see, I am a patient myself."

"Amazing," says Ronald Reagan, "you sound like one of the sanest people I have ever met."

"Well, it is true," replies the gardener, "I have been trying to get them to release me for fifteen years."

"That's outrageous!" cries Ronald, and he assures the gardener that he will do everything possible to get him released.

The gardener is very grateful and the two of them shake hands. As the president turns to go, the gardener picks up his shovel and with a mighty blow, knocks Reagan flat. Lying on the ground, dazed and astonished, Ronald Reagan watches in amazement as the gardener wags a finger at him and says, "Now, you won't forget, will you?"

Just don't take it seriously.

...2017... it is too far.

Miss Goodbody tells her class that they are going to play a spelling game. Telling little Bobby to stand up, she asks, "What does your father do for a living? Say it nice and clearly. And then spell it out."

"My father is a baker," says Bobby. "B-a-k-e-r."

"Good," says Miss Goodbody, "now Cecily."

"Doctor: d-o-c-t-o-r," says Cecily smugly and sits down.

"Excellent," says Miss Goodbody, "Now Herbie."

Herbie stands up and says, "Shipbuilder: s-h-i-t..."

"No, Herbie," says Miss Goodbody, "try again."

"Shipbuilder: s-h-i-t..."

"No, no," cries Miss Goodbody, "go to the blackboard and write it out and they will see your mistake!"

As Herbie heads for the front of the class, Little Ernie jumps up and says, "My dad is a

gambler: g-a-m-b-l-e-r. And I will bet you five bucks that idiot puts shit on the board."

After three weeks of married life, Fagan Finkelstein makes the mistake of taking his young wife Rosa to one of the favorite discos from his bachelor days.

Rosa gets angry, as first the coat-check girl, then the barmaid, then the waitress -- all of them pretty -- welcome Fagan with great affection. But she gets really mad when a gorgeous blonde walks up to the table, sits for a moment in Fagan's lap and kisses him on the cheek and says, "I will see you another night, darling, when you are not so busy."

Rosa gets up from the table and heads for the door, closely followed by a protesting Fagan. They climb into a taxi with Fagan desperately trying to explain that the past is all behind him, and he loves only her.

"Please, listen to me," pleads Fagan.

"No," shouts Rosa, "I will not."

The taxi driver looks round and says, "She is no good, Mr. Fink. Shall we go back and get another?"

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #14

Chapter title: The way goes through

2 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

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BELOVED OSHO...

GURDJIEFF IS REPORTED TO HAVE COMMENTED: "ORDINARY MEN NEVER EXPERIENCE TRUE SUFFERING AND SORROW, FOR THEY LIVE MECHANICAL AND ROUTINE LIVES, AND THEIR TROUBLES ARE ROUTINE, AUTOMATIC AND INESCAPABLE. BUT A MAN WHO HAS WILLFULLY UNDERTAKEN THE EXTRAORDINARY AND UNNECESSARY BURDEN OF THE WORK, HE ALONE KNOWS THE TASTE OF REAL SORROW AND SICKNESS OF HEART, FOR HE WILL SUFFER PAIN AND PRESSURES THAT LIFE DOES NOT ORDINARILY REQUIRE."

BELOVED OSHO, EVEN THOUGH YOU TELL JOKES AND FILL OUR HEARTS WITH LAUGHTER WHILE SILENTLY CUTTING OUR HEADS WITH YOUR INVISIBLE SWORD, I FEEL SOMETIMES YOU SUFFER MOST, FROM OUR SLEEP AND UNAWARENESS. PLEASE FORGIVE US.

Jivan Mada, before I talk about your question I have to remind you that Vimal had committed suicide and has gone to Goa -- perhaps before committing suicide, or after committing suicide; that I don't know. But I have told him that "although God is dead, you can still pray. Once in a while -- one does not know -- somebody acting in God's place answers."

Some prayers are answered. At least Vimal's prayer is answered. And that poor Maneesha, because of his prayer, is suffering from a headache.

Now it will be graceful for Vimal to pray again: "Please forgive me; I take my prayer back. And don't torture that poor girl."

But it proves that somebody, somewhere, certainly answers prayers.

Vimal's existence here creates great problems. Perhaps he has committed suicide and he still has not died. Perhaps he is a resurrection. And perhaps he is none but a ghost, dressed up like Vimal.

Niskriya, take a better look -- because I have heard that last night there were many ghosts. And when I left, I saw three who were already entering the hall -- with absolute uniform, with my mala! And I was not alone; Avesh was a witness, Shunyo was a witness. And they did a

good "Yaa-Hoo!"

It really comes from the world of ghosts, this mantra "Yaa-Hoo!" You will not find it, in any human scripture. It belongs to the world beyond death.

Now it is a question mark, whether this Vimal is exactly the same Vimal who used to be here, or is just a materialization of a ghost? Before I answer your question, this is far more important. He is sitting just by the side of Mukta and Neelam -- you both should poke him and see whether there is something inside or not. Because when you poke a ghost you find only skeletons, you don't find anything else. And it is very difficult for a ghost even to giggle; laughter is out of the question. It is impossible. Even if the ghost is very fresh and has not yet forgotten the ways of when he used to be alive, laughter is very difficult.

So that should be the criterion. If Vimal can give a good laughter when Mukta pokes him... because we have to be very careful. These creatures are all around, sitting on the trees, entering into the crowd -- and particularly into my people, because my people don't mind; they know that the man who is sitting by their side, or particularly the woman, is not real. But they accept.

They are harmless people in a way. If you don't harass them they will not follow you. Unless you invite them, they will not come to your party.

I have never come across a nasty ghost; all ghosts are holy. That's why Christians go on believing in the Holy Ghost. Although the ghost made a virgin woman pregnant, yet he remains holy -- the ghost cannot do anything unholy; by his very nature he is a very religious being.

It seems that Vimal, if he is a really holy ghost, will manage to take back the prayer. The prayer was almost a curse, and Maneesha is suffering with a migraine. This is not good, just to get into her place.

So take away her migraine! It is now your duty: go to her, ask her forgiveness, so that she is back again tomorrow without any trouble. It does not look right for ghosts to harass people, innocent people, with migraines. And now he is sitting here very virtuously....

Jivan Mada, your question is certainly of very extraordinary significance. Only Gurdjieff, a man like Gurdjieff, could have made such a statement. But it is in fact true. He is saying:

ORDINARY MEN NEVER EXPERIENCE TRUE SUFFERING AND SORROW, FOR THEY LIVE MECHANICAL AND ROUTINE LIVES.

It is not that there is no suffering, but they are accustomed to it. Secondly, their suffering is repressed. They live on a very thin layer of consciousness; underneath is the whole hell. Once in a while it surfaces, but mostly the ordinary man lives his whole life without knowing how much suffering, how much misery he was carrying within himself.

In a way he is fortunate, and in a way the most unfortunate, because if he had become aware of this misery and suffering then there would have been nobody who could have prevented him from getting out of this unconsciousness, this routine mechanical life, and becoming an awakened, conscious being.

But I say on the other hand he is fortunate that he does not know that he is carrying a whole hell within himself. Just a little prick in his bag and you will see how much misery, how much suffering. People don't even talk about these things, because even these words may provoke their own suffering to surface. People don't talk about death....

From my very childhood I used to go to every funeral. My father used to say, "People go to somebody's funeral who is a relative or a friend or in some professional way connected.

You are not connected with anybody, but it seems that whoever dies is your relative! You won't go to school that day, you will go to the funeral -- and nobody has invited you, nobody has even informed you! In fact people try to prevent the information from reaching to you, because you are an unnecessary harassment. People think, `Why have you come here?' "

But I continued to go to every funeral that I came to know was happening. Whatever work I was involved in, I would drop then and there, and I would join the funeral procession. Even the people would see me and wonder: am I following them?

I said, "I am not following you, I simply want to see what you do there."

They said, "You *have* seen -- so many times!"

I said, "I still want to confirm it. A single exception and I will drop the whole idea." But without any exception I found the principle to be true, that when people take a dead body to the funeral, even on the funeral grounds they don't sit looking at the funeral. They sit with their back towards the funeral pyre and talk about a thousand other things -- but not about death, which is the most important thing that is happening. A man is burning just behind them and they are talking of stupid things... "What movie is going on, have you seen it?"

I could not believe that people are afraid to face things, because to face them means to know intensely that every death is a declaration of *your* death; that today you are seeing somebody on the funeral pyre and tomorrow somebody else will see *you* on the funeral pyre. They want to avoid the fact. Even to visualize it, themselves on the funeral pyre, shakes their whole being.

That's what Gurdjieff is saying: True suffering and sorrow never become the experience of the ordinary man. And by "ordinary man"... he is not condemning anybody. He is simply saying, every unconscious man is an ordinary man. He is not even aware of himself -- what can be more ordinary? He has lived a life of seventy years and he has not come across himself.

But the reason is that people create a barrier between themselves and their unconscious reality, which contains lives of suffering, pain. They are afraid to face it. And unless they face it, they cannot face that which is beyond suffering, that which is blissful, that which is our very nature -- our eternity, our joy, our dance, our flowers.

People cannot reach their own flowers. A great barrier of unconscious repressed suffering...

And you know how suffering is repressed. For example somebody dies and you start crying. Immediately some wise guy is going to tell you, "Don't be emotional; death is a natural thing, it happens to everybody. There is nothing in it. And it is not manly -- tears? are you a woman?"

Even small boys are told, "Don't be girlish." Their father has died and they cannot cry because that will expose them: they are not a man, unemotional, strong, courageous, who can face everything.

This crying and weeping is left for women.

But that does not mean that this statement is true only about men and not about women. It is more true about men, but it is also true about women. They also go on suppressing their sorrow, their misery, in different ways. Just the ways are different. They distract themselves in their jewelry, in the television, in shopping, in going here and there, just continuously talking yakety-yak, yakety-yak. They are avoiding something, escaping from something. They don't want to see it; they want to forget the wounds that are inside.

So in a way they are fortunate, but not really. The real fortunate ones are those of whom Gurdjieff says, A MAN WHO HAS WILLFULLY UNDERTAKEN THE

EXTRAORDINARY AND UNNECESSARY BURDEN OF THE WORK...

Just look at his words: no master has been able to make such statements; that's why he was the most misunderstood man one can imagine. He is saying, **A MAN WHO HAS WILLFULLY UNDERTAKEN THE EXTRAORDINARY AND UNNECESSARY BURDEN OF THE WORK...** And by 'the work' he means digging into your unconscious, going as deep as possible. Unless you reach to the very living source of your life you will have to suffer much.

It is *unnecessary*, he says, because you can live like an ordinary man. Nobody is forcing you. It is *extraordinary*, because ordinary people go to the church, not into themselves. They read the BIBLE, they don't read their own unconscious. They worship in a temple, but they don't expose themselves in meditation.

Gurdjieff used to call it "work" because it is undertaken only by very intelligent, courageous and strong people -- for the simple reason that you can live without going into all this, you can just be a stationmaster your whole life, or a businessman or a clerk, or a priest. There is no need to go into such suffering and sorrow.

But you will not get rid of it. Even in your next life it will continue, and it will gather more suffering from this life. Each life, layer upon layer goes on collecting all that has not been lived, expressed, the unfinished, unlived, the repressed.

In Buddhism -- and perhaps only in Buddhism -- there is a technique to find out how many lives you have lived before. And the way is to count the layers, just as by cutting the tree you can know the life of the tree by the circles, how many years, because each year one circle is made. So if the tree has been two hundred years old, you will find two hundred circles in the wood.

Exactly in the same way, every life leaves a circle of suffering and sorrow within you. It can be counted, how many lives you have been repressing, how many lives you have lived before. But the longer you have lived, the more difficult it becomes to enter into your inner kingdom.

The ordinary priest, the preacher, goes on talking about beautiful things -- about good work, virtue, charity, sharing, and you will enter into the kingdom of God. It is not so easy. First you have to be finished with your whole unconscious. And that unconscious is what the mystics have called "the dark night of the soul."

Only very intelligent people will take this unnecessary burden, because **HE ALONE KNOWS THE TASTE OF REAL SORROW AND SICKNESS OF THE HEART, FOR HE WILL SUFFER PAIN AND PRESSURES THAT LIFE DOES NOT ORDINARILY REQUIRE.**

You can live very superficially, you can avoid the dark night of the soul, but if you avoid the dark night of the soul, you are avoiding all your treasures. You are avoiding the very meaning of your life and existence. Hence the intelligent man takes the challenge and enters into the dark tunnel, which seems to be unending. But it ends one day. If you go on with courage, knowing that people have passed beyond it -- that is the beauty of being with a master, because you know that at least one example is before you and with you, who is standing outside of the tunnel and who is constantly calling you to enter the tunnel... because unless you enter, you cannot get out of it. There is no way to bypass it.

There are thousands of frauds in the world and their work is to tell you how to bypass the darkness and the suffering and the sorrow and just become enlightened. Just a transcendental meditation, repeating a certain name, and you will become a realized soul. There is no connection in it, there is no authentic work. What will happen to your unconscious? What

will happen to your collective unconscious? You are trying to bypass them, just to leave them. That is not the way.

The way goes *through* them. You have to cut them and pass through them, knowing perfectly that there is someone with you who has already passed beyond it. Not that you need, as an absolute necessity, the presence of a master -- if you have the heart and the trust, even a Gautam Buddha, twenty-five centuries back, will do. It depends on your trust, because there have been people all over the world who are confirming it: "Just enter the darkness of the unconscious watchfully, awake, alert, because that is the only way to pass through it." Awareness is the only bridge between you and your ultimate flowering.

Jivan Mada is asking,

"BELOVED OSHO, EVEN THOUGH YOU TELL JOKES AND FILL OUR HEARTS WITH LAUGHTER, WHILE SILENTLY CUTTING OUR HEADS WITH YOUR INVISIBLE SWORD, I FEEL SOMETIMES YOU SUFFER MOST, FROM OUR SLEEP AND UNAWARENESS. PLEASE FORGIVE US."

Jivan Mada, you have stumbled upon a truth. But as far as I am concerned, you are already forgiven. It is true that an authentic master suffers because of your unconsciousness, because of your mistrust, because of your betrayal. And there are so many ways which make the master suffer unnecessarily.

He could have avoided it. And there have been two categories of masters I have told you about: the arhatas and the bodhisattvas. The arhatas don't suffer. They suffer their own past, their own unconscious, and once they are out of it they don't want to have anything to do with anybody, because they know that now even to accept anybody as a disciple is to take a responsibility, a burden. And you work hard on a hundred persons; ninety-nine at least are going to betray you. At some point on the way they are going to leave you -- and not only leave you, they are going to spread lies, allegations, because they have to protect their own ego. They have to protect, so that nobody can say that they have betrayed. In fact they are feeling deep guilt, and they have to cover it up.

You know what happened to Judas. After twenty-four hours he committed suicide. When Jesus was crucified -- he had not realized it before, that things were going to go so far. He had not conceived that Jesus would be crucified, because he had not committed any crime. But Judas betrayed for a small sum of thirty silver pieces.

It is a very symbolic and meaningful incident, which Christians don't discuss because they cannot understand what happened. Judas was the most important person around Jesus, the most cultured and the most educated and the most sophisticated. Naturally he had the desire that he would be proclaimed by Jesus as his successor. Just an ordinary desire -- but seeing that Jesus was not going to proclaim anybody as a successor, he betrayed him.

He sold Jesus into the hands of the enemies. Still he was not aware -- that's what everybody is doing in sleep -- he was not aware what were the implications. He was very happy that he got thirty silver pieces, but when he saw Jesus crucified, then the guilt. And the guilt was so much that he could even cover it up by telling people lies. The only way for him even to face himself was to commit suicide. He had degraded himself in his own eyes so much... but that is a very extreme case.

People go on betraying masters. At a certain point, when their own suffering becomes too much, they start projecting that suffering on the master -- as if the master is doing it, as if he is forcing them to pass through this darkness: "You are responsible!" They don't understand

that the master is not creating your suffering, your suffering is already there; the master is simply helping you to pass through it. But because in your unconsciousness you have never accepted that "this suffering is mine," naturally, when you come across it, a logical idea is to project it on the master. And naturally, many of those who feel such projections are going to be against the master.

Everybody has been betrayed -- not by one, by many people. Gautam Buddha has been betrayed and Mahavira has been betrayed and Chuang Tzu has been betrayed; Jesus has been betrayed -- and betrayed by people who were very intimate and close, but they could not see the point. And perhaps because they were so close, that's why they could not see the point that it is *your* suffering that the master is trying to help you to pass through; it is your night, not his night. But you will think that it is his creation: "He is unnecessarily forcing me into self-torture." He will look like an enemy.

It needs tremendous love, tremendous trust to know that the suffering is yours; the master is simply trying to help you to get rid of it. And to get rid of it there is no other way than going through it -- but go consciously.

Jivan Mada, it is absolutely right... and if my people understand it, it will help tremendously for their growth, for their realization, for their enlightenment. I want to make your burden as light as possible. Perhaps nobody has tried to make your burden as light as I am trying to make it. Gautam Buddha will not tell a joke just to make you laugh; neither will Mahavira tell a joke just to help you to take things non-seriously.

Sorrow and suffering and misery -- everything has to be taken non-seriously, because the more seriously you take them, the more difficult it is to get out of them. The more non-serious you are... you can pass through the suffering, through the dark night, singing a song. And if one can pass through the dark night singing a song and dancing, then why unnecessarily torture yourself?

Make this whole journey from here to here just a beautiful laughing matter.

So, let me do my work....

Ruthie Finkelstein is not getting along with her husband, Moishe, and they have not had sex for a long time...

You should learn from Sardar Gurudayal Singh; he is going to be an enlightened man soon!

... One day, while she is shopping in the supermarket, Ruthie begins to feel very horny.

When she has paid, a good-looking high school boy offers to carry her groceries to her car. Ruthie gladly accepts, and as they are walking across the parking lot, she sidles up to him and whispers sexily in his ear, "I have an itchy pussy!"

"Well, Ma'am," replies the boy, "you will have to point it out. All those Japanese cars look alike to me!"

... This was the place where Gurudayal Singh was needed, but he never gets into the right jokes in a right place at the right time. But Gurudayal is a very simple man. He always gets into wrong jokes -- and I have been teaching him almost for fifteen years or more, but he will never enter into the right joke. Now he is silent, now he is relaxing. Now he will not laugh. He misses every right time!

Miss Goodbody goes with her class to Paris for a school trip. They are seeing all the sights, when Miss Goodbody realizes that little Ernie is missing. She leaves the rest of the class in a museum and goes looking for him.

After searching for some time, she finds little Ernie standing in the corner of a cabaret show, crying.

"Why are you crying?" asks Miss Goodbody.

"Well," sniffs Ernie, "my Mom told me that if I look at a naked woman, I will turn to stone -- and now I feel something getting hard already."

Joseph Mandelbaum and Benjamin Rosenblatt, partners in the garment industry, are having their worst season ever. Ten thousand Madras sports coats are hanging on the rack unsold, and bankruptcy is imminent.

Out of the blue, in walks a buyer from Australia looking for Madras sports jackets.

"Would you guys have any for sale?" asks the Australian, "I have been looking for them everywhere."

After a brief pause to catch his breath, Joseph admits that there might be a few left. Soon a deal is concluded for ten thousand jackets, to be shipped to Australia at a handsome profit.

"There is one thing;" says the buyer, "for this large order I need to get confirmation from my home office. There should be no problem, so unless I send you a cable by the end of the week, the deal is on."

The week creeps by, with the partners anxiously waiting to see if the Australian will change his mind.

At ten minutes to five on Friday, Benjamin is closing up the shop when there is a knock at the door and a voice shouts, "Telegram!"

The partners freeze. Trembling, Joseph grabs the cable and opens it. Suddenly his face lights up.

"Bennie! Great news! Your wife just died!"

This is especially for Sardar Gurudayal Singh. Get into it!

Paddy comes home with two black eyes.

"What happened to you?" asks Maureen.

"Well," says Paddy, "I was riding on the bus this morning and there was a big fat woman sitting in front of me. She had her dress caught up in her crotch, so I pulled it out, and she punched me."

"That accounts for one black eye," says Maureen, "what about the other one?"

"Well," says Paddy, "I could see she did not like that, so I shoved it back in."

Now, Gurudayal, should we have a little let-go? But remember, yesterday your let-go was not perfect. You enjoyed it too much.

You have to be silent. Let-go means, for one minute at least you are dead. But I saw you were enjoying being dead! This is not right. You have to correct it; otherwise you will have to do it every day!

I saw a few people even holding up their legs. This is not let-go! Let-go is impossible -- how did those legs reach up? And you were still laughing and enjoying. You destroyed the whole... So this time, unless I call you back you have to be utterly dead, no sign of life.

Okay, Niskriya? Niskriya is allowed to take photographs.
Ready?
Let go...

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #15

Chapter title: Never ask, "who am i?"

3 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

Archive code: 8804035

ShortTitle: YAAHOO15

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 89 mins

BELOVED OSHO,
IN HIS BOOK, CODEX HAMMER, LEONARDO DA VINCI HAS WRITTEN:
"IT IS IMPOSSIBLE THAT ANYTHING OF ITSELF ALONE CAN BE CAUSE OF ITS
CREATION, AND THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE OF THEMSELVES ARE ETERNAL."
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK ON THIS?

Jivan Mada, the question is one of those which has been contemplated for centuries and yet no answer exists.

You have put it in the words of a philosophical treatise by Leonardo Da Vinci, known as CODEX HAMMER. His meaning may not have been apparent to you; it is something which every simple human being asks once in a while.

I will read Da Vinci's statement, and would like to analyze it to its simplest form. Philosophers don't like simplicity. They make complex problems out of the very obvious. He is saying:

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE THAT ANYTHING OF ITSELF ALONE CAN BE CAUSE OF ITS
CREATION, AND THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE OF THEMSELVES ARE ETERNAL.

Perhaps out of fear of a very cruel Christianity, which did not allow any freedom of thought, he has put a simple question in such a way that ordinarily you will not understand what he is talking about. In its simplest form, he is saying, "God cannot be the creator."

Christianity and other religions believe in God as a creator because nothing can be without a cause, nothing can come out of nothing. There must be something out of which you can derive something else: a cause is needed for every effect. The world is the effect and God is the cause; he is the creator and we are the created.

Ordinarily, nobody objects to it because ordinarily nobody bothers about who created the world and why the world was created. It is out of your way -- there are a thousand and one problems to be solved, one does not want to be loaded by another. So people simply accept it.

But the philosophical mind cannot accept it so easily. If the world needs a creator, then the creator also will need a creator; otherwise from where can *he* come? That leads one into a very absurd logic: then one God creates the world, another God creates the God, and so on

you go on.

But somewhere you will have to stop. Somewhere -- X, Y, Z -- you will have to stop: that Z created all other Gods. But the problem remains the same: where does Z come from? And if Z can be eternal, without a cause, then why unnecessarily harass and make a fuss about the world? Existence itself can be eternal, there is no need for any creator. If finally you have to accept that something is eternal without being created by anyone -- has been always and will remain always -- God is not needed.

Then this existence itself is enough unto itself. It is eternal, there is no need for any creator to take unnecessary trouble.

But the priest will not allow a simple phenomenon, that existence is eternal. A God is absolutely needed. Not by you, not by existence, but by the priesthood of all the religions because without the God their temples become empty. All their scriptures become rubbish, all their rituals stupid, all their prayers childish; all their conceptions of God, the fixations of psychologically sick people.

God is absolutely needed for millions of priests all around. That is the commodity they sell, that is their market. You take God away and what will happen to the pope? The poor guy will have to go back to Poland, open a grocery shop. I don't think he is qualified for anything more.

But right now, God is there and everything is perfectly right. Then there is a hierarchy: the son of God, Jesus Christ, and the representative of Jesus, the pope and the cardinals and the bishops and the priests. A long line of parasites, and their life is possible only if God created the world.

One thing is certain -- it does not need any philosophical mind. Looking at the world, it is certain it has not been created by any God. Such chaos! Such continuous wars....

Just today I became aware that there are, even this very moment, twenty-five wars going on around the earth. Small wars; that's why nobody is bothered about them. Their definition of war is: if ten thousand people are killed, it is a war. There are twenty-five wars around the world at this very moment in which more than ten thousand people have been killed.

It seems man's only business for centuries has been to fight, to kill, to rape. Something seems to have gone wrong in the human mind: either some nuts are loose or some nuts are too tight, but something needs to be repaired in a workshop.

This man as he exists cannot be created by a god. It can be created only by accidental evolution without any direction, without any goal, without any reason.

Existence is simply a directionless reality. It blossoms in many ways -- in the flowers, in the stars, in the human eyes -- but it is all accidental. There seems to be no direction at all. There seems to be no considered, pre-planned goal that humanity or the evolution of consciousness has to achieve.

You have to find your goal within yourself. It is not given to you, and there is nobody to enforce it upon you. That's why... yesterday we were talking about George Gurdjieff, who said that the ordinary man does not suffer much; it is the extraordinary man who suffers and suffers unnecessarily. The extraordinary man takes over the question of a certain goal to be achieved, a certain reality to be realized.

The ordinary man is simply happy in producing children, every day going to the office, every day coming back to the same home. I mean respectable citizens, I don't mean *everybody* comes to the same home every night. Some come in the evening, some come in the middle, some come in the morning, but anyway they come. And for what do they come?

To take a shower and get ready for breakfast. Their whole life is a routine. Breakfast, lunch, coffee break... and life is not long; soon among these coffee breaks comes the final stop. People fall flat and stop breathing, not even telling anybody what they are doing and why. And why suddenly? Why have you chosen *this* moment?

People function almost like machines. You cannot ask a machine why it has broken and why, particularly at this moment... You cannot ask a car, "Why have you stopped? And particularly going to Bombay on the ghat -- don't you have any sense?" But nobody asks a machine.

Nobody asks you, "Why are you breathing? Do you have any answer?" If you think about it, you will be really worried that essential questions -- why you are born, who was waiting for you, why you are creating an unnecessary crowd and thousands of problems... because the crowd goes on becoming bigger and bigger. The only rational question has been asked by the contemporary philosophical school, the existentialists: "Why don't you commit suicide?" It won't do to answer that "I don't want to." That is not the question. The question is why don't you want to? What is the purpose? Why are you harassing people?

In fact, there is no answer.

In old Greece, there was a great philosopher, Zeno, who lived a long life -- ninety years. And his teaching was that only retarded and stupid people can go on living. Intelligent people are bound to commit suicide the moment they realize that there is no reason. To go to bed and then get up early in the morning, then again the same routine, the same office file, the same boss... everything is the same. And finally you have to die, so why not now? Why take so much trouble reaching towards your grave? Why take seventy years?

And while going towards your grave you are not going silently, you are creating thousands of problems for others. The postman has to bring your mail and the milkman has to bring the milk....

And millions of people are engaged in defense -- for what? For people who are all going to die, what is the point of defense? The defense armies go on growing like mushrooms everywhere, and who are you defending? Once a person dies you cannot persuade him, "Please, this is not right. We have been arranging so much defense and you decided to stop breathing. Is it gentlemanly?" It is not even Catholic....

Zeno taught, and it is said that thousands of intelligent people, his disciples, committed suicide. But he lived long -- obviously, he had to, it was a responsibility. He was asked again and again, "Your disciples go on committing suicide because of your teachings -- why don't you commit?" He said, "I would have committed suicide long before, but because of this teaching... Who will teach? I have a purpose, and I will try to live as long as possible because once I am dead nobody is going to teach my philosophy."

And certainly nobody ever taught his philosophy to anybody else. Once he was dead, people were relieved that a great harassment... because he was asking questions which you cannot answer. It is not that he knows the answer, he is simply pointing out to you that there is no answer.

Unanswerable existence has made it possible for millions of priests to exploit you because they give you a sense of direction. They give you the feeling that you are needed by God, that you are created by God; that you are not unnecessary, that you are here to fulfill a certain destiny.

God is absolutely necessary for the priests and their profession, and God is absolutely

necessary for others. It is not an authentic answer but something is better than nothing: "God has created you."

And have you ever looked at your face in the mirror? Can you see any reason why he should create you? What kind of revenge is he taking? And he has not only created you, he has created your wife, your children, all kinds of nonsense. And still you have to worship him! If you don't worship him, he will throw you into hell.

Strange. We have never asked to be created in the first place. We have never asked that we should be allowed to live. He has created all kinds of desires and longings, greed, jealousy -- he is responsible for all that -- but you will suffer. He has given you sexuality, and the priest goes on teaching you celibacy. Strange. And the priest is the representative of God -- he should teach sexuality, if he is really a representative.

If you look around, except me nobody is a real representative of God.

You are teaching celibacy -- strange -- and still you believe in God? And I DON'T believe in God; still I am the only representative for the simple reason that my understanding is, there is no reason to ask why you are in existence.

You simply are.

I am, and nobody can ask me why. Even I cannot ask why I am, I simply find myself -- I am. It is not a question....

There used to be a great wise man in India, Raman Maharshi, whose whole teaching was, "Ask yourself: Who am I? Who am I?" How stupid is the very idea! You *are*, that's all. The question of "who" does not arise.

If you ask too much, you will say, "I am Niskriya." Deeper than that, there is nobody: you have reached the bottom level of existence.

I don't teach you to ask yourself "Who am I?" Are you mad or something? You are yourself, I am myself -- everything is clear, there is no confusion. I have never seen anybody confused about identity, who he is. Certainly you know who you are -- otherwise, how will you recognize your wife?

Next time you see her you try: be at a loss..."Who is this woman and what is she doing here?" But you recognize her, you recognize your kids.

... Although I have never seen a kid who is not nasty. All great men have remained bachelors for a simple reason: to avoid kids. It is always good to see others' kids and say, "How beautiful!" But never have your own, because they are such nasty people!

There is no reason for anybody to be here, but what can we do? We *are* here. And certainly, God has not created us.

The very idea of God creating humanity, the world, and all living beings, is absurd. Because what purpose does it serve? The universe was perfectly silent, stars were shining, there was no need for all this strange crowd who knows nothing else but to fight.

And once you accept that God has created you, you have destroyed your freedom. You have destroyed your dignity, you have lost your soul. You are only a puppet, your strings are in somebody else's hands. He says, "Dance!" -- you dance. He says, "Let go!" -- you let go. You know it well. In a little while, we will see it happen!

If your being is created by God then you are not a living entity, but only a commodity. Things are made, beings are not made. Have you seen anybody making beings? Yes, people create children but they are not the makers of the children. And they don't know what they are doing.

And they were never thinking of children when they were doing it! Just the idea would

have disturbed them -- "My god, what am I doing?" Children are as accidental to you as you are accidental to existence.

Life is an eternal source of energy.

Nobody has created it.

And it is of great importance that we don't have any purpose: otherwise, we would have been machines. Machines have purpose: a car has a purpose, a railway train has a purpose, but *you* don't have any purpose, because you are a being and not a thing.

You have a dignity, a freedom.

In fact, those who have known themselves, their understanding is that you are all gods. Nobody has created you. You have been here forever and you will be here forever.

Hence the teachings of the awakened ones are not of worship, ritual, mantras; the teachings of the awakened ones are how to be awake and realize your eternity. And then life becomes just a play, just a game. Do you think football has a purpose? Everybody knows that it is just a game.

Life is a play, a playfulness.

There is no God and there has never been.

And man's freedom is absolute. He need not worship anybody, he has only to discover his own potential, his own creativity. What can he do? It is not a question of Who am I? The question is, What can I do? What I can be? As far as who I am, that has already happened. I am. Now the question is, What should I do? Should I be a singer, a dancer, a poet, a mystic, a lover? A man of peace, of great depths, a man of immense silence and joy?

What I should be is the question.

"Who am I?" is useless, unnecessary, wasting your time.

Once this penetrates in your intelligence, that "I am here and I have enough energy -- either I can destroy or I can create, either I can be a god or I can be a devil"... these are the real questions.

My effort is to make all of you gods.

The moment you are enlightened... that is another name of the declaration that "I am a god. I am not created, I have been always here in different forms and I will be here in different forms. We will be meeting again and again on different planets, in different times, in different ages, but we cannot disappear."

So whenever somebody dies, remember a Zen monk, Lieh Tzu. His last words were, before closing his eyes... he said to his disciples, "See you again." He closed his eyes himself. Ordinarily, others have to close the eyes, because a dead man cannot move his eyelids, so every dead man remains with open eyes. And the open eyes of a dead man create terror, because you can see only the whites of his eyes. His pupils have moved upwards. It looks dangerous, so people immediately close the eyes.

But Lieh Tzu closed his eyes himself. And before closing them he said, "See you in another time, in another place, but see you again." This is a man worth calling a man, a man of dignity, who does not believe in death.

Those who believe in God are bound to believe in death because if they are created, they can be uncreated. They are only a combination of parts. They can be taken apart, they can be put together again.

But man cannot be put together again for the simple reason that he is not the body; neither the brain nor the mind but something far deeper, just a pure awareness of *I am*.

Never ask "Who am I?" The moment you ask "Who am I?" you are asking a wrong

question, you are on a wrong track. Soon you will find you are Niskriya! I say to you that you *will* find it. Try tonight: whenever you close your eyes and ask "Who am I?" an answer will come from inside: "I am Niskriya." Not only to Niskriya -- it will *not* come to Niskriya, it will come to everybody else. However you try, you will not be able to get through; Niskriya will be there.

Ask a wrong question and get a wrong person.

Jivan Mada, all that is, has always been. Isness is unchanging. Everything changes -- but isness, the very essence of life, remains the same.

Ruthie Finkelstein finally persuades her husband, Moishe, to go for a checkup.

"You look terrible," says Doctor Bones. "Do you drink?"

"Why, yes," says Moishe, "I start every day with a bottle of cognac."

"And with that cough," continues Bones, "you are probably a smoker."

"You bet," says Moishe, "three packs a day for me."

"Look Mr. Finkelstein," says Bones, "you are not a healthy man. You are going to have to give up smoking and drinking right away, and that is an order. And before you go, that will be thirty dollars for my advice."

"Thanks, doc," snaps Moishe, "but who is taking it?"

Nobody takes advice, everybody goes on doing stupid things. And the most stupid is to inquire, "Who am I?" That is the beginning of going insane. Certainly you will find *somebody* that you are: perhaps Jesus Christ or Hazrat Mohammed or Gautam Buddha; somebody you will find. It does not matter whether it is Niskriya or Gautam Buddha; the very idea -- Who am I? -- points towards a wrong answer. It can never lead you to yourself.

If Raman Maharshi had told me to sit down and inquire, "Who am I?" it is absolutely certain, that I would have told the old man, "You have gone senile. I know very well who I am and you also know who you are. There is no confusion." Although his purpose was different: he was trying so that you could find by and by that "I am not the body, I am not the mind, I am not the brain." And when you find that nothing remains in your hands, this is you.

But you have not found the answer to "Who am I?" You have found yourself, which you were always, whether you have looked into it or not.

Religions have created hypothetical questions -- God and the description of God, how many hands he has and how many eyes. Obviously, he cannot be so poor as we are: just two eyes, nothing to look backward with. There are religions whose gods have four eyes. Naturally, there is no need to turn -- they can go this way, they can go backwards, without any trouble. It is a very human weakness -- you will have to turn around and look back. And the Hindu god has one thousand eyes, because four looks like not very much. Just double the number human beings have, it is not right -- one thousand. But nobody bothers to think that if you have one thousand eyes, will you have space for anything else? I have been concerned about it: you will be all over eyes and eyes and eyes and eyes. No ears, no mouth, no nose, just a collection of eyes -- it does not seem to be a great prospect.

Another idea in the mythology of Hindus is that God has one thousand hands. It means there must be two Gods -- one has one thousand eyes, one has one thousand hands -- because you can't have one God with one thousand hands and one thousand eyes together. It will be too crowded -- very busy -- and nothing will be accomplished by such a God. Once you take

anything hypothetical as a truth, you start growing the truth... because you have to ask questions like whether he has a beard or not....

Gautam Buddha has no beard, Mahavira has no beard; twenty-four *tirthankaras* of the Jains have no beard. Great idea! Just to save the trouble of shaving every morning and every evening...

But nobody ever thought that this means these people were lacking in some essential hormones. Unless those hormones were missing, beards would grow. Women don't grow beards -- it is not their fault. You cannot tell them that "This is not good -- when everybody else is growing a beard, just to give them company grow a beard!"

A woman can also grow a beard if she takes injections of certain hormones. But it is a very strange thing: Gautam Buddha, in his twenty-three past lives, has never grown any beard. Twenty-four tirthankaras of the Jains have no beard. It is a strange coincidence.

Once in a while, you can find a man who is missing certain hormones. At least I knew one, in my very own village. And he is one of the richest men in that territory. I used to go to him and say, "Listen, you can't have babies."

"What do you mean?"

I said, "You cannot have children and if any child is born to your wife, remember: it is the Holy Ghost, because a man who cannot grow a beard has not the potential to create children."

He said, "You are a strange man. How many times have you reminded me of this?"

I said, "I will go on reminding you again and again, so that you are aware: whenever you have a child, it is somebody else's child."

Fortunately, it is a small village -- not a single car, no parks to meet, no beach, nowhere to go -- and a very stratified Hindu society. The Holy Ghost has not been able to give a child to that fellow. I have been inquiring constantly. When I came back from America, my first inquiry was, "Has something happened or not?" Somebody had come from the village. He said, "You are strange! The first question! Nothing has happened, and now he is so old..."

I said, "It doesn't matter. The Holy Ghost can make even old virgins pregnant." They are Christians, so they were very angry at me. I said, "You should pray not to Jesus Christ, not to God, but to the Holy Ghost. And one never knows in what form the Holy Ghost comes, so allow a little freedom to your wife. Otherwise, you are not going to have any children."

And I hear that he is still -- now he must be seventy -- without any children. It seems the Holy Ghost has not come back again since Jesus Christ. Or perhaps he comes once in a while, but people don't recognize him. It was a rare occasion that he was caught red-handed.

If there is a God, then naturally questions arise: he must have a son. But poor imagination stops very soon -- only one son, not even a sister for him to play with? And has the Holy Ghost become too tired, or have they dropped the whole idea?

Once you accept any conceptual question, hypothesis, then a thousand and one questions arise. God created the world. Then why did he create poor people, why did he create rich people? Why could he not create an equal humanity? Why did he create man as superior and woman as inferior? What was his purpose? Is he a male chauvinist?

Certainly, God has no wife. The whole group is a gay group -- God, the Holy Ghost, the Son... not a single woman. And what are these three fellows doing? Must be getting tired. Unless there are a few women... Just put a few men aside and you will see: they become serious, sad, bored, start thinking about suicide, because there is nothing else to think about. Just bring a few women in and hallelujah! Sadness is gone, people are running with their girlfriends here and there; nobody wants to die, not in this moment.

Jivan Mada, don't be bothered with such philosophical questions.

Be concerned with the existential, with the real, with the ordinary which you have to face every moment, every day, about yourself, about your potential.

Who cares about God?

Only stupid people who don't have anything to do. They go on thinking about strange things.

Paddy is handling some dynamite in a quarry when he lets one stick drop. Suddenly the whole box explodes, shooting up in the air and taking Paddy with it. After a while, the boss comes round and asks his fellow worker, "Where is Paddy?"

"He is gone," answers Seamus.

"When will he be back?" asks the boss.

"Well," says Seamus, "according to Albert Einstein's theory of relativity... if he comes back as fast as he went, he will be here yesterday."

Now, it is time for prayer, and then many more things have to be done....

Moskowitz met Finkelstein on the street one day and said, "Finkelstein, have I got a bargain for you! An elephant! A whole living elephant, for just one hundred dollars."

Finkelstein said, "Are you crazy? What do I want with an elephant?"

"It is a beautiful elephant," continued Moskowitz, "all grey, ten foot tall, and complete with a trunk."

"But I have nothing to feed it on," cried Finkelstein. "I live in a three-room apartment, I have no place to put it in."

But Moskowitz went on: "Two beautiful tusks, maybe two feet long. It is a magnificent beast. They don't make them like that anymore."

"Moskowitz," said Finkelstein, almost screaming, "I have a three-room walk-up apartment on the fifth floor. Where will I keep an elephant?"

"You are a hard man, Finkelstein," said Moskowitz. "I will tell you what. I will throw in a second whole elephant for only fifty dollars extra."

Finkelstein smiled and said, "Now you are talking!"

The shy young bride is really upset when she learns that her husband has been married twice before.

Through her tears, she asks him what has become of his two previous wives.

"I may as well tell you," says her husband. "My first wife died from eating poisonous mushrooms."

"And your second wife?" she cries.

"She died of a fractured skull," the man answers. "It was her own fault, she wouldn't eat the mushrooms."

... Vimal, it seems you have not prayed. This is not right. In fact, you are enjoying it! Somebody is having a migraine and Vimal is enjoying it! I have never heard of it, that somebody has a migraine and somebody else enjoys, but in this world everything happens.

Kowalski is drinking in a bar with a friend.

"I love America," he says, "I am so glad I came over here. Where else in the world could you finish a hard day's work and be waiting for a bus outside the factory gates, in the rain..."
"What? What is so great about that?" interrupts his friend.

"Just wait," continues Kowalski. "Then the boss comes out in his black Rolls Royce, opens the door and says, 'It is a hell of a night -- come in out of the rain.' When you are inside, he says, 'That coat's all wet; let me buy you a new one.'

"And after that, he takes you back to his mansion and gives you a big meal and a few drinks and a warm bed for the night. And in the morning, he gives you a good breakfast and a ride back to work. That would never happen in Poland."

"Amazing," says his friend, "that happened to you?"

"Not to me," replies Kowalski. "It happened to my sister!"

So now get ready for a let-go. And beforehand, you should remember that let-go does not mean that you have to laugh and enjoy. This is a religious experience! It is not entertainment.

Krishnamurti died. He would have lived if people had listened to him. His last words were, "People think I am an entertainment -- and I am talking about enlightenment."

But as far as I am concerned, to me enlightenment is the ultimate in entertainment. You can enjoy, but for two minutes, let-go is to be total -- no noise, no laughter... just as if there is nobody in the Buddha auditorium.

Let it be an experience of an energy contained within.

And then I will allow it to come up in "Yaa-Hoo!" Then you can do as much as you want. But first enlightenment, *then* entertainment -- not vice versa.

Niskriya, are you ready?

So when I say, "let go"... let go.

(QUITE A FEW OF US, IT SEEMS, ARE HAVING A BIT OF TROUBLE BEING "AS IF THERE IS NOBODY"... SUPPRESSED GIGGLES KEEP ERUPTING IN WAVES, HERE AND THERE.)

Unless it is total, I will continue it....

(NOW IT SEEMS THE WISH TO CONTINUE IT OUTWEIGHS THE WISH TO BE TOTAL! FINALLY, OSHO GIVES UP, WITH A CHUCKLE.)

Okay, come back....

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #16

Chapter title: Helplessness: another name of let-go

4 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

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ShortTitle: YAAHOO16

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Length: 95 mins

BELOVED OSHO,
I AM SEEING A CERTAIN HELPLESSNESS ARISING IN ME. IT IS A FEELING THAT I HAD FEARED AND ALWAYS TRIED TO AVOID IN THE PAST.
YET, AS IT BEGINS TO OVERWHELM ME, IT BRINGS A SENSE OF FREEDOM I HAVE SELDOM, IF EVER, EXPERIENCED BEFORE.
BELOVED MASTER, DOES THIS HELPLESSNESS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT YOU CALL "LET-GO"?

Anand Rakesh, man *is* helpless. His helplessness is existential. He has tried in thousands of ways to cover it up -- by creating a God as a protector, by praying in temples and mosques and churches to some fictitious entity, just not to feel helpless... "There is somebody up there who will take care." Man has tried to belong to different crowds, Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians, just to avoid and escape his aloneness.

But whatever you do, sooner or later you realize you are alone. Neither your wife is yours, nor your husband; it is just an arbitrary arrangement to help each other to cover up helplessness. There is no friend who can help you, there is no political ideology which can help you, there is no theology, no religion.

What I am trying to say is that we have to accept the truth that we *are* alone and all our efforts to forget it are futile. Secondly, that we *are* helpless, there is no way to avoid the fact. All are simply imaginations and dreams.

Just to avoid one's helplessness one tries so many ways... one starts drinking alcohol, taking drugs, so that one can forget this utter helplessness in this vast empty universe, this aloneness in this infinity.

There are people who are angry with me just for the simple reason that I want to make them aware of the fact, and not to live in fictions. There is no God whom you can depend on in times of trouble, in dark nights. There is nobody to hear your prayers. When I say this it creates in people antagonism against me. I am taking away their teddy bears.

Just try to take a teddy bear from a small child and see how he freaks out. The teddy bear is his solace, his consolation, his companion, his God, his friend; he is his everything. Just

watch, on the platforms of railway stations, in airports, in waiting halls, small children carrying their teddy bears. Dirty, greasy, looking like Italians, but carrying them... a deep solace somewhere that they are not alone, the teddy bear is here. If any calamity happens the teddy bear is going to help.

But poor teddy bears at least are real. Your God is not even that real.

When I see somebody raising his eyes to the sky and praying, I feel like crying. This man is living in dreams. There is nobody there above the clouds, but his prayer gives him a certain solace, a consolation.

No prayer has ever been heard, except once:

You can see Maneesha here. This is the prayer of Vimal -- he prayed twenty-four hours to all kinds of gods, Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, any kind of god, just come and help to take Maneesha's migraine -- because *he* had started having a migraine! Every day he would have to be hammered -- "It is you, because of you, that poor Maneesha is having a migraine. And you are enjoying!"

He started feeling guilty and shaky. Now today he is looking very happy, his prayer has been heard. Now nobody can raise a finger at him.

One other time also a prayer was heard. A man in deep desperation, finding no way to get a small sum of money to purchase medicines or to call a physician for his dying wife, prayed to God: "I don't want paradise, and I don't want to be a great saint. I am a small man, very ordinary and mundane -- forgive me for bringing such a mundane thing into prayer, but I am helpless; I need fifty dollars. Send it immediately! It is not a metaphysical question, my wife is dying and if the prayer is not heard, to me you will be dead also. I will not pray again."

But he was a clever man, a little educated too. He thought, "God is so far away that although I am shouting from the roof of my house, I don't see any possibility that he will hear it, because I cannot see him anywhere. It is better to write a letter, which is more dependable."

He wrote a letter with his prayer and sent it, but when he started writing the address he was at a loss; he did not know the address of God. Nobody knows his address. Naturally he thought that the postmaster general must know his address, so he wrote, "God the Father, care of Postmaster General." And to his surprise, just the next day a money order came. But it was not fifty dollars, it was only forty-five dollars. He was very angry. He shouted again from the top of his house: "It seems this Postmaster General has cut his commission! I had asked for fifty -- five dollars are missing!"

And what had happened? When the letter reached the post office, they opened it and they felt that the man must be in a desperate situation. Otherwise nobody writes letters to God; nobody has ever heard of writing letters to God. Nobody really knows his address -- nobody is in fact certain whether he exists or not. "It will be good that we collect contributions from the office, just a few dollars each, and send this poor man a great surprise, that God has heard."

But they could collect only forty-five dollars. They said, "It is better than nothing. Send it immediately, because his wife is sick and if we wait for five dollars more, he may not be able to bring the physician and the medicine." So they quickly sent the express telegram for forty-five dollars to be delivered to this man.

Except these two times, no prayer has ever been heard. And the fact is, in both these cases it is just a belief. The post office people collected the money, it was not God. And it is not

God that has taken away the migraine of poor Maneesha. It comes every month to her. It is not in the hands of any God to change it -- otherwise no woman would have any periodical troubles, stomach aches, headaches, migraine. Vimal has not been heard by God, it is just coincidence that it was the last day of her period.

So don't feel too proud, feel humble. Don't think that you have a direct relationship with God, that your prayers have started being heard.

There is no God, but people are so helpless.

I don't agree with anything in Karl Marx's philosophy except one point, where he says that the religion is the opium of the poor people. He is saying that God, religion and all its theological tenets are to help the poor to be patient, to help the poor believe that "Your poverty has also a meaning. You will be the only ones who will be received in God's paradise, with all the joys and pleasures which are available to the rich people."

And Jesus' statement is very significant when he says, "A camel can pass through the eye of a needle, but the rich man cannot pass through the gates of heaven."

And as far as I know, only rich people can enter anywhere! If the camel is rich, even he can enter the eye of a needle -- he can make a very big needle. The question is, do you have money? Even Saint Peter, waiting there before the gates of paradise, first will ask, "Have you got some present for me? If not, just go to the other gate." That seems to be more logical, more existential, based on sheer experience.

But poor men for thousands of years have been told, "Your poverty is a fire test of your trust."

This is a great deception. The priests and the popes have been the greatest con men. Because of them the world remains poor; because of them people don't learn to stand on their own feet; because of them people don't learn how to enjoy the freedom that a godless world provides for you.

A world with God simply means Adolf Hitler with a loaded gun -- or Ronald Reagan, names don't matter, but somebody is there with a loaded gun forcing you to do things which you don't want to do, and not to do things which you always wanted to do.

What have all the churches and the scriptures and the religions been doing except forcing people to do things they don't have any desire to do? And forcing them to stop doing things which are very natural, and they want with their whole heart to move in those directions. All religions are against nature.

It is very strange. God created the world, according to these religions, and all these religions are against nature. And God *created* nature -- the conclusion is clear, that all religions are against God.

But why do people accept them? They accept them because membership in a big crowd, six hundred million Catholics, one feels that so many people cannot be wrong. Left alone, you start feeling worried. There is no way to find out whether you are right or wrong -- where are you going? Is this the right way?

But when you see six hundred million Catholics going, a deep relief comes to your mind that six hundred million Catholics headed by the representative of Jesus Christ, the only begotten son of God, cannot be wrong. It is better to become a member of the crowd. It helps you to drop the worry about whether you are really living rightly or wrongly; whether what you are doing is sin or virtue. The whole responsibility is taken by the crowd and the leaders of the crowd, and they decide what is right.

It is certainly true that when responsibility is taken by somebody else, you feel a certain

relief. When the doctor says to you, "Don't be worried, your wife will be okay"... That does not mean that your wife is not going to die. That does not mean that the doctor knows that your wife is not going to die. The doctor does not know even about himself, but because he has an authoritative status, all the degrees, it helps you. He takes the responsibility. You feel unburdened.

But one thing you forget: that with the responsibility gone, your freedom is also gone. They exist together.

If God is responsible for creating the world, then we cannot be free, ever. Then we are going to remain slaves in the hands of an unknown stranger whom we have never met, who never even sends a telegram on New Year's Day, who does not seem to be bothered by our existence. What happens to us seems to be none of his concern.

But we become enslaved to the priest in the name of an unknown fictitious entity. Just a few months ago, the pope created a new sin. All sins are created by popes and priests -- this is the latest. The sin is that if you confess to God directly, it is a sin. You have to confess through the right channel, the medium, the priest.

Naturally, it is a question of business. If you start talking directly to God, who cares about the pope? Who is going to pay his bills? Millions of dollars -- every trip six million, eight million dollars. Who is going to pay every year for three trips, for absolutely unnecessary reasons? Kissing the earth, which you can kiss anywhere. There is a little bit of difference -- the taste. In India, you will taste cow dung; that will be your taste of Hinduism. But you could have managed it in the Vatican itself. You have cows, there is no problem. For that eight million dollars, an unnecessary harassment to yourself and to others.

If everybody starts talking to God directly, then the priests are out of their profession.

When you confess to the priest, he says, "Put ten dollars into the charity box and your sin will be forgiven. I will pray for you." Everything has a price. You commit a sin and you go to confess to a Catholic priest and you will know how much it costs.

It happened... a bishop became very friendly with a rabbi because both were very deeply interested in the game of golf. They had decided that on the coming Sunday they will finish their services in the church, in the synagogue, and they will both go together to the golf course.

The rabbi finished quickly -- rabbis are very efficient people -- and he came in his Cadillac, but the bishop was still in the confession booth. It has a small window, and the bishop or the pope or anybody who is representing God is on one side, and on the other side, the person who confesses. A device that the person does not feel awkward, embarrassed; he is not seen by the priest.

But there was a long queue. So from the other side, the rabbi entered the cabin and said to the bishop, "It is getting late, and I don't see that you will be able to finish till Judgment Day! Because the queue is so long... and you don't seem to be very efficient. You don't know business."

The bishop said, "I am doing it as quickly as possible, but these idiots are such that they don't confess in a summarized form. They go on in such detail! Nobody is interested in their detail -- how the woman looked, on what street they found her, and they raped her and she was screaming but deep down, she loved to be raped... Simply say that 'I have raped' and be finished! But unless they go into details... They torture me, but they have a right because they pay money."

The rabbi said, "You get ready. How much is a rape?"

He said, "Ten dollars."

He said, "That's okay. You just go and get ready and I will finish your queue."

And another man came to confess and said, "Father, I am very, very sorry. It has again happened."

And the rabbi said, "My son, don't be worried. Let it happen and let it happen again and again."

The man thought, "This is strange. What has happened to Father? Has he drunk too much? The voice also seems to be different. But what else to do?"

He said, "I have again raped a woman."

The rabbi said, "Don't worry. Don't worry about the details. I know all the details. It will be thirty dollars."

The man said, "That is too much, because I have raped many times -- it has always been ten dollars. Suddenly the price has gone up so much? In fact it should go down, because the dollar is going down. You are not taking into account the simple fact that the dollar is reduced to half of what it used to be."

The rabbi said, "Don't be worried, my son. You just put thirty dollars there -- one minute more and the price will rise! As far as the extra twenty dollars, they are in advance. You can commit two rapes more and there is no need to come to confession, unnecessarily creating trouble. I will pray for all three -- in advance."

The bishop could not believe: by the time he got dressed, took a shower and came out, the queue was finished. And the rabbi said, "You people don't know how to do business. Although we don't do such third-rate business... but within five minutes, I finished all of them. I warned them that 'If you go into details, the punishment will be more. God does not want details because he knows everything, he is omniscient. He knows how many rapes you have committed, he knows how many you are going to commit. So I have even charged for advance rapes."

The bishop said, "What are you saying? And if the pope comes to know about it, that I am taking advances... Do you think I am a pimp? I am a bishop, respectable. You Jews don't know any etiquette, just money. Even ten dollars is a lot of money nowadays." The rabbi said, "I never thought you would be angry, I thought you would learn! I taught every one of them -- 'No details, quick business.' And God is omniscient, he knows the past, the present, the future. So why not the advance?"

The rabbi said, "It is useless to argue. We don't do such dirty business at all. Instead of thanking me... because your charity box is five times more full than you have ever seen it. Now there is no need for you -- just look at my Cadillac -- no need to go on dragging in that old dirty Ford car. God is loving, compassionate. How can he not see that his own rabbi should have a Cadillac?"

These people are doing their business, but in a way they are cheap. Now, psychoanalysts have come. They are doing the same kind of business, just their strategy is different. But their charges are very high, they are the highest-paid profession in the whole world. In fact, it has become a fashion in countries like America that rich ladies talk about -- "Who is your psychoanalyst?" because to have a very costly psychoanalyst is just like having the Kohinoor. Who can you afford? Sigmund Freud himself!

And the whole thing the psychoanalyst does is that he does not do anything. He simply sits. He has changed the strategy -- instead of making a confession booth, he has made a more

comfortable couch for the patient. He sits behind so the patient cannot see whether the psychoanalyst is listening to him, whether he is there or not. And the patient goes on talking and he has to tell all his dreams. Most often it happens that there are four or five couches and one psychoanalyst managing them all! Sometimes here, sometimes there... just giving them the sense that "I am here."

And his whole business is to listen to you, so that you can be unburdened. Just by listening -- that is the old Catholic idea -- just by listening to you telling everything... you are no longer repressing. You are throwing out, vomiting everything. It feels good. Whether the person is listening or not does not matter. In fact the experienced psychoanalysts never listen because if they go on listening they will go mad, the whole day listening to all kinds of idiots.

But why are people always trying to find some help from somewhere? A deep helplessness -- the psychoanalyst is a great man of insight, he knows the unconscious, the collective unconscious. Just his presence by your side twice a week is enough to keep you running, knowing perfectly well that you have the greatest psychoanalyst in the world, so what is the fear? There is no fear: any problem and you can talk to the psychoanalyst. And the psychoanalyst has not to answer you, but just to listen to you.

I have heard, a great psychoanalyst was tortured by a very rich man -- because he was able to pay as much as you want, but you will have to listen as long as *he* wants. So two hours, three hours, sometimes the whole day, one patient. And he was a very cunning man -- naturally, the richest man cannot be a very innocent man -- he used to look to see whether the psychoanalyst was present or not. So he could not even go to the bathroom, and many times he was coming to the state of EST! The bladder is full and the great man goes on and you cannot go to the bathroom.

That was the whole secret of EST: You could not go to the bathroom. And there is a time limit: three hours, four hours, five hours... and then things go beyond control. And in EST, when somebody moves towards going beyond control -- naturally, if you have been for five hours repressing your bladders, then they forget all about control and just in the middle of the crowd of the EST followers you start pissing. It brings such a great relief!

And seeing that one man is courageous enough, others start, and when everybody is pissing, that is called great enlightenment! It is certainly a beautiful experience. Such unburdening, such a freedom, no worry in the world at all!

That psychoanalyst finally managed to convince the rich man that "I am a poor psychoanalyst. If I give my whole day to you then what will happen to my other customers? So I have made a device: I will put a tape recorder here. You talk to it as much as you want, in as much detail as you want, and in the deep silence of night in my bed I will listen to it. This way I can take care of other patients also."

The rich man said, "That's perfectly right!"

The next day, when the psychoanalyst was entering his office, he saw the rich man coming out. He said, "What is the matter, where are you going?"

He said, "If you can find a device, I can also find a device. I have told everything to *my* tape recorder. Now *my* tape recorder is telling everything to *your* tape recorder; in the deep silence you should listen. I also have my businesses to look after -- why should I waste my time?"

Now two tape recorders, and psychotherapy is happening! But people are ready for any stupid thing, just it should give you a feeling that you are not alone, that you are not helpless, that there are sources that can support you, that you have friends, that you have a family. But

all this is fiction. The family is fiction. A woman, a stranger that you have never seen before -- suddenly you see and you fall in love with a stranger and you don't know whether she will cut your pocket or not. Falling in love, at least you should inquire who she is. But love is blind.

And I am not saying it, the whole world for centuries has condensed its wisdom: "love is blind." It has to be, otherwise who can fall in love with a stranger? In the night the woman may cut your head, take your bank account and fall in love with somebody else. Love has to be blind, otherwise love cannot be! But people take every risk for the simple reason that at least you have a wife.

Two men used to sit in a bar to the very end, when all customers have gone and the bartender is telling them, "Now it is closing time, you should go."

And they will say, "Just a little longer."

The bartender said, "What is...? Nonsense, the time is over. I have also to go home, and the law has to be followed. At a certain time the bar has to be closed."

One day, one man asked the other, "Why do you go on sitting here?"

The other man said, "It is strange, why do *you* go on sitting here? You should be the last person to ask me this question. I have a wife and she is such a bitch, such a horrible bitch, that to avoid her I go on sitting in the bar, wasting my money, my time, my health, my respectability. But why do you go on sitting here?"

He said, "I don't have a wife, that's why! That empty house... just to think of it and a trembling arises in me, again a dark night alone in the house, nobody even to talk to."

And the situation is, whether you have a wife or you don't, in every case you are alone and helpless. How can two helpless persons be less helpless together? Just sheer mathematics: two helpless persons together will be *twice* as helpless, and you can see it in every marriage. Ask the married man or the married woman and they will all say, "What golden days were those, when we were bachelors. Now all is lost. Now we are stuck, glued together, nothing to say, nothing to talk about, because everything that we wanted to say we have said long before, many times."

How many times can you say "Sweetheart" when there is no feeling at all? The desire arises to kill the woman, but you have to say, "Darling, I cannot live without you."

This insane world is insane for a certain reason: because you cannot stand alone and accept it as a reality that helplessness is natural, that aloneness is natural.

A man, the moment he recognizes the fact that to be alone and helpless is natural, suddenly becomes free from all fear. He suddenly becomes free from all kinds of fictitious relationships, suddenly becomes independent, individual. This is the only spiritual freedom and I call such a man the only religious man.

Rakesh, you say, "I am seeing a certain helplessness arising within me."

You are fortunate. But there are millions who don't see it. It is there, you are born with it. Don't repress it, because that is what people do. In what ways they do, they may be different, but the basic thing is they immediately repress it. They immediately start the television, they immediately take out of the pocket a cigarette, start smoking. What has happened? Why have they suddenly started smoking? Smoking gives them an occupation, so they can forget the helplessness that was arising; rather than helplessness arising they start smoke arising! And they make rings and enjoy that they are doing something artistic. And the world is full of such idiots.

If helplessness is arising, it is a good sign. It means you are coming closer to the reality of your being. Look at it as a blessing, not as a curse.
You say, "It is a feeling that I had feared."

Everybody fears it, nobody wants to be helpless, but it is not a question of your wanting or not wanting. It is simply the fact that you are helpless. Now it is up to you to feel fear, or to sing a song, or to do anything -- or not to do anything, just simply sit and look at this helplessness which is your being. What is the problem, what fear is there? Helplessness cannot destroy you.

Helplessness certainly makes you aware and alert that you are surrounded by all kinds of dangers, and that unless you are alert and aware you are going to fall into some ditch somewhere. This ditch or that does not matter. What you call it, that too does not matter. You fall in a ditch and you say, "I have fallen in love." And it was only a ditch!

And sometimes you get bored just being in the same ditch -- how long can you go on? So you start crawling out of it just to find another ditch, because these ditches are all over! And you become more and more accustomed to falling: the moment you see a ditch, you immediately start moving towards it. It is not the ditch that comes to you, you go towards the ditch.

Mulla Nasruddin used to tell people and his friends that his wife was like a mousetrap -- not in front of his wife, of course, but one day she heard. In the sitting room he was telling somebody, "My wife is just like a mousetrap."

The wife came in and she said, "Yes, I'm a mousetrap, but who are you? And why did you enter? Mousetraps don't run behind the mouse, the mice themselves enter into mousetraps! So remember, if again you state that 'My wife is a mousetrap,' remember who *you* are. I have not invited you, you have been after me. Remember all those ice creams and all those roses. I have not asked; in fact I was very reluctant."

It is true: no ditch follows you. Neither does the ditch welcome you. But people go on falling, and naturally when you fall in a ditch you are in trouble: your own freedom is gone, your whole sky is gone, you are in a trap. And whenever you are in a trap you become a mouse, you lose all dignity of being a man.

It is perfectly good -- there is no reason to be afraid. If you fear you will fall immediately into something to find slavery.

There are only two possibilities: one is to stand alone, aloof, helpless, and the other is to fall down into some slavery, into some trap. That will give you a little relief but it will take away all your dignity, all your grandeur, all your splendor, all your beauty. You will feel ashamed of yourself.

You are saying, Rakesh, "It is a feeling that I had feared and always tried to avoid in the past. Yet, as it begins to overwhelm me, it brings with it a lot of energy and a sense of freedom I have seldom, if ever, experienced before.

"Beloved Master, does this helplessness have something to do with what you call 'let-go'?"

Yes. In fact it is another name of let-go:

Accepting totally the reality as it is.

If it is helplessness, so what?

If it is death, so what?

If it is aloneness, so what?

Once you accept all these things that create fear... and fear brings slaveries of many kinds. The very acceptance is a let-go of all slaveries. Then you stand alone like a Cedar of Lebanon, high in the sky. The beauty of a peak like Everest -- standing alone in the vast sky, without a friend, without a companion -- is the same experience of the person who stands alone, rooted in his own self. Knowing perfectly well he is helpless and there is nothing that he can do -- there is no question of fighting against it, it is fighting against existence. It is better and wiser to relax and just be.

Suddenly you will feel great energy released. The same energy was becoming fear, the same energy was becoming helplessness, the same energy was taking you into hundreds of bondages. Now that you have dropped all that, the whole energy is available to you.

Then you are only pure energy, pure consciousness: *sachchidanand*. Then you are truth, then you are consciousness, and then you are blissfulness.

And this state of truth, consciousness and bliss is immortal; there is no death to it. There is no beginning and there is no end to it. Once a person even has a small glimpse of it, his whole life is transformed.

Yes, Rakesh, it is what I call let-go.

Before we do our everyday let-go, a few serious thoughts to be contemplated:

A Bible-bashing Baptist is preaching to a Texas businessman, who doubts the miracle of divine punishment.

"Let me tell you," says the preacher, "about a remarkable occurrence. On the TV news last night there was a story about a politician who was struck by lightning while he was telling a lie. A miraculous incident, was it not?"

"Well, I don't know," drawls the Texan. "It would be more of a miracle if lightning struck a politician when he *wasn't* lying."

Little Ernie is trying to get his grandfather to make a noise like a frog. But Grandpa refuses and goes on digging the garden.

After an hour of constant pestering, Grandpa throws down his shovel and turns around. "All right, Ernie," he snaps, "but why all the fuss?"

"Well," replies little Ernie, "Grandma says when you croak we will all go to Hawaii."

Hymie Goldberg returns home early one day, to find a strange man making love to Becky, his wife. His head is buried between her ample breasts. "Hey!" demands Hymie, "just what do you think you are doing?"

"Well... I am listening to music," says the stranger.

"Music?" cries Hymie, and putting his head between Becky's breasts, declares, "I don't hear any music!"

"Of course you don't!" replies the stranger, "you are not plugged in!"

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Now, before we do our let-go, two things have to be understood.

To make the let-go really a deep and meaningful experience we will remain for two minutes completely frozen, as if dead -- as you are sitting. You don't have to fall, you don't have to do anything.

When, after two minutes, absolutely frozen -- nobody is wanted or welcome to laugh; that will destroy the whole thing. You have to remain frozen and then I will tell you, "Let go."

These two minutes will be gathering of the energy. These two minutes you will be almost dead. And after these two minutes, when I say, "Let go" then you can relax and then there is no limitation for you. Then you can laugh, you can enjoy; just don't harm anybody and just don't do anything to anybody. Whatever you want to do, do to yourself. If you want to tickle, tickle yourself, but not anybody else.

Of course Niskriya is out. (TO NISKRIYA) You are not part of the meditation.

So first be frozen for two minutes...

Now... let go.

(AN OCEANIC WHISPER OF THOUSANDS OF BODIES FALLING GENTLY TO THE FLOOR, AND THEN -- JUST MORE SILENCE.)

Come back to life...

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #17

Chapter title: A no-return state of affairs

5 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

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BELOVED OSHO,
WHEN YOU INITIATED ME EIGHT YEARS AGO, I HAD MY OWN BUSINESS, A GREAT CAR, A NICE APARTMENT AND ALWAYS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AROUND. I DRESSED MYSELF IN A THREE-PIECE BUSINESS UNIFORM COMPLETE WITH BRIEFCASE.
NOW, I LIVE IN A BAMBOO HUT, DRIVE A RENTED BIKE, DRESS MYSELF IN A NEHRU SHIRT AND STRANGE COTTON PANTS; VERY RARELY DO I ALLOW A WOMAN TO COME CLOSE ANYMORE.
AM I ON THE RIGHT TRACK TO ENLIGHTENMENT?
(THE GENERAL HILARITY IN RESPONSE TO THIS POOR FELLOW'S PLIGHT HAS GROWN TO SUCH PROPORTIONS THAT VIMAL -- WHO IS BACK AGAIN! -- PAUSES TO LET IT SUBSIDE. IT DOESN'T, AND OSHO PICKS UP HIS CLIPBOARD -- THE SIGNAL THAT HE IS GOING TO BEGIN.)

Prem Bhairava, Vimal has forgotten to read your whole question. He himself is in such a trouble that he does not know where to go and what to do.

Again he has done the same thing: now poor Maneesha has a cold! He goes on changing his tactics. Now for two or three days he will be at ease, happy.

He forgot to read the whole question. Underneath the question it says:

P.S. MY BRIEFCASE CHANGED INTO A BACKPACK.

P.P.S. DON'T TAKE THIS QUESTION TOO SERIOUSLY!

But this question, Bhairava, I have been keeping for a few days. I always wait, because everything goes on changing; things may take a different shape within a few days. And they have taken. Now you cannot say to me, "Don't take this question too seriously!" because today I have received another question from you. I knew it was going to come.

So I will read the second question also, and then we will talk seriously about your situation. It is critical.

First, you remind me of a poor Jew. He is walking down the street when he sees a rich funeral procession go by. Black Rolls Royces, lots of flowers, women in fur coats and a

gold-handled oak coffin. He shakes his head and says, "Now, that is what I call living!"

And your question that has come to me today... without it, it would have been absolutely wrong for me to answer your first question. By coincidence, I somehow managed the right time. Today's question is:

BELOVED OSHO,
I AM SO ANGRY, READY TO KILL MY GIRL-ENEMY...

Just in the first question he was saying he does not allow any woman to come close by! And within just two or three days he has made a girl-enemy. Not only that, situations have grown to such extremes that he is so angry he wants to kill the girl-enemy!

SHE BROKE OFF OUR RELATIONSHIP...

In three days! You managed very quickly; you did not even wait for my answer. You were going to become enlightened and you got caught into a relationship. Not only you got caught into a relationship...

SHE BROKE OFF OUR RELATIONSHIP AND STOLE MY MONEY.

From where have you got that money? You were living in a bamboo hut, using a rented bicycle, your suitcase had changed into a backpack... certainly you must have stolen somebody's money. And perhaps that's why you were afraid of women, because you cannot always keep an eye on your backpack -- sometime the woman is going to look into it.

Perhaps it was her money and she was in search of you. One thing is certain, it was not your money, because you don't mention it in the first question at all.

And now she has stolen your money,

... AND IS PLAYING THE DEVOTEE.

LAST WEEK I FELT SO BLESSED TO BE HERE, AND NOW I ONLY FEEL ANGER AND HATRED ABOUT MY EXPERIENCES AND ABOUT MY EX-GIRLFRIEND.

I WAS BITTEN BY A STRAY DOG, AND CUT MY FINGER BADLY. I FEEL LOTS OF TEARS COMING UP, I CAN'T HANDLE IT ANYMORE.

I AM AFRAID OF BEING A PHONY SANNYASIN, A DANGEROUS LION IN A SHEEPSKIN. AND I LOVE YOU!

Now Bhairava, your question is so complicated... and the last thing is that you still love me. I also want to bring tears to my eyes, that my lover -- in such a great economic depression, broken relationship with a woman -- has lost all his money. He was already going towards enlightenment on a rented bicycle, and all this happened and everything changed. He wants to kill himself, to kill the girl and perhaps deeply he wants to kill me! Because unless you want to kill me, you don't love.

Love is really the beginning of a dangerous relationship in which some accident is going to happen. Either you kill yourself or you kill the other, but some murder, some massacre is ahead.

And this love is such a thing that you don't even need my permission. You don't even ask me -- without even asking me, "Can I love you? Can I be also an enemy to you?" When you had enough money, you never said, "I love you." When the money is also gone and you cannot even rent a bicycle and enlightenment seems to be so far away... so now you have decided to love me!

And you are in an absolute delusion because you say, "I am afraid of being a phony sannyasin." Are you American? If you are American, you cannot be anything other than a phony sannyasin. A phony sannyasin simply means a sannyasin with a telephone. It is

nothing to be worried about.

I know about people who have only phones, without any connections -- just to show that they are doing great business. I used to have a friend... one day I saw that he was phoning somebody, I stopped my car, I entered into his shop and he was talking; he was saying, "No, right now it will not be possible for me to come. I am waiting for somebody."

I said, "Great! From where did you get the telephone?" And just behind me came the man from the telephone company and he said, "I have come to connect the telephone."

I said, "To whom were you talking? The telephone is not connected yet -- just without a connection you were pretending, to convince me that you have a telephone."

There is nothing wrong in being a phony sannyasin. That means you have a telephone. But I am worried that in a bamboo hut... is the telephone connected or have you just got it from some junkie? There are junkie people around -- there are markets where junk is available and you can get telephones. And I am worried -- what were you doing with the telephone? With a rented bicycle... who was going to telephone you?

And then you say, "It seems I am a dangerous lion in a sheepskin." Both things cannot be together: either you can be a lion... you can be hiding yourself in a sheepskin, but it has never been heard of. Just vice versa has always been heard, that sheep hide behind a lion's skin. But they are not dangerous. You are doing a great, stupid, but unique thing: a lion hiding behind a sheepskin! It has never been heard of down the corridors of history.

And still you think you are dangerous -- then why the sheepskin? Are you afraid? Certainly you must be, because a stray dog bites you and you cannot do anything. Even a sheep would have done something -- and you are a dangerous lion!

And lions don't have fingers to cut. They don't use fingers for cutting; for cutting, they use teeth. Are you a toothless lion, ancient and old? You are in such a mess...

Obviously you cannot handle it anymore. That's why you have started loving me. Now I have to handle it.

Don't be worried, I will find some girl-enemy for you. How many girl-enemies do you want? One dozen will do? because here we think in dozens. It is a wholesale market, it is not a little shop.

But you don't have money, you have only a rented bamboo hut, and now you cannot even rent a bicycle. What will you do with a woman? And just a few days before, I have told you, "Drop this idea of `girlfriend'." Still you did not listen, and now when the money is gone, understanding has come. Now you don't call it girlfriend, now you have started calling it girl-enemy.

In fact, you must be aware that the girl must have loved your backpack, not you, so when she found time she stole the money. In a way, she has helped you. Now you will have to walk to enlightenment -- a good exercise, fresh air, and nobody to phone you nor anybody for you to phone. No need even to pay the rent of a bamboo hut. You are now totally free.

This is what is called freedom: nowhere to go... and without money, no woman is going to look at you. This is real blessedness! But you...

You are saying, "Last week I felt so blessed." Because of the girl-enemy! And now she has taken the money and gone her way towards somebody else who has a real phone connection, and at least a second-hand old car. Who is going to bother with you? There seems to be no reason. Now you can be *absolutely* blessed. No woman will disturb you.

It is the strange mind of man, that most are worried that they are not becoming enlightened because of the woman -- she goes on creating trouble and they cannot become enlightened. Now the woman has gone with the money. Now there is nothing to worry and fear: you can keep your bamboo hut's door open, day and night, whether you are there or not. You are certainly one of the freest men in the world. Just a little walking, that is all, and you will be enlightened.

And now you know that it is not so easy to tell me, "Don't take this question too seriously!" It was good when the money was in the bag, but now I have to take it seriously.

In fact, your life is a beautiful progression towards enlightenment; step by step you are going in the right direction.

You say, "BELOVED OSHO, WHEN YOU INITIATED ME EIGHT YEARS AGO, I HAD MY OWN BUSINESS, A GREAT CAR, A NICE APARTMENT AND ALWAYS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AROUND." This is what all the awakened ones have called the bondage, the *samsar*. You were too much in the mud; then by and by everything disappeared. That's why the awakened people have called this world a dream. Now -- no apartment, no beautiful great car, no business....

You say, "I DRESSED MYSELF IN A THREE-PIECE BUSINESS UNIFORM COMPLETE WITH BRIEFCASE. NOW I LIVE IN A BAMBOO HUT." Great! God is merciful! "I DRIVE A RENTED BIKE..." The only problem is whether you can pay the rent or not. The money is gone -- how long is the rented bike going to be with you? These rented bikes are like rented women, there is no difference. Most probably, the woman must have taken the rented bike also. She has left you absolutely in a state of renunciation.

That's what all the great saints have been teaching, but you don't listen -- "Disown the world and the worldly things because these are the barriers; otherwise you are enlightened." Now you have nothing to lose. You can be enlightened!

Enlightenment is not happening to people because they are worried: if they become enlightened, what about the phone? If they become enlightened, what about the apartment? If they become enlightened, what about the woman around? Their enlightenment will disperse everything. So they go on postponing enlightenment.

Bhairava, now you don't have to postpone for a single moment.

You say, "I dress myself in a Nehru shirt and strange cotton pants." That is the only barrier it seems. Somebody has to steal your cotton pants and Nehru shirt; only then will you learn the lesson that this world is not worth living. Then you will think that except enlightenment nothing else is left.

Because enlightenment need not to be purchased, and you cannot get it on rent. It needs no money. It does not matter where you live, in a bamboo hut or in a marble palace. It does not matter whether you are a well-dressed man or just looking a beggar, Nehru shirt and cotton pants. Only these two things have remained. Either somebody will help and take them away... mostly, beware of women.

But it seems you don't want me to take your question seriously.

You say, "Very rarely..." Three days before you have written something else: "Very rarely do I allow a woman to come close anymore."

Have you remembered from your childhood Aesop's fable? A fox is trying to catch ripe grapes, hanging above his head -- but his reach is not high enough; he jumps again and again and falls back. Just a few inches above are such juicy grapes... he looks all around to see: "Is there anybody looking?" Seeing that nobody is looking he tries one time more, but again falls

back. And at that moment, from a small bush, a rabbit asks him, "Uncle, what is the matter?" Now with great anger he says, "What is the matter? The grapes are not ripe yet."

You say, "I do not allow a woman to come close anymore." In your situation, with a rented bike, living in a bamboo hut, cotton pants... I don't think any woman will even try to pass through that side. But you are enjoying the feeling that "I don't allow." As if you can prevent any woman! You are waiting eagerly, sitting by the side of your phone: "If some ripe grape comes by itself, without bothering whether in my bag there is money or not..."

But women are very intuitive. They may not have great intellects, but as far as intuition is concerned they can see the man and count the notes, how much is in his pocket. I don't think any woman will come by herself close to you. You don't be worried about it.

As far as your question, "Am I on the right track to enlightenment?" In fact, there is no other way. You *have* to be enlightened, all other ways are closed. That phone is useless, the bike has to be given back... and I suspect whether those pants are yours.

You just renounce the world. Now there is nothing *except* enlightenment left for you. There is no need to ask whether you are on the right track -- you are absolutely on the right track, from the very beginning: losing the business, the great car, the nice apartment, beautiful women, great clothes... This world has come to an end. Now take the jump and declare your enlightenment. Even if there is nobody, take up the phone -- although it is disconnected -- and declare that "I am enlightened." It does not matter whether anybody listens or not.

And you need not even declare -- you simply understand that you *are* enlightened. In fact, even when you were otherwise, you were *always* enlightened. Just because you were too much concerned about the woman, about the money, about the car and about the apartment and about the dress, you could not remember your enlightenment. Now there is nothing left: sit silently and enjoy. Enjoy that there is no hindrance left.

Even if by chance some hindrance comes by... because here not only you have a rented bike; a few women also have rented bikes. And they go on wheeling around, finding some proper victim. And you are certainly a proper victim.

If you have saved your Nehru shirt, some woman is going to come. It is better you renounce that shirt. And when you don't have anything, standing naked inside your bamboo hut -- not outside; in Poona, they don't allow outside enlightenment. Inside enlightenment!

You are in such a good condition:

NOTHING IS LEFT, EXCEPT MY LOVE.

I will not prevent you. You can love me and you can become enlightened. My love will not come as a barrier. In fact, my love will give a good push so that you can jump into the eternal, never to come back again.

That's what enlightenment is:

Searching a place from where you can jump into eternity never to return again. That's why you never find Gautam Buddha, Mahavira, Jesus, Zarathustra... otherwise in every place you would have found enlightened people moving. Once they have jumped -- jumped forever. It is an abysmal, eternal, no-return state of affairs.

So don't cling to your Nehru shirt and the cotton pants. Just for these two things, don't lose your enlightenment!

Life has been very compassionate to you. You can give your cotton pants and Nehru shirt to Vimal. He will need them -- for a few days more, before he becomes enlightened. He is on the right track too.

Somebody told me just on the way that "Vimal is trying to ask some woman for clothes,

so he can appear like a woman." Because I don't look very much at who is speaking. He has been very much worried -- this Maneesha has been a torture to him, and she goes on again and again. Either this side or that side -- the period comes, the migraine comes, now the cold, and nobody knows what else is in the future. And the whole responsibility goes on poor Vimal. Just give your pants and Nehru shirt to him and tell him, "Dear fellow, use it -- I am going." You are on the right track; he will follow you.

Bhairava, you are a real sannyasin. Life has made you a real sannyasin. Whatever you had saved in your bag, that too, life has taken away. Life comes in many forms, in many ways -- particularly as a woman. Because if life comes as a man, you will clutch your bag tightly in your hand: a man is coming. If a woman comes and says, "Darling" -- finished, your bag is gone.

And in this place, in my world of people, nobody believes in individual property. Whoever can manage to take it, takes it. Here exists communism in the proper form. I receive letters every day, that "Somebody has taken away my coat. Somebody has taken away my blanket and is not returning it, and he says 'I feel more cold than you feel.' " This is a strange logic, but I think it is very relevant. The blanket should belong to the one who feels too cold. It doesn't matter that you have paid for it. Here, nobody at all is concerned about private property.

That's why we don't discuss about communism; it exists already. It does not exist in the Soviet Union, it exists here!

You can see people wearing somebody's clothes... now Niskriya is sitting in front of me, wearing the Chinaman's shirt. Now the Chinaman's cap is gone, and the Chinaman is sitting by his side without his cap. His cap must be traveling around -- that cap I have seen on many people's heads. In fact, finally it reached to me! I said, "Pass it on." I don't know how it reached Niskriya but it has come to me too. It is only one cap, and somebody must be wearing it -- or maybe it is traveling.

Everybody is happy here, enjoying everybody else's property. You can live your whole life joyfully, without doing a thing: just keep your hands in somebody else's pockets. You can look at me! I don't have pockets at all, for the simple reason so that nobody unnecessarily becomes interested in my pockets. I have only hands -- you can have pockets! And just for two hands, so many pockets....

This is true communism. So you can take the final step, Bhairava. There is no reason to wait. Just before you take the jump, let me finish the prayer today.

When Herman the male gorilla dies, the zookeeper tries to find a new partner for Griselda, the female gorilla. Griselda's mating season is almost finished and the zookeeper is very worried about finding a suitable replacement.

Walking home that evening he sees Luigi, an Italian construction worker, without his shirt on. Luigi's body is covered with hair. "How would you like to make an easy thousand dollars?" asks the zookeeper.

"Who do you want-a killed?" asks Luigi suspiciously.

"No one, no one," explains the zookeeper, "you just have to make love with a gorilla in the zoo."

Luigi hesitates but then he decides to go to the zoo to be introduced to Griselda. "Okay," says Luigi, "I do it on three conditions."

"Great," says the zookeeper. "Name them."

"One," says Luigi: "I only do-a once."

"Fine," agrees the zookeeper.

"Two," says Luigi: "I no kiss-a her."

"No problem," says the zookeeper.

"And three," says Luigi: "If there are kids, they must-a be brought up Catholic."

Kowalski stops his convertible car at the red light, and a motorcycle cop pulls up alongside. The cop looks over and sees that Kowalski's back seat is full of penguins wearing little sunglasses.

"Okay, wise guy," says the cop, "take those penguins to the zoo and don't ever let me catch you trying to pull a stunt like this again. Next time, I will arrest you."

Frightened by this, Kowalski immediately takes off towards the zoo. Later that evening, the same policeman notices Kowalski driving along in his car and sure enough, the back seat is full of penguins. Only this time, the penguins are all wearing little black bow ties.

"Okay, buddy," snarls the cop after he has stopped the car, "what is the big idea? I told you to take these penguins to the zoo or I would arrest you."

"But officer," gasps Kowalski, "we went to the zoo."

"Well," snaps the cop, "so?"

Kowalski explains, "So tonight we are going to the theatre."

Mabel, the young office girl, is walking along the beach in despair. She is flat-chested and gets really upset watching all the other big-breasted girls attracting all the handsome men on the beach.

As she walks along, her foot kicks a small glass bottle lying in the sand. She picks it up and pulls out the cork. There is a flash of light and out pops a genie.

"Who are you?" gasps a frightened Mabel.

"I am the genie of the glass bottle," replies the apparition, "and for your kindness in releasing me, I will grant you any wish!"

"That's great!" shouts Mabel. "I would like the two biggest boobs in the world!"

The genie waves his hand, and Poof!

There stand Ronald Reagan and Pope the Polack.

Before our let-go, two minutes have to be given to total silence, as if everybody is frozen. No movement...

Just gather your energy within yourself...

Now relax -- let go.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #18

Chapter title: Love the only freedom from attachment

6 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

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Just read!

BELOVED OSHO,
MIRDAD SAYS,
"LOVE IS THE ONLY FREEDOM FROM ATTACHMENT. WHEN YOU LOVE EVERYTHING YOU ARE ATTACHED TO NOTHING."
AND LATER ON:
"MAN MADE PRISONER BY THE LOVE OF A WOMAN AND WOMAN MADE PRISONER BY THE LOVE OF A MAN ARE EQUALLY UNFIT FOR FREEDOM'S PRECIOUS CROWN. BUT MAN AND WOMAN MADE AS ONE BY LOVE, INSEPARABLE, INDISTINGUISHABLE, ARE VERILY ENTITLED TO THE PRIZE."
WOULD YOU LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THIS?
AND ALSO ABOUT SEX AND RELATIONSHIPS, AND IF THEY MATTER IN THE SPIRITUAL GROWTH? I ASK THIS QUESTION, BECAUSE I HAVE NEVER EXPERIENCED THIS EXCEPT ONCE THREE YEARS AGO, AND EVERYBODY IS EVEN GOING BEYOND IT. THIS IS WHAT BOTHERS ME THE MOST. I DON'T WANT TO GET STUCK HERE. DOES EXPERIENCING SEX DEEPLY MAKE IT EASIER TO MEDITATE?
BELOVED OSHO, I AM A BIT EMBARRASSED TO ASK THIS QUESTION, BUT IT WOULDN'T GO AWAY.

Devapria, the BOOK OF MIRDAD is my most loved book. Mirdad is a fictitious figure, but each statement and act of Mirdad is tremendously important. It should not be read as a novel, it should be read as a holy scripture -- perhaps the only holy scripture.

And you can see in this statement just a glimpse of Mirdad's insight, awareness, understanding. He is saying, LOVE IS THE ONLY FREEDOM FROM ATTACHMENT... and you have always heard that love is the only attachment. All the religions agree on that point, that love is the only attachment.

I agree with Mirdad:

LOVE IS THE ONLY FREEDOM FROM ATTACHMENT. WHEN YOU LOVE EVERYTHING YOU ARE ATTACHED TO NOTHING.

In fact one has to understand the very phenomenon of attachment. Why do you cling to

something? Because you are afraid you will lose it. Perhaps somebody may steal it. Your fear is that what is available to you today may not be available to you tomorrow.

Who knows about what is going to happen tomorrow? The woman you love or the man you love -- either movement is possible: you may come closer, you may become distant. You may become again strangers or you may become so one with each other that even to say that you are two will not be right; of course there are two bodies but the heart is one, and the song of the heart is one, and the ecstasy surrounds you both like a cloud. You disappear in that ecstasy: you are not you, I am not I. Love becomes so total, love is so great and overwhelming, that you cannot remain yourself; you have to drown yourself and disappear.

In that disappearance who is going to be attached, and with whom? Everything *is*. When love blossoms in its totality, everything simply is. The fear of tomorrow does not arise; hence there is no question of attachment, clinging, marriage, of any kind of contract, bondage.

What are your marriages except business contracts? "We commit to each other before a magistrate" -- you are insulting love! You are following law, which is the lowest thing in existence and the ugliest. When you bring love to the court you are committing a crime that cannot be forgiven. You make a commitment before a magistrate in a court that "We want to be married and we will remain married. It is our promise, given to the law: we will not separate and we will not deceive each other." Do you think this is not a great insult of love? Are not you putting law above love?

I am a lawless man; that's why two dozen countries are against me, although I have never committed any crime. But I don't believe in any law either.

I love -- there is no need for any law.

Law is for those who do not know how to love.

Law is for the blind, not for those who have eyes. Law is for those who have forgotten the language of the heart and only know the language of the mind.

Mirdad's statement is of such great value that it should be deeply understood -- not only intellectually, not only emotionally, but in your totality. Your whole being should drink it:

LOVE IS THE ONLY FREEDOM FROM ATTACHMENT.

... Because when you love you cannot even think of anything else.

WHEN YOU LOVE EVERYTHING YOU ARE ATTACHED TO NOTHING. Each moment comes with new splendor, new glory, new songs; each moment brings new dances to dance. Perhaps partners may change, but love remains.

Attachment is the desire that the partner should never change. For that you have to commit to the court, to the society -- all stupid formalities. And if you go against those formalities you will lose all respect and honor in the eyes of the people amongst whom you have to live.

Love knows nothing of attachment because love knows no possibility of falling from dignity. It is the very honor itself, the very respectability itself; you cannot do anything against it. I am not saying that partners cannot change, but that it does not matter: if partners change but love remains like a river, flowing, then in fact the world will have much more love than it has today.

Today it is just like a tap -- drip, drip, drip. It is not able to quench anybody's thirst. Love needs to be oceanic, not the drip, drip of a public tap. And all marriages are public.

Love is universal. Love does not invite only a few people to celebrate, love invites the stars and the suns and the flowers and the birds; the whole existence is welcome to celebrate.

Love does not need anything else -- a night full of stars, what more can you ask for? Just a few friends... and the whole universe is friendly. I have never come across a tree who was

against me. I have been to many mountains, but I have never found any mountain antagonistic. The whole existence is very friendly.

Once your own understanding of love blossoms there is no question of attachment at all. You can go on changing your partners, that does not mean you are deserting anybody. You may come back again to the same partner, there is no question of any prejudice.

Man should understand himself just like a child playing on the sea beach, collecting sea shells, colored stones, and immensely enjoying, as if he has found a great treasure. If a man can enjoy small things of life, can live in freedom and can allow others to live in freedom, this whole world can become a totally different kind of world. Then it will have a quality of beauty, grace; it will have great luminosity, every heart on fire.

But as the world is, you look at people, their fire... Now, Devapria's fire once burned three years ago. Now it is not certain whether it burned or she imagined it -- because if it burned three years before, what have you been doing for three years? Once you know the fire, the flames go on growing. Flames of love grow just like trees grow; flames of love bring flowers and fruits just as trees bring.

But what you think is love is not love. That's why such strange experiences happen. Three years ago somebody must have said to you, "How beautiful you look! I love you so much, there is no woman like you in the whole universe." And you never objected that "You have no right to say such things, because you don't know all the women of the whole universe." When such beautiful things are said, one forgets completely the irrationality of them.

And you have not asked the person who said to you, "I love you" -- "What is love? do you know, or without knowing what love is have you started loving? What are your reasons?" That man would have looked very weird and would have tried to escape as soon as possible, because lovers don't think that when you say to somebody, "Sweetheart" you will have to give explanations: "What do you mean by it? Have you ever eaten a heart -- `sweetheart'? What do you mean by it? Do you think I am a delicious sweet, some beautiful, eatable thing?"

People in love say to each other, "I want to eat you," and nobody objects -- are you a cannibal or something?

These things people learn from films, from novels -- all these dialogues and they don't mean anything. They simply mean, "Just come to the bed!" But because we are civilized people, without making some introductory remarks, a little preface, you cannot say directly to someone, "Let us go to the bed." She will run to the police station to report, "This man is saying something very ugly to me."

No... but if you go in a civilized way, offer some ice cream first -- that cools the heart -- bring some roses, talk some sweet nothings... and then both understand that finally it has to end up in a morning hangover, a headache, a migraine, and in the morning both will look awkwardly at each other: what were they doing in the bed? One will hide behind the newspaper, as if he is really reading it, and the other will start preparing the tea or coffee, just somehow to forget what happened.

Something like this must have happened, Devapria, three years ago. My god, what have you been doing for three years? Just vegetating! You should have given headaches to hundreds of people in three years -- you would have put many people on the track of enlightenment. Without women, nobody can move towards enlightenment.

They say that behind every great man there is a woman. May be or may not be, but behind every enlightened man there are hundreds of women; one will not do. Enlightenment is not so cheap.

In three years you could have done so much service to the universe... what are you doing?
And you are reading people like Mirdad!

And later on Mirdad says:

MAN MADE PRISONER BY THE LOVE OF A WOMAN AND WOMAN MADE PRISONER BY THE LOVE OF A MAN ARE EQUALLY UNFIT FOR FREEDOM'S PRECIOUS CROWN.

The moment love becomes attachment, love becomes a relationship... the moment love becomes demanding, it is a prison. It has destroyed the freedom; you cannot fly in the sky, you are encaged. And one wonders... particularly I wonder myself.

People wonder about *me*, what I go on doing alone in my room. And I wonder about *them* -- what do these two people go on doing together? Alone I am at least at ease. If somebody else is there, there is trouble; something is going to happen. If the other is there the silence cannot remain: the other is going to ask something, say something, do something, force you to do something. Moreover if the same person goes on continuously, day after day....

The man who invented the double bed was one of the greatest enemies of humanity. Even in the bed, no freedom! You cannot move; the other is by the side. And mostly the other takes most of the space. If you can manage a small space you are fortunate -- and remember, the other goes on growing.

It is a very strange world, where women go on growing and men go on shrinking. And the whole fault is of the man: he makes those women grow fatter, pregnant; more trouble is ahead. Once you put two persons together, a male and a female, soon the third will arrive. If it does not arrive the neighbors become anxious: "What is the matter? why is the child not coming?"

I have lived with many people, in many places. I was surprised -- why are people so much anxious to create trouble for other people? If somebody is unmarried they are worried: "Why don't you get married?" -- as if marriage is some universal law that has to be followed.

Tortured by everybody, one thinks it is better to get married -- at least these people will stop torturing. But you are wrong: once you get married they start asking, "When is the child coming?"

Now, this is a very difficult problem. It is not in your hands: the child may come, may not come -- and will come in its own time. But the people will harass you that a childless life... a home is not a home without a child. It is true -- because a home seems to be a silent temple without a child; with a child, the home seems to be a madhouse! And with many children, troubles go on multiplying.

I am sitting, silent in my room my whole life. I am not bothering anybody, I have never asked anybody, "Why are you not married, why have you not produced a child?" Because I don't think that it is civilized to ask such questions, such queries; it is interfering in somebody's freedom.

In my university, every professor... and I had to go to many colleges, because I was being expelled from this college, from that college. My expulsion was absolutely necessary. And I don't blame them, the fault was always mine, but my faults were so innocent that they felt, "This is true that you have not committed any crime, but your presence is disturbing."

I said, "This is very difficult. If I am sitting alone, then my aloneness is disturbing to my family -- 'Why you are sitting alone?' Are these questions to be asked?"

I never liked buttons on my shirt -- now this was the trouble. In one college, one professor was adamant that "If you don't put buttons on your shirt I will not allow you in the class."

I said, "This won't do."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "You will have to physically prevent me." He said, "You want to fight with me?"

I said, "Yes."

The professor said, "Have you come here to study or to harass me?"

I said, "Study can be done later on -- fight first! And I will sit in the class without buttons, because there is no law of the university that tells you that you have to use buttons. You should think yourself fortunate that I am wearing the shirt! Even that cannot be prevented constitutionally."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "It is clear -- I can even come naked."

He said, "This is a very difficult thing. It is better you come without buttons, because if you come naked it will create trouble. There are girls and there are other students..."

I said, "If next time you even mention my buttons I am going to drop the clothes, then and there."

He said, "No, don't do that! You can sit down."

But he was obviously puzzled, as I am puzzled looking at Vimal's situation. Now the poor fellow is wearing a cap to deceive me. He must be thinking that perhaps I will think somebody else is there. He was even using glasses -- and he cannot read with the glasses on, that's why I had asked him to take off the glasses.

And this shirt, and this cotton pajama... This seems to belong to that fellow who lives in the bamboo hut! Perhaps he forgot to mention about the Gandhi cap -- Gandhi cap, Nehru shirt... and the pajama certainly belongs to someone else because I have never seen Vimal in such a situation. He is praying day and night -- but Maneesha is also very stubborn. Now she will prolong her cold one knows not how long and poor Vimal is going to suffer every day....

That was the situation of the professor. I would show him my shirt. He would be teaching, and then he would look at me and forget what he was teaching!

He said to me, "Please, you should not wave your shirt without buttons, because I forget... I am an old man, my memory is not very good."

I said, "If you like I can try the shirt in a different way."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "I can turn the front to the back. It won't hurt anybody." And I turned my shirt around there in the class.

He said, "What are you doing? That will disturb me more!"

I said, "I am trying as much as I can to help you! I can even drop this shirt completely."

He said, "No!" He informed the principal that, "I have got a very troublesome student and in fact there is nothing to say against him, because there is no law that you should have buttons on your shirt. There is no law even that you should not wear your shirt backside front. So he is perfectly rational, but it creates a strange feeling within me. I forget to teach what I was teaching. I start again and as I look at him... and he sits just in front of me!"

He asked me, "It will be very kind of you if you can sit just at the back."

I said, "There is no problem, I can sit anywhere, but I will remain in your attention."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "I will keep one of my hands up. There is no law against it, it is my own hand. I am not raising anybody else's hand."

He said, "It seems either I have to resign or you have to be expelled."

I said, "It will be easier for me to be expelled, because this is routine. I have been to many colleges."

Just as I went around the world and every country refused me, I went around all the colleges -- and the city had twenty colleges -- and every college was simply closed.

Slowly the news reached everybody, that "He is not dangerous, he does not do anything that you can call a crime or something punishable, but he will do something very innocent and can create so much disturbance!"

People go on living with their wives, with their children, and because the presence of every new member that enters your family is going to disturb many things, you automatically become less and less sensitive. You hear less, you see less, you smell less, you taste less.

You will be surprised that you are not using all your senses in their intensity. That's why when somebody falls in love for the first time you can see, his face glows; you can see, his walk has a new freshness, a dance in it; you can see, his tie is rightly tied, his clothes are well pressed. Something has happened.

But it does not last long. Within a week or two the same boredom settles; you see the dust has started gathering again. The light is gone; again he is dragging, not dancing. Flowers are still flowering, but he does not see any beauty. Stars go on provoking him, but he does not look at the sky.

There are millions of people who have never looked upwards; their eyes are glued on the earth as if they are afraid that some star will fall on them. There are very few people who would like to sleep under the sky with all the stars -- the fear of vastness, aloneness, darkness. It is good in the bamboo hut with a girl-enemy and if God is willing the girl-enemy will go on changing. But mostly God is not interested and you become rusted. He is not interested and you become rusted, the same girl and the same boy...

For three years! And life is not very long. Your remaining without any experience of love is indicative of an understanding that the first love has been bitter and the taste is still on your tongue. It has been an imprisonment. Millions of people go on, deep down feeling that if they had remained alone, if they had never bothered about love and marriage... but now nothing can be done. You cannot go back; you cannot be a bachelor again.

In fact you may have become so much accustomed of the prison that you cannot leave the prison. It is a kind of safety; it is cozy, although miserable. The blanket is rotten, but the double bed -- at least you are not alone in your misery, somebody is sharing it. The fact is, somebody is creating it for you and you are creating it for him or her.

People have become so desperate that now there are countries where they have allowed men to marry men. A few countries have allowed women to marry women. Just today there was news that one court in Canada has refused a lesbian marriage on the grounds that "Unless you can produce a child, we cannot accept you as a couple."

Strange definition, because that means... there are many couples, man-woman couples, who have not produced children. According to this wise guy they cannot be called couples.

But why is this happening -- that men should marry men? Homosexuals, lesbians, women should marry women -- why? A certain boredom, a long, long, centuries-old boredom is erupting. Men and women are becoming aware of the fact that their togetherness is always a trouble, misery. It is not without reason that homosexuals are called gay people, because they are the only people who seem to be laughing, enjoying. Homosexuals' wives don't have

periods, do not throw tantrums, do not become pregnant and the hospital and the surgery and there is no end to the trouble. There is no worry; it seems to be lighter.

And the man cannot understand the woman because they have different centers of understanding. The woman from the heart, the man from the mind -- they run like parallel railway lines, together but never meeting. Very close, but never close enough. But two men find it easier to understand each other. In fact two men together can discuss intellectual, philosophical, theological things. You cannot discuss philosophy with a woman. She is interested in the groceries, "and you are talking unnecessary things. Philosophy? Are you going to eat philosophy? What is the worry about whether there is a God or not, it is none of your concern. You should do your thing, polish your shoes, clean the room." Their interests are different.

Two men living together will discuss great things and the room remains dirty. Both once in a while think, "Somebody should come and clean the room." But they become accustomed to it, it feels perfect to them. Just a little bit of dust here and there, the clothes are not so fresh and clean, but these are small things. The real problem is how many solar systems there are. Is there, on any planet in any solar system, human life? These are real things, not the room -- who cares about it?

Two women together find it very good -- perfect communication. They can have a dialogue about jewelry, about clothes, about the movies. They are simple things about which there is no dispute, just appreciation.

This phenomenon has started only in this past half of the twentieth century. It had never even been conceived of by anybody that a man would ask to be married to another man -- just the whole thing seems to be so dirty. That two women should want to be married to each other -- what are they going to do? Just wastage, a sheer wastage of two beautiful women who could have made many people enlightened.

And these gay people... I have never heard of a single gay person becoming enlightened. They have reached to very great intellectual heights, but still they have not become enlightened.

For example Socrates was a homosexual. Nobody wants to talk about his homosexuality. And that was one of the reasons that although intellectually he reached great heights, he could not become enlightened. Although he had every possibility -- in fact more possibility than any other enlightened man like Gautam Buddha.

Gautam Buddha had one of the most beautiful women, still he became enlightened. And Socrates had a woman, a monster, just repeat her name and you will start trembling: Xanthippe. And she used to beat Socrates; she burned Socrates' face by pouring hot tea water on him. Still, because he was a homosexual... otherwise this was such a good chance to move towards enlightenment. Rather than becoming enlightened he must have gone to his boyfriend.

This situation is absolutely intolerable. And some basic changes in human understanding have become absolutely necessary.

Love should not be a prison if you want man and woman to be in love in the future. Love should give more freedom than aloneness can give. Love should create for you better possibilities of growth, of inquiries into your spirituality; love should help in creating more meditative states.

Unless this happens the future is going to face -- we are already facing in many countries, particularly the rich countries -- the problem. The men are no longer interested in women,

because they don't want so much trouble. They don't want to talk about what is called "small talk." And their women are absolutely concerned about it: "The neighbor has purchased a new car -- now do you want to change the neighborhood or to purchase a new car?" Something has to be done. It is an existential question, life and death depends on it. Now find another neighborhood, where nobody has a better car than you have.

In America they even have names of neighborhoods -- that is a Chevrolet neighborhood, this is a Mercedes neighborhood, these are Cadillac people.

The women are looking every day for hours in catalogues. That is an American phenomenon. It has not yet spread around the world, but it is spreading. Their whole life is dependent on the catalogues, which go on continuously coming -- about cars, about bed sheets, about sauce pans, about every nonsense, and they will get so much excited.

Look at Avirbhava! She is one of the greatest shoppers, continuously reading catalogues. She even brings things for me, it is not that... she is very generous, but shopping is absolutely necessary. Just now she was going for shopping to Singapore. I have prevented her. To Singapore! Now Poona is not much -- where will you go for shopping? But she must have made arrangements with Kaveesha, because Kaveesha is going -- "Look for these things..." I know what goes on happening in people's minds. She must have chosen some things for me as a bribe.

But if this situation continues, then men and women will become more and more separate. Their concerns are separate, their bank balances are separate, their clubs are separate. They don't know how to talk with each other. When a man sits with a woman, silence prevails.

In the ancient days, if you wanted to be silent you had to go away from the woman. That situation has changed. Now, just sit with your wife and you will be as silent as you can. More silent than that you cannot be, even in the Himalayas. In front of your wife, suddenly you forget that there is anything to say. You have said it many times; whatever she wanted to say she has said thousands of times.

So wife and husband sit silently. They could have used this situation for meditation. But they are not using it for that, they are using it for gathering more anger, rage, and they are waiting to burst upon each other, just a chance. Even this much is enough for the woman to say, "Why are you sitting silently? When you go outside you talk with everybody and inside you sit silently. What is the matter with you?"

Now what can you say? Open your mouth and your bank balance is attacked. Just show a little sign of lovingness, friendliness, and your pocket is cut, because the woman is already reading her catalogue. Whenever your wife is in her bathroom, just look in the catalogue and you will find which pages are turned down, and then remember God.

But these things are going to happen. The only literature that women read is catalogues -- who bothers about old Shakespeare, and all those days that are gone? If you want to talk about Gautam Buddha or Lao Tzu or Chuang Tzu the woman will say, "Stop, don't dig up graves. Those people are dead. Those who are gone, are gone. Say something about real people -- what is happening to the neighbors? The wife is trying to escape and you are not aware at all. And your friend -- that neighbor, your friend -- knows nothing of what is happening underneath. That chauffeur one day is going to take his wife, I declare."

Now these great things... man has become tired. Woman has become more and more interested, because she has become more and more educated, she can read the catalogues. What is the education for? Do you want her to read Anagoras, Pythagoras, Plato, when everybody else is talking about a film actor, a pop singer? Real things are happening and you

are reading Anagoras. Anagoras committed suicide twenty-five centuries before. He himself was not interested in his life and *you* are interested?

BUT MAN AND WOMAN MADE AS ONE BY LOVE... if this is not going to happen, life in the future will become darker. Even if it survives the world war, it will not be worth living. It will become more and more sad, more and more meaningless.

Except love there is no survival, no savior. But love has to be of the quality that gives freedom, not new chains for you; a love that gives you wings and supports you to fly as high as possible.

MAN AND WOMAN MADE AS ONE BY LOVE, INSEPARABLE, INDISTINGUISHABLE, ARE VERILY ENTITLED TO THE PRIZE.

"Would you like to talk about this and also about sex and relationships and if they matter in the spiritual growth?"

"I ask this question because I have never experienced this except once three years ago and everybody is even going beyond it."

Before I discuss it, one thing I must tell you: all those about whom you say, "everybody is already going beyond it" -- they are simply talking. You can also talk!

Nobody is going beyond it. Even Niskriya is sitting silently -- beyond? What will happen to his camera? But talking is good.

One can go beyond it, but first one should know about it.

Sex is not just a matter of biological reproduction. If that were the case there would be no problem.

Sex is also your energy of creativity. No impotent person in the whole history of man has been a creator, a poet, a painter, a mystic, a dancer, a musician, a scientist -- in no direction, no dimension. Sex is not only the energy of reproducing children, it is also the energy of being creative in many, many ways.

It has not been taken note of and I have been condemned continuously because I say every great man in the world has been more sexual -- oversexual -- than ordinary people. It is because of his oversexuality that he is not satisfied by only creating children. That is not enough. Unless he has created great statues, temples and cathedrals, unless he has painted like Picasso, unless he has written poetry like Rabindranath, his creative energy will kill him. It is too much and too overwhelming, it needs a release.

And these people were not very much interested in women -- not that they were against women, once in a while it was good, but their basic interest was to create something.

If sex is simply creating children, then nobody -- neither Michelangelo nor Leonardo da Vinci nor Van Gogh -- nobody was interested if it was just to create children. Yes, once in a while, just for a change they all loved women -- and not one, but many women -- but that was only a holiday; a holiday from their creativity, the weekend. If you were to tell them to choose between the two they would have chosen their poetry, their music, their dance. They would not have chosen to produce children. Many of them have not produced children. And those who have produced, have not produced children of any great quality; even their names are not remembered. Do you know the names of any of the children of Dostoyevsky, Turgenev, Maxim Gorky, Tolstoy? It was simply on the side, they were not much concerned about it.

But they created great novels which will live as long as man lives on the earth. One simply cannot imagine that there can come a time when Dostoevsky's novels will become out of date -- impossible. They are so far ahead, we are not even contemporaries to them. And

perhaps there will never be anybody who can call himself a contemporary of Dostoyevsky. The novels are of such great beauty that one cannot conceive how a man could create just with words, ordinary words, so much beauty and so much poetry, so much truth! So much joy and so much blissfulness.

This BOOK OF MIRDAD is one of those books which will live eternally, as long as a single human being survives on the earth. But nobody knows... The man who wrote the book is completely forgotten. Mirdad is a fiction, Mirdad is the name of the hero. The man who wrote the book... his name was Mikhail Naimy, but his name does not matter. His book is so great, greater than himself. He himself tried his whole life to create something similar again, but he failed. He has written many other books, but the BOOK OF MIRDAD is the Everest. The others are small hills, hillocks, they don't matter much.

If love is understood as the meeting of two souls -- not just a sexual, biological meeting of male and female hormones -- then love can give you great wings, it can give you great insights into life. And lovers can become for the first time friends. Otherwise they have always been enemies in disguise.

The religions and the so-called saints who have escaped from the world, cowards who cannot face and encounter life, have poisoned the whole idea of love as the only spirituality. They have condemned sex, and with their condemnation of sex they have also condemned love, because people think sex and love are synonymous.

They are not. Sex is a very small part of your biological energy. Love is your whole being, love is your soul. You have to learn that sex is simply a need of the society, of the race, to continue itself. You can participate if you want, but you cannot avoid love. The moment you avoid love all your creativity dies and all your senses become insensitive; great dust gathers around you. You become the living dead.

Yes, you breathe and you eat and you talk and you go to the office every day till death comes and releases you from the boredom that you were carrying your whole life. If sex is all that you have then you don't have anything; then you are just an instrument of biology, of the universe, to reproduce. You are just a machine, a factory.

But if you can conceive love as your real being, and loving another person as a deep friendship, as a dance of two hearts together with such synchronicity that they become almost one, you don't need any other spirituality. You have found it.

Love leads to the ultimate experience -- called god, called the absolute, called the truth. These are only names. In fact the ultimate has no name; it is nameless, but love leads towards it.

If you think only of sex and never become aware of love, then you are going down the drain. Yes, you will produce children and you will live in misery and you will play cards and you will go to see the movie and you will watch football matches and you will have great experiences of utter futility, boredom, war, and a constant undercurrent of anxiety, called by the existentialists, "angst." But you will never know the real beauty of existence, the real silence and peace of the cosmos.

Love can make it possible.

But remember, love knows no boundaries. Love cannot be jealous, because love cannot possess. It is ugly, the very idea that you possess somebody because you love. You possess somebody -- it means you have killed somebody and turned him into a commodity.

Only things can be possessed. Love gives freedom. Love *is* freedom.

Devapria, now it is time to go beyond it.

Gloria Lovejoy, an ageing Hollywood starlet who has been married eight times, eventually dies. She is buried next to her first husband, Reginald. Two of her old friends are putting flowers on her grave when they notice the inscription, which reads: "Together at last." One of the old ladies says,

"I did not realize Gloria was so fond of Reginald."

"Don't be silly," replies the other, "it is referring to her legs."

When Leo the lion tamer gets mauled by one of his lions, the circus owner advertises for a replacement. Eliza, an attractive young woman, applies for the job and goes with the circus owner and Leo to look at the lions.

The circus owner is reluctant, but finally lets her into the cage with the lions.

Eliza closes the door behind her and proceeds to undress and lie down naked on the floor of the cage.

Immediately two lions race over to her, stop dead, and then start to lick her body all over. The circus owner turns to Leo, who is still nursing his injured arm.

"Hey, Leo, why can't you do that?" he asks.

"I can, I can!" cries Leo. "Just get those two crazy lions out of there!"

Old man Finkelstein, the ancient millionaire, marries a sixteen-year-old girl but is unable to perform sexually. He is so desperate that he goes to see his doctor, who gives him a massive injection of hormones.

"Now look," says the doctor, "every time you want an erection, you have to say `Beep.' And then to make it lie down, you have to say `Beep-beep.' "

"How marvelous!" says Fink.

"Yes, but I must warn you," continues the doctor, "it is only going to work three times before you die."

On his way home, old Fink decides to try it out just once.

"Beep," he says, and immediately he gets an erection.

Thrilled, he says, "Beep-beep" and it lies down again.

At that moment, a little Toyota overtakes his limousine and goes, "Beep" and the car in the opposite lane goes, "Beep-beep." Aware that he has only one time left, the old man tells his chauffeur to go faster. He runs into the house as fast as he can and shouts, "Honey, don't ask any questions. Just take off your clothes and jump into bed!"

The girl does as she is told and old man Finkelstein hurries after her. Just as he climbs into bed, he says, "Beep."

His young wife rolls over and says,

"What is all this `Beep-beep'?"

Now we can do our prayer. Two minutes of absolute silence, and no movement. And when I say, "Let go," then simply allow your body to fall, without any effort on your part. So, begin. Relax...

... Okay, come back.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #19

Chapter title: No "I" no "you" -- just a mirror reflecting

7 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

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BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT EXACTLY IS THIS UNCONSCIOUS MIND WHICH IS ALSO CALLED THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL? IS IT SOMETHING BELONGING TO THE PHYSICAL MONKEY BRAIN? OR IS IT SOMETHING OF THE UNIVERSAL MIND, WHICH I AM ASSUMING IS MY OWN HIGHER MIND?
ALSO, IF IT IS NOT OF THE PHYSICAL BRAIN, THEN IS THIS WHY IT IS A WASTE OF TIME TO ATTEMPT TO END YOUR SUFFERING BY PUTTING A BULLET THROUGH YOUR BRAIN?

Prem Sakino, the question that you have asked implies almost the whole psychology of man. In one way, man is divided into the body, the physiology, and the mind, the psychology. The brain is part of the body; mind is the psychology -- another name of psychology. They both belong to something else -- a deeper and higher consciousness, a universal consciousness. But the state of the mind is very complex; it is almost like a bridge between the soul, the universal, and the body, the individual.

When the body dies the mind continues, as a wavelength of memories, with the conscious soul. It will enter into new bodies; it will gather more experiences, sufferings, joys. And through many lives, mind goes on collecting. Each body allows it to have sufferings or blessings -- but slowly slowly, if it goes again and again into pain, misery, agony, it becomes habitual for the mind that whichever body it may have, it will fall into painful experiences.

The mind also dies one day.

Body dies many times; mind dies only once.

The day mind dies, you enter into the world of immortality, the universal. That's what we call enlightenment.

Until the mind dies, it remains the master; it does not accept being a slave. The moment your innermost being asserts, that very assertion becomes the death of the mind. Hence, meditation is defined as no-mind.

It does not mean that the mind is not there; it simply means the mastery of the mind is no longer there. It can still be used as a vehicle, just like a flute, but the song is not of the flute.

And the flute cannot sing on its own -- the flute is only a passage; it gives way.

A man of no-mind also uses the mind when he speaks, but just like the song of the flute.

One of the most cherished books of Hindus, SHRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA, is very strange in the sense that it is called "the song of the divine." Just its title is so significant; from the very title it means that the words are used not by the mind but by someone who has no mind.

In the East we never developed any psychology. This is one of the most important differences that has grown between East and West. In the East we have developed techniques and methods to go beyond mind; in the West the philosopher, the thinker, has become too much involved in the mechanics of the mind: what is mind?

It is so surprising that for ten thousand years in the East, which has been continuously concerned with the inner search, nobody has bothered about what mind is. If you can drop it, drop it, because all that is real and authentic and true is beyond it. Why waste time with something which is ephemeral?

But the whole of Western psychology is concerned with the ephemeral. The psychologist is concerned with dreams. It is not just symbolic -- he is actually concerned with a bigger dream called the mind. And by trying to look into dreams, the psychologist is trying to figure out the functioning of the mind.

Why does he have to go to the dreams? Why can he not rely upon your waking hours?

Your waking hours are fake. You say things which you don't mean. Perhaps you don't intend to deceive anyone, but your very upbringing is such that you are bound to deceive. Your every gesture is political, is diplomatic. You are trying to influence the other person, you are trying to convert the other person. You are trying, in short, to exploit the other person's gullibility. You are not saying what is true, you are saying what people want to hear.

In each church, in each temple, in each synagogue, all the sermons are simply what people want to hear. They are opium for the people, they are consolations for people. People are in misery, people are in suffering, but this suffering humanity becomes a great marketplace for those who can exploit -- in the name of compassion, in the name of God.

They don't remove your suffering -- they can't remove it, it is beyond their power. But they can console you. They can make you feel at ease with your agony; they can give you a dose of opium so that you can go on living with all the suffering, all the pain, without even bothering about it, without even thinking about it.

Hence, when you say something, it is not reliable. It may be true, it may not be true. The psychologist has to go into your dreams because your dreams have not been polluted by the priests, by the politicians, by the educationists.

They are trying.

They are developing in the Soviet Union and in America both, techniques for teaching people while they are asleep. Once those techniques are refined, man will lose all freedom. Anyway, he is not free -- freedom is only a beautiful word, corresponding to no reality. But a small freedom is there: you can dream your dream without any fear of the neighbors, without any fear of the government, without any fear of anybody -- the parents, the teachers, the vested interests.

Dreaming is the only freedom. It is such a sad statement that I am making, that you have only dreams where you are free. Otherwise, you are not free; your freedom is just a show. Everybody is in chains, but the chains are invisible.

The psychologist has to enter into your dreams so that he can find out who you are. On the surface you are a celibate, a Catholic monk. But do you think in the dreams also you are a

Catholic and a celibate and a monk? Most probably you are just the opposite of what you are pretending to be when you are awake. Your whole wakefulness has been so polluted, so dominated, so conditioned by others that you don't even know that what you are saying is not your own voice. It may be Voice of America or it may be voice of anybody else, but it is not your voice.

Sometimes, watch whatever you say or do: is it authentically yours? Or has somebody put it in your mind just like things are fed to a computer? -- your mother, your father... they were all well-wishers but ignorant, utterly ignorant as far as self-knowledge is concerned. They have made you Christians and Hindus and Mohammedans and communists. And they have created a world which is, as far as consciousness is concerned, absolutely contaminated, divided, a thousand and one discriminations.

But it is only a thin layer. Underneath this thin layer is a vast unconscious. This unconscious is all that has been repressed and not allowed expression.

Everybody can remember hearing the parents say, "Don't say that, never say that! It is against civilization, culture; it is against respectability, honor. Never mention it." And slowly slowly, when again and again it is said, you start pressing it deeper into your being. That which has been repressed in you is your unconscious.

A man like Gautam Buddha has no unconscious. A man who is fully awakened is simply pure consciousness. He does not dream, there is no need for him to dream. He is living his life with all its dangers, risks, the way he wants to live. He is not in any way following anybody against himself.

He is not a hypocrite, a pretender, an actor, repeating like a parrot either what he has been told by religions or by politicians or by other vested interests: "You have to be like this and you have to be like that." Everything... how to sit, how to stand up, how to walk. So many chains and so many locks on your mouth that you cannot say a single word that arises within you, not a single flower that blossoms in your consciousness.

This repressed part of your being creates the unconscious.

You are asking, "What exactly is this unconscious mind which is also called the dark night of the soul?" It is your repressed mind, centuries old, of many lives. Each time you change the body, your unconscious mind becomes bigger because more repressions are added to it.

You will be surprised that you are not at all aware of what is contained within you, in your own house.

A Zen master, one dark night, was sleeping in his small hut. He had only one woolen blanket, but he was awake and he saw a thief entering in. He felt very sorry for the thief because he knew perfectly well that in his house there was nothing; for thirty years he had been searching. But who knows? This man may be able to find something.

So he got up slowly, lit a small candle, and went behind the thief. The thief looked at him, utterly frozen -- "My god, that man I was thinking was either dead or asleep is coming -- naked because he has only one blanket -- with a candle!" Just think of yourself....

But the Zen monk said to the thief, "Don't be worried and don't feel in any way offended. I am a poor man, I have only one blanket. So don't be worried. And in this night, dark night and far away from the village, nobody will know what we are doing here."

The thief said, "What *are* we doing?"

The master said, "The same thing that you are doing!"

The thief said, "You are a strange man. I am a thief; I am looking for something."

He said, "That's what I say! For thirty years I am also looking for something, but in this house there is nothing. So let us make a contract: if we find something, we will divide it."

The thief said, "My god! You are the owner of this house..."

He said, "I am not the owner of this house. Somebody was, but he is dead. I found this hut and seeing that nobody is living here, I started living here thirty years ago. Since then I have been searching -- something must be somewhere; that old man cannot have taken away all the things with him. In fact, in death nobody can take away anything."

The thief said, "The morning is coming close and I have not come here to discuss great matters, death, and whether somebody can take anything beyond death or not. You just please let me go."

The master said, "But what about the search? Have I to search my whole life alone? Won't you give me a hand?"

The thief said, "I pray... just let me get out! If people find me here in the morning, there is bound to be trouble."

That Zen monk said, "There will be no trouble at all, because for thirty years I have been waiting. Nobody comes here. Let us just have a good dialogue, and in the morning we can search better, more light, and maybe we can find something. And we can become partners! If you find something in somebody else's house, half will be mine and half will be yours." He said, "You are a religious man -- are you joking? Are you absolutely mad? Making a contract with a thief... people think you are a saint!"

The monk said, "That is true. People think I am a saint, but I don't have anything other than the blanket. If you don't want to divide the blanket in two parts, you can take it home."

And he gave the blanket to the thief. The thief just could not believe what was happening and he ran out. As he was going out, the monk shouted, "Come back and close the door! And always remember: when somebody gives you something, at least say thank you. Learn manners!"

The thief said, "Thank you," and closed the door. And the monk said, "Remember -- this 'thank you' will help you go a long way."

After two years, the thief was arrested for stealing in some other house, caught red-handed. In the court, the magistrate asked him, "Can you give some reference, anybody who knows you?"

He remembered that poor man, so beautiful and so lovely and so nice. He said, "Yes, I know one Zen monk who lives outside the town."

The magistrate said, "That will do. If that monk -- I know him -- if he can say anything in favor of you, you will be released."

The monk was called and he was asked about the thief. The monk said, "This man is a very beautiful, simple man. One night, by mistake he entered into my house."

The magistrate said, "What do you mean, 'by mistake'?"

"I said 'by mistake' because the doors were open and everybody knows that there is nothing in that hut but me and my blanket. And I offered my blanket to him. He was a guest. He tried not to take it, I had almost to force him. And he is so mannerly that he said to me, 'Thank you, sir' and he closed the door. This man is a very nice man, you should not harass him."

Because that monk said, "You should not harass him," the thief was released. He could not believe it! Neither did he understand that night, nor could he understand the saint's statements in court in his favor. He followed the saint.

The monk said, "Are you coming now?"

He said, "Yes, I am coming now."

He said, "You unnecessarily wasted two years. I was telling you to get into a partnership from the very beginning. You had nothing to lose; I lost my blanket. Now what do you want?"

He said, "Now I want to be in your service, to sit by your side and listen to what you are saying. Now I can see that you are not an ordinary man; that you don't belong to the masses and the crowd, that you are utterly different."

The Zen monk said, "If you can see the difference, then you are accepted. Be my fellow traveler. I was so sad that night when you could not find anything in the house. You had given me so much respect by entering my hut, because who enters poor people's huts? People go to steal in palaces. You raised my status to a king, I was grateful. But I had nothing else to give to you but an old blanket, and when you left I wept because, 'If that man had told me a few days before, I could have collected some things.'

"And sitting on my window sill, I saw the moon in the sky and I wrote a poem. I have not told anybody, but with you I will share it. It is a beautiful poem. It says: My heart weeps, cries, because I could not offer a guest anything worthwhile. If it were in my power, I would have given him the whole moon. But the moon is not in my power."

It is a beautiful piece. Such a man has no unconscious at all. It is pure consciousness.

You are asking, "Is it something belonging to the physical monkey brain?" Ordinarily yes. Ordinarily your mind belongs to your body because it is nothing but the functioning of your brain, which is part of the body. But the whole effort of meditation is to take it away from the body, to take it away from the brain, purify it from all that gives it limitations -- of Hinduism, Mohammedanism, of man, of woman, of all kinds of inferiorities, superiorities. To take it away from all that towards nothingness, towards a silence, towards a peace that passeth understanding... then it is not part of the brain; then it becomes part of the universal consciousness.

That's what you are saying: "Or is it something of the universal mind?" Ordinarily, no. Extraordinarily, yes.

You are saying, "... which I am assuming is my own higher mind." Yes, it is your own higher mind, but there is no you. It is simply pure awareness with no 'I' and with no 'you' -- just a mirror, reflecting.

And finally, you are asking, "If it is not of the physical brain, then is this why it is a waste of time to attempt to end your suffering by putting a bullet through your brain?"

Prem Sakino, it is not only a waste of time putting a bullet through your brain, it is again creating more unconsciousness. By suicide, nobody can become enlightened. By suicide, one is born again more deeply rooted in agony. The agony of suicide follows into the next life, the following life.

So it is certainly a waste of a bullet, and immensely harmful to your future life.

If it were so simple to become enlightened by putting a bullet in the brain, there would have been millions of enlightened people. But enlightenment has to be earned. It has to be deserved.

It is a strange phenomenon because in a sense, it is already yours, and in a sense you have to find it. It is hidden inside your being.

No bullet can reach there, but you can reach.

You can reach just by being silent and more silent. As the silence deepens, you are

coming closer and closer to a light which is your ultimate source of life.

Yes, you will be burned; as an individual entity you will be no more. But as a universal being, as a whole cosmos, you will be.

And that is the only blissful state. Other than that, you never know what bliss is. It is not pleasure; pleasure is not even something like a faraway cousin. You cannot understand bliss by measuring it in terms of pleasure. Pleasure is almost like scratching: it feels good, but after a while it hurts. Because you have scratched too much, blood starts coming. What you call pleasure is nothing but scratching.

Blissfulness has nothing to do with you; blissfulness is your very nature. You simply relax into yourself, to the deepest rock bottom of your being...

And you are light and you are truth, and you are beauty and you are love, and you are all that one can desire. The glory, the splendor of the whole existence is yours.

But you are not there.

BELOVED OSHO,
SINCE I FIRST MET YOU ALMOST TEN YEARS AGO, I COULD NOT DO ANYTHING BUT FOLLOW YOUR STEPS AND BE WITH YOU.
IT FELT LIKE WITHDRAWING FROM THE WORLD TO LEARN TO KNOW MYSELF.
AS I BECAME MORE AWARE OF MYSELF I BECAME MORE SENSITIVE, BUT DETACHED AND COOL.
BELOVED MASTER, AM I BEFOOLING MYSELF, AS I FEEL IT IS NOW TIME FOR ME TO GO AND LEARN WITH THE ARROWSMITH WOMAN IN THE MARKETPLACE...?

Govindo, you need not be fool with any arrowsmith woman. A real woman is sitting in front of me! I offer to introduce you to this woman. You will not find such a woman anywhere in the world; with a small beard, a beautiful mustache... And really looking beautiful!

I wonder, why has Vimal not been using this dress from the very beginning? After I have left, you all have to see her -- I really mean *her*, it is not a mistake -- and rejoice in a real woman.

Where are you going? -- on a rented bicycle, to some arrowsmith woman! Can't you find any woman here? If you cannot find someone to love here, you will not find any-where. Because it is not a question of someone else, it is a question of you.

Are you aware of the implications of love? Are you ready to love? Are you ready to drop your jealousies? Are you ready to share without asking anything in return?

Love is the purest form of friendship, and it is available to very rare people. Others are only scratching each other. They call it love; just scratching each other's skin. They are idiots, and the priests condemn them. They say, "Don't scratch each other's skin; otherwise you will be going into hell. There, the devil will scratch!" Strange: if two persons feel good scratching each other, it should not be anybody else's concern. Soon they will get fed up by themselves.

And who is this arrowsmith woman in the marketplace? You can go, by all means -- but remember you have not yet learned the art of love, because it is another name of meditation.

Paddy is training Dennis, his donkey, for the Irish Donkey Derby.

There is no doubt that Dennis is the fastest donkey in the whole of Ireland. But every time

he races, Dennis slows down to wink at all the lady donkeys.

Govindo -- listen attentively!

Paddy decides that there is only one solution to this problem and he takes Dennis to the vet to be doctored.

A couple of weeks later, Dennis is waiting at the starting gate for the big race. He gazes straight ahead, ignoring all the other donkeys. His head is bent low, his eyes intense. Dennis has only the track on his mind.

The gun goes off and Dennis leaps away from the starting gate, but after a few paces, he stops, turns around and trots dejectedly back.

"For crying out loud!" screams Paddy, "what is wrong?"

"What is wrong?" snorts Dennis, "How do you think I felt when I jumped out from the start and some wise guy announced over the loudspeaker: 'They're off!'"

Govindo, avoid the marketplace a little longer.

The dinner is finished and the head waiter is hovering amongst the twenty business delegates with the bill, which amounts to a thousand dollars.

Unfortunately, the bill is pushed from one diner to another diner. No one seems to be taking responsibility for paying it.

Suddenly, Hamish Mactavish, the only Scotsman present, announces in a loud voice: "Pass me that bill; I will pay!" The next morning, the papers carry the headline: "Scotsman shoots Jewish ventriloquist!"

It is a dangerous world out there. I think, wait a little longer.

Hymie Goldberg and Moishe Finkelstein are changing their clothes in the locker room after a game of golf.

Moishe starts putting on a pair of women's knickers; Hymie is astonished.

"When did you start wearing women's underwear?" he asks.

"Well," says Moishe shaking his head, "ever since Ruthie, my wife, found a pair on the front seat of my car."

Miss Goodbody is giving her class an English lesson, and all goes well until she explains the use of the word 'perhaps' to them.

"Now, Billy," she says, "will you make up a sentence to show that you understand how to use 'perhaps'?"

Billy stands up, thinks for a moment and says, "If we are very good, perhaps teacher will let us go early."

"Excellent," says Miss Goodbody. Then she turns to little Ernie and says, "What about you, Ernest? Can you give us an example?"

Little Ernie stands up and says, "Does it have to be made up, Miss?"

"No," replies Miss Goodbody, "it can be true, as long as you use the word 'perhaps'."

"Okay," says Ernie, "when I saw you and the music teacher taking your pants off in the music room, I thought that perhaps you were going to shit on the piano."

And the last, before we do our daily meditation.

Back at the zoo, Luigi's demand that Griselda the Gorilla's children be brought up Catholic is turned down by Herman Kanubowitz, the zoo's Jewish director.

As a last resort, Griselda's keeper puts a sign up on the gate of the zoo, which reads: "One thousand dollars to mate with ape!"

Kowalski has just returned some penguins to the zoo, when he sees the sign and walks into the keeper's office.

The keeper takes one look at Kowalski and knows that he has found his man. However, Kowalski also has three conditions.

"First," says Kowalski, "nobody tells my wife."

"Absolutely not!" replies the keeper.

"Second," says Kowalski, "nobody tells my workmates."

"Don't worry," replies the keeper, "complete secrecy will be maintained."

"Okay," says Kowalski, "and third... can I pay in installments?"

Now close your eyes and for two minutes be completely frozen. Just gather your energy in....

Now, let go.

... Okay, come back to life.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

Good.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #20

Chapter title: Just a glimpse and the work is done

8 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

Archive code: 8804085

ShortTitle: YAAHOO20

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 24 mins

BELOVED OSHO,
IN THE TWO MINUTES OF SILENCE AND LET-GO THE OTHER NIGHT, YOU TOOK US TO THE HIGHEST LEVEL OF CONSCIOUSNESS.
THE SOUNDLESS SOUND AND INEXPRESSIBLE GRATITUDE INSIDE, EVEN THE WATCHER DISAPPEARS. I CANNOT BELIEVE HOW EASY IT IS!
BELOVED MASTER, IS THIS ENERGY ALWAYS AVAILABLE, OR ONLY CLOSE TO YOUR PHYSICAL PRESENCE? IS IT POSSIBLE TO LIVE IN IT ALL THE TIME EVEN WHILE WORKING IN BOMBAY, SYDNEY OR HAMBURG?
THEN THE LOVE BETWEEN US AND MY RESPONSIBILITY WOULD BECOME ULTIMATE FREEDOM!
PS. IN MY LIFETIMES I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY!

Dhyan Charyo, the energy is yours. It is not my presence. My presence may trigger it; my presence may become a mirror so that you can see your original face. But the face belongs to you, not to the mirror -- whether you are here or in Bombay or in Sydney or in Hamburg.

Your energy is yours. Nobody can take it away; just you are not aware of it. You have forgotten the language to understand it. You have forgotten the way to yourself. You are living in the porch of a palace, thinking that this is the palace. And living for many lives in a certain state continuously, again and again, it becomes so conditioned that it is almost a reality. You cannot go beyond it. You cannot even *think* that there is something beyond it.

The presence of the master can only dissolve this ignorant attitude that there is nothing beyond it.

In fact everything is beyond it. *You* are beyond it.

This conditioning that you think you are, is not you. The presence of the master cannot give you anything: exactly said, it is destructive. It simply destroys that which is false in you, it does not create the real. The real cannot be created. But the false can be destroyed, and to destroy the false is very easy -- just making you aware of it, it starts disappearing.

The false can live only if you live with closed eyes. Open your eyes and the false disappears.

The function of the master is to allow you a few glimpses, a few experiences of your own reality, of your own beyondness -- and his work is done.

If you can for a single moment be in total silence, the work is done. Now you know the way, a few steps which lead you inside, to your very center.

Just don't forget it again, because the conditioning is great and the crowd around you -- here or in Hamburg -- is going to destroy your small glimpse. It is so fresh, so new, so fragile, that the stonelike conditioning of the crowd around you can easily make you believe that perhaps you were hypnotized; perhaps you dreamt about it. Perhaps it was the presence, but not your own energy.

It is good to try alone, entering into the deep silence without any outside help. Even the presence of the master is an outside help; it has also to be dropped at a certain point, when you have become certain that even the whole world cannot destroy it. Then there is no need of the presence of the master. The presence of the master has become your very flowering. It has entered you, it has become your own fragrance.

Your question is very beautiful and concerns the whole work we are involved in, here in this strange place. I call it strange because in the whole world there is no gathering of seekers who are together searching for themselves. Their relationship has nothing to do with their religion or their marriage or their social acquaintance or their Rotary Clubs. The people who are present here are absolutely unrelated to each other, yet there is a deep relationship -- unspoken, unsaid. The relationship is that you are all seeking the same thing.

You are all seeking yourselves.

The goal is not outside. Nobody is going to take you to the goal. But the goal is so much within you that just a little relaxation -- not effort, but just a little let-go, falling into it -- and you have touched your very life source.

You are not meeting any god and you are not entering into somebody's heaven -- Mohammedans, Hindus, Christians, they all have different kinds of heavens, according to their needs. You are not entering into somebody else's imagination.

You are not even entering into your own imagination.

You are simply dropping out of the mind which can imagine. You are getting into a space where imagination is impossible; you can only see that which is.

And seeing this, you have attained all that can be attained. Seeing this you have attained the liberation, the salvation, the freedom. Seeing it for the first time you are no more a beggar, you are the richest man in the world.

The man in Japan who is thought to be the richest man, just because he has twenty-two billion dollars; and the richest man in America, who has four billion dollars -- both are just poor in comparison to the person who has reached his own being, who has touched the reality of his eternal existence, whose mystic rose has opened its petals.

And it is so easy.

You are concerned; you say, "I cannot believe how easy it is!" Nobody can believe. I have myself never believed how easy it is. But when it happens, it happens, and one is simply in a tremendous awe -- "My god, it has always been here within my reach and I was looking all around the world. It was in my hands, empty hands, and I was seeking it everywhere except within myself."

That's why it has become difficult. I have told you about the Sufi mystic woman, Rabiya. One evening just as the sun is setting and the darkness is descending... She is old; she comes out of her small house, searching for something on the street. A man passing by sees that the old woman is looking for something, and in this darkness, at her age, perhaps she may not be

able to find it. So he stops her and asks, "Rabiya" -- she was well known -- "what are you seeking?"

She said, "I have lost my sewing needle." The man said, "Then it is almost impossible to find it. The sun has already set, darkness has descended and the road is vast. Where has it fallen? If you can tell me exactly the place, then I can try to help you. In your old age you will not be able to find a needle."

The woman said, "This is the problem. I am very ashamed to say that I have lost it in the house."

The man said, "My god, you have lost it in the house and you are looking for it outside in the street! Are you mad?"

Rabiya said, "You may think whatever you want to think but the reality is that inside my house there is no light at all. When I started searching there was some light outside. Thinking that some light is absolutely necessary to find it, I came out and started looking. And now you have made things even worse by stopping me; now even outside it is dark."

The man said, "Don't be worried. If it is lost inside it will be found. It is not lost at all."

The search becomes difficult because we go on searching for it where we have not lost it. The mystic rose, our very being, does not blossom into gardens or into forests or into the Himalayas. It blossoms into your own consciousness. It is another name, a symbolic name, of the opening of the beauty of consciousness -- with fragrance, with delicacy, with joy, with a dance. But because it is so easy, that's why it is so difficult. Its being easy is making it difficult.

You are saying, "In the two minutes of silence and let-go the other night, you took us to the highest level of consciousness." I have not taken you anywhere. You are just here. But because you allowed the silence and the let-go... it is all up to you.

I cannot force you towards let-go.

I cannot force you to enter into this silence.

I can simply create a longing in you, a thirst, and a trust that you are not going to lose anything by becoming silent for two minutes and then a let-go...

(THROUGHOUT THE LAST FEW MINUTES, GUSTS OF WIND HAVE COME, AND OUTBURSTS OF HYSTERICAL GIGGLING IN THE HALL. OSHO HAS KEPT ON SPEAKING, BUT NOW HE STOPS. NOW THERE IS ONLY THE SOUND OF WIND AND RAIN, THE IMMENSITY OF HIS SILENCE, AND STILL -- UNBELIEVABLY -- THE GIGGLING. FINALLY HE SPEAKS.)

This is out of the joke.

(BUT THE GIGGLING CONTINUES. OSHO RISES FROM HIS SEAT WITHOUT FURTHER COMMENT, NAMASTES AND WALKS TO THE EXIT. HE RAISES HIS ARM IN SALUTE, AND THE STUNNED ASSEMBLY RESPONDS -- "YAA-HOO!" AWAY FROM THE MICROPHONE, HIS WORDS CAN BE HEARD ONLY BY THOSE IN THE FIRST FEW ROWS.)

Don't wait for me to come out tomorrow night.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #21

Chapter title: I have come again the storm has persuaded me

9 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

Archive code: 8804095

ShortTitle: YAAHOO21

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 77 mins

BELOVED OSHO,
PLEASE ACCEPT OUR APOLOGY FOR OUR BEHAVIOR LAST NIGHT. WE ASK
FOR YOUR FORGIVENESS FROM THE BOTTOM OF OUR HEARTS.
BELOVED OSHO,
LAST EVENING I HAD MY FIRST EXPERIENCE OF DEATH. YOUR ANSWER TO
THE BEAUTIFUL QUESTION PUT BEFORE YOU HAD TAKEN ME SO DEEP
WITHIN, SO HIGH, THAT BY THE TIME I REALIZED WHAT WAS HAPPENING --
YOU WERE GONE.
OH MOST PRECIOUS AND MOST BELOVED MASTER -- YOU HAVE TOLD US TO
BE HERE ONLY IF IT IS TOP PRIORITY. YOUR PRESENCE MAKES THE BUDDHA
HALL INTO OUR TEMPLE.
YOU HAVE TOLD US HOW J. KRISHNAMURTI DIED WITH THE REGRET THAT HE
HAD ONLY BEEN AN ENTERTAINMENT TO HIS PEOPLE. HOW SHAMEFULLY WE
TAKE YOU -- YOUR LOVE, YOUR GRACE, YOUR COMPASSION, YOUR BEING
WITH US -- FOR GRANTED.
WE MUST HURT YOU AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN.
OSHO,
PLEASE FORGIVE US?

Zareen, it was not your fault. It was my fault, because I have loved you too much. I had not kept a distance between me and you. That's why it became possible for a few people to misbehave. They did not hurt me, they hurt you all. Otherwise there was no need, because you can see -- a bigger storm has come and there is no need to laugh.

In fact it gives you an opportunity to be more silent. If you cannot be silent when there is storm and darkness, your silence is not true. It is only a question of looking at things in a right way. The storm is so beautiful, so fresh, is bringing you news of a constantly changing life. The old leaves are dropping, without making any fuss about it, to make way for the new leaves to come. The very dropping of the old leaves... if watchfully, consciously understood, you have understood the secret of relaxation. The dead leaf does not cling to the tree, neither

the tree clings to the dead leaf; they depart peacefully, in silence. They loved, they lived, and it is now time to depart.

As far as I am concerned, just as the storm has come again, I have come again. I was not going to come, it is the storm that persuaded me: "I am going again -- you will be missed."

Hundreds of letters just like Zareen's have come to me. And many more people must have been sad and with tears. But I have felt your sadness, your tears.

I wanted you to know that I am not an old-style Zen master, but I also hit -- in my own way, more sophisticated. I also destroy your clingings, your egos; I also destroy your taking me for granted, because one day suddenly I will be gone, just like the storm will be gone. Before I am gone, I would like you to blossom into the biggest roses possible.

When I see you in silence, in peace -- and also in laughter which comes out of silence and peace, not out of hysteria... Yesterday I had to leave because a few of you behaved so unconsciously that they needed to be made alert, that this is not a gathering where you can remain unconscious. The whole purpose here is to become more alert, more conscious. If the storm has come, nothing is wrong in it. You should have listened to it and its song, and you should have rejoiced in the falling leaves. You should have learned something of tremendous importance.

But rather than learning anything a few of you behaved in a very stupid way. I had to hit you hard, knowing perfectly well that it will bring many tears to you and your hearts will be crying and weeping. But it can be of great value to understand that it is absolutely wrong to take my presence for granted. Then it becomes a routine, and you forget completely that one day I will be gone.

Before I go I would like to see you all blossom in mystical roses, releasing your fragrance.

Laughter is beautiful when it comes out of understanding, out of innocence. But when it is hysterical it is insane and stupid.

I was not angry, I cannot be angry. I was simply sad to see that a few people are still here whom I continue to call my people, but they are not yet alert enough to be given that much dignity. There is no question of forgiving you, because I have not been angry. It is just that I have been feeling that perhaps my love has not reached a few people.

I allow you more laughter than has ever been allowed; I have loved you as no master has ever loved his disciples. Gautam Buddha would not have loved you at all. Yes, he was compassionate, but being compassionate is not the same as loving. Compassion is dry, compassion is a distance; one is higher and one is very far down in the darkness.

I am not compassionate to you; I authentically love you. My love is not dry; it is not in any way a feeling of superiority, of taking your dignity and reducing you to inferiority. I give you so much honor, as has never been given by any master to any disciple.

Because to me, being a master or being a disciple is just a fiction. The difference is very small: whatever I am, I know; and whatever you are, you do not know. Only this much difference does not make somebody superior and somebody inferior. You are exactly the same universal soul which any Gautam Buddha or Zarathustra or Bodhidharma has experienced. It is within your reach any moment to enter into the ultimate, into the very roots of your being, and all differences between the disciple and the master disappear.

The whole function of the master is very strange. He is destroying his mastership continuously, as he is making you more and more aware. The day you become fully aware -- and I will be able to rejoice in seeing my garden full of roses -- there will not be any difference between my heart and your heart. We are all part of one universal heartbeat. And

in every possible way -- even impossible way -- I am trying to bring that synchronicity between you and the universal which is your real and original face.

But if I see that you start taking me for granted, that I am speaking and you start laughing unnecessarily, at a wrong point, that means either I am in a wrong place or you are in a wrong place. What has happened yesterday, remember: it should not happen again. I am holding myself with difficulty together. I can disappear any moment. Then all your tears will not bring me back; then all your sadness will be of no use. Perhaps sooner or later you will forget it, as a beautiful dream that you had seen once.

Very few will be able to continue on the journey without me, and to meet me finally in their self-realization. But those will be very few. You need me, because my garden is almost a nursery; you have just started growing. It is not the moment for me to retire and to relax into the universal.

If yesterday's incident makes you more understanding and conscious, then it has been a blessing in disguise. Storms will be coming again and again, but you have to remember.

I have been using laughter itself as a device to wake you up. Nobody in the whole history of man has used laughter as a device. Sometimes I wonder why it has not been used, because it is a well-known fact that in a dream you cannot laugh loudly. If in a dream you laugh loudly you will wake up. In a dream, mostly you never laugh. Laughter is too far away; even to smile in a dream is a very rare experience.

But one thing you know: almost everybody once in a while has experienced nightmares. In a deep danger, perhaps falling into a bottomless abyss, or perhaps being approached by a ferocious lion -- trembling, you wake up.

My own experience says to me that if you can laugh rightly, in the right moment, it will bring you out of unconsciousness into the open sky, from the darkness to the light. I am introducing laughter as a meditation because nothing makes you so total as laughter; nothing makes you stop your thinking as laughter does. Just for a moment you are no more a mind. Just for a moment you are no more in time. Just for a moment you have entered into another space where you are total and whole and healed.

For Zareen, I will give a few moments to laugh totally. They are for all of you. And I have chosen her question out of hundreds of others just as a representative, because they were all saying the same things but not with so much totality and with so much love and with so much heart.

Paddy is out...

... and for God's sake, the storm is gone!

Paddy is out for a spin on his old motorbike, when he stops to give a ride to a hitchhiker. Since it is a cold day, he advises the man to put his coat on back-to-front to avoid feeling the wind.

After a bumpy ride, Paddy looks over his shoulder and sees that his passenger is missing. So he turns around and rides back.

He finds a small crowd of people around a figure lying in the road.

"Is he all right?" asks Paddy, anxiously.

"Well," says one of the crowd, "he *was* until we turned his head around the right way."

On her wedding night, Tessa, the anxious bride, turns to her husband: "Charles," she says, "promise me you will be gentle. I want you to know that this is my first time."

"What?" exclaims Charles, "your first time? But you have already been married three times!"

"I know," replies Tessa, "but my first husband was a drunk, the second turned out to be gay, and my third husband was in advertising."

"I can understand the first two," says Charles, "but why didn't your third husband ever make love with you?"

"Well..."

(THE RAIN HAS BEGUN NOW, DRUMMING INSISTENTLY ON THE ROOF.)

The storm has come back!

... replies Tessa, "all he ever did was sit on the bed and tell me how great it was going to be!"

Little Ernie's mother is saying good night to her kids. She is expecting another child, so she tells them the story of how the stork brings babies.

After she has turned out the light, little Ernie turns to his sister.

"You know?" he says, "I don't care what Mom thinks. I just can't picture Dad screwing a stork."

Zabriski gets a job painting the white line down the middle of the road. On the first day, the Polack paints five miles of road. He does such a great job that the boss calls him in and gives him a bonus. But the next day Zabriski only does three miles, and the day after, only one mile. The boss calls him in again and asks him, "What has happened?"

"Well," explains Zabriski, "every day it takes me longer to walk back to the bucket of paint."

Nancy Reagan goes to the psychiatrist and tells him that her husband Ronald has started eating dog food. The shrink tells her not to worry and that such problems are usually short-lived.

But to be on the safe side, he asks Nancy to bring in a sample of dog food for analysis. He discovers that there is nothing harmful in it, and assures Nancy that Ronald should be back to normal in a week.

Sure enough, next week, Nancy Reagan is back.

"So," says the shrink, "how is your husband? Back to normal I hope?"

"I am afraid not," says Nancy, "he is dead!"

"Dead?" cries the shrink, "what happened?"

"Well," replied Nancy, "he was licking his balls in the driveway, and I accidentally backed the car over him!"

Now laugh totally, whether the storm comes or not. It is coming....

Inspector Wu, the Chinese private detective, makes his report in a divorce case:
"I climb up tree, so I can see."

He play with she, she play with he.
I play with me. I fall from tree.
So I can no see... so solly!"

I have been told that you have been celebrating for almost one hour. I want everything to be celebrated -- even tears, sadness, even the feeling that "I have done something wrong or at least participated in something that should not be done, or only remained silent, without interfering with the wrongdoer."

Our way of asking for forgiveness can only be a celebration. I believe only in celebration. Whatever the excuse -- somebody dies, it is not a time to celebrate, but I say to you, "Celebrate!" because death too is part of existence. And one should not reject existence, and one should not be afraid either.

Committing mistakes, just as you committed yesterday, is simply human. By celebrating, it can be dropped. I don't want you be sad for anything or guilty for anything, because these are the things which all the religions have used to exploit humanity: making them guilty, making them sad, making them feel that they are unworthy.

I don't want you to feel in any way unworthy. Even when you commit a mistake you are not committing a sin.

Because you have been celebrating for one hour, I would like to have our prayer: two minutes of total silence, no movement, close your eyes...

Now, let go.

... Come back to life.
The storm is coming too.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #22

Chapter title: My experience is of the wordless

10 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

Archive code: 8804105

ShortTitle: YAAHOO22

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 84 mins

BELOVED OSHO,
ACCORDING TO MY DICTIONARY, A CULT IS "A RELIGION REGARDED AS UNORTHODOX OR SPURIOUS" -- "SPURIOUS" MEANING "OF ILLEGITIMATE BIRTH, BASTARD."

IS IT NOT TRUE TO SAY THAT THE REAL SPIRIT OF RELIGIOUSNESS CAN NEVER BE ANYTHING BUT UNORTHODOX; AND WILL ALWAYS BE INSPIRED BY A LOVE UNION, RATHER THAN BORN OUT OF A LEGALIZED CONTRACT?

Maneesha, I am not a man of language, not a linguist, not a man of words. My experience is of the wordless. Although I use words, I am not confined by them. To me there is only one dictionary and that is of existence, of experience. All other dictionaries are for mundane, ordinary affairs -- not for this extraordinary love affair.

In the first place there is no such thing as religion. Just as there is no such thing as love, no such thing as beauty -- these are not things. There is a certain phenomenon you can describe as religiousness, but you cannot confine it to the word 'religion'.

Religion is a limitation; it has a boundary line, it is an imprisonment. Religiousness is open to the whole sky. It can contain the all. It has no doors, no windows, no walls.

The moment the experience of religiousness is formulated in language, condensed in certain quotes, scriptures, churches, the religion has already died. It is almost as if you have seen a beautiful bird, an eagle flying across the sun, and you have experienced the beauty of the flight which knows no boundaries...

You can imprison the bird in a beautiful golden cage. In the ordinary sense it is the same bird that was in flight in the sky, but in truth it is not the same one. It has no sky of its own. It has lost its space, its spirit; it has lost its wings and it has not gained anything except a security, a safety. In the open sky there is always danger, always risk. Encaged, your nourishment is secured, your protection is secured, you are guarded, but you have lost your freedom. And freedom is your soul, your very being.

The same is true about truth, beauty, good: all great qualities are verbs, but you have transformed them into nouns.

There is no such thing as love. There is a certain experience which can be called "loving." The word `love' is dead; the word `loving' is still a flowing river, unfrozen. There is no such thing as friendship, there is only friendliness.

The same is applicable to religion. To me there is no such thing as religion.

All those who pretend that they are Hindus and Mohammedans and Christians and Jews and Jainas are fake. They have not even understood the basic principle of religiousness. They are simply members of a crowd. Your religions are nothing but politics in the name of God.

A religion, if it is to be alive -- if it is to be religiousness, a fragrance, a mystic rose -- then it always has to be individual. There is no question of organization, no question of organizing truth. The crowd has a certain security, a certain power; in the crowd you feel a certain warmth, a coziness, but the man of authentic religion stands alone.

So the first thing I would like to tell you is: in the dictionary of existence, religiousness exists but there is no place for religion.

Religiousness means unorganized, individual experience of the truth. It is not a belief system, it is not a faith. It is more like a taste on your tongue, more like a feel in your heart, a deep penetration like an arrow in your very being.

It has nothing to do with any church, with any organized form, with any scripture. It believes only in itself. It believes only in its own experience. In this sense all the religions of the world are distracting you from truth -- from *your* truth. They are substituting your authenticity with a bogus formulation of some theologian -- some philosophy, some system of ideas. They are converting you into Christians and Hindus and Mohammedans, but they are not transforming you into being religious.

The moment a man is religious, he is no more part of any crowd, he is alone. Even if he stands in the crowd of all those who are alone, there is no crowd, there are only individuals standing together.

This is not a crowd; this is not a church. There is nothing like a Holy Bible for you, and there is no moral order, ten commandments; nobody is demanding that you behave, live in a certain way, to imitate Christ or Gautam Buddha.

This is a meeting of people who are trying to discover themselves, who are trying to go deeper into their own reality to find the truth of existence, which cannot be found in any scripture, in any philosophy.

So the first thing to be remembered, Maneesha, is: there is no religion as such, there is only religiousness.

Religiousness is alive, with a heartbeat.

Religion is something dead, a corpse which looks like a living human being but it is only a corpse. It does not breathe, its heart does not beat -- there is no one in it, it is an empty house. The master of the house has left it, who could have been religious, but corpses are not religious.

Have you ever thought about it? -- when a man dies, now can you decide whether the corpse is Hindu or Mohammedan or Christian? On what grounds? Because the corpse cannot believe. The corpse cannot act, cannot go every Sunday to the church. Whether you put this corpse into the grave or you put it on a funeral pyre, it has nothing to say about it, yes or no.

Still, corpses are also divided by organized religions. They are not only dominating you in your life, they dominate you even in your death. They don't leave you any kind of freedom -- even the freedom of death is taken away from you. You have only to be an imitator.

Secondly, you are asking, "According to my dictionary a cult is `a religion regarded as unorthodox or spurious' -- `spurious' meaning `of illegitimate birth, bastard.'"

"Is it not true to say that the real spirit of religiousness can never be anything but unorthodox; and will always be inspired by a love union, rather than born out of a legalized contract?"

In Germany my sannyasins have been fighting in two courts against the German parliament, because in the parliament they go on using the word 'cult' for my people. Christianity is a religion; my people are not religious, they are only a cult, unorthodox, spurious. In two courts we have won the case, that the parliament has no right to use a word in a derogatory sense and the courts have accepted that the word 'cult' should not be used for us. They can use "a new religious movement" but not "cult." Still the parliament goes on calling it a "cult."

I would like to tell to my people not only in Germany, but all over the world: Don't desire to be called to be a religion. 'Religion' is derogatory! Why be bothered by dictionaries? Why not listen to your own experience?

We are not a religion. We are certainly not an organization, orthodox or unorthodox. We are simply a gathering of individuals, respecting each other's freedom.

Christians have been using the word 'cult' against all those religions which they think are not right. Every religion in the world thinks that truth, rightness, is their monopoly. If you are not part of their crowd you cannot be religious, truthful, sincere, honest; you lose all dignity in their eyes. Christianity thinks it is the only authentic religion.

In fact the truth is, it is born in the birth of Jesus Christ -- it is the most spurious! Nothing can be more spurious than Christianity in all its forms. It is illegitimate -- the very birth of Jesus is illegitimate. And who has ever heard... A "holy ghost" destroying the virginity of a poor young girl... and the claim of Jesus that, "I am the only begotten son of God." It has no reason or rhyme in it. He cannot prove it logically. He is an ordinary carpenter's son; he knows nothing about religiousness. He was born a Jew and he lived a Jew and he died a Jew. He was not aware that a great Christianity will be born because of his crucifixion.

It is not well founded either, not like Buddhism. Buddha has made it clear, step by step, how one can transform oneself. Christianity is just a compilation from twelve uneducated, illiterate disciples who became apostles. In the four gospels, if you look you can find enough religion to fill an ordinary postcard, because all are different versions of the same story. Four persons' remembrance of the same Jesus, his crucifixion, his statements.

And I say, Jesus has no religious experience at all, because to me the fundamental religious experience is that there is no God. The question of being the only begotten son of God is so stupid, but the whole of Christianity is based on it.

Religiousness is not dependent on any learning, on any knowledge. Religiousness is *your* flowering; it is the flowering of your own heart into a rose. It is your own authenticity. It is neither a cult nor a religion. If one wants to keep the word 'cult' in language, then all religions are cults.

Gautam Buddha's experience was religious, but the people who were impressed by his grace and beauty and compassion founded a religion. It is not founded by Gautam Buddha himself; it is a cult. If 'cult' has to have any meaning, all religions are cults, dead things, dead memories of some living experience that you have come across but it is not your own.

You have seen in the eyes of a Gautam Buddha something which can only be called miraculous, something that is beyond all our experiences. You have seen in his face something that does not belong to this world. Impressed by him, you arranged a cult. You called it a religion.

So we can say, whenever there has been a religious experience, an explosion of religiousness in a being, around him, cults are born. Cults are not your experience, but somebody else's experience. It is not your own story; it is somebody else's expression, which has impressed you.

A really intelligent person never lives according to other people's lives, howsoever great those lives may be -- because everyone has to live a unique existence of his own. You have to be your own self. You cannot be Jesus, you cannot be Buddha, you cannot be Mansoor; you can only be whatever you are.

Religion is a crowd, gathered around the dead body of an experienced man. Because it is gathered around a dead body of an experienced man it does not become living. All churches are dead, graveyards of different individuals who had touched the very center of their being. These religions should not even be called religions, because that word creates a confusion. It is so close to 'religiousness' that it is better to call all organized religions "cults."

As far as religion is concerned there has never been any religion and there will never be any religion. There are only religious people. And a religious person has no adjective attached to himself. He is loving, he is truthful, he is honest, he is fearless; his life is a celebration, a constant festivity. He knows the very secret of existence, because he is also part of it. There have been religious people... and that's what I want you to be.

Never become a religion. Remain individuals, searching and seeking your own truth, your own beauty, your own grace.

If all the religions of the world are dissolved -- they need to be dissolved, because they are calamities and cancers on human consciousness and its growth; they are distractions, deceptions -- then there will be only a few religious human beings here and there in the dark night, like stars, showing and giving you a strength that what is possible for another human being is also possible for you. What is hidden in one individual is also hidden in you. It is your hidden splendor. Somebody has become aware of it and you are fast asleep.

And religiousness has nothing to do with being orthodox. Certainly it cannot be orthodox. 'Orthodox' means following the tradition, following others, following the heritage, following the old and the dead. It is not even *not* orthodox, it is fresh. It is not *against* the orthodox, it is not anti-orthodox, it is simply fresh.

Just watch a roseflower growing -- do you think it is following a program that other roseflowers have followed? or is it absolutely fresh? It knows nothing about the other roseflowers. Millions of roseflowers have been before it, millions will be after it, but as far as its existence is concerned, it is fresh, unique, in the present, neither against the past nor for. It has no concern with the past.

So not only is a religious person unorthodox, he is so fresh that he will not be even UNorthodox. To be orthodox is out of the question. He will be simply himself.

And you are asking, Maneesha, "... and it will always be inspired by a love union, rather than born out of a legalized contract."

It is good poetry, but the truth is, it is not a union, either out of love or out of a legalized marriage. It is a discovery of that which is already the case inside you. You have it and you have forgotten it. Certainly it can be closer to a love affair than to a marriage. But in truth it is simply itself, not a union with any entity. It is a remembrance of oneself.

Certainly the so-called religions go on calling other religions illegitimate... because they are not born out of an unmarried woman and the Holy Ghost! But every other religion thinks

in the same way: "others are illegitimate." The truth is they are all illegitimate, because truth is not a marriage and truth is not a birth. Truth is already in existence, only you have not opened your eyes.

But certainly the religions, which are all orthodox, are bound to think about others... For example I have been asked hundreds of times to what religion I belong.

I said, "It is strange, why should I belong to any religion? I belong to myself."

And the people who have asked me felt very strange when I answered because their idea was, your religion has to be legitimate: are you a Mohammedan, a Christian? Then they are satisfied, but if you are no one they feel a little strange about you. They feel you are a lost soul. You should belong to some religion to have the label of legitimacy.

But in fact, to belong to any religion or to any political party, or any kind of organization, is to destroy your dignity. People hate crowds, but still go on living in crowds. They cannot gather courage to be alone and stand against the sky without any companion. Just their own being is enough unto itself.

Mendel Kravitz comes into Doctor Bones' surgery.

"Doc," says Mendel, "I think I have got the flu."

"Very well," says Bones, "just put your tongue out and then stick your head out of the window."

"What?" says Mendel, "Will that make me better?"

"Probably not," replies Bones, "but I can't stand my wife, who lives across the street!"

Moishe and Ruthie Finkelstein are at the theater watching a very sad play. It is a melodrama about a couple in love, and one tragic scene follows another.

Before the first act is finished, every woman in the theater is weeping. But Moishe is unmoved.

"Ridiculous!" he snorts every few minutes, "absolutely ridiculous!" -- until there comes a scene in which the heroine lies dying in her lover's arms, and Ruthie starts crying out loud. Moishe starts laughing.

"Look!" shouts Ruthie, furiously, through her tears, "if you don't like the play, why don't you go home and at least let me enjoy myself!"

Our unconsciousness is so deep... it would be a miracle if everybody were awake; the whole world would look totally different. Only once in a while a glimpse of wakefulness comes to you. But you don't follow the glimpse; you settle back again in your misery, in your suffering.

It is a very sad story about humanity that we glory in our misery. People talk about their diseases continuously -- their problems, their sufferings, their wounds. It seems if they had no wounds and no suffering and no problems they would be at a loss, what to do, where to go. There would be absolute silence around the world.

But people enjoy and exaggerate. They may be having some small problem, but they will magnify the problem so big that it seems that if their problem is solved, there will be no problem in the world. And people, just like problems, have solutions also: if their solution is followed, everything will be all right. And not only small people -- so-called great leaders of humanity, and nobody has bothered to look at their stupidity.

In India all the Hindu *shankaracharyas*, the Hindu saints, are insistent on only one thing,

that cow slaughter should be banned. That is the only problem, cow slaughter.

I have talked with two or three shankaracharyas: "Just listen for a moment. If cow slaughter is stopped, do you think the problems of the world will disappear? What about ecological problems, what about the black holes in space? What about diseases like AIDS?"

They simply waved their hands and said, "That is not... The first thing is, cow slaughter should be stopped."

That is the greatest problem, and they have the greatest solution for it. In fact it will create more problems. Food is already not enough for people; there are people who are eating human beings and these idiots go on talking about how cow slaughter should be banned. We have not been able yet to ban human slaughter!

Just a few months ago in Palestine the government had to concede to the people... because there was great agitation; people were dying, there was nothing to eat and people wanted the government to allow them to eat the dead people. What is the point in putting them in the grave? Such good, delicious food, all prepared, and what stupidity! -- when people are dying...

And these shankaracharyas don't have even the awareness that in Palestine the government has accepted that you can eat a man, but only when he is dead, not before. But now, once you give a little rope... It simply means, first kill and *then* eat. If you die on your own accord, good; otherwise you will be killed. And that is happening. Now there are shops in Palestine selling human flesh. Not so many people die, so now there are gangs who are killing children, and once somebody is dead the body is eaten before the police find out who has killed him. And when the court comes to the conclusion that this man is criminal... that too will be given to people to eat! Because so much food shortage... and if people stop cow slaughter there will be more shortage of food.

I am not in support of people eating cows, but this is not a solution. What I am saying is that this is not the solution of all the problems that man is facing.

But deep sleep prevails....

Mahatma Gandhi thought that if everybody spins the whole day on the spinning wheel, all problems will be dissolved. He spent his whole life spinning -- nothing has been dissolved; only he is dead. His spinning wheel is worshipped now. That was his solution for the whole humanity: "back to nature." He was against such innocent things... electricity.

You will not be able to imagine that he was against the mosquito nets because they prevent millions of mosquitoes from eating, which is their birthright. It is true that such good food, the whole restaurant... and they are dying to enter and finding ways to enter into the restaurant.

In his own ashram mosquito nets were not allowed. They are against poor mosquitoes. So he found a solution, and the solution was kerosene oil. Everybody had to paint his face and hands and anything that is uncovered with kerosene oil.

I said, "My god, you cannot sleep! The smell is so much, even the mosquitoes don't come close to you -- they are more intelligent! How are you going to sleep?"

But sleep or no sleep... such stupid suggestions. One of the prime ministers of India, Morarji Desai, thinks that if everybody starts drinking his own urine, all problems will be solved. And things won't stop there; when you start drinking your own urine, what is the problem in drinking others' urine? And when a guest comes, you have to offer him, "Have a cup of urine." And this idiot has been drinking his urine for forty years, but no problem seems to be solved. And I don't think... how will nuclear weapons disappear? But that is his unique solution.

Always, there have been people who have been giving solutions -- so childish -- and humanity is so asleep that it goes on listening to them. A few even follow them. Problems go on increasing.

There is only one solution, and that is that people should be more aware. And that awareness is religiousness.

Harvey Herschfield and Paul Perlmann have a small tailor's shop in Jerusalem. Business is bad, so bad that they are thinking of selling the shop.

One day, Harvey rushes in with a newspaper and shows his partner, Paul, an advertisement from the government of Israel. The government is offering to pay a reward of one hundred dollars for every dead Arab.

The partners close their shop and buy camping equipment and guns and set off into the desert.

They have been there a week without meeting anyone, when one morning Harvey wakes up to find a gun sticking in his nose.

Looking slowly around, he sees that they are completely surrounded by thousands of Arab soldiers, armed to the teeth.

Harvey nudges his partner, snoring beside him.

"Paul," he whispers, "Paul, wake up! We are rich!"

Hamish MacTavish and Sandy MacPherson have been drinking all night when their money finally runs out.

"I've got an idea," says Hamish, "let's go to my house and borrow some money from my wife."

So, the two of them stumble over to MacTavish's house. They go inside, switch on the light, and there on the sofa is Hamish's wife making love to a strange man.

Sandy is very embarrassed, but Hamish walks right up to Maggie. "Do you have some money," he asks her, "for your ever-loving husband?"

"Yes, yes," snaps Maggie, "Take my purse and for goodness sake, turn out the lights!" Outside the house again, Hamish empties the purse into Sandy's hand.

"Great!" says Hamish, "there is just enough here for a pint of beer for each of us."

"But Hamish!" says Sandy, "What are you going to do about that man in there with your wife?"

"To hell with him!" snaps Hamish, "let him buy his own beer!"

Pope the the Polack arrives in Washington to meet Ronald Reagan. He is taken to the White House and given a beautiful suite of rooms. But when he walks into the bedroom, there lying on the bed with nothing on but the TV set is a beautiful girl. The pope is furious. He picks up the phone and calls Reagan in his office.

"What is the meaning of this outrage, you big American dodo?" shouts the pope. "How dare you embarrass me like this! I am His Holiness the Pope, and you have the nerve to humiliate me this way! I am going to sue you for every dollar you have!"

At this point the young lady gets off the bed and starts putting on her clothes. The Polack pope turns to her and says, "Just a moment, Miss, I was not talking to you!"

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Now, our two minutes of prayer. First freeze completely -- no movement, no noise, as if there is nobody in this Buddha Hall.

Now, let go.

Now... come back to life.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #23

Chapter title: Enlightenment without bargaining

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BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE BEEN YOUR SANNYASIN FOR ONE YEAR. I MEDITATE, WATCH, AND DO WHATEVER LOOKS TRUE TO ME; STILL A BIG PAIN ARISES.
BELOVED OSHO, HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO GET ENLIGHTENED, AND DOES THIS ENLIGHTENMENT REALLY EXIST?

Yoganand, existence is not a goal; you don't have to cover a certain mileage. Existence is not *there*, it is always *here*. Existence cannot be described as *that*, but only as *this*. The moment you ask how long it will take, you are bringing many complications into it.

First, there is no technique that can bring enlightenment -- and "how" means technique. And when you say, "How long..." you are bringing time in also. Existence knows nothing of time.

It is always present.

It has never been past and it will never be future.

The moment you touch the reality of the present, the rose within your being opens its petals. You can call it anything -- enlightenment, realization, being. But one thing is certain -- it is never be-coming.

You cannot *become* enlightened.

Either you are or you are not.

Between the two, the distance is infinite. It is impossible to bridge that distance.

Those who have become enlightened have not achieved it, because it is not an achievement. They have not invented it, because it has nothing to do with imagination, with mind. They have never found it, because in the first place you have never lost it.

You are enlightened this very moment.

By asking the question, "How long will it take to get enlightenment?" you are postponing enlightenment. I am saying you are enlightened this very moment and you say, "This very moment? But I have a girlfriend, and we have just met. And I am finding so many problems which have to be solved: the rented bicycle is stolen..."

What happened? -- ask Vimal -- to his Gandhi cap, Nehru shirt and pajama without any

name? And he had never before been seen in this dress. This dress certainly belongs to the man whose rented bicycle is stolen. A woman has stolen it, his money, and everything, and that was the day when Vimal was acting like a woman. Exactly on that day, that great experience happened to the poor fellow. Since then he is avoiding women.

But by avoiding women, you are not going to find your lost money and the rented bicycle. It is better, rather than bothering about enlightenment, to get a really horrible girlfriend. And within minutes you will start becoming enlightened! Thousands of methodologies have been given to people; I give you the simplest: just find a horrible woman.

And it is not difficult because every woman, once you have found her, is horrible. They are great actors. When they are far away, they look so nice that you feel like postponing enlightenment. What is the hurry? But let the girl come close, and find yourself encaged, your money gone, your bicycle gone, even your shirt... and that fellow has not appeared again. How can he appear? The rented bicycle is not there, the money is not there, he is sitting in a bamboo hut, naked, enlightened!

Do you want to be enlightened? Just find his bamboo hut. Just give your clothes and money and your rented bicycle to him and tell him, "You can find some woman, let me be enlightened now. You have been long enough enlightened, almost three days."

Yoganand, enlightenment is not a desire -- and you have to understand the difference between desire and longing. You desire money, you desire position, you desire power, you desire a thousand and one things. But when you feel thirsty, the thirst is not a desire; it is a longing which is coming from every cell of your being. Lost in a desert...

A question was asked by a sannyasin to Alexander the Great... because Alexander declared himself to the sannyasin, "I am Alexander the Great."

The sannyasin was standing naked by the side of a river. He started laughing. He said, "I have never seen such a stupid man as you are, calling yourself 'the Great'. Only those who are not great think, imagine, desire, proclaim their greatness. But those who are really great don't even know that they are great. Greatness is in innocence. And what have you come to me for?"

Alexander was shaken. He was not shaken by great armies; even mountains would not have prevented him from doing anything. But this naked man had such a strong being, such an aura and presence. And the way he told him, "You are stupid and you are still suffering from inferiority; hence you call yourself Alexander the Great. Just Alexander will do. But what is your purpose?"

Alexander said, "My teacher, Aristotle, in Greece, has asked me that when I come back from India, I should bring along a sannyasin."

The old sannyasin laughed again. He said to him, "Just tell your so-called teacher that the sannyasin has nothing except himself -- and your teacher himself also has that being. There is no need to bring it, to import it from somewhere. Just tell him to be silent and desireless, peaceful, looking inwards, and he will find me."

Alexander could not understand the language. In fact, Aristotle was not a mystic. He was a logician, a great philosopher, but he never thought about the miraculous, about that which is irrational but exists -- the mysterious, the unknown, but it is all around.

It is without you and it is within you.

And the first thing is to experience it within yourself, because that is the closest point.

To say it in other words, Yoganand:

You are enlightenment if you don't desire anything -- enlightenment included. If you are simply silent and desireless -- no longing, no future, just this very moment is enough unto itself -- the rose opens up its petals.

But instead of looking into yourself, you are looking far away somewhere, maybe in Jerusalem or maybe in Kashi or maybe in Tibet... somewhere enlightenment must be existing. How long will it take to reach there?

You are already there, where you want to reach.

This is my whole teaching -- that you are already that which you want to be. You have never been other than that.

It is an impossibility to be other than that which you are. Enlightenment is only a realization of the fact, an awakening and seeing the truth of one's being, its beauty, its immortality. Thousands are the flowers that blossom in your being. Great is the music that goes on in your deepest silences of the heart.

You may be sitting unmoving but existence goes on dancing within your heart. In every beat you can hear, you can feel -- it is you. Nothing more can be said about it.

You don't have to go anywhere and you don't have to *do* anything. Those are all strategies to keep you away from yourself. But rather than looking into yourself you are asking, "And does this enlightenment really exist?"

Desiring one year, meditating, watching, a great pain arises in you that "One year has passed and I have been doing so much and enlightenment has not arrived yet. Not even a knock on the door, not even some information about when Your Honor will be coming." Naturally, a suspicion arises: "Am I sane? or just waiting for something which does not exist at all?"

Existence does not exist apart from you; hence you cannot find it. If you want to be enlightened, *be* enlightened.

One day, I decided to be enlightened. Since then I have tried many times not to be enlightened; it does not work that way. So just to alert you: if you decide to be enlightened and you realize this very moment as your enlightenment, its silence, its beauty... then remember you cannot fall back! There is no way, no reverse gear. You cannot say, "Now for a few days I am going for a holiday."

Enlightenment knows no holiday.

I have tried hard. Not even in sleep will it leave me.

But who wants to leave it? Who wants to be other than enlightened?

Don't use big words, because they are deceptive. Enlightenment, moksha, salvation, self-realization... all great words which make you feel that your hands are very small; their reach is not that big. And enlightenment seems to be such a faraway a star, you cannot hope... Perhaps some Gautam Buddha -- and that too "perhaps" because who knows whether he was enlightened or just started telling people "I am enlightened."

Just like me. How do you know I am enlightened? Except that I started one day saying, "I am enlightened." And since that day not even a doubt has arisen in me: just think it over, are you really enlightened? I have never looked at the fact again.

And whenever you ask, I feel sad because I cannot do anything to make you enlightened. Except to shout in your ears that, "You *are* it! This *is* it!"

It is a reality not away from you, not separate from you, it is in your heartbeats, in your breaths, in your consciousness, in your very being. Once you drop big words, which scriptures and philosophers have invented, and become simple and humble and look inside

yourself, it is here. It is in your laughter, it is in your songs, it is in your dances. Nobody can give it to you and nobody can take it away from you. And there is no way to find it because you have not lost it.

I have never agreed with Jesus Christ on the point. He says, "Seek and ye shall find it." I disagree categorically, absolutely. I say, "Do not seek; otherwise you will never find it. Seek not and find." Seeking keeps you away from finding it. It is in the seeker itself. So where are you going to seek?

Jesus says, "Ask and it shall be given to you." Who is there to give it to you? And if it were something like a matter of begging a god who goes on hiding behind the clouds or somewhere in the stars like a thief... that's what all the religions are doing, praying. It is not a question of asking.

Do not ask.

Just be silent and you are it.

You are the answer. The answer is not going to come from anywhere else.

Jesus says, "Knock and the door shall be opened." And I say unto you: The doors have always been open. There is no point in knocking on an open door, and if you can knock, that means you are knocking on some wall. The door is open.

I say unto you: The door is open, come in. Enter in. The existence is welcoming; there is no barrier. The whole existence is willing to be your host.

Yoganand, because you are enlightened anyway... whether you accept it or not, that does not matter; I accept you as enlightened. Even with your girlfriend you can be, because I don't see that enlightenment can be disturbed by a girlfriend or by a rented bicycle or by your stupid-looking pajamas. Enlightenment has nothing to do with these things -- that your bicycle is punctured. Do you think your enlightenment is also punctured?

"Good morning!" says Mendel Kravitz as he comes into Goldberg and Finkelstein's tailors' shop. "I came to this store because I don't like to bargain."

"Well, you have come to the right place," says Hymie Goldberg.

"Right," agrees Moishe, "We are strictly a one-price outfit."

"Excellent," says Mendel, "I like that checked suit in the window. How much will it cost?"

"Like we said," says Moishe the Fink, "we don't fool around with bargaining. So we are not going to ask you three hundred dollars for this suit, or even two-fifty."

"Right," agrees Hymie, "we'll give you our best price: two hundred and thirty dollars."

"Well," says Mendel, "you guys are my kind of businessmen, and that's exactly why I am here. I won't fool about and offer you one-fifty for that suit, or even one-seventy-five. I will come right out and offer you two hundred dollars."

"The suit is yours," says Hymie, "for two hundred ten."

"Okay," says Mendel, "I will take it."

There are people who don't know what they are doing. Both are denying that they are bargainners and both are bargaining, and still both believe that bargaining is not happening! Such sleep is the only barrier, if you can call it a barrier. It is very thin. People don't see it, that they go on doing it and still they deny it. And they will not see that their denial is absurd. Why are you seeking enlightenment, Yoganand, when I say you are enlightened? Just agree! What is the point of bargaining?

You have come to the right place. Where else can you get enlightenment without

bargaining? Just be a little intelligent.

Luigi takes his pregnant wife to the hospital where she gives birth to twins. During the delivery, Luigi faints, so according to family tradition his brother Alfredo is called to name the children.

"My brother named the kids?" cries Luigi, when he recovers, "but my brother is such an idiot! What did he call the girl?"

"He named the girl Denise," replies the nurse.

"Denise, eh?" says Luigi surprised. "Well, that is not such a bad name. In fact I quite like it. So what did he call the boy?"

"The boy," sniffs his wife, "he called da' nephew!"

Such great intelligence goes on all around the world. And all these people have the same capacity and the same potential as anyone else, but they never use it. In fact, they never believe that they have it.

You have to be again and again reminded, sometimes forcibly: "Accept that you are enlightened!" Unless a loaded gun is put on your nose, you will not accept it. When you see the gun you will say, "Yes, I am enlightened, I have always been enlightened. What is new in it? Just keep that gun away." I have always been thinking of purchasing a gun, so whenever people like Yoganand come I can just put the gun on their nose... because fortunately I have many long-nosed people. And they will wake up only when they see: "My god it is not a camera, it is a gun! And behind is not Niskriya. Behind is the most dangerous fellow upon the earth! It is better to accept whatever he says."

An advertisement appears in the paper one morning, asking for an individual who can type, take dictation, program a computer, and speak more than one language.

The first applicant for the job is a dog. The dog is able to type a hundred and forty words per minute and takes perfect dictation. Not only can she program a computer, but she has written several programming manuals.

The boss has the dog demonstrate all these skills and then says, "I am really amazed by your qualifications. So I only have one final question: What about the language requirement?"

The dog looks at him and says, "Yaa-Hoo!"

Just these two words are enough to fulfill the requirement of knowing two languages.

Yoganand, are you still unenlightened? Just at least raise your hand and say, "Yaa-Hoo!"

(NOT EVEN A HEARTBEAT OF HESITATION, YOGANAND COMPLIES. OSHO JOINS IN THE LAUGHTER...)

That's a great evening! At least one of you has become enlightened, although he became enlightened under the gun. But it doesn't matter; people have become enlightened in different conditions.

Mrs. Zabriski walks into her son's bedroom, turns on the light and shakes him roughly.

"Come on," she says, "you have got to get up and go to school."

"But Mom," whines the son, "I don't wanna go to school."

"It is eight o'clock," says Mrs. Zabriski, "You gotta go!"

"But, Mom, I hate school," he says, "the kids don't like me, the janitor does not like me, even the teachers don't like me."

"You gotta go," insists Mrs. Zabriski, "you are forty years old and you are the headmaster."

Somebody has to remind you who you are: forty years old and the headmaster. Now, Yoganand will be welcomed by everybody, wherever he goes. At least he cannot ask the question again, "What is enlightenment?" I am so happy to get rid of one person.

Farmer Jones and his wife Betty take their three pigs over to a neighboring farm to get them mated. While the pigs are at it, Jones asks his neighbor, "How will we know if the mating is a success?" Jones is told that if in a few days the pigs are eating grass, it means it is a success. If they are rolling around in the mud, it means it is not a success.

After a few days Jones comes down to breakfast and asks Betty, "Are they eating grass or rolling around in the mud?"

"They are rolling around in the mud," replies Betty.

So they put the three pigs back in the car and take them back to the other farm to get them mated again. After a couple of days Jones asks Betty again. "What are they doing?" "They are rolling around in the mud," replies Betty.

Jones is very angry and says, "My god! I have got lots of work to do today, but let's get them in the car and take them back again."

So three days go by and Jones comes down to breakfast and asks, "Betty, are they rolling in the mud or eating grass?"

"Neither," replies Betty, "they are in the car, honking the horn!"

So I hope Yoganand will show at least this much intelligence. What is the point of rolling in the mud again and again? The real thing is to honk the horn and go! Even the pigs have understood the trick.

For two minutes, just be absolutely silent, unmoving. Only while you are unmoving can you experience the innermost center. So gather energy. Don't waste it even in a slight movement, no change of posture. Now relax...

Okay, come back.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #24

Chapter title: Saying small things with big words

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BELOVED OSHO,
HUANG PO, THE NINTH CENTURY ZEN MASTER SAID, "ORDINARY PEOPLE ALL INDULGE IN CONCEPTUAL THOUGHT BASED ON ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA; HENCE THEY FEEL DESIRE AND HATRED. TO ELIMINATE ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA JUST PUT AN END TO YOUR CONCEPTUAL THINKING. WHEN THIS CEASES, ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA ARE VOID, AND WHEN THESE ARE VOID THOUGHT CEASES. BUT IF YOU TRY TO ELIMINATE ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA, FIRST PUTTING A STOP TO CONCEPTUAL THOUGHT, YOU WILL NOT SUCCEED BUT MERELY INCREASE ITS POWER TO DISTURB YOU."
BELOVED MASTER, WOULD YOU LIKE TO COMMENT ON THIS?

Anand Ritu, your question requires a little introduction. Huang Po is a mystic but he is also a philosopher. And that creates complications. He knows what is, but then he starts explaining it the way a philosopher will do, not a mystic.

It is unfortunate, because philosophy is a very much lower category in the world of existential experiences. I have been avoiding Huang Po. Many times it has come up that I should speak on Huang Po, and I looked into his book and each time I decided not, because mysticism needs no philosophical expression; it needs poetry, it needs music, it needs celebration. Dance can be allowed but not philosophy.

And the reason why philosophy cannot be allowed is that the whole world of mysticism is a struggle *against* philosophy. Now, to try to express mystical experiences in philosophical jargon is to destroy the beauty and the poetry and the music; then you start moving into a desert land where nothing grows.

And I know that Huang Po knows because what he says -- although the way he says it is wrong, what he is trying to say is right. Sometimes, the reverse also happens: that the person knows nothing, but what he says is exactly the truth.

Life in this sense is a very complex phenomenon: there are knowers who don't know and there are innocent people who know. There are very well-trained philosophers, but you

cannot get a single drop of truth from their great philosophical treatises. And there are mystics who have simply danced or played on the flute or just sat in silence with their disciples and expressed the inexpressible.

The difficulty with people like Huang Po is that anybody who is interested in intellectual thinking will categorize them as great philosophers -- and certainly, they are. But that is not their essence. That is not their very soul. Their very soul is not philosophical; it is not a desert land, it is a garden where roses grow. It is a night full of stars. It is a silence which is the authentic music without any words, without any instruments.

A single gesture of a mystic can say much more than the whole treatise of a great philosopher.

Huang Po has fallen into wrong company. I want to take him out of the wrong crowd he has fallen in. His authentic experience is that of a mystic, but unfortunately he speaks the language of a philosopher, and you will see it even in this small question.

ORDINARY PEOPLE ALL INDULGE IN CONCEPTUAL THOUGHT BASED ON ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA.

One thing you should always remember: that philosophy is a way of saying small things with big words. They don't travel much, they go round and round. And they feel they are traveling, they are reaching towards some goal.

For example, in the eyes of a mystic nobody is ordinary. Nobody can be ordinary. It simply does not exist; that category is an invention of the egoists who want to prove themselves extraordinary.

To the mystic, the ordinary is beautiful. The ordinary is great. The ordinary is the extraordinary. The mystic cannot condemn, he can only provoke the subdued flame of your being, make you afire.

Huang Po is saying, **ORDINARY PEOPLE...** and I have never come across a single ordinary person. They don't exist -- everybody has his own uniqueness. They exist only for those who want some higher status for themselves. And he is saying about ordinary people that they **ARE THOSE WHO INDULGE IN CONCEPTUAL THOUGHT** -- and that's exactly what he is doing! -- **BASED ON ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA; HENCE THEY FEEL DESIRE AND HATRED.** Sheer bullshit!

TO ELIMINATE ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA, JUST PUT AN END TO YOUR CONCEPTUAL THINKING. WHEN THIS CEASES ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA ARE VOID.

This is how that which is within you is reached by the philosopher -- by moving around the whole world. You are not a concept, you are not a thought. You are nothing but a pure awareness. So what is the point of all this nonsense?

It has a purpose: the purpose is to create "ordinary people." And you all accept such people -- who have been making you ordinary, sinners, mun-dane, mediocre -- and you feel very happy and very receptive.

And when I say, "You are enlightened" you don't believe it! It is very strange. Somebody says, "You are stupid" and you never doubt it. And I am saying you are a genius and you look all around -- "My god, me, and a genius? I can be a genie but not a genius. Perhaps he is talking about somebody else."

But this has happened because of continuous hammering on your mind for millennia that you are ordinary. And Huang Po accepts it and describes the "ordinary person"; that the ordinary person **INDULGES IN CONCEPTUAL THOUGHT.** The ordinary person has no

time to indulge in conceptual thought! He does not know exactly what you mean by conceptual thought. He listens silently so that nobody starts thinking that he doesn't understand. He sits silently and wisely. But do you understand "conceptual thought"? Have you seen any thought which is not conceptual? Concept and thought are two names of the same process of thinking, BASED ON ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA.

Now you say, "My god, this is real philosophy!" You could not have laughed before Huang Po; you would have been sad and serious and pretending that you are understanding what he is saying. And I want to tell you, even *he* does not understand what he is saying. But these big words have become the monopoly of the philosophers. If they don't use big words, nobody is going to accept them as great philosophers.

It happened while Hegel, the great German philosopher, was alive. Nobody understood him or what he was talking about -- and I am absolutely certain that he did not understand either. But he was very clever to use long words, one word almost filling the whole line -- even to read it is difficult -- one sentence filling the whole page. By the time you reach the end you have forgotten from where you had begun. And because nobody understood him, naturally, he must be great.

This is a simple logic that has prevailed in the world: if you want to be praised by people don't be understood by them. Don't speak in simple, direct, immediately-understood language; use such words that a person has to consult the dictionary ten times at least for every page. Finally he drops the idea of understanding; he knows you are great.

What is ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA?

This rain, these clouds, these winds -- these are environmental phenomena. But if you say, "Rains, clouds, rivers, oceans..." you cannot become a great philosopher.

Philosophy has its own language. Only other philosophers understand it. In fact, nobody knows whether anybody understands it or not. Hegel remained for almost a hundred years the greatest philosopher in the world, just because he was not understood. Then researchers did great digging and found that there is nothing in it; the man was just hocus pocus. He was just clever in using big words where they were not needed.

In my village, there used to be a brahmin. He was a crackpot. Crackpots are very unique people. He had never been to the university but he could defeat any university professor with his language. All he had done was, he had learned by rote the whole Oxford Dictionary -- without bothering about what the meaning of the word was -- and his only job was writing ten-page, twenty-page letters to the prime minister, to the president. Of course, nobody answered because nobody could understand: "What is he...?" And he was very angry.

I said, "You do one thing: you write the whole letter and then a small summary of it, attached to it, so that the addressed person can understand the summary. And if he feels like going ahead, he can read the thirty pages."

He said, "That is very difficult."

I said, "What is the difficulty?"

He said, "I myself don't understand what I am writing! I am just like a parrot. Thinking that English is the international language, I have crammed the whole Oxford Dictionary. I don't know what it means. I can manage to make sentences without knowing the meaning of them. But I use big words."

He used to torture professors, principals, because his whole language was simply gibberish. He did not know what he was saying.

Huang Po certainly knows what he is saying but there was no need to say it in a philosophical way. "Environmental phenomena" simply means all that is around you. And because of these "environmental phenomena," you will be at a loss: why do people feel desire and hatred? because first you have not understood the "environmental phenomena."

The girlfriend is an environmental phenomenon. Because of these girls and these boys and this money and the power... then things would have been clear to you, why people desire and why people hate.

They desire -- but desire never succeeds. One desire leads to another desire. It is an endless progression. And because they never succeed to fulfill all their desires, they start hating. Now it was a very simple thing to say that the world of things creates greed in you, lust, desire, and when you don't succeed, a depression, a hate, a despair.

And when you succeed, then something even worse happens: the ego. A man who has failed may be awakened more easily than a man who is being victorious.

I had a friend -- he was one of the richest men of this country -- who wanted to become an M.L.A., a member of the assembly of his state. He asked me, "Give me your blessings."

I said, "Just don't ask that because I never give blessings for wrong things. I will destroy all possibility of your becoming a member of the assembly. You just go... there are many saints; I am not a saint. They are sitting there, just for somebody to come with a coconut and ask for blessings." And nuts come, and they get blessed and one never bothers how many blessings succeed because the opponent also goes to the same saint and gets the blessing: "You will be victorious."

Obviously both cannot be victorious. And in an election there may be ten candidates, all blessed by the same saint. He has gained ten coconuts -- now what happens to all these ten nuts? Nobody bothers.

You will be surprised to know that the pope blessed Benito Mussolini -- and that meant he was blessing Adolf Hitler because Italy and Germany and Japan, all were together in a fight against the whole world. The high priest in Germany blessed Adolf Hitler and the priest in Japan said to the king, "There is no question -- you are the Sun God, you can never be defeated."

And it is true: before the second world war, the emperor of Japan was never defeated. In fact, nobody bothered about it, it was so far away. When there were countries like India available, who goes to conquer Japan? When easy prey is available, you don't go unnecessarily to the darkest jungles of Africa.

And in England, the high priest blessed England and in America, the same Catholic high priest is blessing America. All these blessings are going to one God, and all these people are in a fight! Nobody even bothers about the inconsistency and contradiction. Nobody has talked about it.

Once somebody becomes victorious -- and somebody is bound to become -- then it is very difficult to wake him up. He is too drunk with his victory.

The man who has failed, failed in every effort, is in such a despair that just a little push and he can be awakened.

Now Huang Po is saying, TO ELIMINATE ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA... What is the need of eliminating the mountains and the clouds and the stars? They are all environmental phenomena. But there has been this trend of philosophy in every country that all these things, the mountains and the stars and the trees, are all illusory; they have to be eliminated. They don't exist, they only appear. They are only appearances; they are maya,

illusion. So if you wake up you will suddenly find there is no sun, no stars, no garden, no people... But this is not right.

Environmental phenomena will remain; only your greed for them will disappear. So I cannot agree with Huang Po. He says,

TO ELIMINATE ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA...

In the first place, I don't want to eliminate them. They are so beautiful. Why eliminate the roses? They are not bothering anybody. Why eliminate beautiful mountains? And how can you eliminate the immensity of the sky and the stars? What is the need? Neither can you do it nor is there any need.

What is needed is that you should not desire, that you should eliminate the desire for things. That does not mean that things don't exist. Things exist -- they will exist whether you desire or not. But if you desire, you will remain asleep. If you don't desire, only one thing will disappear and that is sleep -- not environmental phenomena.

... JUST PUT AN END TO YOUR CONCEPTUAL THINKING. WHEN THIS CEASES...

Huang Po seems to be very simplistic. Simplistic in the sense that he says, JUST PUT AN END TO YOUR CONCEPTUAL THINKING -- as if it is so easy! He is saying, "Just don't think, and everything is right." It is easy to say -- "Put an end to your conceptual thinking" -- but he is not telling how. He is not telling you in what way you can get rid of conceptual thinking. And that is the *only* thinking.

WHEN THIS CEASES... He takes for granted what he has said to you: Put your bicycle outside -- rented or not rented. When you have put your bicycle outside, then ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA ARE VOID, then everything disappears. They become void, they become empty. They only appear -- as if in a film you are seeing a mountain, or in a dream you are seeing people. This whole world has been taken by a few philosophers to be made of the same stuff dreams are made of.

It is not true. Your dreams may disappear, your sleep may disappear -- the world will remain. Certainly it will become more clear and clean, more colorful, because you will become more sensitive. As awareness grows in you, a great sensitivity comes to all your senses. You taste better.

Now, this I am saying against people like Mahavira, people like Gautam Buddha, people like Mahatma Gandhi. They think that for a religious man, taste or even smelling a roseflower is almost a sin. Mahavira, describing the five virtues... his first virtue is tastelessness. You should not taste.

The only way not to taste is to destroy the sensitivity of your tongue. For that, a small plastic surgery is needed; otherwise I can say without any doubt that even Mahavira must have tasted, because plastic surgery was not in existence. It is not a big operation because you don't have much to be removed... just a small layer on your tongue at the back side. Your whole tongue does not taste, remember, just the back side of your tongue. And that too, is divided. The part that tastes the sweetness is not the part that tastes the bitterness. There are taste buds for sweetness, for bitterness, for all categories, and they are not much -- the territory may be just one square inch -- a small operation. Just by removing those taste buds you will not taste anything. Whether you are eating something rotten, cow-dung -- it is a holy thing, don't laugh! -- or you are eating some really delicious sweet, it won't make any difference.

In the second world war it happened that a man got shot by a bullet in his throat. The bullet was taken out, but the passage had to be closed, so he could not eat. Now it was a

trouble: he was perfectly healthy, so some way had to be found so that he could eat, but from the mouth he could not eat. So they made a plastic tube joining to his stomach, which he used to hide under his clothes. And whenever he felt hungry, he would put anything that he wanted to eat in the tube. But it does not give any enjoyment -- he wanted to eat some sweet, he is putting the sweet down in the tube, but no taste.

That is the only man in the whole world who has had no taste. If that is the criterion of being religious, then forget being religious! Only one man has been religious. But that man also revolted. He said, "I cannot... because whatever you put in my tube, I don't taste. And without taste so much of my life is gone."

You don't consider it, that life consists of small things.

But the doctors said, "We cannot do anything. You cannot eat and we cannot manage"... because at that time, it was not possible; perhaps today it would have been possible to put some taste buds on his tube, so when he was eating *rasogullas*, he could enjoy it. But his whole life was meaningless.

Mahavira makes it a point that tastelessness is a fundamental quality of a religious man. Buddha does not give it so much importance, but makes it a point. Mahatma Gandhi insisted, following Mahavira, that those who live in his ashram remember never to taste.

It is so strange that people have to deceive. They all said, "We don't taste." To check them, he used to provide... he used to sit with the ashramites; he had not many, just twenty, and those were all just useless people. Somebody's wife is dead, so he has no way to live in the world; most of them were women, widows. A strange and weird group had gathered. In fact, no sane person would have stayed there even for twenty-four hours.

Louis Fischer, one American journalist, was writing a biography of Mahatma Gandhi. So he had to stay there for three weeks to collect all kinds of information. The most difficult time was the mealtime, because Gandhi used to give everybody -- and he was very particular about it -- a chutney made of neem leaves, which are the bitterest in the world. They are very medicinal. They are good, they purify the blood. But one is not eating in order to purify the blood. And every day, purifying the blood -- too much purified! You will become a Nordic Niskriya, "pure Aryan blood!"

And because Louis Fischer was his guest, Gandhi used to sit by his side when they were eating. Louis Fischer was not aware on the first day when he tasted the chutney. He said, "My god, who has spoiled the food?"

Gandhi said, "That is a very essential thing in ashram life. It makes a person tasteless, and taste is a great bondage in the world." He had to stay and write this fellow's biography, so he thought rather than destroying the whole plate of food -- because chutney is used not in one gulp -- he thought it is better to swallow it in one gulp and then, at ease, eat the other things. Rather than again and again... So as he ate the chutney in one gulp, Gandhi said to the cook, "Look! A man of great understanding. Bring another cup full of chutney."

Poor American fellow... he had never conceived the idea that this would happen. He had to swallow another cup of neem chutney. Every meal, lunch and supper, that chutney was essential. In the ashram there was only one kind of tree grown all around, and that was the neem tree, because for twenty people every day... And I asked -- Gandhi had died -- when I visited his ashram; his son was in charge. I asked him, "Do you think... is it not pure hypocrisy? Because tastelessness does not mean that you have to make your food bitter -- to experience bitterness is also taste, just as to experience sweet. It is such a simple thing, but you never objected to your father."

He said, "Nobody ever thought about it... that bitterness is also a taste."

I said, "It is so simple. Whatever you do, it will be hypocrisy. Taste will be there."

The more you become aware, the more your sensitivity will become clean and clear. You will taste better than ever. Right now, you go on sleeping and eating. Most people don't even have the awareness that they don't smell things, that a great sense is non-functioning.

A man of awareness will also become aware of all his sensitivities. The world will have more taste, more love, more music, more fragrance. The world will not disappear, it will not become void. It will become more authentically true.

Right now, because of your desiring and dreaming, it is not exactly what you see it as. You see through the lenses of your glasses: if they are colored, the world looks colored. And everybody has colored eyes.

Awareness will take away your colored glasses.

You will be able to see the real as it is.

When you don't desire, when you don't have any greed or any jealousy, then you simply see what is the case. And you rejoice: this world is full of joys.

And Huang Po goes on saying, AND WHEN THESE ARE VOID, THOUGHT CEASES.

Now this is what I call going in circles. First, he says, WHEN CONCEPTUAL THINKING CEASES, ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA ARE VOID. Now he is saying, WHEN THESE ARE VOID, THOUGHT CEASES. Can you see? You cannot find a more clear example of circular thinking. First thought ceases; the world disappears. And when thought has ceased, the world has disappeared, then what is the point to say again, "Thought ceases"? Strange. Just absurd.

BUT IF YOU TRY TO ELIMINATE ENVIRONMENTAL PHENOMENA, FIRST PUTTING A STOP TO CONCEPTUAL THOUGHT, YOU WILL NOT SUCCEED BUT MERELY INCREASE ITS POWER TO DISTURB YOU.

Anand Ritu, avoid such fellows. They will make a mess of you. Now he is saying, "Putting a stop to conceptual thought you will not succeed." First he is asking, "Put an end to conceptual thought; then everything -- the illusory world -- will disappear." And now he has changed his point. "Putting a stop to conceptual thought, you will not succeed but merely increase its power to disturb you."

In the first place I have never seen anybody disturbed by environmental phenomena. Have you met anybody suffering from environmental phenomena? "I am very much in trouble with environmental phenomena; what should I do?"

At least, I have never been asked. Perhaps people are hiding it, suffering and hiding, not exposing it. But I know so many people, and they have never even thought about this "environmental phenomena." And who is worried about putting an end to conceptual thought?

This is how so-called philosophers go on not knowing exactly what they are doing. Here is a clear case of absurdity. First you ask and then you say, "You cannot succeed." First you say, "Go to the Everest and then everything will be okay. But remember you cannot go to the Everest."

So why have you bothered about it? And he has not said a single word which can take you out of your thinking process. He has not said a single word about meditation. And meditation does not destroy anything. It simply makes the green greener. It makes love deeper, it makes the dance really pleasant, blissful.

Meditation creates only one thing: a way of seeing the world in which everything looks

ecstatic. The silence or the thundering of clouds... everything takes on a new dimension.

There are two persons like this... Huang Po is one and another is Hui Hai. You should avoid these two fellows. I know they can confuse you and then to sort it out will be an unnecessary effort. These two fellows Huang Po and Hui Hai should be sent to America. California is the right place. Confuse people there -- there, they are so much willing to pay to be confused. Three hundred dollars! Huang Po has just to open a shop in America.

In the whole world, California is the most insane spot, so anybody who wants to earn money out of people's insanity should simply move towards California. Don't go astray, just direct your nose towards California. Many have already reached, many are on their way. When I was in America, I had made it clear to my people: "Avoid California! I am not going to California." People are really sick, but they have money. And they are sick with stupid things. For example, somebody may be sick with Huang Po and he will ask, "What is conceptual thinking? And how to stop it?" And there are people who are ready -- "You *can* stop it. We have the right method."

And for three hundred dollars it is not bad -- it is a good bargain, putting an end to conceptual thought. But remember: then the whole world will disappear. Then you will be sitting alone on this planet, thinking, what happened? Where is Huang Po? He is also gone because other than you, everything is "phenomena." Now live in the void!

Very difficult -- at least one needs a television. Without a television, is there any life? One needs cigarettes and this fellow has taken three hundred dollars and everything has become void. You open the packet of cigarettes and it is void. You go on looking at the television set and the screen remains empty.

This world has been tortured by many people who are not bad people, who are not knowingly doing any harm; on the contrary, they were trying to help you. But you don't need any help. All that you need is to remember yourself, that you don't need any help, that you are as perfect as you can be.

Just enjoy this perfection.

To me, there is no other religion than enjoying your perfection. And by perfection -- don't misunderstand me -- I am not saying that you have to become perfect. I am saying you *are* perfect. Nobody has said that. You will find thousands of teachers around the world, telling you, "You are imperfect. Follow this discipline, this holy scripture and you will be perfect." And you will never be perfect in thousands of lives according to their scriptures, because their scriptures demand absurd things.

I don't demand anything from you. I don't have any commandment.

When God created the world, he went around to the Babylonians and asked, "Would you like to have a commandment?"

They said, "What is a commandment?"

He said, "Thou shall not commit adultery."

The Babylonians said, "What else should we do? We don't want any commandment, just go on your way."

He went around to the Egyptians, and here and there, everywhere, and finally he found the right man -- Moses. Because Moses asked the right question. When God said, "Do you want a commandment?" Moses says, "How much?" -- a real question! First one should know the price.

God said, "It is absolutely free."

Naturally, Moses said, "Then I will have ten." If it is free...

That's why Jews are being tortured by ten commandments, and Christians have got those ten commandments as an inheritance.

But all the commandments of all the religions show one thing absolutely clearly: they are all bent upon destroying you, your naturalness, your at-easeness. They make people tense, guilty, afraid. They make people worried about the future.

I don't have any commandment. I want you to know that as you are, you are perfectly acceptable. The only trouble is, you don't accept yourself.

The other night, I went to my dentistry -- it is just by the side of my library -- and Shunyo was with me. New shelves are being created with mirrored glass, so she showed me and said, "Osho, it is not right that only women stand before mirrors for hours. I have been watching: everybody who passes here stands before the mirror, puts his collar right, smiles a little, looks all around whether anybody is watching or not."

You are so afraid. Even to look in a mirror, you are worried somebody may be looking. Enjoy looking, there is no problem. If one side of your mustache is going this way and the other side is going the other way... put it right! There is nothing wrong in it, no sin.

But nobody is at ease, is always concerned what others are thinking about him; what will they say?

At least you can be at ease with me.

Here, we are going to celebrate the moment. Your perfection in this moment, your arrival in this moment, your enlightenment in this moment. Just gather your energy into this moment.

... Before you do that I have to do some serious thinking.

Grandma Faginbaum calls her married daughter on the phone and asks her how she feels. "I feel terrible," she groans, "I have a splitting headache, my back and legs are throbbing with pain; the house is a mess and the kids are driving me crazy."

"Listen," says Grandma, "don't worry. You go and lie down. I will be right over and cook some lunch for you, clean the house and take the kids out while you fix a nice dinner for Sigmund."

"Sigmund?" says the woman, "who is Sigmund?"

"You know Saggi," replies Grandma, "your husband."

"My husband is not called Sigmund," snaps the woman.

"Ah, my god," cries grandma, "I must have called the wrong number."

"Ah, my god," cries the woman, "does this mean you are not coming?"

Moishe Finkelstein's wife Ruthie is always complaining about his bad performance in bed, so Moishe goes to visit his doctor. Doctor Bones prescribes some new miracle pills that are sure to do the trick.

A month later, Moishe returns to see Doctor Bones. "The pills are fantastic," says Moishe, "I have been making love three times a night."

"That's great," chuckles Bones. "And what does your wife say about your lovemaking now?"

"Ah, I don't know," replies Moishe, "I have not been home yet."

After making their fortune hunting Arabs, Paul and Herbie, the Jerusalem tailors, decide

to go on a big game safari in Africa.

They set up camp one night and over dinner Paul boasts that he will be the first one to shoot a lion. Herbie disagrees. They argue for an hour and finally Paul bets Herbie one hundred dollars that he will be the first.

"I will do it right now," says Paul.

He gets up from the campfire and stalks off into the jungle with his elephant gun. An hour later, Herbie is lying in his camp bed when a lion pokes its head inside the tent.

"Do you know a guy called Paul?" asks the lion.

"Yes," gasps Herbie. "Well," says the lion, "he owes you a hundred dollars."

Gloria and Barbara go out for a night on the town. After a few drinks, they go to a disco. Sitting at a table, they are soon joined by a handsome-looking man. The man takes Gloria onto the dance floor and they are soon shaking and jiving.

"You are looking very pale," shouts Gloria to the man as they sway together. "You look like you have been out of the sun."

"That's right," screams the man over the loud music. "That is because I just got out of prison."

"Prison?" cries Gloria. "What were you there for?"

"Well," yells the man, "I shot my wife, cut off her head and then threw her body in the river."

As the disco lights flash off and on and the music booms out, Gloria leans backwards and looks over at her friend, sitting at the table. "Barbara," she yells, "he's single."

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Be ready now. For two minutes no movement, absolute silence...

Now let go...

... Now, come back.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #25

Chapter title: A great surgery in the right hands

14 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

Archive code: 8804145

ShortTitle: YAAHOO25

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 83 mins

BELOVED OSHO,

I UNDERSTOOD FROM PAST DISCOURSES WHEN YOU HAVE TALKED ON HYPNOSIS, THAT ONE BECOMES, TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, TOTALLY UNCONSCIOUS, AWARE ONLY OF THE HYPNOTIST'S VOICE.

I HAVE NOT EXPERIENCED THIS STATE, BUT SOMETHING MORE AKIN TO WHAT I FEEL IN DISCOURSE, EXCEPT MORE SO: I FEEL MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY TRANSFIXED, WITHOUT ANY VOLITION TO MOVE, TALK OR THINK; BUT I AM DEFINITELY PRESENT AND AWARE OF EVERYTHING GOING ON AROUND ME.

HAVE I NOT GOT THE HANG OF HYPNOSIS YET, OR ARE THERE DIFFERENT LEVELS OF TRANCE?

Maneesha, hypnosis -- the very science of hypnosis -- has passed through very disastrous times. It is one of the most beautiful arts and it has been used for centuries in the East. It is referred to by Pythagoras, who said that it was even used in Atlantis, the continent which has drowned in the ocean.

Its purpose was to help you, from the outside, to come to a peace, tranquility, silence. In Sanskrit we have a special name for it, *tandra*. In this state of *tandra*, or hypnosis, you are very close to the consciousness of the awakened one; just a very thin layer, almost transparent, divides you from the awakened. And that can be broken very easily.

If you are working under a master, that requires immense trust. You are going into deep sleep, to such an extent that you will not be able to hear any other voice or noise. Only the master remains a very fragile thread between you and the world, between you and existence. If the master is authentic, this is the moment he will give you a post-hypnotic suggestion that, "When you will wake up you will *really* wake up. Whatever you have known up to now as wakefulness was only so-called. It was not true awakening."

He will also give you the post-hypnotic suggestion that, "When you come back to your consciousness, become aware of all that is around you. You will be always able to reach this deepest point of silence within you just by closing your eyes."

A few sessions of hypnosis in the right hands can help you to grow into consciousness. It is a very strange experience that through deliberately creating a deeper sleep, your ordinary sleep -- which you call being awake -- can be removed. You can actually become awakened. You can know reality as it is and you can know yourself, the being.

But this is true only if the master is authentic. There lies the whole danger. If the master is not authentic, he can exploit you to any extent, because in the deep state of trance you will hear only him. And you are so deep in your being that if he puts some ideas in you, you are bound to do them, howsoever they may go against your ordinary morality, ordinary consciousness. Even if consciously you know this is not right, you will have to do it. Because the unconscious is so forceful, once it gets some idea... and it is not argumentative. It does not doubt.

So in the hands of a wrong person, hypnosis can be a very dangerous phenomenon. He can convert you into anything he wants: into a murderer, into a thief, into a rapist; it does not have any limits.

Because of this danger all the religions have been against hypnosis. The danger is certainly there. But I am not against hypnosis, because my own understanding is that if you start living out of fear -- just because something is dangerous, you don't do it -- your life will shrink absolutely to nothingness. Each breath that you take is dangerous. It may be carrying a virus, any danger, any disease. Each love which you follow can lead you into insane confusion.

Why do so many people commit suicide, and why are so many people insane? They were not born to be insane, they were not born to commit suicide, but they got entangled in such a situation that they did something against their own better self.

I am all for hypnosis and I am all against the pseudo-masters. Rather than destroying the pseudo-masters, to destroy a valid science of awakening is sheer nonsense.

On your own you can also go into your deeper consciousness. That's why we insist on meditation. Meditation is nothing but an effort to reach the same depths as hypnosis can make available very easily. And your experience -- that listening takes you to deeper silences of the heart... Then even a hypnotic session... Maneesha right now is doing hypnotic sessions.

It is true: a man of integrity, a man who knows himself, his every word and his every gesture is hypnotizing; it is not different. People condemn me, and they are afraid to enter this campus... although their reason is absolutely absurd, but there is some truth in it.

I am not deliberately hypnotizing anybody, but if you get hypnotized, what can I do? Should I disturb you? You are moving so silently, so deeply into yourself.

It is nothing new. As far back as one can remember, people have gathered around masters, just to sit silently. In the East we call it *darshan*. The West has never understood the meaning of it. It looks stupid to say "I am going to see the master." Why not have a picture in your house, and okay, go once and see and be finished! But every day going to see the master, are you mad or something?

The West has never understood that *seeing* -- that is the actual meaning of the word 'darshan' -- means being in the energy field of a man who has come to know himself. To drink out of his well, to look into his eyes, to feel his hands, to listen to his silences, to his words. Everything, once you know yourself, strangely becomes an expression of the truth of your realization.

It happened, I was giving a meditation camp. It was my first meditation camp, far away, deep in the desert of Rajasthan in an old castle. A woman, very old, almost ancient, was known to thousands of people as one who has reached. She was uneducated, a poor woman,

but she had thousands of followers and when I came to give the camp the woman said to them, "I know, but I cannot say. You all come with me to the camp."

I had never heard about the woman. It was a seven-day camp. She came every day in the morning, sat silently, and after that, the whole day she disappeared into the cottage where she was staying. She did not participate in any other meditation.

Her disciples were a little puzzled, they asked her -- she was nearly eighty years old or perhaps more and she used to call me *babu*, father. I told her, "This is not right, and anyway I am not a Christian priest and I don't believe in any father there above in the clouds." But she never listened, she always called me Babu. Her disciples told her, "You call him Babu, but you only go in the morning and sit there for a few minutes. And the whole day meditations are happening, five meditations per day. You don't participate?"

The old woman said, "Don't ask me, ask Babu." And at that time my age was not more than thirty-five. Her disciples said, "We asked and she says we should ask you."

I said, "She is right. She understands, so she comes every morning to have darshan, to see the master, to refresh the feeling of being with a buddha. It is not necessary to remain twenty-four hours harassing him."

They said, "This is strange, you think we are harassing you?"

I said, "You are harassing me and I am harassing you. Until everything becomes silent, this harassment is going to continue. I know that you cannot be silent just sitting by my side. But the old woman takes a drink and that is enough. She knows the taste. She is uneducated, a villager, but she is in the same category of the awakened people who have always been condemned as hypnotizing people."

Gautam Buddha is condemned for hypnotizing people, Mahavira is condemned for hypnotizing people. Nobody is hypnotizing, but their very state of being is such that if you are loving enough, open enough, receptive enough, if you are silently sitting by their side, it is enough. You will become silent: a synchronicity will happen.

Something in you will start disappearing -- the clouds of the mind -- and the heart will start vibrating with a new wavelength, a dance, a joy, a feeling that the home is not very far away; that "What has happened to this man can happen to me also, just I have never entered deep enough into myself."

Hypnosis was used, and I accept it as a valid means. The only question is... and that question applies to everything. The method is valid, but the question is whether the person is valid.

I know of one very great surgeon in Nagpur, not very far from here. He was perhaps the best heart surgeon in the whole of Maharashtra, but a very wrong man. He would ask too much money -- that was accepted -- and in the middle of the operation after he had opened the chest, he would go out and tell the relatives or the friends that five lakh rupees more would be needed. He has opened the chest, it has been decided before how much money he wants, and now this blackmail! And they have to accept, otherwise the man is going to die. Without this opening of the chest he might have lived for a few days more. Now he is finished, with an open chest -- this is real open heart surgery! -- he cannot go back home and he is in a coma.

He used to come to listen to me, and when I came to know about his practice I said to him, "This is not right. You can ask any amount of money you want, but not when the patient is on the table and you have already opened his chest. This is sheer blackmail. And certainly

you are one of the best surgeons in the country. There is no doubt about it, whatever money you want you can have, but your practice... first you ask for five lakhs and they have agreed and now in the middle of the operation you ask for five lakhs more because you say, 'More complications have arisen. Without opening the heart, it was a blind gamble to agree on five lakhs; five lakhs more will be needed.' Now this is sheer robbery."

The man had a hand, the perfect hand of a surgeon, but the mind of a criminal. People knew it; still people came from faraway places, knowing perfectly well that they were going into the den of a lion far more dangerous than the disease itself.

It is very difficult to avoid wrong people, using right methods for wrong means. We should try, but they cannot be completely eliminated.

Christianity burned thousands of witches in Europe in the Middle Ages. Their only fault was that they were all practicing hypnosis. And a woman is far more capable of hypnotizing you than a man. She has a natural capacity that will allow her to be trusted. She has a natural beauty that will allow her to be loved, and one cannot think that such a beautiful woman is going to do any harm.

And the problem for Christianity in Europe was that because of these witches nobody was coming to the churches. Because churches have never solved anything. These witches were really solving people's problems. Perhaps they were exploiting through money, but they were not doing any harm; they were helping people to be more alert and more aware through hypnosis. The Christian priest was simply exploiting people without giving them anything except consolations.

Even religion is a marketplace. Those witches were great competitors, and man knows nothing else but to kill. Thousands of women were burnt alive and with those women hypnosis became condemned; it remains con-demned.

In the East we have never condemned hypnosis, because we have never practiced it. In the East we have practiced a far superior method. The presence of the living master is enough to intoxicate you. No alcoholic beverages are needed. The presence of one who knows is automatically hypnotic. It is not that he is doing anything, it is just his being.

You cannot say to a roseflower, "You hypnotize me -- you are dangerous, you look so beautiful." Now what can the poor rose do? He is not trying to do anything to you, he is just being himself, enjoying in the wind, in the sun, in the rain, almost unaware of you.

The authentic master... and the East has known so many authentic masters that it was very difficult for anyone to compete with the authentic ones. It was impossible because of the sheer fact that the one who was not authentic had no hypnotic presence. He had no fragrance of the real flower, he was just plastic. You cannot deceive people with a plastic flower. People try....

I used to live in a place in Raipur -- not many days, just six months and the university got rid of me. The professor living next door had a beautiful flowerpot in his window and every day... I was surprised, because I could see that the flowerpot was not true: the flowers in it were not authentic, they were plastic, because I never saw them disappearing, their petals falling. And he used to water them to deceive me -- I was the only one around.

I could not resist the temptation, although I was not acquainted with him and I had arrived just three or four days before. I went close to the window and I wondered: that man was watering the plant, but the plant was not real.

I said, "I just want to know who you are trying to deceive? Except yourself, nobody can be deceived and here only I am living by your side. Nobody passes by. And I have concluded

already that these flowers cannot be true, because they never change; they remain just as they are."

He used to water them just to remove the dust that gathers -- and Raipur was a very dusty place, storms of dust almost every day. So he had to water -- there were no roots -- just to clean the plastic flowers.

I said, "You are an idiot! With this much care, watering every day, you can have real, authentic flowers which will give fragrance, which will give joy to you, which will give a living experience of a bud opening into a flower."

When there were hundreds of authentic masters in this country, it was impossible for the pseudo ones; they would be exposed immediately because their presence would not have the fragrance. They could deceive a few people, but soon they would be exposed by their own actions.

I am reminded of a beautiful, historical incident:

Nanak, the master of the Sikhs -- the word *sikh* simply means disciple. It is unfortunate that it became a religion. Nanak had no idea to make a religion, he was only creating disciples to become masters. He was not creating an organized religion, a church, but that's what happened. Such is the unconsciousness of man.

Nanak was passing through Lahore, which is now in Pakistan. And there was a pseudo-mystic, a false Sufi, a pretender, and he had a great following. When he saw Nanak, he became afraid... and there was nothing to be afraid of. Nanak was alone with his one disciple Mardana, with a musical instrument. Mardana would play and Nanak would sing. They were innocent people.

They were staying outside Lahore when the pseudo-teacher was informed that "A great master has come. They are staying outside the city and many people have already started going towards them."

The pseudo-Sufi was certainly worried. He sent a cup full of milk -- so full that you could not put even a single drop more of milk in it. The disciple who took it said, "What is the meaning?"

The Sufi said, "You don't be worried about the meaning. Take it to Nanak and let us see what happens."

Nanak was offered the cup -- a beautiful cup -- full of milk and he was told, "The Sufi master sends his salutations."

Nanak asked Mardana, "Just there, nearby, are wildflowers. Take up one flower" -- Mardana could not understand what was happening -- and Nanak put that wildflower in the cup and gave it back to the man who had brought it. He told him, "Take it to your master."

He said, "But I don't understand -- what is the meaning?"

Nanak said, "Your master will understand."

The Sufi had sent the cup full of milk to show that "Here there is no need of any other master; the place is full of Sufis. You are not welcome -- go somewhere else!"

But Nanak floated a flower in the cup, meaning that, "You need not be worried about me. I will not disturb anything -- even in a full cup I will be simply floating like a flower. I am above -- you need not be worried. You can continue your shop, I will not take your customers."

The Sufi was exposed completely to his disciples, because they could compare the presence of those two persons. They sat with Nanak and they immediately saw, as if an arrow

had penetrated their being, that some strange joy has arisen in them which has never happened with that Sufi. Soon the Sufi master himself had to come to Nanak to ask forgiveness.

Nanak said, "Who am I to forgive you? Ask forgiveness from existence itself. You have been deceiving thousands of people, delaying their enlightenment. Your crime is great, although nobody will call it a crime because it is so invisible."

Do you know how much is the crime of the popes and the cardinals and the bishops and the rabbis and the *shankaracharyas*? It is invisible. The crime is that they are preventing people from going towards an authentic source, a living master.

With a living master, hypnosis is his air. There is no need, but if you are doing hypnotic sessions it will be good; it will give you a clear perception of what is happening when you are sitting with me. When you are singing and clapping and rejoicing, what is happening to you cannot happen in the deepest hypnotic way.

I am not against hypnosis. In the right hands it is a great surgery. But a right person will not use it, because his very presence gives what hypnotic sessions can give, if you are fortunate enough, over a long time under a right master.

This has to be remembered, that if the master is right, anything around him becomes a transforming force. And if the master is not authentic and true, then even the right things simply become exploitation, destruction, slavery.

That's what the false teacher has created in the world -- so many religions... The real teacher will create only religiousness. How can religiousness be Christian, how can religiousness be Hindu?

Religiousness is a quality of the heart -- the mystic rose opening, giving you the sense of your eternity, giving you the sense that you are not this mortal body but an immortal god, that you are pure light and pure love.

And you can share it -- you will *have to* share it, because when one becomes aware of one's treasures, one becomes like a raincloud. Too heavy, it has to rain; it has to become unburdened of its treasures.

So what you are experiencing, Maneesha, is perfectly right.

Your second question is about your several sessions of hypnosis:

WITH A VIEW TO INSTILLING IN MYSELF THE REMEMBRANCE OF WITNESSING, SO FAR THE RESULTS HAVE BEEN LESS THAN SPECTACULAR. IS IT NOT POSSIBLE TO HYPNOTIZE ONESELF TO WITNESS BECAUSE THE WITNESS IS NOT PART OF THE MIND AND THEREFORE CANNOT BE INFLUENCED BY SUGGESTION?

The witness can never be influenced; the witness can never go to sleep. But the witness can be overwhelmed by a sleeping mind. Just as a small candle can be covered and its flame will go on therein, but outside there will be no light; there will be simply darkness.

Mind is simply covering your alertness, your awareness. It has that quality, just like a cloud can cover our vision of the sun. It does not destroy the sun -- the whole sky may be covered with black clouds, but the sun remains in its glory and in its light, in its suchness. But if these clouds are gone, then the sun can spread its light and its rays far and wide.

Your awareness cannot be destroyed but it can be confined, imprisoned. That's why I call

you the imprisoned splendor. You are an immortal being, encaged. The cage cannot destroy you, but it can create a dark night of the soul. And lives may pass and you may completely forget yourself and you will become so much identified with your prison that you may start thinking, "This is me." Identification is possible.

Even in identification, awareness is not destroyed. But it loses the dance, the joy, the truth, the beauty of its whole sky, its immense freedom.

A little seriousness before we go into our own beings. A little laughter beforehand is always cleansing, rejuvenating, making you feel young.
I call it a little seriousness.

Little Ernie is pulling his new cart past the local priest, when one of the wheels falls off.
"Shit!" says Ernie.

"Young man," scolds the priest severely, "don't you ever say that again. If something goes wrong, you say, 'Help me, Lord,' instead. Do you understand?"

"Okay, Father," says Ernie. But the very next day, a second wheel falls off just as the priest is walking by.

"Shit!" says Ernie.

"What did I tell you?" shouts the priest.

"Okay, okay!" says Ernie.

Two days later, the remaining two wheels fall off. The priest happens to be in the bushes, listening carefully.

"Help me, Lord," says Ernie. And immediately all four wheels jump back on the cart. The priest leaps out of the bushes in amazement, and cries,
"Shit!"

The Kowalski family are returning from a trip to Mexico in a Cadillac.

As they are crossing a bridge, they are flagged down by the local police chief and surrounded by TV cameras.

"Congratulations!" says the top cop, "you are the millionth car to drive across our new bridge and you have just won the grand prize of one million dollars. May I ask you what you plan to do with all that money?"

"Well," replies Jan Kowalski, from behind the steering wheel, "the first thing I am going to do is to get my driver's license."

"Don't listen to him," snaps his wife, Gertie. "He always talks like that when he is drunk!"

Granddad Kowalski, who is a little deaf, shouts out from the back seat, "I knew we wouldn't get far in this stolen car!"

And then two Mexicans climb out of the trunk, and one of them asks, "Are we over the border yet?"

Farmer Jones has a cat called Moggy, who is a bit constipated. One night, Moggy is making so much noise outside Jones' window that he phones the vet. The vet is a bit deaf, and also angry at being woken in the middle of the night. He tells Jones to give the animal a bottle of castor oil and he will call around in the morning.

"A whole bottle of oil?" cries Jones.

"Don't argue," shouts the vet, "just do as I say!"

So Jones grabs the unfortunate Moggy, and with the aid of a funnel manages to force the

liquid down his throat.

The next morning the vet arrives and says, "Now, how is that sick cow of yours?"
"Cow?" asks Jones. "I said cat."

"My god!" cries the vet, "did you give him the whole bottle of castor oil?"

"You wouldn't let me argue!" replies Jones.

"Where is the cat now?" asks the vet.

"Well," says Jones, "he is up in the big field with twelve of his friends... four digging, four filling in, and four searching for fresh ground."

Little Ernie stands up in class one morning, waves his arm and says, "Miss Goodbody, I won't be in school next Friday because of my father's funeral."

"My god!" exclaims Miss Goodbody, "what happened?"

"Well," says Ernie, "he tried to hammer a nail into the wall and hit his finger."

"But he couldn't die from that," says Miss Goodbody.

"I know," replies Ernie, "but he kept on howling like a mad dog, so we had to shoot him."

Paddy and Sean plan to go on a fishing trip and are all excited about it.

Paddy says to Sean, "I will bring the fishing gear, and you go to the grocery store and buy the provisions."

On the morning they are going to leave, Sean shows up at Paddy's house with two loaves of bread and six bottles of whiskey.

"I can't believe it," says Paddy, "I leave the supplies to you and what happens? You bring two loaves of bread and six bottles of whiskey. Now, what the hell are we going to do with all that bread?"

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Close your eyes, remain like unmoving statues; just for two minutes let absolute silence prevail.

Now... let go.

... Now come back.

Okay, Maneesha?

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #26

Chapter title: To be effortless is just to be spontaneous

15 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

Archive code: 8804155

ShortTitle: YAAHOO26

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 65 mins

BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE BEEN STUDYING AIKIDO FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS, BUT I DIDN'T GET THE BASIC TRUTH.
BUT WHEN I SAW THE MOVEMENT OF YOUR BODY IN DISCOURSE, I UNDERSTOOD THE POINT OF THE BASIC TRUTH:
I UNDERSTOOD THAT THE MOVEMENT WHICH IS ONE WITH EXISTENCE IS COMING FROM TOTAL RELAXATION AND DEEP AWARENESS. IT IS UTTERLY DIFFERENT FROM THE MOVEMENT WHICH ONE GETS FROM TRAINING.
I FEEL VERY MUCH, "ACTION THROUGH INACTION" BY WATCHING HOW YOU MOVE. PLEASE COMMENT ON "ACTION THROUGH INACTION."
BELOVED MASTER, I AM GRATEFUL TO YOU.

Prem Vijaya, action can be without any effort; then it is called actionless. If it comes out as a spontaneity, then it is called action without action. It is a very simple truth but has become very complicated, since we are trained for everything. We have all become actors. We are even told to smile; there are great philosophers like Dale Carnegie, who says, "You have to say to your wife at least three times a day 'I love you, sweetheart.' " Whatever you are feeling is not the question. The emphasis is on the mask that you are wearing. Then everything, even smiling, becomes an effort.

Millions of people have forgotten how to laugh. In the Soviet Union, psychologists are preparing manuals for people to be taught in schools, colleges, hospitals, how to laugh, because they have discovered what I have been saying to you continually: that love and laughter go together, and laughter is one of the greatest medicines.

At the same time, it is also a great meditation. Only in the Soviet Union are they working very deeply to find out what happens when people laugh. Their blood flow changes, their brain cells become more active, their heartbeat becomes more rhythmic. Something like laughter has been found by the scientists to be of tremendous importance -- but they are being immensely stupid about it. They think it has to be a training; every school child has to be trained how to laugh.

And if in the Soviet Union everybody is trained how to laugh, no laughter will exist at all. Now they are saying that in every hospital there should be a special ward, a humor ward where all the patients should tell jokes and laugh. It is very calculated: what their medicines cannot do, laughter can do.

But to me, if laughter comes as a training it may do something, but it cannot be a total transformation where in a single moment your whole being is thrilled, vast, rejuvenated, and there are no side-effects.

Just today, I came to know that one third of the diseases in the world are created by the doctors. Not knowingly -- just because of their medicines, which are going to have after-effects. For the moment they may be useful, but they may create something in your chemistry, in your hormones, in your biology. And you may never connect them. You had taken the aspirin only for your headache -- to be exactly true, only for your wife! But that aspirin is going to have its own effects, and you are a complex phenomenon.

It is a poor humanity who needs training to laugh. The day would be very ugly when birds ask, "First train us, then we will sing the song." And the peacocks will say, "We don't care about the clouds. First train us; then we will open our wings." But the peacocks dance as the first clouds of rain start coming; there is no training for it, no training school for peacocks. No training for the birds, no training for the flowers -- why should man be trained for everything? Why should he not be allowed to be spontaneous?

There is some fear in spontaneousness, because the spontaneous behavior is unpredictable. You may laugh at somebody and he may simply look at you as if you are an idiot. There is no need for him to laugh in response -- he is being spontaneous, he is feeling like looking at you as an idiot. Nothing is wrong in it; it is his problem. You were laughing; that was your problem. Why get mixed up?

To avoid such situations, people have been trained for everything: how to walk, how to talk, what to say, when to say it. Naturally, by and by they become very phony. Just actors in a drama, repeating dialogues.

Otherwise, the question of actionless action will not arise at all.

I was visiting a theological college which is the biggest in Asia, which trains missionaries to go all over the poor East to convert people to Christianity. The principal was a friend, and he took me around their campus.

In one class, I could not believe my eyes. What I saw being done was such an absurdity that I was almost stunned. The professor was teaching nearabout sixty students who were ready, almost ready to go for their missionary work. He was telling them, when you repeat a certain statement of Jesus, what kind of gesture, what kind of facial expression to use. When is the time to hit hard on the table, and when is the time to whisper silently that God is love. "And when you describe paradise, don't just describe it in prose. Let your face be radiant; let each of your words be pure honey, just poetry."

And at that time one student asked, "And when we are describing hell, what are we supposed to do?"

The professor said, "As far as hell is concerned... as you are, it is perfectly okay." There is no training for hell because you already look like you are in hell!

I asked the principal, "Can't you see this nonsense? These people don't have any feeling, and you are imposing on them that when they say something a certain expression on the face, in the eyes, in the hands, is needed."

I have never been in any training, but when it is needed the hands know what to do. The words know when to stop and when to let silence take over. The eyes flash by themselves when you are describing your own experience. Then there is no effort.

Aikido, or any other training which asks you to be effortless, is simply asking you to be spontaneous. Just don't get lost into philosophical words, because they look absurd. When somebody says "effortless effort -- actionless action" you say, "My god, this fellow is going to give me a migraine!"

All that is needed is to tell people: Be spontaneous. When laughter comes, don't stop it. And when it does not come, there is no need to be Jimmy Carter.

I have seen only one picture of Jimmy Carter after he descended from the throne of the president, and now he looks exactly the picture of hell. Now that old smile which stretched from one side to another side is no longer there. It was a training, a political necessity: "Whatever happens, you go on smiling as if everything is under control and nobody has to be worried. When Jimmy Carter is smiling, there is no point to feel any depression or despair. He knows."

Those were the days, I have heard, that his wife used to put his lips together in the night. Because he would go on smiling, and can you sleep with a man who goes on smiling the whole night? And there have been stories about it...

One day, she phoned the doctor: "Quick, come! A rat has entered into the president's mouth."

The doctor said, "I am coming as fast as I can. But meanwhile, do something: hang a piece of cheese just so that the rat can be attracted out."

By the time the doctor reached he could not believe his eyes, because Jimmy Carter's wife, rather than hanging a piece of cheese, was hanging a rat! He said, "What happened?"

She said, "What happened? You took so long to come that because of the rat, the cat also entered. Now I am trying to take the cat out! The rat is far away, almost secondary. The primary thing is that the cat has to be taken out."

But that smile has simply disappeared. It was a training. When Nixon was defeated, the reason according to the experts was that his dress was not as it should be for a presidential candidate. It was not well pressed... he walked hesitantly. And it is decisive, because people are watching on their televisions; now there is no question of coming in contact directly with the candidates. They are watching on the television, and Nixon looked lousy. He was defeated.

Then he learned all the tricks and the next election, he was totally a new man -- well-trained. He walked with certainty, talked with certainty, looked directly into the eyes of people watching the television... now here was a man you could rely upon!

In America, it is not the man who wins the election or loses the election. It is his tailor, his make-up man. It is the training that he gets: he speaks as if he is God himself and you have to believe in him. The question is, of the two persons, who can create a deeply authoritative image in you? It does not matter whether the man is an idiot, a criminal, or a wise man. What matters is what image he creates on the television screen. In this world, everything has become fake, because you believe in the fake.

These sciences of Aikido or other dimensions of Zen are simply saying to you: Be simple,

be just yourself. There is no need to act. Whatever action comes spontaneously, let it come; enjoy its spontaneity. Then you will see a beauty, a centeredness, a simplicity. Something authentic -- not fake, not pseudo.
All this is so simple.

A farmer once had on his farm a rooster that was one of the laziest creatures that ever lived. Instead of crowing as it was supposed to do, when the sun came up in the morning, it merely waited until some other rooster crowed -- and then it nodded its head in agreement.

... But if it is spontaneous, it has its own beauty. Why bother? Somebody else is going to do it. I am in absolute agreement with that rooster; I have never done anything in my life. If somebody happens to do it...

Just on the way, Shunyo was telling me -- she must have met Jayesh, and I have told Shunyo that without Jayesh I don't know how things would have been settled. He has been doing too much. The poor fellow had come to Rajneeshpuram to meditate, renouncing the world to sit silently, and he met me in the plane and got arrested with me! Since then, he is running continuously all around the world. He has completely forgotten for what he has come; he has no time.

And I simply go on watching him doing everything, just nodding -- "Well done! Good boy!" So Shunyo must have told him, and he started crying.
I know those tears are of great joy, of deep love.

To celebrate their golden wedding anniversary, Saul and Sylvia Shulman decide to repeat the same things they did on their honeymoon.

They go to the same hotel and book into the same room. Sylvia puts on the same perfume and the same nightgown.

Just as he did on the honeymoon night, Saul goes into the bathroom and Sylvia hears him laughing -- just as he had done fifty years before.

So when he comes back Sylvia says, "Honey, it is really beautiful -- everything is the same. I can remember it as if it were yesterday. Fifty years ago, you went to the bathroom and laughed in the same way. At the time I did not have enough courage to ask you, but now, tell me. Why did you laugh?"

"Well, it is like this, darling," says Paul. "That night fifty years ago, when I went to piss, I wet the ceiling. And tonight I wet my feet!"

Just be innocently simple. This man must have been a very spontaneous man. He told the truth -- there is nothing to hide about it. But most of you would not have dared to tell the truth.

Truth is very simple; it needs no training, no preparation, no homework. You simply are what you are. Just accept it and expose it to the world.

From my very childhood, my parents, my neighbors, my teachers, my professors... everybody has repeated again and again: "Listen, if you don't change your ways you are going to end up into nothing." I *have* ended into nothing! They were all right, but I am enjoying this nothing so much. Gautam Buddha had to try for it. I have not tried, I have just not listened to anybody -- and ended up into nothing. I have never listened to anybody's advice, howsoever great. I simply remained my lazy self, bone-lazy.

Anando was worried that I used to sit cross-legged always, but just for a few days...
"Why are you not sitting cross-legged?"

I said, "This *is* strange, but it does not happen to me. It used to happen... but what can I do?" Should I cross my legs because Anando will be in trouble?

I am not going to listen to anybody; I am going to sit this way.

... Even Niskriya is laughing. When he laughs I know everything is all right. Otherwise, he is a serious person.

Mandelwitz is due to be released from the mental asylum.

He goes for an interview with Professor Potts, the chief psychiatrist, who tells him that he has to answer a simple question, sanely, before he can be released.

"What would be your first action," asks Potts, "when you get released from this asylum?"

"I would start a rock collection," says Mandelwitz, "and throw one through each window of this building!"

Mandelwitz is taken back to his room and another six months pass before he is interviewed again.

"What will you do first when you are released from here?" asks the head shrink.

"Well," replies Mandelwitz, "I will buy myself a new suit."

"Good," says Potts, "and then what will you do?"

"I will call up a gorgeous blonde girlfriend," says Mandelwitz.

"And then?" asks Potts.

"I will take her to a motel," replies Mandelwitz.

"That's fine," says Potts, "and then?"

"Then," replies Mandelwitz, "I will lock the door, sit her on the bed, run my hand up her stockings, rip off her garter, make a catapult, and break every window in this building!"

One has to be oneself.

And Milarepa has asked a question:

WHAT IS THE ESSENCE OF CELEBRATION?

That's what we are doing here, and you are asking about the essence. Why not have a taste of it yourself? But mind is such, it makes questions out of everything:

"What is celebration?"

Rather than dancing, rather than laughing, rather than loving, rather than enjoying this silence, the mind asks: "What is celebration?"

Mind is something like a tree on which questions grow, and you answer one question and out of that one question, another question will come up.

Everybody knows what celebration is. I have never come across a person who does not know what celebration is. Just rejoicing in your being, just rejoicing in this moment, this tremendous universe. You had not asked for it, you have simply been given a universe which is infinite and eternal. You have not asked and you have been given a consciousness which is eternal, which can become festive. If you allow it, it can make you the sanest, the most graceful, the most loving...

A man of many seasons and many rainbows.

There are so many dimensions of celebration.

Rather than answering your question, I will say something else. Perhaps you can get the

answer.

Hymie Goldberg takes up fishing, and much to Becky's annoyance, spends all his spare time down at the river.

One day, a man calls at the Goldberg house and Becky answers the door.

"Good afternoon," says the man, "I am looking for Mr. Goldberg."

"I am Mrs. Goldberg," says Becky, "can I help you?"

"I am afraid not," replies the man. "It is Fishing Club business. Can you tell me where I can find him?"

"Certainly," snaps Becky, "just go down to the river and look for a stick with a worm at both ends."

Fergus and O'Reilly have been drinking partners at the same pub for years. Fergus has a humped back, and O'Reilly has a club foot.

One night, leaving the pub after a late session, Fergus takes a shortcut through the haunted cemetery. He is stumbling along, when a ghost pops out from behind one of the gravestones.

"What's that on your back?" asks the ghost.

"It is a hump!" stammers Fergus.

"Well," giggles the ghost, "I will take that!" All of a sudden, Fergus finds himself tall and straight -- and running for his house as fast as he can.

The next night, Fergus tells O'Reilly all about his meeting with the ghost, and O'Reilly decides to try the shortcut through the graveyard himself. He is wandering around, when up pops the ghost, and asks O'Reilly, "What is that on your back?"

O'Reilly is confused and stammers, "Nothing!"

"Well," chuckles the ghost, "have a hump!"

Ronald Reagan orders the American post office to have his portrait printed on a special edition of postage stamps.

When he hears that the stamps are not selling very well, he summons the Postmaster General to his office in the White House and demands to know the reason why.

"Well," explains the postmaster, "it is because the stamps would not stick to the envelopes."

Reagan is furious and asks why the post office does not use the right glue for the stamps.

"It is not the glue," says the postmaster, "it is because everybody spits on the wrong side!"

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Now two minutes for absolute silence, no movements of the body... as if no one is here.

... Now, let go.

... Come back to life.

Okay, Maneesha?

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #27

Chapter title: Love your camel and trust

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BELOVED OSHO,
CAN YOU TALK ABOUT THE SUFI SAYING, "TRUST IN ALLAH, BUT TETHER YOUR CAMEL FIRST"?
SOMETIMES I FEEL I HIDE IN PASSIVITY, WAITING FOR THINGS TO HAPPEN. AND YET SOMETIMES I AM IN AWE AT THE WAY EXISTENCE SEEMS TO BE CONSTANTLY CARING FOR ME.

Kumud, the Sufi saying is as ancient as it is wrong. Nobody has ever objected to the inner contradiction in the saying. The saying is: Trust in Allah -- trust in God -- but tether your camel first. Obviously the camel is a priority. God is just a belief.

The saying is not in favor of Allah, it is simply denying the very existence of Allah. Trust in Allah cannot be put second to anything. It can be put second only if it is just a fictitious belief. That's why I say the saying is absolutely wrong.

In fact it is saying, "Tether your camel first -- then do whatever you want to do with Allah. Trust or no trust, but tether your camel first." Such sayings have existed for centuries without being objected to because only a man of Allah can object. And in the marketplace you can find the camel, but not Allah.

If the trust is total, then forget all about the camel, God will take care of it. And if God cannot take care of the camel what else can he do? Your trust is not even enough for a camel's care -- who will care for you? Who will take care for this whole existence?

But the fact is, everybody believes in God and everybody knows it is just a belief. It is good, a social formality, but not a heartfelt reality. The real thing is the camel -- heartfelt! You cannot trust God in such important matters as tethering your camel.

Then what is the purpose of your trust in God? If he is so inefficient that he cannot take care of the camel, it is better to forget all about God, tether the camel, and take every care that is possible for you to take. That's actually what it is saying, but it is saying it in such a way that it looks as if it is a very religious statement.

It is utterly irreligious.

I don't believe in God and I don't even have any idea that God exists, but I believe in trust. This gives a strange turn to the whole thing:

Trust in itself is enough.

Don't be doubtful, be trusting.

Naturally you will ask, "If there is no God, then whom to trust?"

Trust in your intelligence, trust in your love. Trust in existence. Trust in this whole universe, which is running so efficiently... no accidents, no stars colliding, no planets going away for a holiday. Everything is going so smoothly... and it is so vast and infinite that even a God cannot manage, the sheer vastness is such. But existence itself is intelligent.

Intelligence exists in many forms. The intelligence you are acquainted with is only one form of a multidimensional phenomenon -- the human intelligence. But do you know, your body is also intelligent -- apart from you. The body has its own wisdom. It does not ask you questions, "Now what to do? You have eaten food..." It does not ask you very essential questions: how to change this food into blood and how to change the dead cells in your body and replace them with living cells. It does not ask you even to please continue to breathe, continue the heartbeat. You are not needed. You can go anywhere, to a football match, or you can go to sleep; the intrinsic wisdom of the body continues to work.

And not only when you are alive! If you dig a grave -- it should not be very ancient, otherwise you will find only a skeleton -- a fresh grave, and you will be surprised that the man has grown a beard, his hair is longer, his nails are longer. And you know perfectly this man used to shave twice a day; has he forgotten completely? Even in the dead body a few functions continue; for example, the growth of the hair and the nails. They don't depend even on your breathing, they have their own small area of intelligence.

The deeper one understands the intelligence of the body... one is simply amazed. Each cell -- and you are made of millions of cells -- each individual cell has its own intelligence and works intelligently. It is so amazing that not a single cell in any body anywhere in the world is an idiot. The man may be an idiot -- he may even be Ronald Reagan, it does not matter. The cell functions intelligently, goes on functioning, without any concern about your participation or consultation.

The trees go on growing -- they have their own intelligence, they have their own sensitivity. And now instruments are available which can calculate the emotions and the sentiments of trees. They are just like cardiograms: you attach the instrument to the tree and you see a graph like a cardiogram makes. It is very harmonious, the tree is perfectly at ease, and then suddenly comes a woodcutter, from far away. And as the tree sees the woodcutter with his axe the graph immediately changes to make a very fearful pattern; all smoothness of the graph disappears.

The tree is freaking out! You may not hear it, because our languages are different, but the tree is sending messages. And other trees around can also be attached to these instruments -- when one tree freaks out, other trees immediately start freaking out. You don't hear, but the other trees hear; they know each other's language.

And the same man -- and this has been the most puzzling part -- the same man with his axe may be passing by with no desire to cut the tree, and then the graph remains smooth, rhythmic, with no fear. It seems the tree is not only aware of you, it is also aware of your intentions. Its wisdom seems to be far deeper than ours, because if somebody is coming with a sword it does not mean that you will be certain whether he is going to cut your head, or just going on his way. But the tree somehow feels the intention of the person.

And when the gardener comes, the graph immediately changes. The graph immediately becomes a dance... the tree is so full of joy that the gardener has come, who has been his life source, who has been his friend, who has been always taking care of the tree.

Perhaps mountains have their own intelligence, oceans and stars. The whole existence as a cosmic whole may have different kinds of intelligence, but it is certainly an intelligent universe.

There is no need of any God. Because God will become old, will one day die and the universe will remain deserted: the engineer is gone and the workshop is closed. What will the poor stars do? From where will they get the guidance? Everything will become a chaos!

I have heard, a surgeon was saying that surgery is the oldest science, because God created Eve by taking a rib out of Adam. Surgery -- a miraculous surgery, without any chloroform, without any developed instruments.

His friend said, "Surgery may be very old, but I am a creator, a painter. Creation is even older than surgery, because before creation there was only chaos."

Then the third friend started laughing hilariously, hysterically.

They said, "What has happened? Why are you laughing?"

He said, "I am laughing, because who created the chaos? He was a politician! Without a politician you cannot create chaos."

So it is all wrong what is written in the BIBLE, that there was the word in the beginning. Absolutely nonsense. There was a politician in the beginning. The politician created the chaos and then out of chaos God can create the whole universe. But without a politician even God cannot create chaos.

In this whole universe, stars don't go on strike because they don't have any unions; roses don't declare, "We are on strike and this spring there will be no roses because proper nourishment has not been given to us. And there are many roses who are unemployed -- employment is needed; otherwise we will not blossom."

No, existence simply continues smoothly, without any disturbance. It needs no God -- God is simply its own intrinsic intelligence.

So there is no need to have trust in Allah. And what kind of trust, that it says, "But first tether your camel"? The statement is clear. It says trust in God or not, it doesn't matter. Tether your camel, and then do all your *namaz*, your prayer, your meditation, but don't just trust in God and leave the camel without tethering it!

I will not agree with such a proverb.

I would like to say to you, tether your camel and trust in your intelligence; trust in the intelligence of existence.

Trust is another name of love.

Love yourself and love all that is all around you. If your very being becomes just a loving being, perhaps you may not even need to tether the camel. Your love will stop him going from his place.

There is no need to create chains, there is no need to create prisons. Love is enough. But love is not a belief, love is a reality. It is in your very heartbeat, it is your experience. It is not in the scriptures; it is not Christian and it is not Hindu, it is not Mohammedan.

Love is the blossoming of your inner being just like a rose.

That's why I have called this gathering and the talks, THE MYSTIC ROSE. Mystic,

because only stupid people think that life can be understood. The greater is your intelligence, the more you will become aware of your ignorance; the wiser you are the less you know. And the wisest is one who becomes absolutely innocent, and the whole of life, existence in its all dimensions, becomes just a mystery. A mystery to be enjoyed, loved, lived, but not to be understood. The very effort to understand existence is an insult. Love does not want to understand; love simply wants to share.

Trust simply means you don't live out of doubt. You don't live the life of a skeptical mind. You don't live in suspicion, you live like an innocent child, trusting everything. Only in the atmosphere of trust and love, only in that air of mystery, your roses can blossom, your life can become a garden. And each moment, you know things go on happening for which you have never asked; still you are so shy that you don't even express your gratitude.

Kumud, you are saying, "Sometimes I feel I hide in passivity waiting for things to happen. And yet sometimes I am in awe at the way existence seems to be constantly caring for me." The second part is the reality: existence is taking care of you in many ways, which you may not even be aware of. There is no need to be worried, because all that is needed happens.

I am not a religious person in the sense of being a blind believer -- I am just the opposite. But what is true is true, and cannot be denied. My own experience I cannot deny. I have never cared about myself; I have never thought about the tomorrow and never thought about the yesterday. I have simply lived moment to moment, day by day....

Jesus is right when he says, God give us our daily bread. His God is a fiction, but the idea of asking for daily bread is perfectly right -- because anybody would ask at least for three months' provision -- daily bread? And what happens tomorrow if God is engaged somewhere else? Daily bread? Daily bread is simply Jesus' way of saying that this day is enough unto itself, don't ask for more. Tomorrow never comes; it is always today and today is enough to enjoy, to rejoice, to love, to dance, to sing. Don't waste it in doubting, don't waste it in desiring, don't waste it in longing for faraway goals.

And it is your experience too, that, "Sometimes I am in awe at the way existence seems to be constantly caring for me."

Keep yourself always aware of it and you will never be miserable and you will never feel suffering; you will never feel despair, anxiety. A man of trust knows nothing of these things. These things are the experiences of the people full of doubt.

The skeptical mind is the worst calamity that can happen to anybody. Even if the whole of paradise is given to the skeptical mind, he will not be happy. He will always ask for more, and he will ask whether this is real or ephemeral, "Is it true or just a dream?" His doubts will not leave him even in paradise. Who knows, he has fallen asleep and is dreaming. Now, here, who knows this is not just a dream?

But to the man of trust even a dream becomes a beautiful experience. To the man of trust even the dream does not create doubt, does not create skepticism. And Allah has nothing to do with it. Love your camel -- I will not say tether your camel, because the tethering means you don't respect your camel; you don't respect your love towards your camel.

It happened in one of the universities where I was a postgraduate student. I shared my room with a friend. The friend was a kleptomaniac -- just to steal... It was not that he was a thief. It was his psychological sickness; stealing was his joy.

In the West now, there is so much shoplifting that big shops are engaging psychoanalysts

to treat their customers -- mostly women who go on stealing things for no special purpose, but just because it gives such a joy that you deceived all those fools.

And my professor warned me, "You shouldn't allow that boy to be your roommate."

I said, "But nobody else is allowing him. And in fact there is no compulsion on me" -- those rooms were single rooms -- "but I feel sorry that he cannot get a place. All the rooms are full and nobody is ready to allow him."

And I said, "I don't need that much space."

My professor said, "You don't understand -- he is a kleptomaniac, he will steal your things."

I said, "About that you don't worry. In the first place I came in this world absolutely naked and I will go from this world absolutely naked. In between it is sheer stupidity to think that you own something. I don't own, I only use. And if he takes it away, there is no harm -- *he* will use it."

And I said, "It will be a great experience to live with a kleptomaniac, and I am always interested in every beautiful experience. This is a great chance -- I cannot lose."

That boy heard all this and he said to me, "You are strange! They are all right, it is true: I steal things."

I said, "You don't be worried, steal. Everything that belongs to me is yours from the very beginning."

He said, "No! That means I cannot steal!"

I said, "It is up to you, but everything that is in this room belongs to you."

He said, "You are a very difficult man. I have never imagined this idea. I enjoy stealing!"

I said, "You can steal."

"But," he said, "if everything belongs to me what is the point? Just putting it from this pocket into another pocket -- it is a waste of time."

I said, "Then what do you want?"

He said, "Your things should be yours and my things should be mine."

I said, "Okay, but remember I am also a kleptomaniac."

He said, "My god, you steal things?"

I said, "I steal; otherwise from where can I get things? Otherwise why have I allowed you in, when nobody else is allowing you? When I saw that the guy seems to be good, when I saw your suitcases I thought, it is perfectly good."

He said, "But that means you will steal?"

I said, "I will steal."

We lived together and it was a great experience. I would take things from his suitcases and when I was gone he would take all the things back into his suitcases.

Finally he said, "This is stupid. Because of you I cannot go anywhere. The moment I go out, immediately all my things enter into your suitcases."

I said, "There are only two ways: either everything belongs to me, then I will not steal; or everything belongs to you, then you will not steal. You can think it over."

He said, "It is a very difficult situation. If I say everything belongs to you... that I cannot say. My things belong to me! And I cannot accept that everything belongs to me, because then the whole joy of stealing..."

I said, "Anyway, you decide. I leave everything in your hands."

He waited for a few moments, and then he said, "It is better you have everything. I will steal somewhere else. In other people's rooms -- they leave their windows open..."

I said, "That's good, but remember: everything that you bring here, once it enters the

room it is mine."

He said, "You are making things very difficult! I have given up all my things, and now even if I bring new things those too belong to you?"

I said, "In *this* room. You can keep those things somewhere else, I'm not concerned."

He said, "Where else can I put them?"

I said, "I am ready for the other alternative also -- still available."

He said, "No, that alternative I cannot choose."

And he used to steal things from the cafeteria, anything. It was not that he was concerned about things, his joy was *stealing* -- somebody's one shoe! And I would say, "You... what will you do with this one shoe?"

He said, "That is not the point, the point is what *he* will do with one shoe! I am enjoying so much..."

And I said to him, "Then keep this shoe here and find the other."

He said, "But what is the need? We don't need these shoes, they are not our size."

I said, "You find the other shoe."

He said, "Let him suffer! Why...?" But he enjoyed every moment. I never saw him miserable, because he was making so many other people miserable! His only problem was to bring anything into the room, because once in the room it became mine. And I had to find the person whose shoe he had taken and give it back to him and tell him, "Don't worry -- and don't report it to the police station." Somebody's bicycle... anything! And the day he brought a bicycle I said, "Do you know how to ride on the bicycle?"

He said, "I don't know, but that does not matter. What will that fellow do? And anyway it does not belong to me; once it is in the room it is yours. I enjoy stealing, you enjoy using those things, or if you enjoy giving it back to that fellow, you can give it back. We both enjoy, and nobody is harmed."

After six months he said to me, "It is becoming very difficult. Coming back to the room I feel so sad -- I have brought all these things, but they don't belong to me so I cannot do anything. And if I take them... where will I take them? And I cannot steal them, because that is pointless; that is just changing suits."

I would find him in the university wearing my coat. I said, "Great! Anything else you have taken?"

He said, "No, just the coat. And just to enjoy -- I'm not going anywhere, just having a round."

And I would tell him, "When you come back, just put the coat back in its place. And remember... have you forgotten these shoes?"

He looked. He said, "They are mine!"

I said, "If you can wear my coat, I can wear your shoes, there is no problem!"

He said, "No, this is not right."

I said, "Give my coat back and take your shoes and go to hell."

After six months he left. He said, "You are dangerous. I have lived with many people and cheated them, but to cheat you is difficult. On the contrary, I take things from people with great difficulty, taking the risk of being caught, and finally they become yours! And now the whole university knows that I am a kleptomaniac."

... Because I had made everybody aware: "If you are missing anything, just come to me."

So he said, "You are enjoying on my behalf. I steal, I take the whole risk, and finally the man comes to you and takes his things back. I am going. I will live anywhere, even in the

outside, but I cannot live with you."

I said, "That's perfectly okay, just let me look in all your suitcases to see how many things are really yours and how many things are mine and how many things belong to other people. Just take them out, and live wherever you want."

He said, "You spoil everything! But I have found an innocent person who is ready to accept me as his room mate, not knowing that I am a klepto-maniac..."

I said, "How long will you deceive that person? Within hours he will know, because all his things will disappear into your empty suitcases. And I am coming with you to inform him, 'Don't be worried; this fellow is safe, he just enjoys putting things into his suitcases. Whenever he goes out you take them back, and you can also take his things into your suitcases. It is just a game, no harm.' "

The man said, "If you are coming with me, then there is no need to go anywhere. I will live here. It seems it is my destiny to suffer with you."

I said, "Suffer? If you think it is suffering... I am enjoying every moment of it!"

It all depends how you take life. If you are of a possessive mind, you are bound to be miserable. If you are a very greedy person you are going to be in deep pain. If you are longing for success, power, prestige, you will be moving in a direction where only insanity, suicide, and all kinds of hells happen. Nothing fails in this world more than success, although the proverb is different. The proverb says, "Nothing succeeds like success."

I say, "Nothing fails like success." Because when you have reached the top you look very stupid.

Before Henry Ford died he was asked, "What is your last statement before death?"

He said, "My last statement is that I am a good climber."

The person said, "A good climber? What do you mean?"

Henry Ford said, "Any kind of staircase -- I am a good climber, I will climb to the top. And then feel stupid -- where to go from there?"

Edmund Hillary on the Everest... what do you think? How was he feeling? How many days did he spend there? -- only two minutes. And in two minutes the only experience possible would have been to think, "What an idiot I am, what am I doing here?" Risked his life -- hundreds of others had died before -- knowing perfectly well that he was taking a very dangerous route, and there was no reason why he should climb. Asked, "Why do you want to climb?" he said, "Just because Everest is standing there unclimbed. It hurts my ego. Man has to conquer!"

And when he came back he did not look as if he had found some great joy -- just tired, tattered, sick. And when he was asked, "It must have been a great enjoyment," he said, "Don't harass me, I am harassed enough. It was the most stupid thing that has ever entered into my mind to reach the Everest. I never thought about what I was going to do there." You cannot even purchase something -- not even a cigarette, no movie house. Nobody there to see you and take a photograph.

Kumud, learn something by those experiences when you are in awe, seeing that existence is taking care of you. You are part of existence -- your roots are not visible but there are your roots. The hands of existence are not visible, but they are all around you. All that you need is a deeply centered, relaxed, trustful being and miracles start happening.

The boys in the pub organize a grand Christmas raffle, and the prize is to be one night at

the finest brothel in Bangkok.

Paddy wins the raffle, and on his return, he describes to his friends what happened.

He talks about the curtains of gold beads, the sensuous perfumes, the music, the exotic meal served by naked, twelve-year-old girls and other delights.

He ends each passage with:

"... to be sure, it was nothing like Dublin!"

Finally, Paddy describes the most beautiful woman he has ever seen, dressed in white lace. She came down the staircase, took him gently by the hand, and led him to her perfumed bed.

"... to be sure," says Paddy, "it was nothing like Dublin!"

"And then?" ask all his friends, "AND THEN?"

"Oh," replies Paddy, "then it was just like Dublin."

A few really serious things...

The world is so serious that it needs to be awakened by laughter. To me, laughter is the most serious thing in the world: if the whole world can learn how to laugh there will not be any war and there will not be any poverty and there will not be Hindus and Mohammedans and Christians, because these are such jokes! There will not be any nations, because it is so stupid: When you can have the whole world as yours, why unnecessarily go on drawing lines on the map? The earth is one, man is one; his life, his death, his experience is one -- why cut up into pieces this beautiful planet?

Paddy and Sean are drinking in the pub late one night when Paddy says, "I had better be going home or Maureen will kill me. No matter how quietly I creep into the house, she always wakes up and shouts at me."

"You should do what I do," boasts Sean. "I have a system. No matter what time it is, when I go home I slam the front door, stomp up the stairs, turn on the bedroom lights, take my clothes off, jump into bed, slap Bridget on the behind, and say, 'Hey, honey! How about a piece of ass?' And would you believe it? -- she is fast asleep!"

Sadie arrives home ecstatic from her date.

She tosses her coat over a chair, drops her bag on the floor, and throws the rest of her clothing, with abandon, around her bedroom.

When she comes down to breakfast the next morning, her mother asks her if she had a good time.

"Wonderful!" sighs Sadie, "I had a *wonderful* time."

"I guess so," remarks her mother. "Your panties are still stuck to the ceiling."

Before our prayer, our silence... a little more chaos:

"You never told me the truth about that donkey you sold me the other day," says Farmer Giles. "You told me he was hard working and easy to handle, but I can't get him to move."

"Well," says Paddy, "let me have a look at him."

So they go into a field where the donkey is hitched to a plow, but the donkey won't budge for the farmer.

Paddy picks up a big stick and cracks it over the donkey's head, breaking the stick.

"Now try him," he says.

"Giddap!" shouts Farmer Giles and away goes the donkey.

"I don't get it," says the farmer, "you told me to be gentle with the donkey."

"Of course," says Paddy, "but first you have to get his attention."

Two tramps, Monty and Albert, are sitting together on a park bench.

Monty, who always looks skinny and half-starved, asks his friend how he manages to look so well fed and satisfied.

"Well," says Albert, "I have got a system worked out. I collect a handful of cowshit from a field and then go to one of the big houses and ask for a little salt and pepper to put on it.

"Of course, the people take one look and say: 'You can't eat that!' so they take me in for a good meal or send me to a cafe with some money."

Monty thinks that this is a great idea. He finds some really old, dried up cowshit and goes to the biggest house in the neighborhood.

"Excuse me, lady," he says to the woman who answers the door, "but do you have a little salt and pepper for me to put on my lunch?"

"You can't eat that!" cries the woman in disgust, "you will be sick. Go round to the cow shed and get a fresh bit."

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Now two minutes for absolute silence, close your eyes, no movement. And make this temple as if there is nobody.

... Now, let go.

Come back... Come back to life.

Okay, Maneesha?

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #28

Chapter title: The art of listening is enough

17 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

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DROP AFTER DROP, WORD AFTER WORD -- A TENDER SLOWNESS OF PACE IS
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MOST SELECT: IT IS AN INCOMPARABLE PRIVILEGE TO BE A LISTENER HERE.
OSHO, THIS IS CERTAINLY ABOUT YOU. WAS NIETZSCHE YOUR FORERUNNER?

Maneesh, Nietzsche is certainly my forerunner, just as Chuang Tzu is, or Bodhidharma.
There have been mystics in the world which I can call my forerunners. But it does not mean
that I have to agree with them in totality.

They are just forerunners -- but I am not an after-runner! I am my own self. There are
points on which I will not agree even with Gautam Buddha and there are points where I will
not agree with Friedrich Nietzsche either. But the spirit of Friedrich Nietzsche is certainly
closer to me than anybody else's, even Gautam Buddha included, for the simple reason that
he is the only great thinker who has not created a blind following. He remained aloof and
alone. All that he asked was, just be a listener. He never asked for any surrender. That's
where he differs from many founders of religions. They are enslavers of man.

Friedrich Nietzsche may not be right on many points but he is certainly a man who loves
freedom and who respects the individuality of the other. He loves the other so much that he
cannot convert the other into a follower. Because to convert anybody into a follower is to
destroy him, his integrity, his authenticity; is to create a hypocrite, a spiritual slave. And
that's what all founders of religions have done. They have created a spiritual slavery all over

the world.

At least Nietzsche has not committed that sin. He was capable -- far more capable than any Jesus or Mohammed, Mahavira or Krishna -- to impress people, to influence people, to create a blind following. But because he did not do it, I have tremendous respect for him.

He never allowed anyone to be a follower. All that he asked was to be what Mahavira has called *shravaka*, the listener. You have only to be a listener. The art of listening is enough; no other discipline is required. If you are in the close proximity of a man like Friedrich Nietzsche then just to listen is going to transform your whole being. Nothing else is needed.

But listening is not so easy, because your mind is continuously chattering. Even while you are listening, your mind is not silent. And a mind that is not silent cannot be a listener; it can only hear, but it cannot listen.

You have to know the difference, clearly, between hearing and listening. Anybody who has ears can hear, but it does not mean that he will be able to listen. For listening he needs something more than only the mechanism of ears; he has to know how to be such that his heart and his ears join in a combination. Ordinarily, they are absolutely disconnected. The ears are joined with the mind, not with the heart. And our whole education, religious or secular, makes it a fundamental rule to force every child so that his ears are connected with his thinking process, not with his love, not with his heart.

Only the heart knows the silence which is capable of listening. Only a lover listens; others simply make conversations.

That reminds me about two professors who had gone mad -- it often happens in that profession. To be a professor is to be on the borderline.

The superintendent of the mad asylum thought that since both were professors of great repute, it would be good to keep them together and see what happens.

So he put them into one cell and, hiding, he tried to listen to what was happening. Soon he felt that if he listens a little more, *he* will go mad! What was happening in that cell was a great conversation, but nobody was listening to anybody. One professor would talk, the other would be silent; it would seem as if he were listening. And when the first stopped, the second would start -- and the trouble was, there was no relationship between the two! What the first was saying was one thing, and what the second was saying was something else completely -- not even a faraway cousin!

The superintendent listened a little while and then he started feeling confused... but the most puzzling thing was: why does one stop when the other talks? That was his irresistible urge to know. So he opened the door of the cell, went in, and asked what was going on.

They said, "Are you deaf? A great conversation is happening. Do you think we don't know how to converse? One talks, the other remains silent -- it is a simple method. So let him talk whatever he wants to talk. When he is tired, then I will take my turn. Then I will take my revenge! And we are grateful to you that you have put us together. This conversation is going on day in, day out. It is a question of prestige."

When I heard about this, I wondered whether this is not what is actually happening all over the world. Just because you know how to converse, that one of you has to be silent, it does not mean he is silent. It simply means he has to *pretend* that he is silent. His mind is weaving a thousand and one thoughts. His mind may be somewhere far away, and he will pretend that he is listening attentively.

This is happening everywhere. Even when you see that a conversation is very relevant,

the relevance is a very arbitrary strategy. You go on remaining silent, weaving your thoughts, spinning a thousand and one thoughts; just by the corner of your ear, the words are falling. Then you catch hold of a certain word, and from that word you jump in. It seems the conversation is related; it is not related at all, it is just a pretension. Just what those two professors did, you are doing.

Friedrich Nietzsche is saying: All that is needed is to know the art of listening. Listening to the winds and listening to the clouds and listening to the dancing trees, the falling leaves -- utterly in silence, your mind weaving no thoughts, no thinking -- is the very foundation of listening. It does not mean you have to agree. There is no question of agreement, because a man like Nietzsche is not so mean that he wants you to agree with him. He simply wants you to understand him, and then it is up to you what you do with it. Agree or don't agree -- but at least listen!

Naturally, there are only very few people in the world who are capable of being silent, meditative, capable of listening. It is a strange phenomenon: if you can learn the art, it is not a question of listening to my words or Nietzsche's words. It is a question of the art of listening. It is within you.

Said differently, I call it meditation -- just being silent. Even listening does not give you the accurate description of the state that is needed for you to find the truth of your own self. But listening is certainly one of the easiest processes of meditation.

The whole function of being with a master is to learn to listen not only to his words but his silences. Not only his silences but also his gestures, his eyes, his very being, his heartbeat.

Because the heartbeat of a master is in tune with the heartbeat of the universe. If you can be in tune with the master, without your knowing you have fallen in tune with the universe. The master was only a device. Perhaps the universe was too much -- if somebody had said to you, "Go and listen to the universe" it would have been too much, almost incomprehensible.

The master simply says, "Listen to what I am saying and listen so carefully that you don't miss the silences." With a simple strategy, the master is bringing you closer to the universe. And as you become able to listen, the master will disappear, will withdraw, and let you listen to the winds and the rain and the clouds and the whole heartbeat of the universe. In that listening, you will open up; your bud will become an open rose.

I will go through the question because it is exactly what I am doing here.

HERE, THERE SPEAKS NO PROPHET....

All the religions, their priests, their high priests, are against me for the simple reason that I say anybody who has claimed to be a prophet is insane. The future is always unknown. That's its beauty, that's the whole adventure of life: to go on continuously into the unknown. The prophet is declaring that, "I know what is going to happen tomorrow. I know what is going to happen twenty-five centuries later." The prophet is declaring that for him, there is no future; for him there is nothing unknown. He has reduced everything unknown into the known.

Naturally, he does not ask you to listen; he simply wants you to believe. It is not a question of your understanding, it is a question of your surrender, total acceptance, faith. It is not incidentally that all religions are called "faiths." They are based on faith. And none of the prophets has proved right in all his prophecies.

The very idea that "I know and you don't know" is inhuman. It is uncultured, it is uncivilized. It may be that I have experienced something that I can share with you, but I cannot denounce you as ignorant. I can only say, "Perhaps you have missed it, perhaps you

have bypassed it. Perhaps you are innocent and you have not looked at it."

I cannot call you ignorant and propose that I am the knower and you are ignorant and reduce you, take your dignity, your freedom, your inquiry, and ask you just to believe. All the prophets have been doing that. The prophets are very high-class criminals, because they have destroyed man's freedom, his dignity, his own search and inquiry. They have simply given you commandments. Who are they?

And just look into the lives of these prophets and you will be surprised that these people must have been insane. But they were worshipped -- they are still worshipped. Nobody can question it.

In India, Krishna is a great prophet -- and he was the cause of the greatest war that has happened in India. He tried to convince the leader of one party -- Arjuna, his disciple -- to go to war. It is good that Ronald Reagan has not found any Krishna. Arjuna tried hard, argued hard; the whole SHRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA is Arjuna's argument for peace: "There is no need for war -- what does it matter whether my brothers rule or I rule? Anyway, the war is going to be a massacre of millions of people. The victory will not be a great victory; it will be a victory over millions of dead people. I would rather go to the Himalayas and renounce the world."

But Krishna would not let him go. And the final strategy was, when all arguments failed and he could not convince him for war, he said, "Listen, this is God's decision; I am just speaking as a vehicle of God. I am the perfect incarnation of God; my word is God's word. It is your destiny to go to war."

Now there is no question of argument. You don't argue with God. Even if you meet him you don't argue with God, it does not look right. And when Krishna said, "I am God's perfect incarnation," Arjuna simply went to war and crippled the whole country for five thousand years. The war was so destructive, its wound in the soul of India's being is still unhealed. India became so much afraid of war that all kinds of preachers of nonviolence... No war arose. It is not coincidental. Without the Mahabharata, the great war that Krishna created, there would have been no possibility for a Mahavira to teach people against war, or for Buddha to teach people nonviolence, because people have seen what violence can lead to.

But even these prophets... Mahavira insisted so much on nonviolence that he stretched the logic beyond sanity. You cannot even cultivate, because if you cultivate you will have to cut plants, and every plant has life. So the followers of Mahavira don't cultivate. It is understandable that you should not kill just for the sake of eating; it is inhuman and barbarous. But to extend the argument to the point where it becomes stupid and absurd....

But Mahavira is absurd in many ways. One should not possess things. It is understandable, because if people possess things it is bound to create poverty and richness and class struggle, and one day there is bound to be communism and the clash between communism and capitalism. If Mahavira is listened to -- "Don't possess, but share" -- there will be no poverty and there will be no richness, but there will be a comfortably happy life. But stretch anything to the extreme and you become absurd. Now Mahavira stretched the point and he dropped his clothes because he cannot possess anything.

Do you want the whole of humanity to remain nude? That will be sheer nonsense. Man is no longer capable of being nude in all the seasons. Perhaps millions of years ago there may have been a time when man was just like any animal without clothes, but then he had hair all over his body to protect him. When winter comes, animals grow hair and when summer comes, they drop their hair. But now the body has forgotten that language completely. You keep anybody naked and just see whether in winter his body grows hair or not! Most

probably he will be dead. Or hardly alive and shivering all the time because shivering creates a little heat. His teeth will start chattering because that creates heat.

But Mahavira insisted: "If you want to know the truth you have to achieve to the state of utter nudity." That's why he denied women the possibility of attaining to truth. First they have to attain birth as a man, because only a man can attain to truth because only a man can be naked. Just because of clothes, women cannot... clothes are preventing women from realizing their soul.

Sanity means balance. Sanity means always to be in the middle, and insanity means always to go to the extreme.

Mahavira claimed that he was the last prophet of his line -- and his line is only of twenty-four prophets; twenty-three had happened already, he is the twenty-fourth. There was great competition for the twenty-fourth; there were eight persons contemporary to Mahavira who were claiming, "*You* are not the twenty-fourth, I am the twenty-fourth." Now who is going to decide? They don't have numbers, tattooed on their bodies saying, "This fellow is the twenty-fourth."

But Mahavira proved much more insane than the other seven.

Gautam Buddha was also part of it; he was also one of the contenders. But he could not be so insane as to drop the clothes; he fell out of the contest. There was no point. Mahavira was so outrageously extremist that he would not allow even a blade to cut his hair or his beard. He would pull out his hair with his own hands because to use a blade is to be dependent on things. Ultimate freedom means you should not depend on anything, so he had to pull out his hair... Gautam Buddha could not manage to do that. It was too much, that man was too mad; it was better to get out of the competition.

All the other six were of the same status, of great intelligence... but one thing they were all trying was to be someone special, a prophet. And this was the last chance. Now millions of years will go by -- after that, again the first prophet will happen. So this was not an easy thing to lose -- "No harm, let him be prophet today, tomorrow I can be." Tomorrow was very far away.

According to the Jaina tradition, when this existence ends and another circle of existence starts, then there will be again twenty-four *tirthankaras*. So after Mahavira, it will take millions of years -- unless Ronald Reagan really goes mad.

But I don't think even he has guts, and anyway he knows nothing about Mahavira.

The six others had to find their own ways to be special. Gautam Buddha, seeing that it was difficult to compete with Mahavira... because Gautam Buddha had a more delicate body. He was a more beautiful person, had been raised in such luxury that he could not compete with Mahavira, who had a very strong body, could fast for thirty days continuously, could remain naked in winter under the sky.

But Buddha had to be special, so he created an idea that "I am not of the line in which Mahavira is the twenty-fourth. I belong to another line of prophets. In fact, my line is my *own* reincarnation twenty-four times. I have been in this world twenty-three times before, and this is my last coming."

That number twenty-four became so important because Jains were saying, "We have twenty-four *tirthankaras*." And Buddha created absolutely fictitious... Jains had twenty-four *tirthankaras* but Buddha created an absolutely fictitious twenty-three. His own incarnation!

Hindus were at a loss because up to now they had believed in ten incarnations of God. Now they looked very poor. Buddhists have twenty-four, Jains have twenty-four, and you have only ten? After Gautam Buddha and Mahavira, all Hindu scriptures dropped the idea of

ten. They also managed twenty-four. Twenty-four became an absolute necessity.

And the reason Hindus had ten was because your hands have ten fingers. One counts -- particularly in primitive times -- on the fingers, so ten was the ultimate number. And in fact, it *is* the ultimate number. After ten, it is repetition: eleven, twelve, thirteen... that is another repetition of ten. You can go to millions, trillions, but it will be again and again ten -- more ten.

Jainas, seeing that Hindus had the idea of ten, and they don't want to be imitative of anybody, figured it out in a different way. They said, "Just as day and night have twenty-four hours, exactly like that, the whole circle of existence has twenty-four tirthankaras. Twenty-four hours, and each hour needs one tirthankara."

Jesus was trying continuously to convince the Jews only of one thing, because Moses had prophesied that "I will come to save you" so Jews were waiting for him to come. And Jesus said, "I have come -- I am the prophet about whom Moses has prophesied." And Jews could not believe that a carpenter's son, illegitimate, uneducated...

And they had great learned rabbis -- Jerusalem in the days of Jesus was the seat of great learning and wisdom. They could not accept this uneducated fellow who was behaving like a buffoon. He could not afford more than a donkey -- sitting on his donkey, followed by twelve uneducated, illiterate, poor people, and they had become his followers because he had given them the consolation and the promise that "If you follow me, I am God's only son. I will take you into the kingdom of God."

Those poor fellows knew perfectly well that on their own they could not go into the kingdom of God, and this fellow... who knows? may be right. You can suspect, but you have nothing to lose in following him. There is a possibility he may prove right in the end. If he does not prove right, then too, you have nothing to lose. You don't have anything.

All those twelve apostles, following him, and he proclaiming himself -- sitting on his donkey -- from village to village: "I am the only begotten son of God, and I am the last prophet of the Jews." The Jews could not tolerate it. It was too much. A joke needs some limits. And Judea was a small place, an unknown corner of the world. It was a harassment every day to come across this fellow who looks at you as sinners, and only his twelve followers are the virtuous saints. And he is the only begotten son of God! And the last prophet of the Jews!

Finally they got so freaked out... Jesus had not done anything, the crucifixion was absolutely wrong, but the crucifixion shows how much he harassed people. Jews are not violent people; he must have provoked them again and again.

They were telling him, "We have heard the whole thing. You just take your donkey somewhere else. We believe -- you are the only begotten son of God! But don't harass us. Can't you go somewhere else? The whole world is there." But he went on trotting into that small area. Naturally, if somebody on a donkey moves around, harassing you -- "Listen, where are you going? I am the son of God" -- even you will start thinking, "Should we shoot this fellow or what?"

All these prophets needed psychiatric treatment. I am absolutely in agreement with Friedrich Nietzsche when he says:

HERE, THERE SPEAKS NO PROPHET. NONE OF THOSE GRUESOME HYBRIDS OF SICKNESS AND WILL TO POWER CALLED FOUNDERS OF RELIGIONS. His insight is very clear. He is saying all these founders of religions are nothing but will to power. To create a religion, to create believers, to have millions of followers gives you tremendous

power.

Now just look at the pope: if he is standing here in M.G. Market, you will not see anything spiritual in him. Just a stupid-looking man. I have heard that in Poland there are great idiots, but I have never thought that from Poland will come a person to become the pope! What is his power? His power is six hundred million Catholics.

You will be surprised to know that the pope is chosen by the cardinals, and up to now the pope has behaved -- they usually die within one or two years. This has been the tradition for centuries. They choose somebody as pope only when they see that he will die, and others will have the chance for power.

But they never knew that this Polack is not going to die so easily. Unless Christians themselves crucify him, he is not going to die. He is strong enough, and now the cardinals are so sad about what they have done. They thought that he would follow the tradition, and he seems to be getting every day younger and younger. They never considered that people in power become healthier because power fulfills their ego. People in power become stronger, live longer; once they are out of power, they die very soon.

Now this pope is going to torture the Catholics, one knows not how long. But there seems to be no sign of any sickness, or any signs of death. He is going perfectly well. Cardinals are now realizing that they have committed a mistake.

There is a hierarchy, from the priest to the bishop to the cardinal, and then those two hundred cardinals choose the oldest, the most possible candidate for death, as the pope. That means, for a year let him enjoy the power. It is a Rotary Club.

But this man from Poland does not understand that he has to die. It is time, but he is becoming stronger and stronger. I see his pictures -- every day he looks younger. There will be no surprise if Catholics finally get tired of him and shoot him, because it is a Rotary Club; each year the president has to change and that has been the case up to now for eighteen hundred years. Very few popes have lived more than one and a half years, that was the limit. This man doesn't understand that what he is doing is absolutely unorthodox.

Nietzsche is right. These founders of religion, these prophets, these *avatars*, incarnations of God, tirthankaras... they are nothing but a fulfillment of a deep desire for power.

Nietzsche was hated and condemned -- obviously, because he was perhaps the first man in history to tell the truth, to call a spade just a fucking spade. Nobody has ever been able to forgive him. Spades of course cannot forgive, that is true, but why are others angry?

Truth is the most bitter medicine. Very few people are ready to take truth as medicine.

Lies are very sweet. Lies are sweet because they are your own inventions, you can put as much sugar in them as you like.

But truth you cannot create, you can only discover. And very few people were courageous enough, like Friedrich Nietzsche, to say it. Even though they have discovered it, they have remained silent because there is no point in unnecessarily being condemned by everybody.

Nietzsche was harassed, in every possible way condemned, and the only crime that he was doing was simply saying the truth without clothing it, just naked.

It is absolutely right that the very idea of being superior to others comes out of an inferiority complex, out of sickness. This will to power is the only crime -- because it creates wars, it creates nations, it creates religions, it creates all kinds of violence. Just because a few people want to be presidents and a few people want to be prime ministers.

I have said to my people, "You don't be worried. Whichever planet you want -- I will

declare you the King of the Moon or the Queen of the Moon, the First Lady of the Moon." Whatever you want! Why bother only about this earth? This whole universe is available. And nobody can take you to the court to say, "He is interfering in my territory." There are millions of stars. Just choose any star and claim that you are the king of that star; wear as many colored stripes as you like.

Why not be a little inventive? Unnecessarily fighting to be presidents, to be prime ministers, and doing all kinds of crimes... you have to, because you have to trample many people; you have to go stepping on their heads. There is no need. It should be a more playful life.

So a few people have written to me... they would like to be the King of Mars. I said, "Perfectly okay. There is nobody who is fighting for the kingship of Mars."

Why not choose fresh territory? Why go on fighting for ugly, bloody spaces? Everybody knows that the White House in Washington has ghosts. It is a well-known fact that the White House has the ghost of Abraham Lincoln inside it. It has been encountered by many people. In fact, that part where Abraham Lincoln still presides is kept closed.

I can only say that whether it is true or not... in these palaces, these capitals, how many people have been killed? How many people have been tortured and how many people have been raped, destroyed?

Why hanker for power? You cannot eat power and you cannot in any way create something beautiful to enhance life, because no powerful person has ever been creative. What is there that you can say Mahavira created? What is there that you can say Jesus created? A painting? A sculpture? A small bicycle? What is their contribution? The only begotten son of God has not even a bicycle -- should be ashamed! God should be ashamed: "Look what my son is doing...."

I have often thought that before Jesus was crucified, God must have committed suicide -- seeing this stupid son, only begotten son. Since then, there is no God, no God's son, but the world is running perfectly well.

There is no need. There is no need of prophets and there is no need of founders of religion, and there is no need of people calling themselves incarnations.

It is enough to be human. It is more than enough to be meditatively human. It is enough to know yourself rather than be powerful over others.

The authentic religiousness is concerned with knowing oneself, being oneself, enjoying oneself, celebrating oneself. It has nothing to do with any superiority, with any will to power.

But nobody has listened to Nietzsche, and I know very few are going to listen to me. Even this many people did not listen to him. He lived a very lonely life because people could not see the truth that he was saying. It was shocking and it was destroying their consolations. He says:

ONE HAS ABOVE ALL TO HEAR CORRECTLY THE TONE THAT PROCEEDS FROM THIS MOUTH, THIS HALCYON TONE, IF ONE IS NOT TO DO PITIABLE INJUSTICE TO THE MEANING OF ITS WISDOM. HERE, THERE SPEAKS NO FANATIC, HERE THERE IS NO PREACHING, HERE FAITH IS NOT DEMANDED: OUT OF AN INFINITE ABUNDANCE OF LIGHT AND DEPTH OF HAPPINESS THERE FALLS DROP AFTER DROP, WORD AFTER WORD -- A TENDER SLOWNESS OF PACE IS THE TEMPO OF THESE DISCOURSES. SUCH THINGS AS THIS REACH ONLY TO THE MOST SELECT; IT IS AN INCOMPARABLE PRIVILEGE TO BE A LISTENER HERE.

Maneesha, truth is a very rare experience. Certainly it is not available in the marketplace and certainly it is not to be found in a crowd. The crowd may call itself Catholics or Hindus or Mohammedans, it doesn't matter. Truth has to be found within yourself.

But before you can listen to your own heart, you will have to listen to the song of the river, to the song of the breeze passing through the pine trees. You will have to hear the silence that is prevailing here this very moment. You will have to learn in life only one art: that of a silent listener. And then you can use the same art, going deeper into yourself.

The art is the same whether you listen to the song of the river or the ocean or you listen to the heartbeat of yourself, or you listen just to the silent dance of a roseflower in the wind, in the rain. Watching, listening peacefully, slowly you will come to find yourself. You can find yourself this very moment.

Maneesha, you are saying, "Osho, this is certainly about you."

Yes, I can say all these statements are my statements, made by Nietzsche. It doesn't matter who makes them.

You are asking, "Was Nietzsche your forerunner?"

Yes, but I do not agree with Nietzsche in all his statements. I am thinking to speak on Nietzsche... I have been waiting for your preparation to hear, because every moment, every statement of Nietzsche is going to hit you hard. I am hitting you hard every day just to prepare you.

Nietzsche is certainly my forerunner and obviously a forerunner cannot be absolutely right. He has committed many mistakes. But people have not bothered about Nietzsche. He is the most neglected great man in the history of the whole world. But I will not neglect him.

In fact, what I am saying is preparing you to listen one day to his mad statements -- mad because nobody believed, nobody even thought that they could be right. People did not crucify him, they did even something worse: they forced him into a madhouse. Crucifixion has a glory, crucifixion has a dignity. To force a man like Friedrich Nietzsche into a madhouse against his will is far more ugly and far more inhuman.

But Nietzsche will have a revival; his truth cannot die. In comparison to Nietzsche, Jesus and Socrates are very very backward. Nietzsche has yet to find his contemporaries. He still has to wait. Perhaps my people will become his contemporaries.

Just the other day, one journalist was puzzled by the fact that I called Jesus psychologically sick, and all my people are Christian but nobody objected and nobody felt hurt. Nobody seemed to be angry. He was worried that if these people can hear things against Jesus although they have been brought up in a Christian society, in Christian schools, then certainly these people have gone through a transformation. They are not listening through their prejudice. They are listening directly through their own understanding and clarity.
... It is time to be serious.

Kowalski is employed by the local lunatic asylum to take the inmates on special outings. One day, ten of the best-behaved patients are going to a basketball game.

"Okay, let's get on the bus, nuts!" calls out Kowalski, as they set off for the game.
"Stand in line, nuts!" he shouts, when they get to their seats.

"Sit down, nuts!" and all the patients obediently sit down to watch the game.

About half way through the game, the mental asylum receives a phone call from the police, and the director is asked to come over right away.

When he arrives at the stadium, the place is a shambles. "What happened?" asks the director when he finds Kowalski.

"Well," replies Kowalski, "one guy went past, shouting, `Ice cream! Ice cream!' "
"Then, another guy came past crying, `Hot dogs! Hot dogs!' "
"But then, some guy started shouting, `Peanuts! Peanuts!' "

Sister Theresa is finally going to take her first holiday at the sea beach, after many years of devoted service to the priest, Father Sullivan.

Before she leaves, she gives Sister Bernadette detailed instructions on how to look after the old boy while she is away.

Father Sullivan is lying in bed when Sister Bernadette brings in breakfast on the first morning. He tells her that he has a key between his legs and that she has a lock between hers.

"If I put my key in your lock," says the old priest, "it will open the kingdom of heaven."

Two weeks later, when Sister Theresa gets back from her holiday, Sister Bernadette eagerly explains to her about the gates of heaven.

"Why, that lying old bastard!" shrieks Sister Theresa. "Twenty years ago he told me it was Gabriel's horn, and I have been blowing it ever since!"

Sidney Smallpiece is out on a date with his girlfriend Sadie, and they go to see a movie.

The hero and the heroine are locked in a passionate embrace, when Sidney suddenly realizes that his wig has fallen off. He starts to grope around for it in the dark under the seats.

Not realizing what has happened, Sadie starts to moan passionately, "That is it, honey," she murmurs, "right here. You have got it... you have got it now!"

"No, I have not!" snaps Sidney sitting up again, "I don't part my hair in the middle!"

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Now, two minutes for silence.

Close your eyes, no movements of the body; just feel like a statue....

Now relax -- let go.

... Now, come back to life.

Okay, Maneesha?

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #29

Chapter title: When your hands are empty...

18 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

Archive code: 8804185

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BELOVED OSHO,
HOW DO YOU EXPERIENCE YOUR ENLIGHTENMENT?

Milarepa, enlightenment is not an experience.

Experience always divides the experiencer from itself. But enlightenment knows no duality; hence it is not an experience but simply *experiencing*. It may not be right language; in fact, it *cannot* be right language because the linguist will not understand what you mean by 'experiencing'. One has to know it.

But some effort can be made; some indications and hints can be given.

When you are in love, is it an experience? Is it objective? Is it separate from you? Is it something that you can exhibit? Is it something for which you can give some evidence, proof, argument? No, love simply knows itself. It is self-evident. It needs no proof and no witnesses. It needs no evidence, no arguments, no philosophy.

Enlightenment goes even deeper than the reaches of love. Enlightenment simply means you have awakened. Can you describe, every morning when you wake up, some experience? All that you can say is, "Up to now I was unaware of myself and the world. Now I am aware of the world, aware of things around me, aware of myself." But this is very superficial -- that's why I call it only "hints."

When you awaken in your deepest core of being, in the very center of your existence, then there is only silence, immense joy and celebration. But to find an expression for it has not been possible up to now, and will never be possible -- this much can be said with absolute certainty. Language is left so far away that when you try to express your innermost awakening, it becomes distorted. The medium of language is not capable to reflect it in its purity.

Language is not meant to express such deep awakenings. The language has grown up in the marketplace where people are discussing and talking about things, about objects. Hence, there is no word capable of conveying the essence of enlightenment. It is beyond language. You can say, it is the beyond.

It is our innermost and our ultimate nature. In total awakening... with no darkness around,

no dreams, no thoughts, but just a pure fire, a pure love that knows no limits, that knows no boundaries. It is more like a fragrance that you cannot catch hold of. It is there, you feel it, but it is so invisible...

It is just like the air: it is there; you cannot live without it. But you cannot catch hold of the air in your fist. The moment you close your hand and make a fist, the air is out; it is not enclosed, it has escaped.

When your hand is open you have all the air of the world in your hand.

One Zen master, Bokoju, used to say to his disciples, "The day you come to something which you cannot express however hard you try -- no word is sufficient, no word can justify itself, in fact every word will destroy its beauty, its joy, its aliveness -- then come to me. Till then, meditate."

In other words he used to say, "When your hands are empty and the whole sky is in your hands, come to me with absolute, inexpressible eyes, almost dumb."

One of his great disciples used to get Bokoju's slap every time he would go to him. In the tradition of Zen, that is not only accepted but respected. It is the master's compassion that he slaps you. Bokoju slapped his chief disciple each time he came to say that he had found that which cannot be expressed. He would hit him hard -- "If you have found that which cannot be expressed, then even in saying that it cannot be expressed you have expressed something about it!"

The disciple was at a loss. If you say something, you are in trouble. If you say, "It is inexpressible," you are in trouble.

One day he came and without saying anything simply sat by the side of the master. The master looked into his eyes, laughed, and said, "For the last time, let me hit you once more. Because it will not be possible again. You have found it. Why are you so silent? Why don't you speak?"

The disciple was totally silent, and the master was poking him to speak: "Let me at least for the last time have the pleasure of slapping you. Afterwards I will not be able to slap you. You have found it. This slap is a certificate."

Zen is a very strange tradition but one of the profoundest. The disciple stood up and slapped the master! The master said, "That's right! I have needed for a long time for somebody to slap me. My old master is dead -- he used to do it. Nobody can do it that way, with such love, but you have managed. From now onwards you are allowed to slap others. You can sit here because I am getting old, and the whole day slapping people... it is becoming very tiring. You sit here and when somebody comes" -- because there were hundreds of disciples and everybody had to come to report whether he has found or not. And once in a while the idea was entering into everybody's head that "Perhaps this is it."

Somebody would see a beautiful sunset and... utter silence. And naturally, the idea would arise, "My god, this is it -- enlightenment!" And he would rush to the master. Now, the master simply used to give a hit to the disciple -- slap him, hard -- "A sunset, howsoever beautiful, and the silence that comes with the experience of the sunset, is not enlightenment. Just go back and come again when you have found it."

The finding of oneself is the most mysterious experience.

You are both -- the knower and the known.

This is the difficulty, this is why it cannot be expressed -- who is there to express it?

You are the experience itself.

But the moment you express it you will become separate, and that will be absolutely unjustified.

You are asking me, Milarepa, "How do you experience your enlightenment?"

I simply don't experience. I am simply enlightenment. It is not an experience, it is my being. It is not something that has happened to me, it is my very soul.

So I cannot say more than Yaa-Hoo!

BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT EXACTLY IS THE RIGHT REMEMBRANCE THAT BUDDHA
TALKS ABOUT?
I GO ON REMEMBERING ALL KINDS OF THINGS YOU HAVE SAID,
AND MY OWN IN SIGHTS, BUT ISN'T THAT MY MIND
TRYING TO DECEIVE MIND? AND WHO IS REMEMBERING IT?

Anand Agyeya, what Gautam Buddha calls the right remembrance is not what you understand by remembering. To create the distinction between what he means and your understanding of remembering, he uses the word 'right'; otherwise there is no need to use that word.

His original word is *sammasati*; *sati* is remembering, it is memory. It is all the experiences that you have passed through. Right remembrance is not memory, it is remembering yourself -- who you are. Not your education, not your culture, not your civilization, not your religion, not your profession -- who you *are*. The moment you remember yourself -- "I am this... this moment, this consciousness, this bliss, this eternity" -- it is right remembrance.

It is the same poverty of language that each mystic has suffered from. Even Buddha could not do much more than that. He had to use a word from the language which knows nothing about the self; which knows about everything else in the world, but don't ask "Who are you?" because that creates great anxiety.

Just think: if somebody asks you, "Who are you?" -- not your name, obviously; not your caste, obviously; not your nation, obviously. Who are you? Not your body because it changes every day. Will you be able to recognize a picture of yourself from the first day your father made your mother pregnant? Your picture will not be more than a small dot on the paper. Will you be able to recognize that this is you?

And since then, every moment you have been changing. Once you were a child, once you were young, once you were old, and some day you are going to be dead also. You are a constant change. It is not still photography, it is a movie.

But in this whole changing, riverlike being... who are you? Only the stupid will speak out; the wise will remain silent. One who knows not will say, "I am this; I am a man, I am a woman, I am young, I am Hindu, I am a Christian..." Only the stupid will speak out.

The wise will become absolutely silent. He is also answering -- his silence is the answer. Buddha calls this silence "right remembrance"... *sammasati*.

You are saying, "I go on remembering all kinds of things you have said, and my own insights..." Agyeya, I had no idea that you also have insights! But... okay.

Remembering all kinds of things that I have said, and what you have imagined as your intuitions... just try to find a single intuition that is yours, and you will be surprised. It is borrowed. Either you have heard it from someone or you have read it. You may not remember the source, but all thoughts are borrowed.

Once your insight starts functioning you won't ask any question. Your insight will be the answer to all the questions that can be asked. That's why I say without any hesitation, without any uncertainty, that you are befooling yourself if you think you have insights.

And moreover, just insight is enough -- in singular, not in plural. "Insights" -- those are all imaginations. They are also borrowed; perhaps you may have forgotten the source. Mind tends to forget the source so that it can claim, "It is my thought, my insight. I am the originator of it."

And then you ask, "But is that not my mind trying to deceive mind? And who is remembering it?"

One thing is certain, I am not remembering it! One thing is certain, that nobody else is remembering it. It is still your mind, deceiving you. It is not the self-remembrance of Gautam Buddha.

How to make the distinction? The distinction is very simple. If it were your own insight into your own being, if your inner eyes were open, the question would not have arisen. But because the question arises of who is remembering it...

There is only pure consciousness in you. This pure consciousness is in itself the remembrance -- not of many things, but only of one thing: of itself.

Mind is a junk yard, it is a junkie. It goes on collecting all kinds of things. It enjoys collections very much, all kinds of stupid collections -- postal stamps, strange things, which children can be allowed to do but I have seen even old people collecting postal stamps, purchasing ancient postal stamps. There is a great market; all around the world there are those idiots who are selling their collections and there are people who are purchasing them. Ancient coins, maybe two thousand years old....

I was a guest in a beautiful house in Greece. The house belongs to a famous film producer. His collection is of old pottery -- all kinds of ancient pots; perhaps he is the greatest collector of old pots.

Mind collects outside, mind collects inside. Mind is such a great collector -- and the thoughts that are arising in you as insights are nothing but borrowed thoughts whose origins you have consideredly forgotten. If you want to remember, you can remember because your unconscious still goes on keeping the record of each forgotten source. But what Gautam Buddha or what I am saying to you is to be in a state where there is no thought, no insight, no imagination, no emotion, no sentiment.

Just simple consciousness, utterly empty.

Only in that utterly empty consciousness blossoms the mystic rose. That is your very being. Out of that being arise all kinds of ecstasies, but it is not a thought. It is not part of the mind.

On the contrary, it is called no-mind, no-thought, no-insight. Gautam Buddha was very particularly insistent that unless you achieve a state of nothingness, you have not found yourself. It looks contradictory to the mind, because mind is searching for something and Gautam Buddha is saying, "Unless you find *nothing*, you will not find yourself." Logically, Buddha is making an irrational statement. But existentially, he is absolutely true.

And we are here not to learn logic, we are here to feel existence, to feel life and its flame within you. That is possible only when you are surrounded with absolute nothingness.

When everything is discarded, when nothing remains, you are. Only you cannot be discarded.

How can you discard yourself?

That's why Buddha is absolutely right -- he tried to negate, to eliminate everything, till there is nothing to negate. But *you* are there, who has negated everything.

This great negator has been called by many names. One of the names is enlightenment.

BELOVED OSHO,
GURDJIEFF IS SAID TO HAVE COMMENTED: "UNTIL A MAN DISCOVERS THAT HE CANNOT BE IMPARTIAL THROUGH HIS ORDINARY FUNCTIONS, HE CANNOT BE IMPARTIAL."
CAN AN UNAWAKENED BEING EVER BE IMPARTIAL?

Mada, an unenlightened being can never be impartial. He does not know himself; he has not the awareness that can make it clear to him what is right and what is wrong. He cannot discriminate, he can only be prejudiced. His prejudice may be ancient, may be supported by religions, may be in the scriptures, but a prejudice is a prejudice and mind is full of prejudices. People never think that what they are judging is only based on a prejudice. All their judgments are going to be prejudiced.

I was arrested in America; the topmost attorneys were working for me. And the strangest thing they said to me was, "You should not utter a single word in the court."

I said, "This is strange, because every kind of illegality has been done: I have been tortured, harassed in six jails, not been allowed to sleep for twelve days. They had no grounds to arrest me, I have not committed any crime. They had no arrest warrant either. And you say to me that I should not say anything?"

They said, "We are sorry to say to you that whatever you say, you will not get justice! It is impossible for you to get justice anywhere in the world. We have looked through your books and even we have been shocked by your statements and their truth. It is better you keep absolutely silent. You have got three top attorneys; we will fight for you."

I said, "This is going to be a strange fight. You are putting chains on my mouth. They have chained my hands, my feet, and now you are putting chains on my mouth!"

They said, "We are sorry, but you cannot get justice because the minds of the judges you will be facing are already prejudiced. First, you are not white: that makes things difficult. Secondly, you have made a commune which indicates towards communism. You have made statements which are absolutely true, but they go against the prejudices of the Christians. And all these judges are Christians, Americans; their minds are not impartial -- cannot be. We are fighting for you because we are being paid, but going through your books, even we cannot accept many things -- and we know they are right, but our minds... We cannot accept that Jesus was a little psychologically sick."

I said to them, "If you meet a man on the road and he declares, 'Listen, I am the only begotten son of God,' what will be your reaction?"

They said, "Obviously that man is mad. Nobody has seen God and this guy is proclaiming that he is the son of God? He may be a son-of-a-bitch, but not a son of God."

I said, "If you had met Jesus, then what would have been your reaction? And what is the difference between meeting A or B or C? The point is, the statement is illogical, absurd. He cannot produce any evidence for it. And do you think all the rabbis who agreed for the crucifixion of Jesus were barbarous people? They were very learned people, just as you are learned."

But I can understand. Before his crucifixion, Jesus was presented to the Roman governor of Judea -- Judea was not an independent country; it was under the empire of Rome. Pontius Pilate was not a Jew. Naturally, he had no prejudices like the Jews; he had his own prejudices, which were Roman.

He could see that this man was absolutely innocent and he wanted to save him, because he had not committed any crime. Even if he has proclaimed himself to be the son of God, so what? He may be. If you can believe in a God whom nobody has seen... at least this fellow Jesus is visible, tangible. At least you can have a conversation with him, you can say good-bye; he is real. And what wrong has he done to anybody? If God is angry he will punish him. Who are you to punish him? On what grounds? Who has given you the authority that you have to prevent people from declaring that they are the only begotten sons of God?

Being a Roman, Pontius Pilate was not filled with the Jewish prejudice. He could not see any point -- "Why is so much fuss being made?" And not only fuss, they are forcing him to crucify the man.

My attorneys told me, "You are far more dangerous..." because Jesus was not saying a single thing against Judaism. He was not saying anything against the Jews -- in fact, he was simply saying, "I am the fulfillment of your expectations. You have been expecting that God will send his son. He has sent me."

My attorneys said, "You are far more dangerous because you are against all the conditionings of all the religions, all their basic hypotheses. You are against nations, their boundaries; you are against religions, their claims. Naturally it is better that you remain completely silent."

And you will be surprised that in the two courts where the case was presented, I simply remained silent. My attorneys would not allow me -- just for my sake, I understood, that if I said anything it would be held against me.

It is not a question of truth or untruth. Things are being decided by people with their prejudices.

Only an enlightened man can be impartial.

Your question is, "Gurdjieff is said to have commented: Until a man discovers that he cannot be impartial through his ordinary functions, he cannot be impartial."

Gurdjieff's way of saying things is a little roundabout. That was his way -- that which can be said directly, he will go miles... He has written a book of one thousand pages. It is such a headache to go through it, because he is not saying anything. But I am also stubborn -- I went on. I have found only so much substance in that big book that it can be written on an ordinary postcard. But that was his way. He will go into allegories and... I don't object, I simply say that was his uniqueness. And he suffered for his uniqueness. He could not find many people even to listen to him, because he was a torture.

Now, he is simply saying that unless you are awakened, you cannot be impartial. But rather than saying it the simple way, he is saying, UNTIL A MAN DISCOVERS THAT HE CANNOT BE IMPARTIAL THROUGH HIS ORDINARY FUNCTIONS, HE CANNOT BE IMPARTIAL. Until a man discovers that he cannot be impartial... naturally, such a man will become awakened. If he can find out that he cannot be impartial, then he will drop judgment. All our judgments are our prejudices.

A man who is awakened has no judgments. He does not divide people into saints and

sinner, into good and bad, because they are both the same. Their prejudices may be different, but a prejudiced mind is the real problem. Whether your prejudiced mind has made you a saint in the eyes of other prejudiced minds...

You can see it: for example if you ask a Jaina, who believes in nonviolence, "What do you say about Jesus, who used to drink alcohol, used to eat meat... is it possible for Jesus to be awakened, enlightened?" The Jaina will simply refuse. There is no question of such a man being awakened, who cannot even understand simple matters of virtue. Being awakened is very far away for him. But ask the Christian about Mahavira: "Do you think Mahavira was a great religious figure?" And they will ask, "How many orphanages was he running? How many Mother Teresas were working under him? How many schools did he open for the poor? What is his teaching about serving the poor?" There is no such teaching. He cannot be called a religious man according to the Christian prejudice.

But a really awakened man knows that everybody who is prejudiced -- his prejudice may be good, may be bad; he may be very saintly, very nice, but if he is not enlightened, his niceness, his saintliness, his virtue is just a mind game. The sinner is playing one game, the saint is playing the opposite game.

And in fact, every football team needs two sides -- otherwise the game stops. Do you want to stop all the games in the world? This too is simply a game, that somebody is a saint, a great saint, and somebody is a sinner. And do you think there are not sinners who proclaim with great strength that they are the greatest sinners? What is the difference? Both are proclaiming their egos.

I have heard... A man enters a jail and in the cell to which he is assigned there is already another man -- deep inside the cell, resting. He inquires of the newcomer, "How long are you going to be here?"

The man says, "I have been sentenced to this jail for ten years."

The other man says, "Okay, then you can keep your bed just near the door, because you will be going soon. I have been sentenced for thirty years. So don't enter too far. Just remain near the door, you will be going very quickly."

"I wonder," that man said, "why do people commit small sins? If you have guts then do something great -- just ten years of jail, and you are not even ashamed." Strange -- sinners also have their dignity. He is just an amateur; the old sinner is well trained, may have been in jail many times before. And perhaps this is the last time, because now he is going to be there thirty years.

I have remembered the story of three Christian monks. There were three Christian monasteries and these three heads of those monasteries once met on the road by chance. It was raining, so they stopped under a tree.

One said, "I accept that your monasteries are great, but you cannot compete with our monastery as far as learning is concerned. Our monastery is the most learned monastery in the world."

The second said, "I accept it. I know it, but learning does not matter much. The question is of being virtuous, and as far as virtue is concerned you are far away from us, far below. Nobody can compete with the virtue of our monastery."

And they both looked at the third man. He said, "You are both right. But as far as humbleness is concerned... in humbleness, we are the tops!"

Even the humble person has his ego.

It is because of this fact that I don't teach you to be virtuous, to follow a certain discipline, to have a certain system of beliefs. I simply want you to be more alert, more awake, more silent.

In other words: more yourself and less mind.

The day you are completely unidentified with the mind and you are just simply innocence, you have arrived home.

Now is the time for a few prayers.

After returning from church one Sunday with his parents, little Ernie surprises them by saying, "I think I might be a preacher when I grow up."

"That's fine," says his mother, "but what gave you that idea?"

"Well," replies little Ernie, "if I have to go to church anyway it would be more fun to stand up and yell than sit still and listen."

A tourist in the hills of Virginia sees one of the locals sprawling in the grass, sunbathing, while his wife is carrying firewood into the house. "Say, mister," says the tourist, "is it not pretty strenuous work for a woman?"

"Could be," replies the man, "but we work in shifts."

"Ah," says the tourist, "you mean when she gets tired, you take over?"

"Me?" cries the man horrified. "When she gets tired working out here, I let her shift to working in the kitchen."

A giant black man comes into a bar in the Deep South of the United States. He has an eight-foot alligator walking behind him on a rope.

"Do you serve martinis?" he asks the bartender, who is trying to hide under the bar.

"Yes," stammers the bartender, "we do."

"Do you serve niggers?" asks the black man.

"Yes," says the bartender, "we do."

"Okay," says the man, "I will have a martini for myself and a nigger for my alligator."

Ronald Reagan is flying to India to meet Rajiv Gandhi when the plane is diverted to Bombay airport. In the extra confusion caused by his arrival Ronald Reagan gets lost in the crowd and finds himself being harassed by an immigration official. Reagan allows his passport to be processed through the computer, but when the computer shows that he is a dangerous criminal and should not be permitted to enter India, Ronald Reagan loses his temper.

"This Bombay," he shouts, "it is the asshole of the world!"

"Yes sir," agrees the immigration man. "Just passing through, are you?"

Edward, the young zoologist, and his wife Betty return from their honeymoon. The next day Edward collects a male gorilla from the zoo and takes him to the lab to continue his studies of gorilla behavior.

He becomes so absorbed in his work that when it is time to leave, he realizes that the zoo is already closed and all the keepers have gone home. So he puts a jacket on the gorilla, gives him a shot of tranquilizers and takes him home in his car. When they arrive, the maid comes to open the door. Edward tells her to take his friend to the guest room and put him to bed

because he is not feeling well.

"Don't worry about him," continues Edward, "I will take care of him in the morning." The night passes and in the morning, Edward takes the gorilla back to the zoo.

Later that day, the maid bumps into Betty and asks her if Edward is still as passionate as he was on the honeymoon.

"Ah, yes," replies Betty, "in fact, he made love to me twice last night."

"That's nothing," says the maid, "you should have seen the friend your husband brought home last night. He made love to me five times without even taking off his fur coat."

Jerry Jostel walks into a small-town bar and when he has ordered a drink he bets the bartender fifty dollars that he will be crying in three minutes.

"That's a deal," says the bartender, "I have not cried since I was ten years old. That time, someone ran over my pet frog."

Two minutes pass in silence and finally, the bartender says, "you know there is only thirty seconds left and I don't feel like crying."

"That's okay," replied Jerry, "my friend Boo will be here soon and he will get you going."

"Boo who?" asked the bartender. He shrugs, then reaches in his pocket and pulls out fifty dollars to give to Jerry.

Jerry sidles along the bar to where big black Duggie is drinking a beer and makes him the same offer. "Man," says Duggie, "I ain't cried since I was a baby."

Two minutes pass in silence and Duggie looks at his watch. "Don't worry," says Jerry, "my friend Boo is due here soon. And he will make you cry."

"Yeah?" asks Duggie, "Who be Boo?"

I don't know who is this Boo. Some faraway cousin of Hoo. But Hoo makes people laugh and Boo makes people cry.

So remember it: if you want to enjoy laughter, say, "Yaa-Hoo!" If you want to enjoy crying -- which is also a very delicate dish -- then sit around and say, "Yaa-Boo!" And once you enjoy crying you will see how fresh it makes you. All dust that has gathered goes because of your tears. It cleanses your eyes, makes your heart function well.

So remember, "Yaa-Hoo!" is not a bachelor. It also has a wife, known as "Yaa-Boo." Once in a while we can practice it here.

What do you say, Niskriya? Good idea?

If everybody really cries... because all over the world they are talking in the newspapers and magazines and televisions about "Yaa-Hoo!" Now I am giving them another thing: "But that is nothing -- now comes the wife, Yaa-Boo!"

Sit with four or five friends together and start crying and see how young and fresh it makes you. Some day we will do it here, but today just be silent for two minutes. No movement, close your eyes... feel as if you have become frozen, just like a statue.

... Now relax, let go.

Now come back to life...

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

YAA-HOO! The Mystic Rose

Chapter #30

Chapter title: Laughter and tears -- a cleansing of the heart

21 April 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

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BELOVED OSHO,
I'M SURE THERE IS MORE TO "YAA-HOO!" THAN MEETS THE EYE. ARE WE
READY TO UNDERSTAND THE REAL MEANING OF "YAA-HOO!"?

Maneesha, no word has a meaning of itself; meanings are given, they are arbitrary. Otherwise every word is just a sound, meaningless. But we can give meaning to any sound, and the sound becomes a word when we give a meaning to it. Sometimes the meaning is very relevant and sometimes it is not relevant. Most of the time it is not relevant -- it is arbitrary, useful; utilitarian but not existential.

Hence, languages don't consist of existential words. For example OM has no meaning, it is not part of any alphabet, but it has some existential purpose: it provokes in you the sound of the eternal. It is something similar to the sound of existence itself -- not exactly the same, a faraway echo, but still very representative.

In the same way is the word `Yaa-Hoo!' HOO is an ancient practice of the Sufis. They have discovered that rather than repeating the mantra ALLAH, ALLAH-HOO helps you to go deeper into yourself. And somebody found on the way that there is no need even to say "Allah-hoo" -- just "Hoo" serves the purpose, because the sound "Hoo" hits at the very center of your being. Just by repeating "Hoo" again and again -- you will be surprised -- you have left your mind far away, your thoughts have ceased, time has disappeared and you have come into a space which is yours, but you have never been aware of it.

With `Hoo', I have joined `Yaa' also, because in my feeling `Hoo' works, certainly, but it is serious. It makes you centered, but in your center there is no laughter, no dance. Certainly the flower blossoms, but there is no fragrance. The sound "Yaa" does the work; it makes the word `Hoo' complete and total. "Yaa-Hoo!" not only hits your center, your very being, it also brings in you a tremendous feeling of joy, a laughter, a dance. It is celebration.

Just repeating Yaa-Hoo! you will be surprised -- you are not becoming sad and serious as the saints are supposed to be, but a totally new dimension is opening up: the laughing saint, the dancing god. Yaa-Hoo! is only a representative expression of a laughing and dancing being.

I have chosen Leela, one of my therapists, to create a new meditative therapy. The first part will be Yaa-Hoo! -- for three hours, people simply laugh for no reason at all. And whenever their laughter starts dying they again say, "Yaa-Hoo!" and it will come back. Digging for three hours you will be surprised how many layers of dust have gathered upon your being. It will cut them like a sword, in one blow. For seven days continuously, three hours every day... you cannot conceive how much transformation can come to your being.

And then the second part is "Yaa-Boo." The first part removes everything that hinders your laughter -- all the inhibitions of past humanity, all the repressions. It cuts them away. It brings a new space within you, but still you have to go a few steps more to reach the temple of your being, because you have suppressed so much sadness, so much despair, so much anxiety, so many tears -- they are all there, covering you and destroying your beauty, your grace, your joy.

In old Mongolia they had an ancient idea that every life, whatever pain is suppressed... and pain *is* suppressed, because nobody wants it. You don't want to be painful so you suppress it, you avoid, you look somewhere else. But it remains.

And the Mongolian idea was -- and I agree with it -- that life after life it goes on accumulating in you; it becomes almost a hard shell of pain. That's why all the saints and the sages have been telling you, shouting -- "Go into yourself!" You listen to them, but you don't go. There is a reason why you don't go: you know that going in, you have to encounter pain; going in, you have to encounter misery, suffering, agony. It is better to remain outside -- engaged, busy. Never be alone, because in your aloneness you may unconsciously start moving inwards. Being alone, having nothing else to do you may start looking inwards.

People have invented all kinds of things to escape from themselves: they may smoke cigarettes... Not that they need them. I have never felt any need for cigarettes, so I cannot conceive that there is any necessity for anybody to be so stupid. When pure air is available, he is making his breathing full of poison, and he is paying for it! But there must be some reason. Why do millions of people go on smoking? The reason is, it keeps you occupied. Even if you are alone, it does not leave you unoccupied.

These are devices of your mind. There are people who are chewing gum. Now what a nonsense thing to do! -- chewing gum? Are you sane or insane? Can't you chew anything else? No sane person can do this unnecessary exercise of chewing gum. But it keeps you occupied, so millions of people are chewing gum.

All your conversations, your so-called busyness is almost without any purpose, without any business. But it helps just one thing: you don't come across yourself. There is too much pain.

So you can listen to the sages, to the awakened ones, and you can nod -- "You are right, but my time has not come yet. Please forgive me; I have still to chew gum, I have still to smoke cigarettes. You are great, you can drop these things; we are small people, how can we drop cigarettes and chewing gum?"

Just see the stupidity of it all. But behind the stupidity there must be some psychology and the psychology is: anything that helps you to avoid yourself becomes useful. Football match, volleyball, boxing... somebody else is doing it, you are just looking, but that looking takes you away from your own inside.

If you go in you will find both, laughter and tears. That's why sometimes it happens that by laughing, suddenly you find tears also start coming together with it -- very confusing, because ordinarily we think they are contrary. When you are full of tears it is not a time to laugh, or when you are laughing it is not the right season for tears. But existence does not

believe in your concepts, ideologies; existence transcends all your concepts, which are dualistic, which are based on duality. Day and night, laughter and tears, pain and blissfulness, they both come together.

When a man reaches into his innermost being he will find the first layer is of laughter and the second layer is of agony, tears.

So for seven days you have to allow yourself to weep, cry, for no reason at all -- just the tears are ready to come. You have been preventing them. Just don't prevent, and whenever you feel they are not coming, just say, "Yaa-Boo!"

These are pure sounds, used as a technique to bring all your laughter and all your tears and clean you completely, so that you can become an innocent child. This is absolutely my meditation.

Leela will be in charge of it and you will be surprised that no meditation can give you so much as this small strategy. This is my experience of many meditations, that what has to be done is to break two layers in you. Your laughter has been repressed; you have been told, "Don't laugh, it is a serious matter." You are not allowed to laugh in a church, or in a university class...

So the first layer is of laughter, but once laughter is over you will suddenly find yourself flooded with tears, agony. But that too will be a great unburdening phenomenon. Many lives of pain and suffering will disappear. If you can get rid of these two layers you have found yourself.

Maneesha, there is no meaning in the words, 'Yaa-Hoo' or 'Yaa-Boo'. These are simply techniques, sounds which can be used for a certain purpose to enter into your own being.

And you may have felt it -- when you shout, "Yaa-Hoo!" you may have felt a sudden breeze of freshness and joy.

I don't want so many people to cry here; that's why I have not used the other part. That is to be used in special groups.

I have invented many meditations, but perhaps this will be the most essential and fundamental one. It can take over the whole world. Already from every country news cuttings are coming to me -- "What is this Yaa-Hoo!?" People are making up meanings of their own, but it has taken over around the world. Now the second thing is Yaa-Boo! And the whole process of Yaa-Hoo and Yaa-Boo, the couple, married... arranged marriage!

Every society has done so much harm by preventing your joys and your tears. If an old man starts crying you will say, "What are you doing? You should feel ashamed; you are not a child, that somebody has taken your banana and you are crying. Have another banana, but don't cry."

Just see -- stand on the street and start crying and a crowd will gather to console you: "Don't cry! Whatever has happened forget all about it, it has happened." Nobody knows what has happened, nobody can help you, but everybody will try -- "Don't cry!" And the reason is that if you go on crying, then *they* will start crying, because they are also flooded with... Those tears are very close to the eyes.

And it is a healthy thing to cry, to weep, to laugh. Now scientists are discovering that crying, weeping, laughter, are immensely healthful; not only physically but also psychologically, they are very much capable of keeping you sane. The whole of humanity has gone a little cuckoo, for the simple reason that nobody laughs fully because all around there are people who will say, "What are you doing? Are you a child? -- at this age? What will your children think? Keep quiet!"

If you cry and weep without any reason, just as an exercise, a meditation... nobody will believe it. Tears have never been accepted as meditation. And I tell you, they are not only a meditation, they are a medicine also. You will have better eyesight and you will have better inner vision.

I am giving you a very fundamental technique, fresh and unused. And it is going to become worldwide, without any doubt, because its effects will show anybody that the person has become younger, the person has become more loving, the person has become graceful. The person has become more flexible, less fanatic; the person has become more joyful, more a celebrant.

All that this world needs is a good cleansing of the heart of all the inhibitions of the past. Laughter and tears can do both. Tears will take out all the agony that is hidden inside you and laughter will take all that is preventing your ecstasy. Once you have learned the art you will be immensely surprised: why has this not been told up to now? There is a reason: nobody has wanted humanity to have the freshness of a roseflower and the fragrance and the beauty.

I have called this series of lectures THE MYSTIC ROSE. "Yaa-Hoo!" is the mantra to bring the mystic rose in your very center, to open your center and release your fragrance. Your life becomes for the first time significant, not just useful. Right now it is only useful -- you are a father, useful. Without you what will your children do? You are a mother, useful; you are a wife, useful -- without you what will your husband do? He may go astray.

He is already going astray, so you have to hang around! If the husband is too joyous the wife cannot believe that he is joyful because of her. There must be some other woman: "Just tell us, what is her name? Who is the other woman? Why are you laughing!?"

The husband cannot cry, because the wife will say, "What is the matter? I have been telling you continually, these love affairs won't do. Has the woman gone, leaving you behind crying and weeping?"

Two old people appeared in the court, husband and wife -- the husband was ninety-five years old, the wife ninety years old, and they wanted a divorce. The magistrate could not believe it. He said, "My god, at this age! For what? How long have you been married?"

They said, "Who remembers? Maybe sixty years, seventy years, but we cannot give you a certain date. It was long before."

The magistrate said, "If you have lived together so long that you cannot even remember when you started living together, then why are you divorcing now? If life was not good, and things were not going well, you should have appeared before the court long ago!"

The old man said, "We wanted to come, but the children... Now all the children are dead, so we decided there is no point in torturing each other. Now we should get a divorce: you torture somebody else if you can find anybody; I will torture somebody else if I can find. Otherwise we can be alone far better than we are together. Together we become so sad that 'This woman destroyed my life' or, 'This man destroyed my life.' "

People marry not because of love -- love knows no marriage, because love will not create any contract. It is not business. Love knows no marriage because it is not business, it is not law. It won't reduce the freedom of the other. If anything, it will increase and enhance the freedom of the other.

Love cannot cut the wings of the other. It will give you more wings, more skies, vast spaces to fly and to be.

But that does not happen. Marriage is a utility. It is a need, it is not a celebration.

Everything in life has become so mundane, so burdensome, but you don't know what else to do, where to go. Everybody is suffering his own suffering. You cannot change places. Even if it were possible to change places you would not change, because our own misery is at least ours and we are well acquainted.

At a party one man was asked by his wife, "I hear that the woman sitting over there is your mistress?"

The man did not want to create a fuss in the party, so he whispered; he said, "Yes, everybody has mistresses here, so don't make any trouble."

She said, "Then tell me who is whose mistress?"

So he told her: "This man has that mistress, and his wife is somebody else's mistress. Things are so puzzled..."

He told her about everybody. The same women, the same men, but all have mistresses, all have wives.

The woman looked at all of them and finally said, "But ours is the best."

Her husband's mistress! It was an agony, but OURS...! "Others are being more idiotic -- these horrible women... I know all of them."

Even the agony, the pain becomes by and by an acquaintance, old and familiar. You cannot part with it, you will miss it.

I have seen people missing their wives, just after two or three days when the wife has gone to her parents. For two or three days they are so joyful, but the fourth day they start missing the wife. And I have said to my friends, "You always wanted to get rid of your wife. It is good that she is prolonging her holiday -- enjoy!"

And what have I heard from my friends? "Yes, it is true, when she is here I feel like killing her. But when she goes somewhere else I feel so alone, that I go on writing letters and sending telegrams and every day a phone call -- 'Come back soon; without you, life is not life!' "

Strange people! And when she comes then they want to kill her. They don't kill, just because they know it is very risky. If there were rewards for killing wives, I don't think you would find anybody who would not participate in the competition. Afterwards they will cry and weep and they will remember the golden days, but right now it is a nightmare.

The whole of life has become just a utility: either you are an inspector, or you are a police commissioner, or you are a minister, or you are a teacher -- just a function which any robot can do.

The only thing that the robot cannot do is meditation. In other words, I am saying that those who are not in meditation are being robots, without being aware that they are just utilities, functions, they are needed.

But a man of meditation for the first time realizes that it does not matter whether he is needed or not -- he himself is a joy unto himself. He himself is bliss, he does not depend on anybody to make him blissful. That is the only freedom possible in the world. Otherwise everybody is a slave.

I want my people to understand it absolutely that unless you become blissful on your own accord, unless your rose opens within your own being, you are just a commodity, just a thing, an object. Meditation reveals your subjectivity. Subjectivity is your consciousness, and your consciousness and its experience makes your life significant, meaningful, eternal, immortal, without any beginning and without any end. A celebration, moment-to-moment a dance.

And unless you have transformed your life into a moment-to-moment dance you have missed the opportunity that existence gives you.

BELOVED OSHO,
COULD YOU SPEAK TO US ON LAUGHTER, ITS MEDITATIVE POWERS, ITS CHEMISTRY ON THE BRAIN, ITS POWER OF TRANSFORMATION AND HEALING... ITS RELATION TO SILENCE, THE GAP, CLARITY, VISION... ITS CONTAGIOUSNESS, ITS RELATION TO DIFFERENT EMOTIONS... ON HOMO RIDENS -- THE ESSENTIAL HUMAN CONDITION, ON HOW TO RECOGNIZE TRUE, AUTHENTIC LAUGHTER FROM HYSTERICAL, EXHIBITIONIST, OR HYPOCRITICAL LAUGHTER, ON HOW TO BE A CHANNEL OF PURE JOY?

Prem Nistal, I have just been talking about laughter, its meditative powers and its medicinal powers. It certainly changes your very chemistry; it changes your brain waves, it changes your intelligence -- you become more intelligent. The parts of your mind that have been asleep suddenly wake up. The laughter reaches to the innermost part of your brain, to your heart.

A man of laughter cannot have a heart attack. A man of laughter cannot commit suicide. A man of laughter automatically comes to know the world of silence, because when laughter ceases suddenly there is silence. And each time laughter becomes deeper it is followed by deeper silence.

It certainly clarifies you -- from the traditions, from the garbage of the past. It gives you a new vision of life. It makes you more alive and radiant, more creative. If you are a singer, your song becomes more celestial; if you are a musician your music starts going beyond sound, starts reaching silences. If you are a sculptor, then your sculpture will not be what Gurdjieff calls objective...

Ordinarily a painter or architect or any other dimension of creativity is only your projection, your imagination. But there is another kind of art, which is not your imagination but your insight.

For example, sitting in silence near the Taj Mahal in the fullmoon night you will find yourself falling into silence without any effort.

The Taj Mahal was created by Sufi mystics. History tells only about the man who for thirty years paid thousands of artists, but the history has no idea that the people who were the architects were Sufi mystics. And it was not an imaginative thing; it was something so that if somebody sits silently looking at it, it will create the same feeling, the same vibration in which the architect was living.

The Taj Mahal is a scripture, it is a message, it is not just a beautiful building. It is not just for the tourists to come and take photographs, it is for meditators to sit and just watch: the very form of the architecture creates something in you. The people who made the building were aware that they were making a device for meditation.

You know about the pyramids in Egypt -- when for the first time, in the beginning of this century, the pyramids were opened... the biggest pyramid was opened first. They had remained closed for three thousand years. And the scientists were surprised to find a cat, dead, inside the pyramid -- but not deteriorated, no sign of deterioration, no sign that it has been dead for three thousand years. When the pyramid was being closed somehow the cat must have remained inside and must have died. But there were no signs. It looked as if it had

just died, and they could not figure out -- what is the matter? Finally they decided that it was because of the shape of the pyramid.

If you sit in any structure in the shape of a pyramid, you will fall into deep silence and meditation without difficulty. And a dead body can be preserved in a pyramid-shaped grave; it will not in any way start stinking. It will remain fresh, as if it has just died this very moment.

Now pyramids are being used... small pyramids are being sold in the market; you sit underneath them, and they are health-giving. They don't do anything, just their shape reflects the rays of the sun in such a way that you get only the health-giving rays, and the other rays which are not health-giving are reflected back. The very shape is the cause.

People were wondering for centuries why these pyramids were made in such a shape. And the oldest pyramid is three thousand years old. It shows that the people of those times were aware that certain shapes -- of clothes, of buildings -- are healthful; some other shapes are not healthful.

Now we don't bother about it, we don't think about it. When you are making a house you don't think whether this house is going to give you health or sickness, long life, or is going to cut your life short.

As mind disappears and leaves behind a silence, a space of meditation, your vision about everything that you do is completely different. If you are a painter you will paint something not with the mind, but with the clarity that your painting will give health, insight, peace, silence, to anyone who will just look at it.

In this sense we are more primitive than people like Mozart or Beethoven. Our music is very poor, because our music is simply clumsy; it does not create any spiritual peace, it does not give any meditative silence; more often it is sexual. It functions on your sex center. It makes you closer to the animal rather than closer to the buddha.

Classical music takes you very high, beyond your reach; perhaps you would not have been able to reach alone. Just listening to that music and you have gone for a new journey, far away from your thoughts, far away from your emotions, into spaces of eternity.

And you are asking how to distinguish true, authentic laughter from hysterical, exhibitionist, or hypocritical laughter.

Two things to be remembered: one, you should not bother about others. You should not judge. There is no way to judge from outside whether the person's laughter is authentic or not, healthy or hysterical; exhibitionist, hypocritical, or real, coming from the very deepest sources of his being.

So first thing, don't be bothered about the other person. It is uncivilized. Just think about yourself, that's enough, and then the distinction is not difficult.

The authentic laughter is not about anything. It is simply arising in you as a flower blossoms in a tree. It has no reason, no rational explanation. It is mysterious; hence the mystic rose.

The hysterical laughter is sick. It is about somebody else; it is not healthy and it is not going to give you all the benefits I have talked about. It is insane.

The exhibitionist is one who is laughing just to show others, but the laughter is not coming from his being. It is just superficial, social. If everybody else is laughing and you are not laughing you are being a little unsocial.

They say that if you tell a joke to an Englishman he laughs twice: once just to be social,

just to say that, "Yes, I understand." And the second time in the middle of the night when he understands it.

If you tell a joke to a German he laughs only once, just to be social. The second time to laugh never comes. He never understands a joke.

And never tell a joke to a Jew, because he will stop you in the middle. He will say, "It is all rotten, an old joke, and anyway you are telling it all wrong." It is useless to tell a joke to a Jew -- he will not laugh. He will even make you sad -- why did you talk to this man?

Different nations will behave differently. But one point you can understand yourself: whether you are laughing just to be in tune with others... then laughter is only exhibition. You have not understood the joke and you are laughing -- it is hypocritical.

But always remember not to judge others. That is very primitive, uncivilized, inhuman. Only look at yourself.

A patient in the hospital accidentally has a bowel movement in his bed. Not wanting the nurses to find out, he bundles up the sheet and throws it out of the window.

It lands on Kowalski, who is walking in the street below. After a fierce struggle Kowalski disentangles himself from the sheet and goes into a bar to calm his nerves.

"My god," says the bartender, "you stink!"

"You would too," replies Kowalski, "if you had just beaten the shit out of a ghost."

In a remote part of the countryside, a young farmer and his wife are delighted when a Martian couple land their spaceship nearby.

The young farmer invites the Martians to stay over dinner. They all become so friendly that they decide to exchange partners for the night.

The farmer's wife and the male Martian are getting ready for bed when she notices that he has a very small prick.

"What do you think you are going to do with that?" she giggles.

"Watch," he says, twisting his right ear. Immediately the prick grows to twelve inches long, but as thin as a pencil. Then he twists his left ear and the prick becomes as fat as a sausage. They enjoy a wonderful night together.

The next morning after saying goodbye the Martians take off. The farmer turns to his wife, "So, how was it?" he asks.

"It was fantastic, really out of this world," she says. "How about you?"

"Nothing special," admits the farmer, "A bit weird, in fact. All night long she kept playing with my ears."

A man has his prick amputated in a car accident. As an experiment the doctors graft on a baby elephant's trunk instead.

Some time later he goes out to dinner at a French restaurant. He is sitting there with his date, when all of a sudden the baby elephant's trunk sneaks out of his pants, scoots across the table and grasps a bread roll and then disappears again.

The girl does not believe what she has just seen and says nothing. But a few minutes later, while they are talking, out pops the baby elephant's trunk, scoots across the table, grabs another bread roll and vanishes.

"My god," cries the girl, "what was that?"

The man is extremely embarrassed but finally manages to explain the whole story.

"That is great!" exclaims the girl enthusiastically. "Can you make it to do it again?"

"I would," says the man, "but I don't think I can fit another bread roll into my ass."

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Now, two minutes of silence, close your eyes and no movements; just be absolutely still, as if you are frozen.

Now, relax... let go.

... Okay, come back.

Okay, Maneesha?