The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

Talks given from 21/10/79 am to 30/10/79 am
English Discourse series
10 Chapters
Year published: 1990

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Chapter #1

Chapter title: The security of insecurity

21 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

HE IS AWAKE.
THE VICTORY IS HIS.
HE HAS CONQUERED THE WORLD.

HOW CAN HE LOSE THE WAY
WHO IS BEYOND THE WAY? HIS
EYE IS OPEN.
HIS FOOT IS FREE.
WHO CAN FOLLOW AFTER HIM?

THE WORLD CANNOT RECLAIM HIM
OR LEAD HIM ASTRAY,
NOR CAN THE POISONED NET OF DESIRE HOLD HIM.

HE IS AWAKE!
THE GODS WATCH OVER HIM.

HE IS AWAKE
AND FINDS JOY IN THE STILLNESS OF MEDITATION
AND IN THE SWEETNESS OF SURRENDER.

HARD IT IS TO BE BORN,
HARD IT IS TO LIVE,
HARDER STILL TO HEAR OF THE WAY,

AND HARD TO RISE, FOLLOW, AND AWAKE.

YET THE TEACHING IS SIMPLE.
DO WHAT IS RIGHT.
BE PURE.
AT THE END OF THE WAY IS FREEDOM.

TILL THEN, PATIENCE.

IF YOU WOUND OR GRIEVE ANOTHER,
YOU HAVE NOT LEARNED DETACHMENT.

OFFEND IN NEITHER WORD NOR DEED.
EAT WITH MODERATION.
LIVE IN YOUR HEART.
SEEK THE HIGHEST CONSCIOUSNESS.

Gautama the Buddha is talking today about the very essence of buddhahood: the height of buddhahood and the depth of it, the glory and the grace, the tremendous freedom that it brings, the light that it showers, the love, the joy, the bliss, the awakening.

These sutras are rare -- rarest amongst the most rare sutras, because Buddha is opening his own heart to you. He is inviting you to become a guest into his innermost core. He is revealing, in simple words, the fragrance that has happened to him and that is possible for you too -- because each man is born to be a buddha.
Unless one becomes a buddha one has not lived and one has not known what life is. One has dreamed of course -- dreams of a thousand and one things -- but one has been asleep. And whether you dream beautiful dreams or ugly dreams it does not matter. In the morning of buddhahood, all those dreams, both good and bad, sweet and bitter, golden dreams and nightmares, will be known as false, illusory. It was a self-deception, and the capacity to deceive oneself is enormous. Beware of it! One can even dream that one is awake, one can even dream that one has become a buddha. That is the ultimate trick the mind can play upon you.

It happened in Baghdad:
A man was brought to the caliph, because the man had declared that he was the new messenger of God. The caliph was irritated, annoyed, and he said, "You must be mad, because Mohammed is the last messenger of God and there is not going to be anybody else. The message has arrived in the Koran. Yes, before Mohammed there had been other messages, but all those messages were fragmentary because man was not ready and ripe. Mohammed has brought the full message; now there is not going to be any other messenger in the world. You bring yourself to your senses; otherwise you will have to suffer for it!"
The man was thrown into the prison for seven days, tortured, beaten, starved. After seven days the caliph arrived. The man was bound to a pillar, bruised, wounded. The caliph said, "Now you must have come to your senses. What do you say now?"
The man laughed and he said, "All the torture and all the suffering that have been

imposed upon me simply prove that I am really the messenger, because when God was sending me to the world he warned me that 'My messengers have always been

tortured.' And I was doubting, 'Why are people not torturing me if I am the real messenger?' You have proved it! God was right, there was no need to doubt."
The caliph was at a loss -- what to say to this madman? But suddenly another man who was also bound to another pillar started laughing hysterically. The caliph asked him, "Why are you laughing?"
The man said, "This guy is a cheat -- because I am God myself, and I have never sent this man to the world as my messenger!"
That man had been imprisoned one month before, declaring himself God.

Mohammedans are very fanatic; they can't allow -- sometimes even when it is the truth. When al-Hillaj Mansoor declared, "ANA'L HAQ! -- I am God himself!" it was a truth, he was not dreaming. But he was crucified. When Sarmad, another Sufi mystic, declared, "I am God!" his head was cut off. And these people were not dreaming. But it is very difficult from the outside to decide who is dreaming, who has gone mad, who is imagining, and who is declaring the truth. Because sometimes the dreamer believes in his dream, believes absolutely, so belief cannot prove anything. It may be just an ego trip.
The last deception that the mind can play on you is to say to you, "Why are you unnecessarily bothering? You are a buddha!" And I want you to be aware of it, because this is going to happen to many people. People can believe anything.
Just the other day a man wrote a letter to me saying, "I want to become a sannyasin, but I am a little afraid because I know that I am a Judas and I will prove to be a Judas to you." People can believe they are Christ, they can believe they are Judas. And he must be believing it really deeply.
I have sent him a message that "You can become a sannyasin. I already have many other Judases, so what difference does it make? One more is welcome!" Jesus had only one Judas: I have many, and it is better to have many -- one can prove more dangerous. If you have many Judases, first they will have to compete with each other. Their energies will be wasted amongst themselves. They will fight with each other; they will betray each other first. And Judas could betray Jesus because Jesus had only twelve disciples; I have one hundred thousand disciples.
I cannot take too much care as to who is a Judas and who is not; and I need not, because whatsoever happens is God's will. If a Judas is needed then he will have to come, that is the way God wants it to be. But your mind can play tricks with you. You can't just be a nobody -- if you cannot be Christ, at least you can be Judas. You can't accept the fact of anonymity.
And that is the very fundamental -- the first basic requirement, to enter into the world of religion: to accept oneself as anonymous, as if you have no name, no form, no identity. Then the mind cannot deceive you. Then the mind cannot seduce you into some idea, into some imagination.

Buddha is talking about what happens when a person becomes awakened. Ordinarily man is asleep, all men are asleep. Irrespective of their religion, nation, race, on one thing they all agree: they are all fast asleep -- dreaming different dreams, but the sleep is the

same. The difference of dreams makes no difference to the quality of the sleep. One is dreaming Christian dreams, another is dreaming Jewish dreams, another is dreaming Hindu dreams, and so on and so forth, but dreams can't change your consciousness. In fact they are hindrances.

The sleep has to be broken, the sleep has to be shattered; otherwise you don't know who you are, you don't know what you are doing. You don't know where you are coming from, you don't know where you are going. You don't know what you are saying and what you are doing, to yourself and to others. You are accidental. You are like driftwood at the mercy of the blind winds -- there is no destiny. The winds throw you on this shore or on that shore, but you are not the master of your own being. You are a slave, a slave of blind forces.

The first thing to be done is to come out of your sleep.

Buddha says... the first sutra:

HE IS AWAKE.

He is defining buddhahood, or you can call it christhood; it is the same. Buddha and Christ are synonymous.

HE IS AWAKE. That is the most essential quality: he is no longer asleep, he is no longer dreaming. He has no thoughts, no memories, no imagination. He is utterly silent and alert. His silence is not a dead, cold silence; his silence is wakeful, warm, alive.

HE IS AWAKE: you are not -- you are so full of junk. Unless you become empty of the junk you will not be awake. And you go on doing the same things again and again, you go on repeating. You move in circles, never seeing the fact that you are functioning like a robot, like a machine.

The legend goes that in the days of ancient Rome an officer called away to the wars locked his beautiful young wife in a chastity belt and gave the key to his best friend with the admonition, "If I don't return in a year, use this key. To you, my dear friend, I entrust it."

He then galloped off to the wars. Ten miles away from home he heard the clatter of hoofbeats behind him and he waited. His friend on horseback galloped up saying, "You gave me the wrong key!"

Man is so deeply unconscious!

A couple of drunks in a bar started talking about sex. "Say," said the first one, "have you ever gotten so drunk you kissed a broad's navel?"

"Drunker!" answered his pal.

Just watch your life and you will be absolutely in agreement with him: "Drunker!" What

have you been doing? Can you say you have lived your life with awareness? Can you say your actions have the quality of awareness? Somebody insults you: do you respond or do you react? If you react, you are asleep; if you respond, you are awake.

And what is the difference between reaction and response? -- the difference is great.

Once Buddha was being insulted very much by a few people. They were shouting at him, saying all kinds of dirty words to him, and he was standing there listening to them as totally as possible.
After a few minutes they felt frustrated, because he was not saying anything, and one of them asked, "Are you deaf or something? Why don't you answer?"
Buddha said, "I am answering, but my answer is a response, not a reaction."
Naturally they asked, "What is the difference between reaction and response?"
And Buddha said, "Sit down and I will explain it to you."
And the enemies turned into disciples! They were listening to Buddha, sitting silently; listening to what he was saying. They were converted. Buddha said, "If you had come ten years ago, when I was asleep just as you are, I would have reacted. You would have pushed my buttons."
When you push the button and the fan goes on it is not a response; it is a reaction, it is mechanical. When you push the button and the lights go on or off, it is a reaction not a response. The light, the fan, or any other mechanism, has no freedom to choose; it simply reacts. Response means choice, response means "chosen with consciousness."
Buddha said, "Ten years ago if you had said these words to me I would have cut off your heads -- I used to carry a sword with me. But now I am awake. I listened to your words and I felt deep compassion for you -- that you were torturing yourselves unnecessarily. You cannot force me to do something -- I am not a machine, now I am a man. You cannot force me to do anything; I act out of my own choice. Hence it is not reaction, it is action, and action is a response. I see the whole situation, then out of my consciousness I act. At this moment I am feeling so compassionate for you, so sorry for you, that I cannot speak the same language that you are speaking to me."

The man who is asleep reacts; he knows nothing of action. And reaction is a binding: it binds you into new prisons, new chains. Response is out of freedom, hence it brings more freedom. Reaction is out of the past; you act according to your memories, built-in by your experiences, conditionings. You react not to the present, not in the present. You don't reflect the real situation as it is; you go on interpreting it according to your past, your past experiences.
The man who is awake is like a mirror: he reflects that which is the case. HE IS AWAKE.

THE VICTORY IS HIS.
HE HAS CONQUERED THE WORLD.

And Buddha says: It is only by awakening that one becomes victorious; not by

conquering the world but by conquering one's unconsciousness.
There are only two types of people in the world: the Alexander the Great type and the Buddha type. There are millions... in fact ninety-nine point nine percent of people

belong to the Alexander type -- small Alexanders and big Alexanders, but Alexanders all. Everybody is trying to conquer the world in his own way, big or small, through money, power, prestige. And everybody is carrying a deep desire, a great longing to succeed one day in becoming the most famous man in the world, the most powerful man in the world. This is the Alexander type, the extrovert, the worldly; he accumulates money, possessions, but he loses his soul.

And there are very rare, very few people in the world who belong to the Buddha type, who are no longer interested in the world, whose whole interest is in self-actualization, in self-realization, in becoming more aware of the reality that they are.

These are not fixed types, they are liquid. Anyone who belongs to the Alexander category can move to the category of being a buddha. And all the buddhas, in their past, had belonged to the Alexander category, and all those who are Alexanders now can become buddhas one day. It all depends on you; a conscious, deliberate choice is needed: that you turn your energies from extroversion into introversion, that you become more interested in the inner reality, that you become more interested in your subjectivity rather than in objects. You start moving, diving deeply into your interiority to find the center of your being.

And the magic is, the moment you find the center of your being you have found the center of the whole existence -- because there is only one center; my center and your center are not two centers. Anybody who moves inwards comes to the same center. On the periphery we are different people; at the center we are one.

HE IS AWAKE. THE VICTORY IS HIS. And Buddha says: The real conqueror is not the one who has conquered the world but the one who has conquered himself. He has conquered the world too, not in a visible way but in a very very invisible way. He becomes the master.

Buddha came to a town. The king of the town was reluctant to go and receive him, because he said, "I am a great king and he is just a beggar."

But his prime minister -- an old man, a wise man -- insisted that, "Either you come to receive Buddha or accept my resignation."

This was too much, because that old man was absolutely needed by the kingdom. The king was utterly dependent on the old man and his advice; he could not afford to lose him. He said, "But why? Why are you so insistent? He is just a beggar, and I am a king!"

The prime minister said, "To be frank, he is the king and you are the beggar! Either you come with me to receive him or accept my resignation, because I cannot serve such a stupid person who can't see a simple fact: Buddha is the real conqueror of the world. What do YOU possess? -- a few things; they will be taken when death comes. But what HE possesses, nobody can take away, not even death. He has conquered himself, and conquering himself is conquering the world."

The young king had to go to receive Buddha. When he was bowing down to Buddha,

Buddha said, "No need to bow down to a beggar!"

He was very much shocked: "How does he know?" In that shock his eyes were opened. He looked at Buddha: that grace, that beauty, that silence, that light, that love -- he had never seen it anywhere else. He bowed again.
Buddha said, "Now it is right, now it is of your heart! Otherwise you were following the advice of your prime minister. Now you are really bowing down because you have seen me."
It is rare to find a buddha and more rare to recognize him, because you go on seeing with your old eyes, with your old, stupid mind. Your stupid mind is unable to see buddhahood. It can see only things; it cannot see the immaterial, the mysterious. It can only see the gross, not the subtle.

One Friday night Bob came home earlier than usual and surprised his attractive wife in bed with another man. Becoming enraged, he seized a pistol he kept hidden in his dresser and shot the lovers to death.
A next-door neighbor, Jim, was discussing the tragedy with some friends a few days later. Jim said, "Well, after all, it is not the worst thing that could have happened."
The others jumped on him. "What do you mean? Two people dead, and Bob may be about to be executed!"
Jim replied, "Well, I still say it could have been worse. If Bob had come home early on Thursday night, I would be dead!"

Man lives in such unconsciousness. He goes on doing things motivated by the unconscious. He is not master of his own soul. He does not know where these desires arise from; they simply possess him. And when he is possessed by a desire, he is utterly helpless.
The buddha is awake, awake to all that is happening in his being; so alert that nothing can take possession of him, so full of light that no darkness can enter into his own being. He lives in that light, he lives with that awareness. His every movement, his every act, comes out of this consciousness. Hence there is never any repentance in a buddha. He never looks back; there is no point. Each thing that he has done, he has done totally and perfectly.
You always have to look back, for the simple reason that you are always partial, fragmentary. Only a part of your being gets involved, and you do everything in such a way that you are not totally in it, never wholly in it. Later on you start thinking, "I should have done that," or "I should have done this," or "maybe a better way of doing it was possible." You start repenting, you start feeling guilty. Your actions are so incomplete, that's why there is this hang-up. When some action is done with your totality, when you are entirely in it, then once you are out of it, you are entirely out of it. Remember this fundamental law: if you are totally into something, you can be totally out of it. If you are not totally in it you will remain involved in it even when the time is

past; even when its days are gone you will remain involved in it. Some part of you will go on clinging to the past, and you will always feel miserable. Whatsoever you choose,

misery is bound to follow, because sooner or later you will realize that you could have done better.

But a man of awareness knows that there is no possibility of doing it any better. Then what is the point of remembering it? He does not remember the past. Not that he has no memory -- he has a clearer memory than you have -- but that memory is just a silent storage. If he needs it, that memory can be used, but he is not a slave to the memory. And he never thinks of the future. He never rehearses for the future, because he knows that "Whatsoever happens, I will always be there with my totality. More than that is not possible." So he simply acts spontaneously, with no memory, with no future projection. His act is total AND of the present -- and the act which is total AND of the present brings freedom.

HOW CAN HE LOSE THE WAY
WHO IS BEYOND THE WAY? HIS
EYE IS OPEN.
HIS FOOT IS FREE.
WHO CAN FOLLOW AFTER HIM?

HOW CAN HE LOSE THE WAY WHO IS BEYOND THE WAY? By becoming fully aware you are freed from all ways, all methods, all techniques. All techniques and methods are just to bring you to the way -- the way that leads inwards. But once you have reached your innermost core, no method, no technique, no way, is needed. You have gone beyond, you have transcended all. Now you cannot go astray. How can you go astray if there is no way? Now you cannot do anything wrong. If there is no method, how are you going to do anything wrong? HOW CAN HE LOSE THE WAY WHO IS BEYOND THE WAY?

That is the state of a buddha. He cannot fall from that state, because it is not something like an achievement; it is your natural, spontaneous being. Once known it is forever yours. Even if you want to escape from it you cannot.

HIS EYE IS OPEN. Remember, Buddha is not saying: His EYES are open. He says: HIS EYE IS OPEN. We have two eyes; these two eyes look outwards. To look at the objective world we need two eyes, because the objective world is the world of duality. But there is one more eye which looks inwards; your two eyes looking inwards become one. Hence the idea of the third eye.

The third eye is only a metaphysical idea, but of great significance -- a metaphor. Not that there actually is a third eye, that if you operate on your skull you will find a third eye inside -- no. But there is an insight which is not divided in two; it is single, singular, it is one. Hence Buddha says: HIS EYE IS OPEN. Not "eyes" but "eye"; he can see inwards.

And again he says: HIS FOOT IS FREE. Not his feet, because the question is not of

moving outwards but moving inwards.
In the inner world, everything is one; in the outer world, everything is two.

WHO CAN FOLLOW AFTER HIM? You cannot follow a buddha; you can understand him. You can learn much from a buddha, but you cannot follow him. You can't be a blind follower to him; you cannot simply say, "I believe."

There are a few people, particularly Indians, who come to me and say, "We don't need any meditation -- we believe in you. We don't need to go into any therapy groups -- we trust that your blessing is enough." Now these people are using beautiful words, but they are deceiving themselves.

Buddha has said: Buddhas can only point the way, but you have to go on it on your own. Nobody else can walk for you and nobody else can see for you. You will have to see your inner being yourself. There, at your innermost core, you will have to go alone, absolutely alone.

But you can learn much in the presence of a buddha. You can imbibe his spirit, you can start pulsating with his energy. You can be so utterly silent in his presence that his presence becomes a great transformation for you. But ultimately you have to go inwards alone; there, nobody can accompany you.

Buddha has said: Buddhas are like birds flying in the sky -- they don't leave any footprints. You cannot follow them, you cannot go after them. You cannot simply say, "I believe in Buddha, I believe in his compassion, and that's enough." No, it is not enough. Belief is not enough; only knowing can bring freedom. Belief brings bondage -- all beliefs bring bondage.

THE WORLD CANNOT RECLAIM HIM
OR LEAD HIM ASTRAY.
NOR CAN THE POISONED NET OF DESIRE HOLD HIM.

Once you have become awake at the center of your being, then a few things become impossible. THE WORLD CANNOT RECLAIM HIM

The whole world with all its allurements, seductions, is absolutely impotent in impressing the buddha. He remains centered, he cannot be distracted. Distraction is possible only while you are asleep. In sleep you can decide not to be distracted, but you will be distracted. In sleep you can decide, "I will not do this," but you will have to do it. In sleep, how many times have you decided not to be angry again? But when the opportunity arises you forget all your decisions; you are angry again. In fact, while you are deciding that "I am not going to be angry again," even then in that moment, if you look deep down, somebody is laughing, because somebody deep down knows that this is all nonsense, rubbish! And if someone else insists, "No, you have made this decision many times before and again and again you forget, and I say to you that you will be angry again," you could become so annoyed that you become angry with that person immediately -- even that may be enough to make you angry!

I have heard:

One man suffered from great anger, so much so that he killed his wife and threw his child into a well. Once he became so angry that he burned his whole house. That was too much! And later on he repented very much.
Accidentally a Jaina monk had come to the place. He went to the Jaina monk and he said, "Initiate me, because I don't think that I will ever get rid of my anger if I don't change my life drastically."
Now, that "drastically" changing your life is again an expression of anger. A drastic change is an angry change. But the Jaina monk was as asleep as this person -- he was very happy, he was getting one disciple! He immediately initiated him.
Jaina monks live naked. He immediately threw off all his clothes. The teacher was very impressed. He said, "It took me five years, slowly slowly to drop my clothes. You are a rare man -- within a moment you have thrown off all your clothes!"
There is a procedure in the Jaina system that first you reduce your clothes to three, then to two, then to one, and then finally you drop that one too. Go slowly, practice, so that you don't feel ashamed of being naked. But a practiced thing is not a real thing; all that is cultivated is false.
The teacher was very much impressed -- but in fact it was also part of the anger of this man... who could burn his house, who could kill his wife, who could throw his innocent child into a well and kill him. This man was capable of doing anything! He could throw off his clothes and be naked. It looks like great renunciation -- it is nothing. If you look deep down, it is anger standing on its head; it is anger against anger.
Soon the man became very famous. Such people can become very famous, because whatsoever they do, they do with passion, with a certain intensity, with fire. He fasted long
The teacher gave him the name Shantinath -- SHANTINATH means "lord of peace" -- just to remind him that he had renounced anger, now peace had to be his style of life. And for ten years he was not angry -- not even for a single moment. In fact there was no need, no opportunity arose. Anger does not come from out of the blue; it needs a certain context. His wife was not there, his child was not there, the house, the family, the business, the people, nobody was there. And he was so highly respected; the whole country came to know about this great man, this mahatma.
He was in New Delhi. One of his old friends came to the capital, for some business purpose, but when he came to know that his friend was staying in Delhi and he had become a well-known personality -- the whole land worshipped him -- naturally he went to see him and pay his homage. But deep down he was a little suspicious, because he had known this man from his very childhood; he could not believe that he had really become "lord of peace." He was a devil incarnate! Was it possible -- such a change and so suddenly? He was suspicious, but changes happen in the world. He went.
He had hoped that the great man would at least recognize him; they were old

childhood friends -- for forty years they had known each other. But the great man had become so great now, how could he recognize his friend? He recognized -- the friend immediately knew that he had recognized him -- but he wouldn't look at him. In fact, he avoided him; that very avoiding was an indication that he had recognized him.

The friend thought that nothing had changed -- the anger had now become his ego.
When all the other people were gone the friend remained there; he came close. He asked, "Sir, can I ask your name?"
Shantinath, Lord of Peace, was a little disturbed. What stupidity! All the newspapers printed his pictures and his name. On All-India Radio his name was broadcasted, he was shown on television. Everybody knew about him, he was a household name, and this fool was asking his name! But he didn't show anything on the surface. He simply said, "My name is Shantinath."
Some metaphysical dialogue followed, and the man again asked, "Sir, I have forgotten your name. What is your name?"
Now fire came to the eyes of the mahatma! But still he tried to control, though his face was getting red. He said, "I have told you. You seem to be an idiot! Can't you understand a simple name? My name is Shantinath!"
Again some little spiritual discussion followed, and the man said, "Sir, I have forgotten your name."
Shantinath took his staff in his hand and he said, "This is the last time -- enough is enough! If you ask me the fourth time I will break your skull! My name is Shantinath -- Lord of Peace."
And the friend said, "Now I have understood. You certainly are Lord of Peace -- your red eyes, your face, your fire and the staff in your hand! No, I will not ask the fourth time. I know that you killed your wife, you killed your child -- you can kill me!"

People don't change: so unconscious, so deeply unconscious are the desires, longings -- anger, greed, sexuality -- that on the surface they may seem to be changing, but deep down they don't change. By changing your character you can't change your consciousness, but vice versa it can happen: if you change your consciousness, then your character changes.
And that is the Buddha's way, that is my way too. I give you keys to change your consciousness from sleep to awakening; that is the real thing to be done. Then all that was part of sleep disappears with sleep -- anger, greed, possessiveness, jealousy; all that was part of sleep disappears. You cannot change those things unless your sleep is gone.

Enrico Caruso was the magni-idol of the world opera society in the early 1900's. He was also privately one of the more active lovers of his time. The following remark is attributed to the great Italian tenor: "I never make love in the morning," Caruso is supposed to have said. "It is bad for the voice, it is bad for the health, and besides you never know who you might meet in the afternoon."

Now you see the unconsciousness! And this is the way of almost everybody.

Two young women were having a conversation. One of them said, "I don't see what fun you and your husband have going out and getting drunk every weekend."

The other replied, "Well, every time he gets boozed up he thinks I am somebody else and sneaks me home the back way!"

Yes, when you are drunk you can even love your own wife. Even the impossible becomes possible when you are drunk. And this drunkenness is not new; it is very ancient, millions of years old. Hence it takes great effort to wake up. Once you are awake: THE WORLD CANNOT RECLAIM HIM OR LEAD HIM ASTRAY, NOR CAN THE POISONED NET OF DESIRE HOLD HIM.

HE IS AWAKE!
Again and again Buddha repeats: HE IS AWAKE!

THE GODS WATCH OVER HIM.

The moment you are awake the whole existence supports you, the whole existence becomes tremendously friendly. That is what Buddha means by "gods watch him, watch over him" -- every care is taken of him. Not that there are gods, but the whole existence itself, all the elements of nature, visible, invisible, start becoming very friendly towards the man who is awake, because he is the most precious treasure. In him nature has become fulfilled, in him existence has blossomed. He is the goal of all existence: the whole existence is moving towards buddhahood. And whenever one person becomes a buddha, a shiver of joy goes all over the universe... ripples of joy, great rejoicing.
HE IS AWAKE! Remind yourself again and again, the definition of a buddha is: HE IS AWAKE! -- and you are asleep.

A couple named George and Christine had been engaged for years and had put off their wedding day repeatedly because George's work was so important to him he didn't feel he could take any time off even for a honeymoon. Finally, however, Christine's constant prodding made him weaken and they were married. They were all set to drive off to Hollywood on their honeymoon when George got a phone call from his boss.
"Yes, sir," George said, "I will be right there."
"But George," wailed Christine, "what about our honeymoon?"
"I am sorry, honey," he said, "it can't be helped. There is an emergency situation at the office and I am the only one who can take care of it. I will tell you what: you drive out to Hollywood as we planned and I will catch a plane after things are straightened out and meet you there."
"But what if I arrive before you do?" she asked. "What can I do about our honeymoon?"
"Well," George replied, "just begin without me."

Man thinks he is living, but without awareness there is no possibility of life. How can you have a honeymoon without a husband? How can you begin it?

We are born, that is true, but we are not yet alive -- and that is far more true. We have to be reborn. Just as one day a child comes out of the mother's womb; that is a physical birth... the mother's womb is a physical phenomenon. Then one day you have to come out of the womb of your psychology, of your mind.

Unless you come out of your mind and become a no-mind you will not know what life is all about, you will live in vain. You will not have your honeymoon, it is impossible. You will not know the sweetness that existence is full of and the ecstasy. That is all yours just for the asking, but you have to do one thing -- you have to risk.

The child coming out of the mother's womb risks. His risk is great, because for nine months he has known a certain way of life, the most relaxed way he will ever know: no worries, no responsibilities. He is simply enjoying. It is a long long holiday, nine months' holiday, and everything is provided for. He has not even to breathe -- the mother breathes for him. Food is supplied, everything reaches him. He goes on growing, he simply rests. Now coming out of this womb there is a risk, a great risk: losing your old style of life, so comfortable, so secure, so silent, so immensely relaxed. But every child takes the risk, comes out of the womb, enters into the world of worries, responsibilities, anxieties, challenges. And they are needed for your maturity, for your growth.

One more time you will have to come out of the womb. That womb is your mind, and it is far more difficult to leave it. And many die in that womb, they never come out of it. Those who come out of it are the buddhas.

The way to come out of it is to become more and more a witness of your own mind; that is the way of coming out of your mind. Your witnessing creates distance, your witnessing creates a separation from the mind. Your umbilical cord is cut. Slowly slowly, your identity with your mind is dropped. You start looking at yourself as consciousness; not as mind, not as thought, but as consciousness. That is the great beginning, the real life, the real honeymoon with life, honeymoon with God.

HE IS AWAKE! THE GODS WATCH OVER HIM. And don't be worried that out of your mind you may be unprotected, insecure. The whole existence will care about you, you will be taken care of. The whole existence becomes a mother to you.

Move into the insecurity of no-mind and you will find the real security: the security of insecurity. That's the definition of sannyas: the security of insecurity.

HE IS AWAKE
AND FINDS JOY IN THE STILLNESS OF MEDITATION
AND IN THE SWEETNESS OF SURRENDER.

Again and again Buddha repeats: HE IS AWAKE -- because that is the most essential quality. Everything else follows it, everything else is secondary.

The husband came home to discover his wife in the passionate embrace of his best friend.
"I love him, John," she said to her astonished spouse.

"See here," said the friend, "we are all too sophisticated to let a situation like this get out of hand. Tell you what we will do -- we are both sportsmen; I will play you a game of gin rummy for her."
The husband thought about that for a moment. "Alright," he said, "but let us play for a penny a point on the side, just to keep it interesting."

You cannot hide your unconsciousness; it surfaces. Your reality goes on expressing itself -- you may not be able to see it, but everybody else can see it. This is a strange world! You may not see your unconsciousness, but everybody knows about it, just as YOU know about everybody else's. Because we pay more attention to people than we do to our own mind, we are capable of knowing their faults, their reasons for misery, their causes of hell. We are very wise as far as others are concerned and we are very unwise as far as we are concerned -- with our own inner being.
We are focused on others, and this creates two things: you can't help others, you can only condemn them. And your condemnation is not going to change them; in return they will condemn you.
So society becomes a game of condemning each other. Nobody sees his own faults; on the contrary, everybody tries to cover them up. Not that he does not want to see them, he does not want them to be seen by others. But you can't help it: others are bound to see, because whatsoever there is in your unconscious goes on surfacing.

Doris, Carol and Maria were arrested and brought into night court.
The judge looked at Doris and she rolled her eyes and exhibited her legs.
"What is your business?" the judge demanded.
"Well, Judge," she cooed, "I am a dressmaker and this awful cop "
"Thirty days!" interrupted His Honor.
Carol was called and she tried the weeping stunt. "Ah, Your Honor, I am a respectable dressmaker with a family to support, a crippled mother and a dying baby."
"Thirty days!" rasped the judge.
Maria was called to order and the judge asked, "What is your business?"
"I am a whore," she answered.
"How is business?" he asked.
"Just lousy," said Maria, "what with all these dressmakers around!"

It is very easy, very very easy, to see others. Everybody is transparent to everybody else; just to himself he is completely blind.
And when Buddha says: HE IS AWAKE, he means: he has started changing his focus, his attention, from others to himself. He is turning inwards. He is showering his whole consciousness upon his own being. In that very showering he is bathed, he becomes new, he is reborn -- AND FINDS JOY IN THE STILLNESS OF MEDITATION.

And meditation in the East is not what is understood in the West by the word. In the West, meditation means contemplation: meditating on God, meditating on truth, meditating on love.

People ask me sometimes, "You tell us to meditate, but on what?"
If you meditate ON something, you are not meditating at all, because you are again focused on something outside of yourself. It may be love, it may be truth, it may be God, it makes no difference.
Meditation in the East has a totally different meaning, just the opposite of the Western meaning. Meditation in the East means no object in the mind, no content in the mind; not meditating upon something but dropping everything; NETI, NETI, neither this nor that. Meditation is emptying yourself of all content. When there is no thought moving inside you there is stillness; that stillness is meditation. Not even a ripple arises in the lake of your consciousness; that silent lake, absolutely still, that is meditation.
And in that meditation you will know -- you will know what truth is, you will know what love is, you will know what God is. Not by meditating on God See the point: how can you meditate on God? You don't know anything about God. All your meditation is going to be just imagination, an exercise of imagination. You don't know truth -- what are you going to meditate upon? Some idea given by others, some belief, some concept! It is not going to help.
Buddha's way is: first become meditation, and then in meditation, truth, God, love, and all that is transcendental will be revealed to you. Meditation opens the eye and frees the foot.
... AND IN THE SWEETNESS OF SURRENDER. And in meditation, surrender happens -- surrender to the whole. Not to any idea, not to any idol, but to the whole. Not surrender to Krishna or Christ, but to the whole of existence. Nothing is excluded, everything is included in it, from the rocks to the stars, from a blade of grass to the sun. Everything is included: this whole organic, ecstatic celebration which we call the universe.
Why do we call it the universe? Because it is one -- 'uni' means one. Although we go on behaving as if it is a multiverse; it is not, it is a universe. It is one organic unity; it is a dynamic unity and it is organic too. It is tremendous ecstasy to meet and merge into it, to dissolve yourself into it. That is surrender. The river moving into the ocean is surrender. Two lovers dissolving into each other is surrender. But these are small surrenders, indicative only, fingers pointing to the moon.
The ultimate surrender is your individuality moving into the universality. You are becoming part of the whole.

HARD IT IS TO BE BORN

Buddha means it is hard to be born as a human being. It takes millions of lives to arrive at this stage.

HARD IT IS TO LIVE

And even if you are born, life is not easy. It is very hard, it is difficult, arduous, a thousand and one problems always surrounding you and no solution seems possible -- insoluble problems. But these are nothing compared to the third thing:

HARDER STILL TO HEAR OF THE WAY

To be born is hard, because you could have been a dog or a tiger or an elephant or an ant or a rosebush. There are millions of forms; from all those planes you cannot enter into buddhahood. After millions and millions of births you have come to the crossroads. Man is a crossroad: from man all the dimensions are open. And it is up to you to move, up to you to choose, up to you to be whatsoever you want to be. In the whole of existence only man is a free being. It is a glory, a great gift of God.

HARD IT IS TO BE BORN, and HARD IT IS TO LIVE. Life is not easy. And a life of unconsciousness -- how can it be easy? You create your own problems. You dig ditches into which you yourself are going to fall, you create walls which become imprisonments for you. You are your worst enemy.

Life is hard, but the hardest thing is to hear of the way: to find a buddha, a master -- a Christ, a Zarathustra, a Lao Tzu. It is very hard to find a buddha, and harder to hear him and to understand what he is saying. It is easier to misunderstand him, it is easier not to recognize him. You can find a thousand and one rationalizations and deny him. In fact you will try, because your ego is at stake. If you recognize somebody as a buddha, that means you have to surrender. Recognizing a buddha and not surrendering to him is impossible. Recognizing a buddha and surrendering to him is a natural phenomenon.

Once you recognize somebody as awakened, enlightened, there is no way to escape, you have to surrender. If you want to escape, then be alert. From the very beginning don't recognize, from the very beginning create barriers -- as many as you can. Distort everything, bring in all your prejudices. Don't see -- close your eyes. Don't listen, become deaf. Don't feel, and escape from the buddhafield, because who knows -- sometimes it happens in spite of you.

It is happening to many here in spite of themselves. They had not come here to stay forever. They had come out of curiosity, or a friend was coming and they accompanied him, or they were just passing from Kabul to Goa, or Kathmandu to Goa... and they were trapped in Poona! Then they forgot about Kathmandu and Kabul and Goa and all disappeared, the whole world disappeared. They entered into a totally different reality. They may not have come consciously, they may have resisted, reluctantly they may have decided to be here for a few days. Seeing so many people involved, they may have thought there must be something.

It is hard to recognize a buddha, to hear him silently, without distorting, without bringing your mind in. It is hard to understand him, because he speaks from a different

altitude. He speaks from the peaks of the Himalayas, and you live in the dark valleys down below. The distance is great. He shouts so that he can reach you, but by the time his words reach you they are no longer the same. By the time they reach to your heart,

much of their flavor, their authenticity, their truth, is lost. But though it is hard it happens -- and if you are courageous enough it can happen to you.
It has never been that there was not a buddha alive in the world, somewhere, in some part of the world. There has always been a source, there has always been a boat ready to take you to the other shore. If anything is missing it is just readiness on your part.
HARDER STILL TO HEAR OF THE WAY

AND HARD TO RISE, FOLLOW, AND AWAKE.

And the hardest thing, Buddha says, is: Even if you hear a buddha it is hard to rise to those heights. It is a tremendous effort, an arduous journey, a great pilgrimage to rise to those heights... because you cannot truly understand a buddha unless YOU become a buddha yourself. The only way to understand a buddha is to be a buddha.
... HARD TO RISE, FOLLOW, AND AWAKE. Yes, you can understand intellectually, but intellectual understanding is not going to help; it may even become a hindrance. It will give you the idea in your sleep that you have understood... now there is no need to bother much more, you already know.
Intellectually, many people who come here know what Jesus says, what Buddha says. Intellectually they can analyze, they can discuss, but that is not the point. Knowing has to be existential, not intellectual. Intellect can be used as a stepping-stone, but it is not the real temple, it is only a stepping-stone.
You have to experience what Buddha is saying; what Buddha teaches has to become your own experience. You have to become a witness to this experience. Then only have you followed, then only have you risen, then only are you awake.

YET THE TEACHING IS SIMPLE.

Buddha says: Although it is hard to find and recognize a master, hard to understand, hard to realize the understanding, actualize the understanding in your life, it still has to be said that the teaching is simple. The difficulty arises from you; the teaching is very simple. It has to be so: truth is always simple.
The complexity is in you, and it is because of your complexity that a simple truth becomes very complex. You don't want to hear or you want to hear something else. You come for consolations, not for revolutions. You come to be patted, you come to be told that you are perfectly right. You come to be accepted and loved, not to be transformed. You come to be respected. You also come so that you can feel that you are important, needed.
The deepest need of the mind is to be needed. And if you start feeling that a master needs you, that you are indispensable, that gives you a great ego, but you have missed the whole point. You come so full of ideas -- and those ideas go on making such noise in you

-- that when Buddha is shouting from the housetops, even then you listen only to that which you want to listen to.

A man walks into an ice cream shop. "I will have a gallon of chocolate ice cream."
"Sorry, we are all out of chocolate," says the clerk.
"In that case I will have a quart of chocolate ice cream."
"Listen, we don't have any chocolate."
"Well, in that case I will have a double scoop chocolate cone."
"Mister, we are all out of chocolate, all out!"
"Well, I guess I will just have some chocolate ice cream in a cup."
"Wait a second!" cries the clerk. "Can you spell the water in watermelon?"
"Sure!" says the man.
"Can you spell the gold in goldfish?"
"Easy!" says the man.
"Well, can you spell the fuck in chocolate?"
"Wait a second, there is no fuck in chocolate."
"That's what I have been trying to tell you!"

But it is very difficult when you are obsessed with something to understand a simple thing. YET THE TEACHING IS SIMPLE.

DO WHAT IS RIGHT.

And in Buddha's way, the right is that which is done consciously. That is his definition of right. DO WHAT IS RIGHT.

BE PURE.

And by purity he always means innocence: a state of not-knowing, a state of functioning like a child. He perfectly agrees with Christ, that: Unless you are like a small child you will not enter into my kingdom of God.
Be a child again. Your knowledgeability is a great obstruction in the way -- remove it. Be innocent.

AT THE END OF THE WAY IS FREEDOM.

And if you can fulfill these simple things -- awareness, rightness, innocence -- which are just three faces of the same phenomenon of being conscious, of being meditative, then:
AT THE END OF THE WAY IS FREEDOM. Then you will attain to absolute freedom.
His word is nirvana. Nirvana means absolute freedom: not freedom for the ego, but freedom FROM the ego; not freedom for you, but freedom from yourself. Freedom to Buddha is equivalent to God. He never uses the word 'God', because God has become a bondage to many people. He uses the word 'freedom' -- moksha or nirvana.

Nirvana means cessation of the ego; literally it means blowing out a candle. Just as you blow out a candle and it disappears and cannot be found anywhere -- it disappears into the whole -- so disappears the ego of the awakened one. And in that disappearance of

the ego you become unlimited. The dewdrop falling into the ocean becomes the ocean itself; then there is no limit to you. That is freedom.

TILL THEN, PATIENCE.

But it may not happen today. You may not be immediately ready to take the jump. Till then, patience is needed. Buddha says: YET THE TEACHING IS VERY SIMPLE. He has reduced it to a few words: DO WHAT IS RIGHT. That is, do everything consciously. BE PURE... innocent, childlike... and be patient. Don't be in a hurry. At the end, freedom is inevitable; it is a by-product of total awareness.

IF YOU WOUND OR GRIEVE ANOTHER,
YOU HAVE NOT LEARNED DETACHMENT.

Detachment is also one of the by-products of awareness. If you are alert you cannot wound or grieve another, because you know there is no other; it is all one reality. Wounding somebody else... is as if you are wounding yourself -- maybe your right hand wounding your left hand -- and the pain will be yours. You can wound somebody, but ultimately you have wounded yourself because there is nobody else, it is all oneness.

OFFEND IN NEITHER WORD NOR DEED.
EAT WITH MODERATION.
LIVE IN YOUR HEART.
SEEK THE HIGHEST CONSCIOUSNESS.
Simple statements, not a very complex theology that he gives to the world. He says: Don't offend anybody, avoid it. Don't hurt anybody. People enjoy hurting, because the more you can hurt, the more power you feel. But the power is of the ego, and the ego is going to become, more and more, a heavy load for you. Don't hurt. Don't feed the ego. EAT WITH MODERATION. Buddha is always in favor of moderation: avoid excess in everything. He is not in favor of fasting. He says don't eat too much, and he says don't eat too little -- moderation. Just be in the middle, always in the middle. Be balanced, keep an equilibrium. LIVE IN YOUR HEART. And slip down from the head to the heart, from thinking to feeling, from logic to love.
AND SEEK THE HIGHEST CONSCIOUSNESS. And keep only one goal: constantly be mindful of it, remember it -- that you have to become a buddha. Less than that is not going to fulfill you.
SEEK THE HIGHEST CONSCIOUSNESS. With these simple requirements fulfilled, one day you will bloom into a one-thousand-petaled lotus. You have the potential to be a buddha; if you don't fulfill it you will live in misery, you will die in misery, you will be

born again in misery, and the wheel will continue.

This is an opportunity here for you to jump out of the wheel. Don't miss the opportunity.

The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

Chapter #2

Chapter title: Many are called; few are chosen

22 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:
Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
I AM CONFUSED ABOUT WHICH PATH I AM ON. SOMETIMES I FEEL FILLED WITH JOY WHEN PLAYING, SINGING, DANCING OR FIGHTING WITH OTHERS AND I CAN ONLY SEE MYSELF BY LOOKING AT OTHERS. AT OTHER TIMES I CAN'T STAND TO BE WITH ANYONE OR RELATE AT ALL; I AM ONLY HAPPY BEING COMPLETELY WITH MYSELF. WHEN I AM WITH PEOPLE, I JUDGE THAT I AM ESCAPING MY ALONENESS AND WHEN I AM WITH MYSELF, I JUDGE THAT I AM AVOIDING LOVE.
ISN'T IT POSSIBLE TO BE ON BOTH PATHS, ALTERNATING BETWEEN THEM? HOW CAN I TELL WHEN I AM USING ONE TO ESCAPE THE OTHER?

Prem Indivar, there is no goal and no path for people like you -- you are just crazy! Buddha is talking about sane people. Buddha is a very rational person: he divides, categorizes. But there is a third category Buddha is not aware of. The Sufis know about the third category; they call them MASTAS -- the mad people.
There is no need for you to alternate, because alternating between one path and the other you will always feel this problem -- the judgment. When you are on one you will think that you are missing the other, and this will become an unnecessary anguish. Simply be wherever you are. Enjoy the moment, all the moments -- the moments of love and the moments of meditation -- and don't be bothered with the other. In a particular moment, be totally in it. Playing, loving, dancing, singing, forget that there is another path. And while you are feeling silent, still, alone, and enjoying your aloneness, forget that there is any path called love.
It is not a question of consciously alternating between the two; otherwise you will become divided, schizophrenic, and to be schizophrenic is to fall below normal sanity. Mastas, the really mad people, don't fall below sanity -- they go above it, they transcend it. They both look mad; both are no longer in the world of reason: one has fallen below it, one has gone above it. In a sense they are alike and in a sense they are absolutely different.
Indivar, you are a masta. Rejoice in being whatsoever you are. And this is the best that

can happen to a man, what is happening to you. It is just natural for you to be sometimes with others and enjoying their company, and sometimes to be with yourself and enjoying your own company. It is like day and night for you. You need not choose: the day is followed by the night of its own accord. It is like summer and winter. It is not

a question of choice on your part; it is something spontaneous and natural that is happening to you. I am tremendously happy with you -- so simply be as you are. Drop this judgment.

So let me state it clearly. There are three possibilities: one, meditation; second, love; third, one can just be crazy -- no question of choice, no question of deliberately going on a certain path, forcing yourself on a certain path.

And there are many here who are in the same situation. At least twenty questions have come to me, and the problem is the same. If there is no question for you and you can enjoy meditation without ever being worried about love, then that is your path. If you can enjoy love without ever being dragged by meditation, distracted by meditation, that is your path. If you find yourself in a deep synthesis, that both are happening, then that is your path.

My whole effort here is to help you to be your natural self. Any imposition is a violation. Indivar, rejoice in being whatsoever you are. There is no goal for you, no path for you. Rejoicing is the goal, rejoicing is the path.

In fact, we are all where we should be, we are already there. The paths are needed to awaken us. Don't be disturbed by the word 'path', because it gives you the idea that you have to go somewhere, reach somewhere; it is because of the language. We have to use words, and every word is loaded with our mundane meanings.

Hence the buddhas have always found it difficult to commune with you. You can't understand silence, because you can't be silent. That is the best thing, if you can sit silently with a buddha even for a single minute... and all is conveyed.

Here, being with me, my real message is between the words -- the pauses, the intervals -- not in the words. Read me between the lines, not in the lines, and you will be able to understand me more.

There is a beautiful story:

A mystic received a letter. The letter had come from another mystic, but the letter from him was absolutely empty, nothing was written on it. There had been a problem: the man who had written the letter was older in age, but the man to whom the letter was written was older in enlightenment; he had become enlightened first. So how to start the letter?

In India, if you are writing to an older person you have to be very respectful. So how to start? How to address the person? He is younger, physically, so you cannot show respect, you have to show love. But he is older as far as enlightenment is concerned, so you cannot talk to him as if you are talking to a young man, younger than you; you have to be respectful.

The mystic was puzzled. And if you cannot start the letter, how can you write it? So he sent the paper empty.

The other mystic received it. He read it, rejoiced in it. He was so happy that a disciple

who was sitting close by asked, "You look so happy -- can I also read the letter?"
The letter was passed to the disciple, then he read it and rejoiced in it.

Then the third person who was present became interested -- there seemed to be something very mysterious! But this man was not a disciple; just out of curiosity he had come to see the man. He said, "Can I also have a look?"
Both the master and the disciple hesitated. They looked at each other -- what to say to this man? The man became even more intrigued. He said, "Is there something very mysterious in it?"
They said, "There is really nothing in it! It is a very rare letter, you will not understand its language. That's why we are hesitating. We don't want to offend you, but if you insist you can see."
The man looked this side and that side -- there was nothing at all. He returned the letter without saying anything and rushed out -- both these people seemed to be mad!

Buddhas cannot use silence with you, because then you will not understand; you will escape. They have to use words -- words which have YOUR meanings, so they have to be very very alert in choosing their words, but even then those words are inadequate. The word 'path' is so inadequate that Lao Tzu always uses "the pathless path." Now what is the sense of saying "pathless path"? It is empty paper. "Gateless gate," "effortless effort," "action in inaction" -- WU-WEI: all these contradictions together, paradoxes together, are just to shake and shock you out of your sleep. Otherwise there is no path and there is nowhere to go. You are already there -- you have been always there. All that is needed is: Wake up!
And, Indivar, I can see you are coming out of your dreams, your sleep. I can see you turning and tossing in your bed! The morning is not very far away.
Please don't be worried about the paths, because that worry can keep you asleep. Don't judge any moment. Don't compare any moment with another moment, because every comparison is a thought process and every thought process keeps you attached to the mind. Relax. Whatsoever happens, allow it to happen. Be in a let-go.
And I am saying these things to you because that is the easiest thing for you; just be in a let-go. God is going to come to you, you are not going to find him. The goal is going to happen to you. And it can happen anywhere; there is no path leading to it. In fact it is our own reality; we simply have to be alert to see.

In Japan there is the beautiful story of a really great buddha, Hotei. In Japan he is called the Laughing Buddha, because the moment he became enlightened he started laughing. People asked him, "Why are you laughing?"
He said, "Because I have become enlightened!"
"But," they said, "we can't see any relationship between enlightenment and laughter. What is the point of laughing?"
Hotei said, "I am laughing because I was searching for something which was already in me. I was searching the seeker; it was impossible to seek it. Where can you seek the

seeker? How can you know the knower? It was like a dog chasing its own tail or you chasing your own shadow; you cannot catch hold of it. It was so ridiculous, the whole effort was so absurd! That's why I am laughing: I have always been a buddha! Now it

looks very strange that for millions of lives I remained unconscious. It seems unbelievable how I went on missing myself. Now that I have known, a great laughter is arising in me."
And it is said he continued to laugh till his death; that was his only message to the world. He must have been a man like Indivar -- just crazy, far out!

The second question:
Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
CAN SOMEONE WHO IS NOT OPEN WAKE UP?

Deva Ashoka, it is impossible to wake up if you are not open. Opening to existence is what waking up is all about: open to the sun, to the moon, to the rain, to the wind, open to this whole celebration of the trees, of the rocks, the earth and the stars, of animals, birds, people. Existence is a celebration, a continuous festival, a carnival. If you are not open, if you are closed, if you don't have any windows and doors towards existence, how can you wake up? Waking up and being open are synonymous.
People remain closed in their minds. They never come out of their minds and they never allow reality to penetrate to their hearts. A very transparent China Wall divides them from the world. And the world is divine, existence is God. And why do people remain closed? -- they are afraid, afraid of being open, because when you are open you are insecure, unguarded. When you are open you are vulnerable. When you are open you don't know what is going to happen, everything is a surprise. You are moving into the unknown; each moment brings the unknown to your door.
The closed mind is afraid of the unknown; the closed mind is interested in the known. Why? -- because with the known it is easier to manage. The mind knows everything about it, it is clever and efficient about it. But a closed mind is really below normal; it is not yet human. It cannot be intelligent.
Intelligence needs constant challenges, encounters with reality, because only through those encounters is your intelligence sharpened; your potential becomes actual.
Deva Ashoka, it is impossible to remain closed and wake up. You are trying that, I know! But it is not possible in the very nature of things. I feel deep compassion for you. I want to help you, but you won't allow me. You won't allow me to take your hand in my hand. You won't allow my energy to touch your heart, to move it, to bring a dance to it. You remain alert -- you remain alert only to guard yourself. You are afraid, afraid of falling in deep love, because the moment you fall in deep love the ego disappears. It is a kind of death, and one cannot be guaranteed what will happen afterwards.
Resurrection always looks like a myth, although it happens, it is inevitable. If you are ready to die, resurrection happens.
The last words of Jesus were, "Forgive these people, because they know not what they

are doing. And I don't ask anything from you: let thy will be done, let thy kingdom come."

This is surrender! This is totally opening up to God: no complaint, no grudge, not even against those who are murdering him. The trust is total; it is because of this fact that the resurrection happens. It may not be an historical fact that Jesus revived after three days, but it is a metaphysical fact. And a metaphysical fact is far more real than an historical fact; it shows something of the depth of human beings. If you can die as an ego, you will be resurrected as a buddha, as a christ.
Come out of your mind, Ashoka! But we go on moving in circles

The mother took her son to the psychiatrist and complained that he was always thinking about sex.
The doctor drew a square on a piece of paper, looked at the boy and asked, "Son, what comes to your mind when you see this drawing?"
The kid answered, "Looks like a window."
The doc said, "What do you think is going on behind that window?"
"People are behind that window," replied the kid. "They are huggin', kissin' and makin' love."
The doctor drew a circle and asked, "What comes to your mind when you see this?"
The kid said, "That's a porthole."
"And what do you think is going on behind that porthole?" inquired the doctor.
"Ah," said the kid, "There are people behind that porthole with their clothes off, drinking, making love and having a ball."
The doctor said, "Son, would you mind leaving the room? I would like to discuss this with your mother."
The boy got up to leave and as he reached the door he turned around and said, "Hey, Doc, can I have those dirty pictures you drew?"

A closed mind goes on interpreting life, existence, according to one's own prejudices and concepts, unconsciously acquired, and hence remains unavailable to the reality. Even if you come across a buddha, even if you meet Christ or Krishna or Confucius, you will miss. They can talk to you about the ultimate, but you will listen only about the mundane. They will talk about the sacred, but you will not listen to what THEY are saying; you will listen according to your closed mind. It has fixed ideas.

It was the nurse's day off, and the doctor stuck his head into the waiting room to ask, "Who is next?"
One guy got up and said, "Me, Doc."
"What's your trouble?" asked the doctor. So the guy told him. The doctor grabbed him by the arm, pulled him into his office and balled him out: "Never do that again, especially not in a roomful of people. Next time just say that your nose or your eyes bother you."

A couple of weeks went by and the fellow came back. The nurse was off again, and when the doctor asked, "Who is next?" the same guy said, "I am."
The doctor asked, "What is your trouble?"

The guy replied, "My ear's bothering me."
"What is wrong with it?"
"I can't urinate out of it!"

Even great advice is of no use -- you will come to your own conclusion again and again. Ashoka, that's how you have been missing much that is possible here. Be open -- you have nothing to lose. Be open! Just look: what you can lose if you open up? What have you got? But people go on guarding their emptiness, their nothingness, their begging bowls, so much afraid.

In India we have a story that once a naked man was asked, "We never see you taking a bath."
He said, "I never take a bath, because if you put your clothes on the bank and you go to take a bath in the river, somebody may steal them."
The people who were asking said, "But you are naked! Why should you be worried about the clothes?"

But man is not ready even to see that he is naked. He wants to believe that he has beautiful garments. Who wants to see one's nakedness?
And, Ashoka, you are empty, you are naked. There is nothing to lose. Relax and open. And you have all to gain, you have everything -- the whole universe to gain. Just by waking up one becomes the master; otherwise one remains a slave.

The third question:
Question 3
BELOVED MASTER,
LET US SEE YOU GET OUT OF THIS ONE, YOU TRICKY RASCAL! YOU TELL US OFTEN THAT SANNYAS DOES NOT MEAN RENOUNCING THE WORLD, BUT THE EGO. YET WHEN WE DECIDE TO STAY WITH YOU WE END UP RENOUNCING OUR HOMES, JOBS, MONEY AND POSSESSIONS; OUR PRIVATE SPACE, SOMETIMES OUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS TOO. WE DON'T MAKE ANY FORMAL RENUNCIATION, BUT IT HAPPENS ANYWAY, AND WE FLOURISH AND ARE PERFECTLY HAPPY. YOU ARE SO DEVIOUS, IT IS BEAUTIFUL!

Sannyas can have two possibilities. One is a formal renunciation. That means repression, that means escape. That is ugly. That has been the way in the past. It is lifenegative; it is anti-life. It promises you all the joys in heaven. In fact, it is out of greed that you renounce the world. The formal renunciation is pseudo; it is plastic. It is not a real flower, it has no fragrance. On the contrary, deep down it is a great greed: greed for the other life, for eternal life, for the joys of heaven.

Just look in the scriptures of the world and you will be surprised. The way they describe heaven or paradise is nothing but the dream of a very greedy, sensuous, materialistic mind. It has nothing to do with religion at all.

In the Mohammedan idea of heaven there are beautiful women; they always remain young. And not only beautiful women. Because in Mohammedan countries homosexuality has been a long long tradition, young boys are also available, beautiful young boys. And rivers of wine -- you need not go to a pub!... rivers of wine. Drink, swim, dive deep into the wine! And trees are of gold, and flowers are of diamonds and emeralds. What kind of dream is this? Whose dream is this? Greed projected. It is not renunciation. It looks like renunciation but it is not.

And the same is the case with the Hindu heaven and the Christian paradise. In fact, the Christian word 'paradise' comes from the Arabic FIRDAUS. Firdaus means a walled garden of pleasure, just as emperors and great kings used to have a walled garden of pleasure. In order to gain it you have to renounce this world.

If you look at it in the true light, then the so-called worldly people are not so worldly, not so materialistic as the so-called otherworldly. It is because of this that this country, which thinks itself very religious, is not at all religious; it is very materialistic: on the surface is religion, but deep down is the desire for pleasures.

The second kind of sannyas -- the kind I am introducing into the world -- is not one of formal renunciation. In fact, I never use the word 'renunciation' at all. I say: Sannyas is rejoicing. Rejoice in life, in love, in meditation, in the beauties of the world, in the ecstasy of existence -- rejoice in everything! Transform the mundane into the sacred. Transform this shore into the other shore. Transform the earth into paradise.

And then indirectly a certain renunciation starts happening. But that happens, you don't do it. It is not a doing, it is a happening. You start renouncing your foolishnesses; you start renouncing rubbish. You start renouncing meaningless relationships. You start renouncing jobs which were not fulfilling to your being. You start renouncing places where growth was not possible. But I don't call it renunciation, I call it understanding, awareness.

If you are carrying stones in your hand thinking that they are diamonds, I will not tell you to renounce those stones. I will simply say, "Be alert and have another look!" If you see yourself that they are not diamonds, is there any need to renounce them? They will fall from your hands on their own accord. In fact, if you still want to carry them you will have to make a great effort, you will have to bring great will, to still carry them. But you cannot carry them for long; once you have seen that they are useless, meaningless, you are bound to throw them away.

And once your hands are empty you can search for the real treasures. And the real treasures are not in the future -- as they used to be in the old concept of sannyas. The real treasures are right now, here.

A very handsome young chap was recently hired in a large accounting firm. In a short while the young man came to Mr. Diamond, his department head, and said, "I am sorry to tell you, but some of the young ladies in this office are tempting me sorely."

"Be firm, young man," was the reply, "and you will get your reward in heaven."
A few weeks later the lad complained again. "Mr. Diamond," he said, "I don't know what to do! This time it is that beautiful redhead who is pursuing me."

"Resist, my son, and you will get your reward in heaven."
"I don't know how much longer I can resist," the young man said. "By the way, Mr. Diamond, what do you think this reward will be that I will get in heaven?"
"A bale of hay, you jackass!"

Yes, that's what you will get! If your renunciation is to get something in the other world, you will simply get a bale of hay, you jackass! Because it is greed projected, and greed is going to remain unfulfilled. The so-called religious people are greedy for the eternal -- and you become religious only when greed disappears totally.
Heaven is not somewhere else: it is a way of living. So is hell -- a style of life. Hell is living unconsciously; heaven is living consciously. Hell is your own creation, so is heaven. If you go on living unconsciously, through your unconscious desires, instincts, motives -- of which you are not the master but only the victim -- then you create hell around yourself. But if you start living a conscious life, a life of bringing more and more light to the deep, dark corners of your being, if you start living full of light, your life is moment-to-moment ecstasy.
There is no need for trees to be of gold. They are perfectly beautiful as they are. In fact, a tree of gold will be a dead tree. And the roses need not be of diamonds; roses of diamonds will not be roses, they will not be alive. And only stupid people need rivers of wine. A man who lives consciously is so drunk with the sheer joy of breathing, with the sheer joy of being, with the joy of the birds singing and the sun rising in the morning... he is so drunk with existence that he needs no other drug -- alcohol, LSD, mescaline or marijuana. He needs nothing! He is always in a psychedelic ecstasy, and that ecstasy is something his inner being releases; it is his own fragrance. Not only is he drunk -- whosoever comes to him, stays with him, becomes drunk with his being.
I am a drunkard! If you allow yourself to be here and available to me, you are bound to become drunkards.
That's what has happened. I am not devious, I am simply a drunkard! And I am not trying in devious ways to make you renounce the world; I am simply trying to make you aware of the real world. When the real is known the false disappears. To know the real as real is enough: the false disappears -- it becomes insubstantial.
If you are here with me, it is not that you had to renounce your family; on the contrary, you are here with me because you have found your family here. If you have dropped out of your job, it is not because of your being here; on the contrary, you have found your creativity here, you have found your joy here. You have found your real, authentic work; hence the false has disappeared. It is a transformation process.
But my emphasis is never on renouncing anything; my emphasis is on rejoicing more and more. And your rejoicing is bound to change your life patterns. You can't remain the same when you meditate, when you become aware. How can you remain the same? How can you go on doing the same foolish things? It was possible when you were

unconscious; it is impossible when you become conscious.

A soldier just returning from three years overseas arrived at a camp near his home town. He was naturally very anxious to see his wife, but try as he would he could not possibly wrangle more than two hours' leave.
After six hours' absence he came back to the camp. "Why the hell are you four hours AWOL?" barked the sergeant.
"Well, you see," said the soldier, "when I got home I found my wife in the bathtub, and it took me four hours to dry out my uniform!"

When you live an unconscious life you live in a different way.

When Tom, the rising young insurance executive, appeared at his friend Ed's home in the early morning hours, asking to be put up for the night, Ed was concerned by his friend's hollow-eyed appearance. "What happened, Tom? You and your wife had a fight?"
"Yeah, when I got home last night I was really beat, tired as hell, so when she asked me for fifty dollars for a new dress "
"Yeah?"
"Well, I guess I must have been half asleep or something, because I said, 'Alright, but let us finish this dictation first.'"

Are you all British, or what? Can't you get such a simple joke? Living an unconscious life you are even bound to miss jokes!
The moment you change from mind to meditation your whole life is going to be affected. It is natural. If it is not affected, that will be something unnatural. Your relationships are bound to change.
For example, a man may believe that he loves his wife. The moment he starts meditating it will become clear and transparent whether he loves her or not. He may never have loved her. He may simply be using her as a sex object, or he may be using her as a mother substitute. He may be using her because he is unable to be alone, but he may never have loved her. He may be dependent on her; she may have great utility.
But to use another human being is immoral, ugly -- and to pretend that you love And I am not saying that you are consciously doing it; it may be just an unconscious thing. You may not even be aware that you don't love her; you may also think that you love her. You may not be deceiving her deliberately; you may be deceiving her and you may be deceived yourself too.
But if you start meditating, things will become clear. You will have more light in your life; just as when you bring a candle into a dark room you start seeing clearly. In the darkness the window looked like a door; now it is no longer a door. Or the painting, the frame of the painting, in the darkness and dimness looked like a window; it is no longer a window. Now that you see things clearly you cannot behave in the old way. You will have to

change; you will have to rearrange your whole life.

That's what happens to every sannyasin. If your love was true, it will be deepened; if it was false, it will disappear. If your respect for your parents was just a formality, it will

disappear; if your respect for your parents was a reality, it will become more and more profound. The work that you were doing -- if it was your heart's fulfillment, you will go deeper into it.

A painter will become a greater painter, a musician will have new visions, a poet will have new insights -- if the poet was really a poet, only then. If the poet was just playing with arranging words and was writing poetry just to become famous and the poetry was not his love affair, he was not ready to sacrifice his life for it, then poetry will disappear. But it is not renouncing anything. You are not renouncing anything! A few things are disappearing; a few other things will appear.

One thing is certain: after meditation, after MY sannyas, whatsoever happens is going to give you more fulfillment, more maturity, more rootedness, more centering. It will become a life which does not only grow old but also grows towards heights and depths. You will start living not only a horizontal life but a vertical life too. You will live on the horizontal as far as it is needed; otherwise ninety percent of your energies will start moving in the vertical dimension, towards heights and depths.

Then this earth, this world, becomes only an opportunity to grow. And the man who is using the world, the earth, this life, as an opportunity to grow is on the right track. If you not only grow in age but you also become grown-ups, then you have lived rightly. And it is not renunciation: it is rejoicing, it is being grateful to God.

Your society, your parents, your teachers, your priests, your politicians, they have all tried to impose something upon you, and you are carrying all that. But anything imposed on you will remain a burden and you will be crushed under the weight of it, and the weight will go on growing every day.

The function of the master is to undo what the teachers, priests, parents and politicians have done to you. Here I only make things clear to you. I don't impose any discipline. I don't give you any character. I simply give you more consciousness, more light. Then you have to find your character. Then you have to find your life-style, your life pattern.

I give you just a small candle; then you can find your path into the darkness of life. And even a small candle is enough. If a little space around you becomes lighted and you can take three, four steps in the light, that's enough; because by the time you have taken four steps, the light goes four steps ahead of you. With a small candle one can pass through ten thousand miles of darkness.

And I am not against life at all, as the old sannyas was. The old sannyas had a very strange idea: that if you want to attain to God, you have to be anti-life -- as if God were against life. If God was against life, life would not exist even for a single moment. Who goes on nourishing life? Who goes on pouring energy into life?

The great Indian poet, Rabindranath, has said, "Whenever a child is born, I dance, I rejoice. Why? Because a new child gives me an absolute certainty that God has not yet become hopeless, that he still hopes. Each new child brings this certainty to the world,

that God is still interested in humanity, that he has not abandoned the project, that he still hopes that buddhas will be born, that he still goes on creating new children, that he is not tired, that his hope is infinite and his patience is infinite."

God loves the world. It is his creation. To deny it is to deny him. If you deny the painting, you have denied the painter. If you condemn the poetry, you have condemned the poet. If you reject the dance, you have rejected the dancer. And this stupid logic has been going on for centuries: accept God, praise God, and deny life! And these same people went on saying again and again that God created the world. Then why did he create the world? So that you can renounce it? So that you can reject it? So that you can condemn it and become great saints?
God created the world as an opportunity to grow. Growth needs many many opportunities, challenges.

I have heard a story:
A farmer, an old farmer, mature, seasoned, one day was very very angry with God -- and he was a great devotee. He said to God in his morning prayer, "I have to tell it as it is -- enough is enough! You don't understand even the ABC of agriculture! When the rains are needed there are no rains; when the rains are not needed you go on pouring them. What nonsense is this? If you don't understand agriculture you can ask me -- I have devoted my whole life to it. Give me one chance: the coming season, let ME decide and see what happens."
It is an ancient story. In those days people had such trust that they could talk directly to God, and their trust was such that the answer was bound to happen.
God said, "Okay, this season you decide!"
So the farmer decided, and he was very happy because whenever he wanted sun there was sun, whenever he wanted rain there was rain, whenever he wanted clouds there were clouds. And he avoided all dangers, all the dangers that could become destructive to his crops; he simply rejected them -- no strong winds, no possibility of any destruction to his crops. And his wheat started growing higher than anybody had ever seen; it was going above man's height. And he was very happy. He thought, "Now I will show him!"

And then the crop was cut and he was very puzzled. There was no wheat at all -- just empty husks with no wheat in them. What happened? Such big plants -- plants big enough to have given wheat four times bigger than ordinary wheat -- but there was no wheat at all.
And suddenly he heard laughter from the clouds. God laughed and he said, "Now what do you say?"
The farmer said, "I am puzzled, because there was no possibility of destruction and all that was helpful was provided. And the plants were going so well, and the crop was so green and so beautiful! What happened to my wheat?"
God said, "Because there was no danger -- you avoided all dangers -- it was impossible for the wheat to grow. It needs challenges."

Challenge brings integrity; otherwise a person remains hollow, empty. If all facilities are provided for you and there is no danger in your life, you will remain hollow and empty. God gives life with all its dangers.

My sannyas is to accept this challenge. To live dangerously is what my sannyas is all about. The more dangerously you live, the more risks you take, the more you grow, the more you become integrated, crystallized, the more your soul becomes a clear-cut, well-defined phenomenon. Otherwise it remains vague, cloudy, doubtful.

I am all for life. If you ask me, God and his creation are not two separate things. The creator has become his own creation. The creation and the creator are one. I am in immense love with life. And this is my message to you: Love life totally! Get involved with life! Don't hold back, because whatsoever you hold back will remain empty. Become committed to life: a multidimensional commitment is needed.

Scientists say that even the greatest human beings use only fifteen percent of their potential -- even the greatest! What about normal people? They use only five to seven percent of their potential. Just think: if every person was using one hundred percent of his potential, if each person was a torch burning from both ends together, with intensity, with passion, with love, then life would be a sheer celebration. And you would see so many christs and so many buddhas walking on the earth! But because of this old idea of renunciation we have missed much.

I want to bring a totally new concept of sannyas to the world: a sannyas that loves, a sannyas that knows how to become committed, a sannyas that goes to the deepest core of life.

But nobody else can decide it for you. Not even I can decide for you. I can only make things clear to you. I can give you the map, but you have to go, you have to journey, you have to move. And remember one thing: my map will really be MY map and it can't be exactly your map. It may give you a few hints, a few indications, but it can't exactly be your map because you are a totally different person. You are so unique that nobody else's map can be your map. Yes, by understanding my map you will become aware of many things about yourself, but you are not to follow it blindly; otherwise you will become a pseudo human being.

Listen to me, to my words, to my silence, to my being. Try to understand what is happening here, what is transpiring here, and then decide on your own. Don't throw the responsibility on anybody else's shoulders. This is the way to grow. This is the way to arrive.

The fourth question:

Question 4

BELOVED MASTER,

I HAVE MANY FRIENDS, BUT THE QUESTION: WHO IS A REAL FRIEND? ALWAYS ARISES IN MY MIND. WILL YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT IT?

Satyam, you are asking from the wrong end. Never ask, "Who is my real friend?" Ask, "Am I a real friend to somebody?" That is the right question. Why are you worried about others -- whether they are friends to you or not?
The proverb is: A friend in need is a friend indeed. But deep down that is greed! That is not friendship, that is not love. You want to use the other as a means, and no man is a means, every man is an end unto himself. Why are you so worried about who is a real friend?

A young honeymoon couple were touring Southern Florida and stopped at a rattlesnake farm along the road. After seeing the sights they engaged in small talk with the man that handled the snakes.
"Gosh!" exclaimed the young bride, "You certainly have a dangerous job! Don't you ever get bitten by the snakes?"
"Yes, I do," answered the handler.
"Well," she insisted, "just what do you do when you are bitten by a snake?"
"I always carry a razor-sharp knife in my pocket, and as soon as I am bitten I make a deep, criss-cross mark across the fang wound and then suck the poison from the wound."
"What? Ah, what would happen if you were to accidentally sit on a rattler?" persisted the bride.
"Ma'am," answered the snake handler, "that will be the day I learn who my real friends are!"

Why are you worried?
The real question has to be: Am I friendly to people? Do you know what friendship is? It is the highest form of love. In love, some lust is bound to be there; in friendship, all lust disappears. In friendship nothing gross remains; it becomes absolutely subtle.
It is not a question of using the other, it is not even a question of needing the other, it is a question of sharing. You have too much and you would like to share. And whosoever is ready to share your joy with you, your dance, your song, you will be grateful to him, you will feel obliged. Not that he is obliged to you, not that he should feel thankful to you because you have given so much to him. A friend never thinks in that way. A friend always feels grateful to those people who allow him to love them, to give them whatsoever he has got.
Love is greed. You will be surprised to know that the English word 'love' comes from a Sanskrit word LOBH; lobh means greed. How lobh became love is a strange story. In Sanskrit it is greed; the original root means greed. And love as we know it is really nothing but greed masquerading as love -- it is hidden greed.
Satyam, making friendships with the idea of using people is taking a wrong step from the very beginning. Friendship has to be a sharing. If you have something, share it --

and whosoever is ready to share with you is a friend. It is not a question of need. It is not a question that when you are in danger the friend has to come to your aid. That is irrelevant -- he may come, he may not come, but if he does not come you don't have any

complaint. If he comes you are grateful, but if he does not come, it's perfectly okay. It is his decision to come or not to come. You don't want to manipulate him, you don't want to make him feel guilty. You will not have any grudge. You will not say to him that "When I was in need you didn't turn up -- what kind of friend are you?"

Friendship is not something of the marketplace. Friendship is one of those rare things which belong to the temple and not to the shop. But you are not aware of that kind of friendship, you will have to learn it.

Friendship is a great art. Love has a natural instinct behind it; friendship has no natural instinct behind it. Friendship is something conscious; love is unconscious. You fall in love with a woman Why do we say "falling in love"? That phrase is significant: "falling in love." Nobody ever rises in love, everybody FALLS in love! Why do you fall in love? -- because it is falling from the conscious to the unconscious, from intelligence to instinct.

What we call love is more animalistic than human. Friendship is absolutely human. It has something for which there is no inbuilt mechanism in your biology; it is nonbiological. Hence one rises in friendship, one does not fall in friendship. It has a spiritual dimension.

But don't ask, "Who is a real friend?" Ask, "Am I a real friend?" Always be concerned with yourself. We are always thinking about others. The man asks whether the woman really loves him or not. The woman asks whether the man really loves her or not. And how can you be absolutely certain about the other? It is impossible! He may repeat a thousand times that he loves you and he will love you forever, but still the doubt is bound to persist: "Who knows whether he is speaking the truth or not?" In fact, repeating something a thousand times simply means it must be a lie, because truth need not be repeated so much.

Adolf Hitler in his autobiography says, "There is not much difference between truth and a lie. The only difference is that truth is a lie repeated so often that you have forgotten that it is a lie."

That's what the experts in advertisement will say: go on repeating, go on advertising. Don't be worried about whether anybody is listening or not. Even if they are not paying any attention, don't be worried; their subliminal minds are listening, their deepest core is being impressed. You don't look at advertisements very consciously, but just passing through them in the movie, on TV or in the newspaper, just a glance and there is an imprint. And it is going to be repeated again: "Lux toilet soap" or "Coca-Cola"

Coca-Cola is the only international thing. Even in Soviet Russia: "Coca-Cola " Everything American is banned and barred, but not Coca-Cola. Coca-Cola is the only international thing! Go on repeating it!

In the beginning electricity was used for advertisements -- static electricity was used. It remained "Coca-Cola." But later on they discovered that if you put it on and off it is far

more effective, because a man passing by will read it only once if the light remains static. But if it changes, goes on and off again and again, by the time you pass it, even in a car, you will have read it at least five to seven times: "Coca-Cola, Coca-Cola, CocaCola "
That goes deeper. And sooner or later you become impressed.

That's how all the religions have lived up to now: they go on repeating the same stupid beliefs, but those beliefs become truths to people. People are ready to die for them! Now, nobody has seen where heaven is, but millions of people have died for heaven. Mohammedans say that if you die in a religious war you will immediately go to heaven and all your sins are forgiven. And Christians also say that in a religious war, in a crusade, if you die you immediately go to heaven; then everything else is forgiven. And millions of people have died and killed others, believing that this is a truth.

We have seen such things happening even in this twentieth century; it doesn't seem to be very grown-up in that way. Adolf Hitler repeated for twenty years continuously that "Jews are the cause of all misery," and a very intelligent nation like Germany started believing in him. What to say about ordinary people? -- even people like Martin Heidegger, one of the greatest philosophers Germany has produced in this century, believed that Adolf Hitler was right. He supported Adolf Hitler.

A man of the intelligence of Martin Heidegger supporting a stupid, mad person like Adolf Hitler! What must the secret be? The secret is: repeat, go on repeating. Even Jews started believing that it must be true: "We must be the cause; otherwise how could so many intelligent people believe it? If so many people believe it, there must be something in it!"

You have been brought up with such beliefs, such ideas, which have no foundation in reality. And if you go on living according to them you will live in vain. You have to go through a radical change.

Ask questions about yourself, don't ask about others. It is impossible to be certain of the other and there is no need either. How can you be certain of the other? The other is a flux. This moment the other person may be loving, and the next moment he may not be loving. There can be no promise. You can only be certain about yourself, and that too only for the moment. And there is no need to think of the whole future. Think in terms of the moment and the present. Live in the present.

If this moment is full of friendship and the fragrance of friendship, why be worried about the next moment? The next moment will be born out of this moment. It is bound to be of a higher, deeper quality. It will bring the same fragrance to a higher altitude. There is no need to think about it -- just live the moment in deep friendship.

And friendship need not be addressed to anyone in particular; that is also a rotten idea, that you have to be friends with a certain person -- just be friendly. Rather than creating friendship, create friendliness. Let it become a quality of your being, a climate that surrounds you, so you are friendly with whomsoever you come in contact.

This whole existence has to be befriended! And if you can befriend existence, existence will befriend you a thousandfold. It returns to you in the same coin but multiplied. It echoes you. If you throw stones at existence you will be getting back many more stones. If you throw flowers, flowers will be coming back.

Life is a mirror, it reflects your face. Be friendly, and all of life will reflect friendliness.

People know perfectly well that if you are friendly to a dog even the dog becomes friendly to you, so friendly. And there are people who have known that if you are friendly to a tree, the tree becomes friendly to you.

Try great experiments in friendships. Try with a rosebush, and see the miracle: slowly slowly, it will happen, because man has not been behaving with trees in a friendly way; hence they have become very much afraid.
But now scientists say that when you come with an axe to cut down a tree, even before you have started cutting it, the tree goes into a shiver, a cold shiver. It goes into a great fear, panic. You have not even started, but just the intention -- as if the tree becomes aware of your intention! Now they have sophisticated instruments just like cardiographs, which can make graphs on paper showing what the tree is feeling. When the tree is feeling joyous, there is a rhythm in the graph; when the tree is feeling afraid, the fear is shown on the graph. When the tree sees the friend coming it rejoices, it jumps, it dances; the graph immediately shows a dance. When the tree sees the gardener coming
Have you ever said hello to a tree? Try it, and one day you will be surprised: the tree also says hello in her tongue, in her own language. Hug a tree, and a day will come soon when you will feel that it was not only you who were hugging the tree -- the tree was responding, you were also hugged by the tree, although the tree has no hands. But it has its own way of expressing its joy, its sadness, its anger, its fear.
The whole existence is sensitive. That's what I mean when I say that existence is God. Be friendly, Satyam, and don't be worried whether anybody is friendly towards you or not -- that is a businesslike question. Why be worried? Why not transform the whole existence into a friend towards you? Why miss such a great kingdom?

The last question:
Question 5
BELOVED MASTER,
WHY ARE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD COMING TO YOU?

It is a very difficult question for me to answer. How can I answer on behalf of thousands of people who are coming to me? They have different reasons.
A few are coming to me because I have called them: they may know it, they may not know it. There is more possibility that they will not know it, at least not in the beginning. Only later on, as they become immersed into my commune, into my world slowly slowly, they will become aware that they have been called forth, just as Jesus called to Lazarus in his grave, "Lazarus, come out!" and he came out of his grave.
The life that you have lived has been life in a grave -- and I have called you. A few of you are being called. That's why you are here. About these people I can say why they are here because I have called them. They have been with me for many lives: this is a long long love affair with them. This is not the first time that they are with me: this is the LAST time certainly, because I am not going to come again. I have called them

because of certain promises made in the past.

But there are many kinds of people. A few have come just accidentally; but even though they have come accidentally they have a certain potential in them and their potential

became involved with me. They were not coming consciously, they were not called -- they were just passing by -- but they got caught in the net.

A few have come for certain needs to be fulfilled. There are a few people who are in search of father figures; because Friedrich Nietzsche says, "God is dead," and once God is dead man feels empty. The West is feeling very empty: God is dead, and God was the father, the permanent, eternal father.

It is not an accident that Christian priests are called "father," although it is very strange because they don't have any children, they are unmarried. It is a strange world: unmarried priests are called "father"! But it is perfectly logical, because the Christian idea of God is also without a woman. How do they manage it? God the Father, Christ the Son -- at least let the Holy Ghost be a woman! But they don't even allow the Holy Ghost! The trinity is not true: it is lacking something; it is missing something -- the feminine energy is missing.

But at least God was there. If not the mother, God was there as the father, a protector. And people were feeling protected -- whether there was a God or not was not the question, but people were feeling protected. And on the earth was the father, the priest and the pope -- or PAPA -- the great father, the highest priest. 'Pope' also means father -- 'papa', 'popa', 'pope', or whatsoever you call him!

But the Vatican has lost its grip on the West; the relationship between the pope and the West is only formal. Christianity has become a Sunday religion. And exactly the same is the case in the East: all religions have become formal. Now people are in search of a father figure.

A few people come because they are missing protection, they need protection. Either they will escape from me, because I don't give protection... on the contrary, I take all security away. I give you insecurity, because to me insecurity is the right situation in which one grows. If there is no God, no father, the whole responsibility falls on your own shoulders -- and it is good, it is perfectly good.

I absolutely agree with Friedrich Nietzsche. Buddha also agrees. Buddha says there is no God, Mahavira says there is no God, for the simple reason that the idea of God has been dangerous -- dangerous in the sense that people feel protected and they stop growing. If you are unprotected, if you are under the sky, then you have to depend on your own self. Then you have to become stronger, more integrated. Then you are free to live in hell or in heaven; nobody can reward you and nobody can punish you.

A few people are coming because they are missing a father figure. If they stay with me I will transform this situation into a beautiful, positive phenomenon; if they escape, then it is up to them. It is very easy for them to escape, because they will see that I am destroying them. If any idea of protection is left in their minds I am destroying that too. I am taking away all patterns, structures, strategies of the mind.

I want you to be utterly alone, so alone that you have to fall upon yourself -- there is nowhere else to go -- that you have to stand on your own legs, that you can't use any

crutches.

A few other people are coming to find some kind of consolation. They will also be shocked, because I don't give any kind of consolation.

A pretty model took her troubles to a psychiatrist. "Doctor, you must help me!" she pleaded. "It has gotten so that every time a man takes me out I wind up in bed with him, and then afterwards I feel guilty and depressed all day long."
"I see," nodded the psychiatrist, "and you want me to strengthen your willpower?"
"Heavens, no!" exclaimed the model. "I want you to fix it so I won't feel guilty and depressed afterwards!"

People, many people, consciously or unconsciously, are here to find some kind of consolation -- some kind of consolation so they don't feel guilty, so that they don't feel unworthy. I am not here to give you consolations. Why give consolations when I can give you the real thing? Why give you plastic toys when I can help you to grow into a soul?
A few other people come because they are on the verge of going insane; psychology, psychoanalysis and psychiatry have not been of much help. It can help only up to a point. It can help a person to be normal if his madness is ordinary madness, but it cannot help a person if his madness has something spiritual in it.
People like R.D. Laing are becoming aware of it: that if a person's madness is because he is too sensitive, too alert and too aware of the misery in which people are living -- and he himself is living; if he becomes aware of the meaninglessness of this whole life that we have created on this earth, he is bound to go berserk. He will not be able to bear it -- it will be unbearable. Those people cannot be helped by psychiatry or psychoanalysis. Those people can only be helped if something like meditation starts happening in their being.
So if some ordinarily insane person comes here I send him back to the West, because psychiatry is perfectly capable of helping him. There is no need for me to waste my time on that kind of person: there are other plumbers who can do that! I do a special kind of plumbing. If your insanity is spiritual then I am here to help you. And spiritual insanity is really a beautiful beginning; it can become the greatest blessing in your life. It is a blessing disguised as a curse.
But still the question is difficult because there are so many people and each person comes with a different motive. But I am not much concerned about your motives -- I know why I am here and I go on doing my thing, irrespective of why YOU have come here!
Those who have something significant growing in them are bound to remain with me -- those who are courageous enough to move beyond the boundaries of the mind, beyond all boundaries and all limits. Those who are not courageous will leave of their own accord. Many will be called; few will be chosen. Thousands will come, but only a few will be transformed. It is all up to you. You can use this opportunity that I am making available to you; you can miss it too. I cannot be forced upon you. I am available; you

can share. You can look through my eyes. I have opened a door and I am standing at the door welcoming you.
Why you have come is not the point. Come in!

The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

Chapter #3

Chapter title: A slave in your own house

23 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

MASTER YOURSELF ACCORDING TO THE LAW.
THIS IS THE SIMPLE TEACHING OF THE AWAKENED.

THE RAIN COULD TURN TO GOLD
AND STILL YOUR THIRST WOULD NOT BE SLAKED.
DESIRE IS UNQUENCHABLE
OR IT ENDS IN TEARS, EVEN IN HEAVEN.

HE WHO WISHES TO AWAKE
CONSUMES HIS DESIRES
JOYFULLY.

IN HIS FEAR A MAN MAY SHELTER
IN MOUNTAINS OR IN FORESTS,
IN GROVES OF SACRED TREES OR IN SHRINES.
BUT HOW CAN HE HIDE THERE FROM HIS SORROW?

HE WHO SHELTERS IN THE WAY
AND TRAVELS WITH THOSE WHO FOLLOW IT
COMES TO SEE THE FOUR GREAT TRUTHS.

CONCERNING SORROW,
THE BEGINNING OF SORROW,
THE EIGHTFOLD WAY,
AND THE END OF SORROW.

THEN AT LAST HE IS SAFE.
HE HAS SHAKEN OFF SORROW.
HE IS FREE.

THE AWAKENED ARE FEW AND HARD TO FIND.
HAPPY IS THE HOUSE WHERE A MAN AWAKES.

BLESSED IS HIS BIRTH.
BLESSED IS THE TEACHING OF THE WAY.
BLESSED IS THE UNDERSTANDING AMONG THOSE

WHO FOLLOW IT,
AND BLESSED IS THEIR DETERMINATION.

AND BLESSED ARE THEY WHO REVERE
THE MAN WHO AWAKES AND FOLLOWS THE WAY.

THEY ARE FREE FROM FEAR.
THEY ARE FREE.

THEY HAVE CROSSED OVER THE RIVER OF SORROW.

MASTER YOURSELF ACCORDING TO THE LAW.
THIS IS THE SIMPLE TEACHING OF THE AWAKENED.

Man can either be interested in domination and mastering others, or he can be interested in mastering his own self. The first category is the category of the fools, but they make the major part of history: Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Nadirshah, Alexander, Napoleon, Stalin, Hitler, Mao History is full of the names of the first category. It is a wrong kind of history to teach.

The right kind of history will teach about the buddhas: those who have tried and conquered themselves. It is far more arduous to conquer oneself. It needs far more integrity, awareness, strength, will, trust, surrender. It requires all the great qualities of consciousness. It basically requires consciousness. One can master oneself only if one is absolutely alert; otherwise you remain dominated by your desires.

You are a slave in your own house. One desire pulls you towards the south, another towards the north, and you are at the mercy of those blind desires. You are always falling apart. It is difficult even to manage to remain together: so many desires, so many attractions, so many objects alluring you. And you are simply in an insane state, running hither and thither, not knowing why, not knowing whether it is worth it at all.

But man is born unconsciously, although he has the potential to become conscious. And the potential will remain only a potential unless you work hard to actualize it. One is born with an intrinsic capacity to conquer oneself, but your whole energy becomes extrovert. Living with people who are extrovert, ambitious, desiring this and that, the child also starts imitating. He learns from others -- from his parents, teachers, priests, politicians -- and these are all in the same boat. Somebody is after money, somebody is after power, somebody is after fame, but nobody seems to be interested in one's own self. Nobody seems to be ready to go on that great pilgrimage of self-discovery.

Buddha says: MASTER YOURSELF If you are at all interested in mastery -- and who is not interested? -- then become interested in self-mastery. Don't waste your time in trying to dominate others. The effort to dominate others creates political conflict; the

whole world is full of it. Even in personal relationships politics enters and destroys them. Even when you love a woman or a man, the mind starts its cunning ways to

dominate, to possess, to destroy the freedom of the other... because you are afraid. You are afraid that if YOU don't dominate, the other is going to dominate you.
And for all those who want to dominate others, Machiavelli is the teacher. In India also a similar type of man has existed; his name was Chanakya. He preceded Machiavelli by thousands of years. Both men are the foundations of the extrovert mind; they have laid the foundations. And their first foundation is: the best way to defend yourself is to attack. Hence, before the other attacks you, attack the other. Before your wife starts dominating you, you dominate her, or before your husband starts dominating you, you dominate him.

A young man was going to get married. He asked his father, "Is there any advice for me?" And the father whispered something into his ear. The young man laughed and said, "I will take care of it."
He went to the town to get married. As the couple were coming back to the village, the horse who was carrying them from the town stopped. The young man was very angry. He said to the horse, "This is the first time -- I can forgive you, but remember, I can forgive you only two times."
The horse moved, but again he stopped at another place and wouldn't budge. The young man said, "This is the second time -- now be alert!"
And when the horse stopped for the third time, the young man got down, took his pistol and shot the horse immediately then and there. The horse fell down.
The wife could not believe her eyes -- what cruelty! She said, "What are you doing?" He said, "This is the first time Remember, you have only two more chances."
And from that day, it is said, his wife always followed him. What else to do?

This has been the way down the ages: either the husband dominates or the wife. In ninety-nine percent of the cases the wife dominates, because the husband is trying to dominate in the outside world, in the marketplace. He comes home so tired, he comes home so frustrated, he has no desire, will or power to fight with the woman. And the woman has been waiting the whole day, accumulating. Her energies are fresh and she has nowhere to go to dominate anybody else; only the husband is her dominion.
Man has imprisoned woman in the house at a great cost, because he has taken away all other possibilities of going on ego trips. Now only one outlet is left -- he himself -- and he is suffering a lot. In fact, the Women's Liberation movement is not only woman's liberation; if it really happens, it will be far more MAN'S liberation. Hence I don't see any intelligent man against it; all intelligent men are for it, because they know if the woman really becomes free they will be free too. It is going to be freedom for both.
It is one of the laws of life: either you both can be free or you both will be slaves. It is not possible that one should be the master and the other should be the slave. The law is that the master is always a slave of his own slave, because his mastery also depends on the

slave. Without the slave he will not be a master at all.
The child finds all these people around, running in the same direction. The child is vulnerable, open, ready to be impressed. It is very difficult for the child to find a

Buddha, to find a Jesus. He always finds these stupid people living their lives in absolute unawareness. He starts imitating them. By the time he is of age he is already structured, programmed, conditioned.

Unless you make a great effort to get out of this conditioning you will not be free.

Unless you make a great, concentrated, determined decision that you have to get out of it -- even if life itself needs to be staked you are ready to stake your life for the freedom from all kinds of conditionings -- there is not much possibility. But you can make the decision.

This is what sannyas is: a determination, a decision, a commitment -- a commitment to yourself, a gift to yourself.

MASTER YOURSELF... because mastering yourself you enter into the kingdom of God, you enter into the real world of peace and bliss. You enter into your own treasures -- they are inexhaustible. You come to know for the first time the richness of your being, the beauty of your being and the ecstasy of your being.

MASTER YOURSELF ACCORDING TO THE LAW. Now, there is a possibility you may misunderstand Buddha, because "according to the law" in the eyes of Christians and Jews and Mohammedans means according to the law prescribed in their books: the Ten Commandments, the Koran, the Bible. That is not the meaning of Buddha. "According to the law" does not mean the law of the state or the law given by the priests.

"According to the law" for Buddha means according to the ultimate law of life and existence.

There is a tremendous harmony -- anybody just a little bit sensitive, intelligent, can feel it -- life is a harmonious whole. It is not a chaos, it is a cosmos. Why is it not a chaos? -- because a law runs through and through it like a thread in a garland. That thread is invisible, you see only the flowers, but that thread is keeping them together. Existence is a garland; there is a thread, a SUTRA -- sutra means thread -- a very thin thread, almost invisible, running through the whole existence, that makes it a cosmos instead of a chaos.

"According to the law" in the words of Buddha means: Be in harmony with nature, existence. Don't fight with it, don't go against it. Don't try to go upstream, to flow upstream. To be in a let-go with existence is to follow the law. AES DHAMMO SANANTANO -- this is the inexhaustible law: that if you relax, if you allow the law to take you over, to possess you, you will be overflooded with it. You need not go on an ego trip. The river is already flowing to the ocean -- you simply flow with the river. No need to swim either -- float, and you will reach the ocean.

MASTER YOURSELF ACCORDING TO THE LAW. Buddha makes that condition, because the danger is that in trying to master yourself you may use the same strategy that you have been using in mastering others. That's what so many monks have done in the past: just as they fight with others they start fighting with themselves, but the fight

continues. The object changes, the enemy changes, but the fight continues.
And they fall into a far deeper mess, because when you fight with yourself you have to divide yourself in two, you have to become two parties. You have to condemn some part of your being as the enemy. It may be sex, it may be your body, it may be your

mind, anything, but you have to divide yourself in two: the higher and the lower, the heavenly and the earthly, the material and the spiritual, the body and the soul... and then you start fighting. Then YOU are the soul, and fight the body. Again you have become an extrovert.

In fact, the introvert cannot fight; there is no possibility, because there is no other. With whom are you going to fight and who is going to fight, and for what? You alone are left; when you move inwards only your consciousness is there. There is no reason, no possibility to fight. And any effort to fight with yourself is bound to create a split in you -- and that's what has happened to the whole of humanity.

The whole humanity has been reduced to a state of neurosis; it is schizophrenia. Everybody is split. And your so-called religious people are responsible for this great calamity. Man is not functioning as a whole, not as an integrated whole; he functions as a divided, split personality. That's why it is so difficult to trust man: one moment he says one thing, another moment just the opposite -- because one moment he may be talking from one side of his being -- his soul side -- another moment he may be talking from the other side -- the body side.

Howsoever you divide yourself, in reality you remain indivisible. You are not body and soul; you are bodysoul, you are psychosomatic, you are one individual, indivisible entity. Hence Buddha reminds you: don't start fighting with yourself in order to become a master.

That's what so many stupid people down the ages have been doing: fasting; torturing themselves; lying down on a bed of thorns; wounding their bodies; destroying their eyes; cutting off their sexual organs. Millions of people have done such stupid things. Studying them, they seem to be unbelievable.

In Russia there was a cult, a Christian cult, whose fundamental ritual was to cut off their sexual organs. Thousands of people used to do it. The women would cut off their breasts, the men would cut off their genital organs. And each year there was a particular day when they would gather by the thousands, and it would be done in mass madness. One person would do it, another would follow, and then there would be a frenzy. And thousands would start cutting off their sexual organs and the blood would be all over the place. They were just mad people, but they were worshipped.

Now there was a problem for the cult: how to increase their numbers. So they would purchase or steal children. That was the only way; otherwise they would never have a great religion with millions of followers. No religion wants to use methods of birth control for the simple reason that that reduces their numbers. Catholics are against it, Mohammedans are against it, Hindus are against it. Everybody is against birth control for the simple reason that it will reduce their numbers -- and numbers are power. The more people follow your church, the more powerful you are. This is part of politics, power politics. They are not concerned about the future of humanity, they are not concerned with the misery of people, they are not concerned with poverty.

To give birth to a child now is almost a crime, because the world is already overpopulated. Half of humanity is starving, and by the end of this century the starvation is going to be so acute, so intolerable, that the earth is going to become a mad

planet. Either suicide or murder will be the only possible ways for people to exist, and both are wrong.

And the Catholic pope and the Hindu shankaracharya and the Hindu priests, these will be the responsible persons, because they are all against birth control. They talk beautifully, they rationalize beautifully, that they are against birth control because birth control is against nature. If birth control is against nature then the pope of the Vatican should be against medicine, because that too is against nature. If a person is dying of cancer, let him die, don't give him medicine. On that point the pope is absolutely silent. In fact, Christians go on opening new hospitals.

If birth is natural, then death is natural. If you have disturbed the balance by preventing people from dying, then you have to accept the other part of it also. Allow people to die naturally; then let them give birth to as many children as they can. Then there will be no imbalance; nature balances itself.

Just fifty years ago in India, out of ten children nine were going to die within two years, only one was going to survive. Now just the opposite is the case: nine are going to survive, only one is going to die. How has it happened within fifty years' time? Modern medicine has done the miracle; it has changed the whole balance. If you accept medicine and if you accept the hospitals and if you accept that people have to be saved from cancer and tuberculosis, then you have to use birth control. Otherwise how can the population be kept within normal, bearable limits?

Those Russian sects were always in difficulty -- where to get new people? And it was difficult to get converts because of their practices; so the only way was to purchase children from poor people or steal them. Both were practiced, stealing and purchasing -- human beings!

And these kinds of practices have been followed almost all over the world. There have been people who have destroyed their eyes, because eyes distract you towards beauty. They create sexuality, so destroy the eyes. But can you destroy sexuality by destroying your eyes? Do you think sexuality exists in the eyes? Do you think blind people don't have any sexuality? In fact, even if you cut off your sexual organs you cannot destroy sexuality, because sexuality exists somewhere deep down in your skull.

The sex center is not really the sex organ; that is its outermost part. Its innermost core is in the brain -- there is a center in the brain. Once that center is triggered, the sexual organ starts becoming alive, but the triggering has to happen first in the brain. That's why you can have beautiful sexual dreams, you can have an orgasm in your dreams -- just the mind! That's why pornography is possible; sex organs cannot understand pornography, it is the brain. Now they have found the exact center where it is, and if it is touched by an electrode you immediately go into a sexual orgasm -- immediately!

The people who are working -- the behaviorists -- they are going to give man, sooner or later, a small, matchbox-sized thing you can keep in your pocket; nobody will ever be able to see it. You can just put your hand inside your pocket and push the button and you can

have a sexual orgasm walking on the road. And even in India nobody can prevent you then! The police cannot, because nobody will be able to know why you are looking so happy, why there is such a great smile on your face!

But the danger is... and the danger is great; the behaviorists have become aware of it. They have been experimenting with rats. They had made a small machine, electrodes fixed in the head of the rats, and the rats were taught if they want a sexual orgasm they have to push a button. Those rats went berserk! They pushed the buttons so many times -- sixty thousand times one rat did it! He continued; he would not eat, he would not drink, he forgot everything, until he fell dead. He was so tired, but the joy was such... he risked all!
The eyes don't have sexuality, neither do the sexual organs have it; it is somewhere in the mind.

I have heard an ancient parable:
It seems that when the creator was making the world, he called man aside and bestowed upon him twenty years of normal sex life. Man was horrified: "Only twenty years?" But the creator did not budge. That was all he would give him.
Then he called the monkey and gave him twenty years.
"But I don't need twenty years," the monkey protested. "Ten is plenty!"
Man spoke up and said, "Can I have the other ten years?"
The monkey graciously agreed.
Then he called the lion and gave him twenty years. The lion too needed only ten. Again man said, "Can I have the other ten years?"
The lion roared, "Of course."
Then came the donkey. He was given twenty years, but like the others, ten years was enough for him. Man asked for the spare ten years and got them.
This explains why man has twenty years of normal sex life, ten years monkeying around, ten years of lion about it, and ten years of making an ass of himself.

Man seems to be the most stupid animal out of all of these. They say, "Ten is more than enough." Man seems to be the most in the grip of desire: more and more Whatsoever he has is not enough, is never enough. This creates his sorrow, this makes him a slave. The "more" is your master. To be aware of the trap that is created by this constant desire for more is to take a very necessary step towards self-mastery.

"Something the matter?" asked the bartender of the young, well-dressed customer who sat staring sullenly into his drink.
"Two months ago my grandfather died and left me eighty-five thousand dollars," said the man.
"That does not sound like anything to be upset about," said the bartender, polishing a glass. "It should happen to me!"
"Yeah," said the sour young man, "but last month an uncle on my mother's side passed away. He left me hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"So why are you sitting there looking so unhappy?" asked the bartender.
"So far this month, not a cent!"

You cannot be satisfied by anything, because the mind is always asking for more. And the desire for more creates sorrow, makes you a slave. And the desire for more does not allow you to live according to the universal law. You start fighting for more. Whether it is something outward or inward does not matter; if you are fighting for something more you are going against the law of nature.

Trust nature, be relaxed with it. It takes care. It is always providing you with whatsoever is really needed, and if it does not provide you, that means it is not really needed.

Buddha says: MASTER YOURSELF ACCORDING TO THE LAW. THIS IS THE SIMPLE TEACHING OF THE AWAKENED. One thing to be noted: Buddha always says this, "of the awakened." He does not say, "This is the teaching of Gautama the Buddha." He simply says, "of the awakened" -- whosoever is awakened. He does not make it a personal statement, he makes it a universal thing: Whosoever is awakened, this is going to be his teaching. And this is very rare, this is unique. Awakening can happen to anybody: it has happened to Jesus, it has happened to Lao Tzu, it has happened to Basho -- it can happen to anybody. Buddha is saying that whosoever is awakened, this is going to be his teaching.

MASTER YOURSELF ACCORDING TO THE LAW. THIS IS THE SIMPLE TEACHING OF THE AWAKENED. He is absolutely nonpersonal, there is no person. He is only a presence, a vehicle of the universal law, speaking not on his own behalf but on God's behalf, allowing himself to be used by God as a medium.

THE RAIN COULD TURN TO GOLD
AND STILL YOUR THIRST WOULD NOT BE SLAKED.
DESIRE IS UNQUENCHABLE
OR IT ENDS IN TEARS, EVEN IN HEAVEN.

DESIRE IS UNQUENCHABLE. Why? -- because desire means desire for more; how can you quench it? By the time you have arrived it asks for more. You wanted ten thousand rupees; by the time you have ten thousand, the desire has moved ahead of you -- it is asking for one hundred thousand. By the time you achieve that, the desire has moved. It always moves ahead of you; the distance between you and your desire always remains the same.

The distance between a beggar and his desire, and the distance between Alexander the Great and his desire is the same. Both are poor in the same way. Alexander may have much, that does not make much difference -- he is not satisfied with what he has.

It is said that Diogenes once said to Alexander the Great, "Have you ever thought about one thing? -- meditate over it: you want to conquer the whole world, but are you aware that once you have conquered the whole world, then what? There is no other world. Then what will you do?"

And it is said, just by Diogenes saying it, Alexander became very sad, and he said, "Please don't mention such sad things -- let me first conquer the whole world, then we will see. But don't talk about such sad things to me; it makes me feel very sad."

He had not conquered the whole world yet, but the very idea that if you conquer the whole world, then what are you going to do? There is no other world, and you will feel stuck. The mind will ask for more.
The mind lives through more, and the more cannot be fulfilled; that is impossible. IT ENDS IN TEARS. Every desire ends in frustration, because every expectation is the beginning of frustration. Why does every desire end in frustration? There are only two alternatives: either you achieve your object of desire or you don't achieve it, but in both cases it will end in tears. If you achieve it you will see the utter futility of it all.
The rich man sees the futility of his riches -- how much he has labored, and how much he has worked for it! And now, whatsoever he has attained is absolutely useless, it fulfills nothing. You can have two houses or three houses, one in the city, one in the hills, one on the seashore, but you are the same person, as empty as before. You can live in a palace, but how can you change your inner meaninglessness? You will be as meaningless in a palace as you are in a hut.
In fact, you will be more meaningless in a palace, because while you are in a hut you can still hope that one day when you have managed to get into a palace, everything will be okay. You can hope, but the man who IS in the palace, he has no hope, he feels utterly hopeless. And he cannot say it to others either, because that will be stupid of him. People will think that you worked hard
Just think of Alexander the Great: he devoted his whole life to conquering the world. And when he had conquered it, if he had said to the world that "It was useless. I wasted my time and my life," people would have thought he was stupid. Could he not see it before?

There is an ancient story in India:
A henpecked husband asked somebody, "What to do? My wife is so dominating."
The friend suggested, "You should not have allowed it from the very beginning, but now it is difficult. Still it is not too late. Today you get drunk so that you can have courage. Then go and shout and knock on the door and enter into the house and throw things and let her feel that you are a man. And beat her, give her a good beating! Settle it once and for all."
So the man got drunk, although he was afraid that, "These things seem to be impossible -- I cannot do it. But maybe the drink will help."
He drank and he felt really great, puffed up, but as he approached the house, slowly slowly he became sober; the effect of the alcohol was disappearing. The fear was arising, but he kept himself courageous by repeating, "The man is a wise man, and at least if I can do it once it will be finished forever. And it is worth doing it."
So he knocked on the door, shouted, entered inside, started throwing things.
His wife was very angry. She was so angry she cut off the nose of the man with a knife. Now without a nose it was very difficult to live in the town, so the man escaped from the

town in the night -- that same night he escaped. But wherever he would go, people would ask, "What happened to your nose?"

So he became a SADHU, he became a monk, he renounced the world. He said he had renounced the world, the wife and all. And he had to find a rationalization for his nose, so he said, "This is the latest technique of attaining, of realizing God. The moment you cut off your nose... it is the nose that is the barrier!" And he philosophized about the nose and he said, "The nose represents the ego." And it is right -- the nose represents the ego. You can see the ego on the nose; nowhere else it is so apparent!

So he convinced a few people. And the method seemed so simple -- just cutting off the nose and you get the ultimate truth and the bliss -- and he used to look so blissful. He pretended, but what else to do? -- without a nose he had to save face somehow! And without a nose it is difficult, but he laughed, danced, and he was always ecstatic.

A few foolish people became ready to cut off their noses, so he would take one person into the forest, cut off his nose, and would ask him, "Can you see God?"

The man would say, "I can't see anything, and my nose is gone."

And the man would say, "Neither can I see, but now it is better that you don't tell anyone, because your nose is gone just the same way as mine is gone. Be part of the conspiracy now. "Tell others... become ecstatic and tell others that you have attained to God."

What else was there to do now? The nose couldn't be put back; in those days there was no plastic surgery possible. This seemed to be the only rational way. So the man would go dancing in the town and would tell others, "That man is the greatest master -- I have seen God. What an experience! I am so blissful and the bliss goes on showering on me! Twenty-four hours I am ecstatic and God is with me." And he would talk of great things. And Indians are very much capable of talking of great things; for centuries they have talked and talked and talked.

A few more people became interested, and slowly slowly he had a gathering. The more people were with him without noses, the more his theory was gaining ground. Even the king became interested: "If there is such a simple method" -- almost like Transcendental Meditation! -- "Why not try?" But the prime minister was a little doubtful, skeptical. He said, "You wait, don't be in a hurry. Let me first inquire."

So he got hold of this man, gave him a good beating, and told him, "Tell the truth, otherwise we will kill you!"

So he had to tell the truth: "It is because my wife had cut off my nose, and what else could I do? I had to find some way to save my face, and this seemed to be the most simple, attractive way. And I am perfectly happy now: I have a following, my needs are taken care of, and you will be surprised -- even my wife who knows perfectly well that she had cut off my nose, she has come to see me the other day and asked me, 'What is the matter?' And I said, 'Although you had cut off my nose... but the moment my nose dropped I saw God!' And she is contemplating becoming a follower and I am just waiting for her. I want to cut off her nose! Let me cut off her nose, then you can kill me or whatsoever you want to do to me. Let me take revenge first!"

And what a spiritual way to take revenge!

You go on following others, although you see them living in misery. You go on following the powerful, the rich, the wealthy, although you see their faces are sad, their eyes are dull. They don't seem to be intelligent either; they don't have any grace, any joy, any beauty.

If you succeed you will be in pain, because your success will bring the truth home: that your whole life has been sacrificed for nothing. Or if you fail you will be frustrated, because you will see that you have failed, that you are not worthy, that you have no worth. You will become self-condemnatory.

Buddha is right. He says: IT ENDS IN TEARS. Every desire, whether fulfilled or not fulfilled, ends in tears. And no desire simply ends; before it ends it gives birth to other desires. So it remains a continuum: one goes on from one desire to another desire, life after life.

HE WHO WISHES TO AWAKE
CONSUMES HIS DESIRES
JOYFULLY.

Either you will be consumed by your desires or you have to consume your desires. And what does Buddha mean by saying, "Consume your desires"? He simply means: witness, watch. The whole affair is stupid.

The intelligent person lives joyfully, contentedly, whatsoever situation he is in, whatsoever he has got. He lives joyfully, thankfully, gratefully. You can take his possessions away from him but you cannot take his joy, because he knows how to live joyfully.

His joy is not dependent on anything, on any outer cause. His joy is his inner understanding: the understanding that from the outside one has never achieved joy, that from desires one has always come to tears. Seeing this nature of desire, his desire has disappeared; he lives without desire. And to live without desire is to live in contentment, it is to live without any hankering for more. Then whatsoever is, is more than enough.

Either you live in desire or you live in gratitude: remember this. The man who lives in desire cannot be grateful to God, he can only be complaining and complaining; he will always have some grudge against God. But the man who has no desires has only gratitude. Even that which is given to him is more -- more than he ever deserved. He is always thankful; in that thankfulness is beauty and benediction.

IN HIS FEAR A MAN MAY SHELTER
IN MOUNTAINS OR IN FORESTS,
IN GROVES OF SACRED TREES OR IN SHRINES.
BUT HOW CAN HE HIDE THERE FROM HIS SORROW?

You can escape to the caves, to the mountains, to the forests, but how can you escape from yourself? No escape is possible from yourself.

The only way out is to be transformed, to become awakened. To watch, to see, to witness your desires, slowly slowly brings awakening. HE WHO SHELTERS IN THE WAY So don't go anywhere else. There is no other shelter except dhamma, except the way.

HE WHO SHELTERS IN THE WAY
AND TRAVELS WITH THOSE WHO FOLLOW IT
COMES TO SEE THE FOUR GREAT TRUTHS.

Buddha says, without giving any adjective to it, simply "the way." That's exactly the meaning of tao -- "the way." It is neither Hindu nor Mohammedan nor Christian nor Buddhist; it is simply "the way." Take shelter in "the way."
DHAMMAM SHARANAM GACHCHHAMI -- I take shelter in the law, in the way.
That's how those who were desirous of becoming initiates of Buddha used to pray to him. Three shelters: take shelter in the awakened master, take shelter in his commune, and take shelter in the law, the dhamma, the way. BUDDHAM SHARANAM GACHCHHAMI -- that is the first shelter -- I take shelter in the awakened one.
SANGHAM SHARANAM GACHCHHAMI -- I take shelter in the commune of the awakened one. And DHAMMAM SHARANAM GACHCHHAMI -- I take shelter in the law, in the way, in the ultimate harmony of existence. These three shelters are immensely important.
The sutra says: HE WHO SHELTERS IN THE WAY AND TRAVELS WITH THOSE WHO FOLLOW IT Religion is something which cannot be taught but can only be caught. It is like an infection: you cannot teach it, but if you live with people who have already caught it, it is contagious. Then you will become slowly slowly attuned to it.
It is said in one of the ancient Taoist scriptures that if even a pebble is thrown into a heap of diamonds, sooner or later the pebble will become a diamond. It is true: not about the pebbles -- it is true about man.
If you are part of a commune where many people are moving towards the sun or moving towards the source of light, love, joy, how long can you lag behind? Sooner or later the spirit of the commune is going to overpower you, to overflood you.
If you listen to good music and you start feeling it deep down inside of you, a kind of synchronicity arises. If you see a dancer dancing you feel your feet are ready to dance; something has been transferred to your feet. It is not visible, it is not measurable, it is not material, but some vibe... you have caught the vibe; you would like to stand up and dance.
The same happens in the commune of a buddha. The presence of the buddha is a tremendously powerful magnet. It attracts all those who are courageous, it attracts all those who are real seekers, it attracts all those who are authentic human beings. And then a commune slowly slowly is created. If you become part of a commune you start moving

with the commune into unknown territory. It is easier to move in the unknown territory when you find so many people going towards that ultimate goal.

HE WHO SHELTERS IN THE WAY AND TRAVELS WITH THOSE WHO FOLLOW IT COMES TO SEE THE FOUR GREAT TRUTHS.

CONCERNING SORROW,
THE BEGINNING OF SORROW,
THE EIGHTFOLD WAY,
AND THE END OF SORROW.

The whole teaching of Buddha can be divided into four parts. The four noble truths he calls ARYA SATYA -- noble truths. The first is that unexamined life is sorrow, unenlightened life is sorrow. That is the most fundamental truth, Buddha says. Those who follow the way, they become aware of it: that life can be lived in two ways, either consciously or unconsciously. If you live unconsciously you will live in sorrow, you will be at the mercy of blind instincts.

A wealthy American widow had a fantasy about marrying a man who had never had any previous sexual experience with a woman.
She made contact with a discreet, international detective agency, and within six months they found an Australian gentleman who seemed to be perfectly suited for the widow. On the wedding night the widow was trembling with excitement as she completed her toilette and entered the bedroom to greet her husband. To her amazement, he had piled all of the furniture, including the bed, into the living room.
"Why did you get rid of the furniture?" she blurted in disbelief.
"Well," drawled her new spouse, "I have never slept with a woman before, but if it is anything like those kangaroos, we will need all the space we can get."

People go on living through fantasies, absurd fantasies. You look at your own fantasies and they will all be ridiculous. But you never see your own fantasies as ridiculous; it is easier to see others' fantasies as ridiculous.
Watch your own fantasies. What do you want out of your life? What you are living for? What is your program, your schedule on this earth? Why do you want to still be alive tomorrow? Just look at your fantasies. If you are given only seven days to live, how are you going to fulfill those seven days? With what? Write down your fantasies, don't be cunning and don't be clever -- be utterly true. And you will find all your fantasies ridiculous. But this is how people are living.
This life, Buddha says, is nothing but sorrow. He agrees with Socrates. Socrates says: An unexamined life is not worth living. And Buddha says: An unexamined life is nothing but sorrow. That is the first noble truth.
And the second noble truth one becomes aware of if one follows the way is: THE BEGINNING OF SORROW... the cause of sorrow. The cause is desire -- desire for more.

First one experiences that his whole life is full of sorrow, then one becomes aware that the cause is desire. Those who have escaped from the wheel of desire are not in sorrow,

they are utterly blissful. But those who are caught in the wheel are crushed by so many desires.

The first truth is: life is sorrow. The second truth: the cause of sorrow is desire, desire for more. And the third truth is the eightfold way. Buddha says that his whole approach of transforming your being can be divided into eight steps; that is called the eightfold way. And all those steps are nothing but different dimensions of a single phenomenon: right mindfulness, SAMMASATI. Whatsoever you are doing, do it absolutely consciously, alertly, do it with awareness. Those eight steps are nothing but applications of awareness into different aspects of life.

For example: if you are eating, Buddha says, eat with full awareness -- SAMYAK AHAR. Then whatsoever you eat is right -- just be aware. Now see the difference: other religions say, "Eat this, eat that. Don't eat this, don't eat that." Buddha never says what to eat, what not to eat. He says, "Whatsoever you are eating, eat with full awareness. And if your awareness says no, then don't eat it." Can you eat meat with awareness? It is impossible; you can eat meat only with unawareness.

In Africa a few days ago, one African dictator, Bokasso, who was trying to be another Napoleon, had been dethroned. The most strange thing that came to light was that in his house, in his freezer, human flesh was found. He was a man-eater.

Just think of a man eating another man's meat. Is it possible in consciousness? The whole thing is so disgusting! It is said that children were stolen just to prepare food for Bokasso. Of course, small children have delicious meat. Hundreds of children had disappeared and nobody could have ever thought that this man, who used to call himself emperor, was the cause behind the whole thing.

But so is the case when you eat animal meat, not much difference in it. The animals also have life just as you have. They are our brothers and our sisters.

Buddha never says what to eat, what not to eat; he never goes into details. And that's my approach too: just be aware.

And likewise he uses this method of awareness for other things in life: SAMYAK VYAYAM -- right effort. Don't make too much effort and don't make too little either. Right effort for everything, a balanced effort, effort which does not disturb your tranquility. Life is like walking on a tightrope: right effort is needed and awareness so that you cannot fall. Each moment there is danger: if you lean too much towards the left you will fall. Finding yourself leaning too much to the left you have to lean towards the right to keep balance. And when you lean towards the right a moment comes, you start feeling that now you will fall towards the right; then you start leaning towards the left just to balance. This is right effort: keeping balanced.

All those eight steps are nothing but applications of a single thing -- awareness. Buddha calls it right mindfulness. Don't do anything unconsciously.

And the fourth: AND THE END OF SORROW -- nirvana, cessation of sorrow. The man who follows the path finds four things: life is sorrow, the cause of sorrow is desire, the

method to get rid of sorrow is the eightfold path, rooted basically, essentially, in the phenomenon of awareness. And the fourth: that if you follow awareness you will attain

to the cessation of sorrow, you will attain to nirvana. Buddha says: These are the four noble truths.

THEN AT LAST HE IS SAFE.

And one who has moved through all these four and attained to the fourth, he is at last safe.

HE HAS SHAKEN OFF SORROW.
HE IS FREE.

To be free of sorrow is to be free. If you remain in sorrow you are not free. If you remain sad, howsoever great a saint you may be, you are not free; you are still far away from the goal.
And our so-called saints are very sad-looking people. People think the sadder they are, the greater they are. They are not free from sorrow, in fact they are more in sorrow than the ordinary, worldly people. The worldly people sometimes laugh too, enjoy too, dance too, sing too, but the so-called saint looks at these laughing, singing, dancing people with condemnation. He thinks them just superficial. Their laughter is not laughter to him, their joy is not joy to him. He has a great condemnation of all this, because he has renounced all these things without understanding, without going through these four noble truths. He has simply renounced; he has followed a tradition, a convention, of renunciation. He is an escapist. He has to condemn all laughter, because he cannot laugh. He has become dry, dry like a rock; he cannot bloom into flowers. He has to condemn all springs and he has to condemn all rosebushes. And he finds ways and means to condemn you.
If you go to a so-called saint, he looks at you as if you are not a human being. He looks at you as doomed, as doomed to hell, bound towards hell, already falling into the bottomless pit of hell. He looks at you with condemnation, with pity. But pity is not compassion, and condemnation simply shows that he has not known anything at all. He is just the same type of person as you are, only standing on his head. You are greedy for money, he is afraid of money. You are related to money through greed, he is related to it through fear. But both are related to money, both are obsessed with money.
It is said that if you take money to Vinoba Bhave he immediately closes his eyes -- he can't see money. Now this looks ridiculous -- there must be great fear. Just a ten-rupee note... why should you be so afraid of it that you have to close your eyes? But because he closes his eyes -- he never touches money, he does not want to see money -- he is revered as a great saint. But this fear of money, this antagonism, is a kind of relationship. He is not free of money, otherwise why close his eyes? And a ten-rupee note is nothing but a piece of paper. You don't close your eyes when you look at other

pieces of paper -- why give so much importance to this piece of paper? There must be greed deep down which is standing on its head.

There are people who are running after women or after men, and then there are people who are running away from men or away from women. But both are obsessed with the other sex. This obsession does not show understanding. Understanding brings you freedom from all obsessions -- of fear, of greed. The real understanding simply makes you free from all kinds of desires and anti-desires. It makes you free of the world and the other world too. It simply makes you free.

THE AWAKENED ARE FEW AND HARD TO FIND.
HAPPY IS THE HOUSE WHERE A MAN AWAKES.

Buddha repeats this again and again, and it is worth repeating so that you become alert about the phenomenon; it is very rare -- THE AWAKENED ARE FEW AND HARD TO FIND. Yes, you will find many pseudo people pretending; and it is very difficult to judge who is pseudo and who is real. But a few things can be remembered. The pseudo will always be against the world; he has replaced fear with greed. The pseudo will always be an escapist. The pseudo will be always sad, he cannot laugh; laughter seems too mundane, almost sacrilegious to him.

The really awakened is neither for the world nor against the world. He lives in the world and is absolutely free of it. He lives in the world but the world does not live in him. He is in the world but not of it. He is never an escapist. Once you become awakened there is nowhere to escape, there is no need either; in fact, there is nobody TO escape.

The unawakened, the pseudo person, who is pretending to be a master or a buddha, is bound to create a division between God and the world, and he will tell you to renounce the world if you want to get to God. In fact, that is the same as: Cut off your nose if you want to see God.

Neither the nose prevents you from seeing God nor can the world prevent you from seeing God. In fact, if you have poor eyes the nose will help you -- otherwise where are you going to put your specs? Without a nose it will be very difficult! The nose is not a hindrance, it can be a help sometimes. Neither is the world a hindrance. It is a help, a challenge, a sharpening of your intelligence, an opportunity to grow, to be mature, to be alert.

The world is full of pitfalls, but those pitfalls are helpful because they keep you alert. If there are no pitfalls you will tend to fall asleep; when there is great danger you are bound to be awake.

A great Zen story:

A prince came to a Zen master; he wanted to learn meditation. He was in a hurry too, because his father was old and his father had sent him to this Zen master to learn meditation, because the father said, "In my life I have wasted much time unnecessarily,

and only later on I became aware that the only worthwhile, only meaningful thing in life is meditation. So don't waste your time," he told his son, the prince. "You go to this master and learn meditation before I leave my body. I will be happier leaving my body

if you have learned meditation. I cannot give you anything else. This whole kingdom is worthless; this is not your true heritage. I will not be happy giving you only this kingdom; I will be happy if I can help you to meditate."

So the prince came to the Zen master and he said, "I am in a hurry. My father is old, he can die any moment."

The master said, "The first principle of meditation is not to be in a hurry. Impatience won't do. Get lost, get out! Never come here again! Try to find some pseudo master who will give you a mantra to chant and will console you with 'Go on chanting fifteen minutes in the morning and fifteen in the evening and you will become enlightened.'

"But if you want to be here, forget time, because meditation is a search for eternity. And forget all about your old father -- nobody ever dies, believe me. One day you will see that what I am saying is true. Neither anybody ever gets old nor ever dies. Don't be worried. I know your father, because he has learned meditation from me. He is not going to die -- his body may die. But you will have to forget all about your father and your kingdom if you want to learn meditation. It needs one-pointed devotion."

The master was such, his impact was such, the young man decided to stay.

Three years passed. The master never said a single word about meditation. The young man served the master in every possible way, waited and waited, and he was afraid to mention the subject because he might say, "Get lost -- you are in a hurry!" So he could not say even that.

But three years is too much. Finally one day he said in the morning -- the master was sitting under a tree taking a sunbath -- he said, "Sir, three years have passed. Are you aware? And you have not even told me what to do, what is meditation."

The master looked at him and said, "So you are still in a hurry! Okay, today I will start teaching you meditation."

And he started teaching in a very strange way. The young man was cleaning the floor of the temple and the master would come from the back and hit him hard with a wooden sword -- really hard he would hit him! The young man would be reading the Buddhist sutras, and he would come from behind. And he was such a silent man that you would not even be able to hear his footsteps. And suddenly, out of nowhere, the hit -- the wooden sword would descend on him.

The young man thought, "What kind of meditation is this?" In seven days he was feeling so tired and wounded and scratched. He asked, "What are you doing? You go on hitting me!"

The master said, "This is my way of teaching. Be alert, be very conscious, so before I hit you, you can dodge -- that's the only way."

There was no other escape, so the young man had to be very alert. He was reading the book but he was alert, conscious. Slowly slowly, within two, three weeks, he started hearing the footsteps of the master -- and his walk was almost like a cat's. When the cat

goes to catch the rat she walks so silently. The master was really an old cat!
But the young man became alert enough; he started hearing his footsteps. Within three months the master was unable to hit him even a single time. Twenty-four hours a day he would try, but the young man would dodge and jump, whatsoever he was doing.

Then the master said, "The first lesson is over. Now begins the second lesson: now be alert in your sleep. Leave your doors open, because I may come any time."
Now this was a harder thing! Initially he would come and hit him hard. The old man did not need much sleep either; two hours was enough for him. And this was a young man, he needed eight hours sleep, and the whole night it was a struggle. Many times he would come and hit him, but the young man was now certain that if the first lesson had been of such value... he became so alert and so peaceful that he was no longer inquiring, "What are you doing? This is nonsense!"
The master himself said, "Don't be worried. Just keep alert even in your sleep. And the harder I hit you, the better, because then you will be really alert. The situation has to be created."
Within three months he would jump from his sleep. He would immediately open his eyes and say, "Wait! There is no need -- I am alert."
After three months the master said, "You have passed the second lesson. Now the third and the last."
The young man said, "What can be the third, because there are only two states -- waking, sleep. Now what are you going to do?"
He said, "Now I will hit with a real sword -- that is the third lesson."
It is one thing to be hit by a wooden sword -- you know that at the most you may be hurt but you cannot be killed. And he brought out a real sword. He took it out of the sheath, and the young man thought, "This is the end -- I am finished! This is a dangerous game. Now he can hit with a real sword. Even if I miss once I have missed forever!"
But he did not miss even once. When the danger is such, you rise to face that danger. After three months, not even a single time had the master been able to hit him with the real sword. The master said, "Your third lesson is complete -- you have become a meditator. Now tomorrow morning you can leave. You can go and tell your father that I am absolutely contented with you."
The next morning he would leave. It is evening; the sun is setting. The master is reading a sutra under a tree in the last rays of the sunlight. And the young man thinks -- he is sitting somewhere back -- "Before I leave" -- the idea had come to him many times -- "one time I have to hit this old man! Now this is the last day; tomorrow morning I will leave."
So he prepares. He takes a wooden sword, hides behind a tree. The master says, "Stop!" He does not look at him at all. "Come here! I am an old man, and such desires are not good -- the desire to hit your own master!"
The young man is puzzled. He says, "But I have not said anything."
The master says, "One day when you become really alert, even that which is not said is heard. Just as one day you were not hearing my footsteps and one day you became aware and started hearing them; just like one day you were not able to hear my

footsteps in your sleep... but the day came when you started hearing my footsteps, even in your sleep -- exactly like that, one day you will know. When the mind is absolutely silent you can hear words that have not been spoken. You can read unexpressed

thoughts. You can read intentions. You can read feelings. Not that you make any effort -- you become a mirror, you reflect."

Rare and few are the buddhas to find. And Buddha says: HAPPY IS THE HOUSE WHERE A MAN AWAKES. By "the house" he means the body. Happy is the body where a man awakes, where the flame of awareness has arisen. You become a temple.

BLESSED IS HIS BIRTH.
BLESSED IS THE TEACHING OF THE WAY.
BLESSED IS THE UNDERSTANDING AMONG THOSE
WHO FOLLOW IT.
AND BLESSED IS THEIR DETERMINATION.

AND BLESSED ARE THEY WHO REVERE
THE MAN WHO AWAKES AND FOLLOWS THE WAY.

THEY ARE FREE FROM FEAR.
THEY ARE FREE.

THEY HAVE CROSSED OVER THE RIVER OF SORROW.

To meet a buddha is rare. To take refuge in a buddha is even more rare. To follow, to live out the teachings of a buddha is even more rare. Hence Buddha says: BLESSED IS HIS BIRTH. BLESSED IS THE TEACHING OF THE WAY. A man who one day becomes a buddha, even his birth is blessed. His coming into the world is a blessing to the world, to himself and to others too. BLESSED IS THE TEACHING OF THE WAY. And then spontaneously he starts teaching; it is a sharing. He has come home and he starts calling others who are still wandering in the darkness.
BLESSED IS THE UNDERSTANDING AMONG THOSE WHO FOLLOW IT. And not only the buddha is blessed: blessed are those too who follow it. AND BLESSED IS THEIR DETERMINATION. And blessed is the commitment, the involvement of following the way, the dhamma.
AND BLESSED ARE THEY WHO REVERE THE MAN WHO AWAKES AND FOLLOWS THE WAY. THEY ARE FREE FROM FEAR. THEY ARE FREE.
To be free from fear is to be free. To be free from fear you need to be free from desire. Desire keeps you afraid. Desire keeps you always wavering: "Whether it is going to happen or not? Whether I am going to make it this time or not?" If you succeed you are afraid -- somebody will take it away from you. If you succeed in accumulating riches you are worried, afraid: you can be robbed, they can be stolen. If you don't succeed you are constantly in fear that "I am not of any worth." You fall in your own eyes, you are

trembling. To be free from desire is to be free from fear.

Then one lives in the moment; neither the past is one's concern nor the future. How can there be any fear? And Buddha defines freedom as freedom from fear.

THEY HAVE CROSSED OVER THE RIVER OF SORROW. Life unexamined, unobserved, unenlightened, is nothing but a river of sorrow -- and we are all drowning in it. There is only one boat to get to the other shore. The name of the boat is awareness. Enough for today.

The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

Chapter #4

Chapter title: This too will pass

24 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:
Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
IN SPITE OF DREADFUL POLITICAL CATASTROPHES, POLITICAL ACTION SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY MEANS TO FIGHT AGAINST INJUSTICE IN THE WORLD. DOES THE SEARCH YOU ARE INSPIRING EXCLUDE POLITICAL ACTION?

Jean-Francois Held, I am in love with life in its totality. My love excludes nothing; it includes all. Yes, political action too is included in it. That's the worst thing to include, but I can't help it! But everything that is included in my vision of life is included with a difference.

In the past, man has lived without awareness in all the aspects of life. He has loved without awareness and failed in it, and love has brought only misery and nothing else. He has done all kinds of things in the past, but everything has proved a hell. So has been the case with political action.

Each revolution turns into antirevolution. It is time we should understand how this happens, why this happens at all -- that each revolution, each struggle against injustice, finally turns into injustice itself, becomes antirevolutionary.

In this century it has happened again and again -- I am not talking about a faraway past. It happened in Russia, it happened in China. It is going to happen if we continue to function in the same old way. Unawareness cannot bring more than that.

When you are powerless, it is easy to fight against injustice; the moment you become powerful, you forget all about injustice. Then repressed desires to dominate assert themselves. Then your unconscious takes over, and you start doing the same things that were done before by the enemies against whom you had been struggling. You had staked your very life for it!

Lord Acton says that power corrupts. It is true only in a sense, and in another sense it is absolutely untrue. It is true if you look at the surface of things: power certainly corrupts, whosoever becomes powerful becomes corrupted. Factually it is true, but if you dive deep into the phenomenon then it is not true.

Power does not corrupt: it is the corrupted people who become attracted towards power. It is the people who would like to do things which they cannot do while they are not in power. The moment they are in power, their whole repressed mind asserts itself. Now there is nothing to bar them, nothing to prevent them; they have the power. Power

does not corrupt them, it only brings their corruption to the surface. Corruption was there as a seed; now it has sprouted. The power has proved only the right season for it

to sprout. Power is only the spring for the poisonous flowers of corruption and injustice in their being.

Power is not the cause of corruption, but only the opportunity for its expression. Hence I say: basically, fundamentally, Lord Acton is wrong.

Who becomes interested in politics? Yes, with beautiful slogans people go into it, but what happens to those people? Joseph Stalin was fighting against the injustice of the czar. What happened? He himself became the greatest czar the world has ever known, worse than Ivan the Terrible! Hitler used to talk about socialism. He had named his party the Nationalist Socialist Party. What happened to socialism when he came into power? All that disappeared.

The same thing had happened in India. Mahatma Gandhi and his followers were talking about nonviolence, love, peace -- all the great values cherished down the ages. And when power came he escaped. Mahatma Gandhi himself escaped because he became aware that if he took power in his hands he would no longer be the mahatma, the sage. And the followers who came into power were all proved as corrupted as anywhere else -- and they were all good people before they were in power, great servants of the people. They had sacrificed much. They were not bad people in any way; in every possible way they were good people. But even good people turn into bad people -- that is something fundamental to be understood.

I would like my sannyasins to live life in its totality, but with an absolute condition, categorical condition: and that condition is awareness, meditation. Go first deep into meditation, so you can cleanse your unconscious of all poisonous seeds, so there is nothing to be corrupted and there is nothing inside you which power can bring forth. And then do whatsoever you feel like doing.

If you want to become a painter, become a painter. Your painting will have a difference; it won't be like Picasso. Picasso's paintings are insane -- he IS insane! In fact, if he had been prevented from painting he would have been in a madhouse. Through his paintings he is catharting, throwing out his insanity onto the canvas, getting rid of it. Yes, he feels better -- it is a kind of vomiting! After vomiting you feel better, but what about others who look at your vomit! But the world is so stupid that if Picasso vomits, people say, "What a great painting -- something never seen before, something unique!" Vincent van Gogh really went insane, had to be hospitalized for one year, and then he committed suicide. And he was not more than thirty-seven. Now, what kind of paintings had this man been doing? Certainly he had the art, the skill, but the art and the skill were in the hands of a madman, suicidal. Watching his paintings you will feel restless, uneasy. Keep a Picasso painting in your bedroom and you will have nightmares!

A meditator can become a painter, but then something totally different will come out of him -- something of the beyond, because he will be capable to receive God. He can

become a dancer; his dance will have a new quality to it: it will allow the divine to be expressed. He can become a musician... or he can go into political action, but his political action will be rooted in meditation. Hence there will be no fear of a Joseph Stalin or Adolf Hitler or Mao Zedong coming out of it; that is impossible.

I don't tell anybody to go in a certain direction; I leave my disciples totally free. I simply teach them meditation. I teach them being more alert, more aware, and then it is up to them. Whatsoever their natural potential is they will find it, but it is going to be with awareness. Then there is no danger.

Jean-Francois Held, I am not against political action -- I am not against anything. I am not life-negative; I affirm life, I am in absolute love with life!

And of course, when millions of people are on the earth, there is going to be some kind of politics or other. Politics cannot just disappear. It will be like dissolving the police, the post office, the railway -- it will create a chaos.

And I am not an anarchist and I am not in favor of chaos. I want the world to be more beautiful, more harmonious, more of a cosmos than of a chaos. Sometimes I praise chaos, only in order to destroy that which is rotten. I praise destructiveness also, only in order to create. Yes, sometimes I am very negative -- I am against conventions, conformities, traditions -- only to make you free so that you can create new visions, new worlds, so that you need not remain imprisoned with the past, so that you can have a future and a present. But I am not destructive. My whole effort is to help you to be creative.

A few people out of my sannyasins are bound to go into political action, but I will allow them only when they have fulfilled the basic condition: when they are more alert, aware, when their inner being is full of light. Then do whatsoever you want to do -- you can't bring harm to the world. You will bring something good, something beautiful; you will be a blessing to the world. Without it, without that awareness, even if you do something good, it is going to turn into something harmful.

Just a few days ago, Mother Teresa of Calcutta had received the Nobel Prize. Now this is something utterly stupid! The Nobel Prize Award Committee has never done anything so foolish before -- but on the surface it looks beautiful. It is being praised all over the world, that they have done something great.

J. Krishnamurti has not received a Nobel Prize -- and he is one of those rare human beings, those few of the buddhas, who are really laying the foundation for world peace. And Mother Teresa has received the Nobel Prize for world peace. Now, I don't understand what she has done for world peace! George Gurdjieff didn't receive a Nobel Prize, and he was working hard to transform the inner core of human beings; Raman Maharshi didn't receive the Nobel Prize -- because their work is invisible: their work is that of bringing more consciousness to people. When you bring bread to people it is visible, when you bring clothes to people it is visible, when you bring medicines to people it is visible. When you bring God to people, it is absolutely invisible.

Mother Teresa is doing something good on the surface only: serving the poor of Calcutta, the ill, the diseased, the old, the orphans, the widows, the lepers, the crippled, the blind. It is so obvious that she is doing something good! But basically what she is

doing is consoling these people. And giving consolation to the poor, to the blind, to the lepers, to the orphans, is an antirevolutionary act. To console them means to help them remain adjusted with the society that exists, to remain attuned with the status quo. What she is doing is antirevolutionary. But the governments are happy, the rich people

are happy, the powerful people are happy, because she is really NOT serving the blind and the poor. She is serving the vested interests, she is serving the priests and the politicians and the powers; she is helping them to remain in their power. She is making, creating, an atmosphere in which the old can continue.

In India no revolution has ever happened against the powerful, the rich, the wealthy, for the simple reason that it is a so-called religious country; there are so many consolers. Fifty lakhs of Hindu monks consoling people, giving them explanations why they are poor, why they are blind, why they are crippled: because of their past karmas! They have done something bad in their past lives, hence they are suffering. "Suffer silently, don't react," they go and teach these people, "because if you react, if you do something again, again you will suffer in your next life. Don't miss this opportunity, let the accounts be closed. This time behave in a good way!" And of course, to be a revolutionary is not something good! Be obedient -- that is good -- don't be disobedient. Disobedience is evil, it is sin. The Christians call it the original sin.

What was the sin of Adam and Eve? -- just because they had disobeyed God. There seems to be not much of a sin in it. Eating the fruit from the tree of knowledge is not a sin. Why should it be called the original sin? It is called the original sin because they disobeyed. To disobey is the greatest sin in the eyes of the priests.

For ten thousand years in India these priests and the monks have been teaching people, "Be obedient to the system that is in power. Don't disobey; otherwise you will suffer in your future." Hence no revolution has happened, and these monks and priests are praised very much.

Now Christian missionaries are doing the same all over the world: serving the poor, the crippled. They are telling these poor people, "Suffer silently -- it may be a test for you that God has created. You have to pass through this fire, only then will you become pure gold." Christian missionaries are antirevolutionary.

And why are they serving these poor people? -- because of greed! They want to get to paradise, and the only way to get to paradise is through service. Now sometimes I wonder what will happen if there is nobody who is crippled, blind, poor; what will happen to the Christian missionaries? How will they reach paradise? The very ladder will disappear! They will miss the boat, there will be no possibility to go to the other shore. These Christian missionaries would like the poverty to continue, they would like these poor people to remain on the earth. The more poor there are, the more opportunities to serve, and of course, more people can get to heaven.

Giving the Nobel Prize to Mother Teresa is giving the Nobel Prize to antirevolutionary acts.

But that's how it has always been happening: you praise those people who somehow confirm the old, the dead, who help the society to remain as it is.

My work is invisible. In fact, I am teaching you, in an indirect way, the greatest revolution possible. I am teaching you rebellion, and this rebellion is multidimensional:

wherever you will go, this rebellion will have its impact. If you go into poetry you will write rebellious poetry. If you go into music you will create a new kind of music. If you

dance, your dance will have a different flavor. And if you go into politics, you will change the whole face of political action itself.
Jean-Francois Held, I am not against political action, but the way it has been up to now is utterly meaningless. Hence on the surface, nobody can see that I am involved in any political activity, nobody can see that I am involved in any kind of worldly activity.
I am teaching people to sit silently, watch their thoughts, get out of their minds. The stupid revolutionary will think that I am against political action, that I am a reactionary. Just the reverse is the case. Out of his stupidity -- although he may talk about revolution -- what he is going to do is going to be reactionary. He will drag the society backwards. I am not doing anything that can be called political, social: I am not for social reform or political action. At least on the surface I look like an escapist and I am helping people to escape. Yes, I am helping people to escape to themselves.
Escape from all kinds of unintelligent activities. First sharpen your intelligence. Let a great joy arise in you. Become more watchful, so much so that not even a corner in your being is dark anymore. Let your unconscious be transformed into consciousness.
Then do whatsoever you want to do. Then if you want to go to hell, go with my blessings, because you will be able to transform hell itself.
It is not that meditators go to heaven, no: wherever they go they are in heaven and whatsoever they do is divine. But this is such a new approach that it will take time to be understood. I am using such a different language that it is natural that I will be misunderstood.

A beatnik ran through a red light. The cop pulled him over and said, "Did you not see the red light?"
The beatnik replied, "Like, man, I did not even see the house!"

There are different languages!

As Harry was shaving one morning he called out, "You know, sweetheart, I don't seem to get along too well with the other fellows at the office."
There was no response.
"Darling, the boys treat me like I am a little odd."
There was still no response.
He put the razor away and started to comb his hair.
"Lovey, the boys seem to think that I am queer."
Still getting no reply he finally shouted, "For heaven's sake, John, aren't you listening?"

I am talking one language, and people are accustomed to a totally different language. Unless you meditate you will not be able to understand what is happening here, what I am saying and what I am doing.

Three men, English, Arabian and American, were standing on a street corner in Casablanca, when a spectacular oriental beauty walked haughtily by them.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Englishman.
"By Allah!" sighed the Arabian.
"By tomorrow night!" said the American.

The second question:
Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
TO MANY PEOPLE IN THE WEST, THE MASTER/DISCIPLE RELATIONSHIP IS OUTSIDE THEIR EXPERIENCE. WHAT DOES IT INVOLVE?

Chris Lister, Allen Jewhurst, Lesley Rogers, the East has contributed a few tremendously significant things to human consciousness. One of those beautiful things is the phenomenon of the master/disciple relationship. It is an Eastern contribution; just as science is a Western phenomenon, mysticism is Eastern. Science is extrovert, mysticism is introvert. Science is trying to know the objective reality, and mysticism is an exploration of the subjective reality, of the interiority of your own being.
In the world of science the teacher/student relationship exists, because science can be taught -- hence the teacher/ student relationship. But religion, mysticism, cannot be taught, it can only be caught. Hence in mysticism there is no relationship like the teacher/student relationship. A totally different kind of relationship exists: the master/disciple. The differences are tremendous, the differences are great.
Between a student and a teacher, doubt is the method. The teacher is there to help your doubts disappear, he is there to answer your questions; he is there to inform you, make you more knowledgeable. The student is there with all his questions, curiosities, doubts. In fact, the more intelligent he is, the more doubtful he will be. The best student is full of doubts, and the best teacher is one who helps the student with new answers, new knowledge, so that his doubts can be disposed of. Science uses doubt as the method; that's its fundamental method of inquiry.
In the world of religion just the opposite is the case: trust is the method, not doubt; love is the method, not logic; surrender is the method, not conquest of knowledge. The student, when he comes from the university, comes with great ego because he has accumulated much knowledge, he has learned much. But the disciple, when he comes from the master, comes as a nobody, egoless. He no longer exists as a separate entity from existence. He has not learned anything; on the contrary, he has unlearned whatsoever he used to know before.
A great philosopher had come to see Raman Maharshi -- a German philosopher. He asked Raman, "I have come from far far away, to learn much from you."
Raman laughed and he said, "Your journey has been an exercise in futility. Unnecessarily you traveled to me, because I am not here to teach you anything -- if you have come to learn, you have come to the wrong place -- I help people to UNlearn!"

The master helps you to UNlearn. The master helps you to become innocent again, childlike.

Jesus says: Unless you are like a child, unless you are reborn, you shall not enter into my kingdom of God. He is speaking an Eastern language. Jesus traveled to India; whatsoever he taught later on, he had imbibed that spirit in this country. In fact, it was one of the reasons that he was crucified. It was one of the basic reasons why his people could not understand him: he was bringing a totally new language, a new approach, a new vision.

The East has always been the source. Pythagoras came to the East, Jesus came to the East... and whatsoever the West has ever come to know about master-and-discipleship has been experienced through the East, directly or indirectly.

The master/disciple relationship is a love affair, the greatest love affair possible. The disciple surrenders his ego to the master. He bows down. He says: BUDDHAM SHARANAM GACHCHHAMI -- I bow down to the buddha, I surrender to the buddha, I take shelter at your feet. The moment he drops his ego he becomes part of the being of the master.

And the master is no more there as a person, he is only a presence. And when two presences meet, the greatest orgasmic experience happens, the greatest ecstasy. That ecstasy is the goal of the master-and-disciple relationship. That ecstasy has been happening for centuries in a very mysterious way: the master says nothing about it, the disciple hears nothing about it, but sitting by the side of the master, silently waiting, patiently, prayerfully, one day the synchronicity One day, suddenly, the disciple starts breathing with the master. His heartbeat is no longer separate from the master's heartbeat. They disappear as two and become one.

That experience of oneness with the master is the opening of the door of the temple of God.

The third question:

Question 3

BELOVED MASTER,

WHAT IS PLATONIC LOVE?

Krishna Deva, love is simply love. It can't be Platonic or Hegelian or Kantian -- love is simply love! Platonic love is another name for homosexuality. Plato seems to be the first person who believed in homosexuality. Many must have practiced it before him, but he is the first proponent of it.

The Greek idea of beauty was not that of feminine beauty -- but male beauty. You must have seen in the museums Greek painting, sculpture, and you must have observed: you never come across the paintings of a nude woman or statues of nude women. No, it is always man.

Platonic love is just a good name for homosexuality. It is better to call it what it actually is rather than giving it a beautiful label.

But love is neither homosexual nor heterosexual. Love is simply love! In fact, love has nothing to do with the object. Love is a state of your consciousness when you are joyous, when there is a dance in your being. Something starts vibrating, radiating, from

your center; something starts pulsating around you. It starts reaching people: it can reach women, it can reach men, it can reach rocks and trees and stars.
When I am talking about love, I am talking about THIS love: a love that is not a relationship but a state of being. Always remember: whenever I use the word 'love' I use it as a state of being, not as a relationship. Relationship is only a very minor aspect of it. But your idea of love is basically that of relationship, as if that is all.
Relationship is needed only because you can't be alone, because you are not yet capable of meditation. Hence, meditation is a MUST before you can really love. One should be capable of being alone, utterly alone, and yet tremendously blissful. Then you can love. Then your love is no more a need but a sharing, no more a necessity. You will not become dependent on the people you love. You will share -- and sharing is beautiful.
But what ordinarily happens in the world is: you don't have love, the person you think you love has no love in his being either, and both are asking for love from each other. Two beggars begging each other! Hence, the fight, the conflict, the continuous quarrel between the lovers -- on trivia, on immaterial things, on stupid things! -- but they go on quarreling.
The basic quarrel is that the husband thinks he is not getting what is his right to get, the wife thinks she is not getting what is her right to get. The wife thinks she has been deceived and the husband also thinks that he has been deceived. Where is the love? Nobody bothers to give, everybody wants to get. And when everybody is after getting, nobody gets it. And everybody feels at a loss, empty, tense.
The basic foundation is missing, and you have started making the temple without the foundation. It is going to fall and collapse any moment. And you know how many times your love has collapsed, and still you go on doing the same thing again and again. You live in such unawareness! You don't see what you have been doing to your life and to others' lives. You go on mechanically, robotlike, repeating the old pattern, knowing perfectly well you have done this before. And you know what has always been the outcome, and deep down you are also alert that it is going to happen the same way again -- because there is no difference. You are preparing for the same conclusion, the same collapse.
If you can learn anything from the failure of love, then that thing is: become more aware, become more meditative. And by meditation I mean the capacity to be joyous alone. Very rare people are capable of being blissful for no reason at all -- just sitting silently and blissful! Others will think them mad, because the idea of happiness is that it has to come from somebody else. You meet a beautiful woman and you are happy or you meet a beautiful man and you are happy. Sitting silently in your room and so blissful, so blissed out? You must be crazy or something! People will suspect that you are on a drug, stoned.
Yes, meditation is the ultimate LSD! It is releasing your own psychedelic powers. It is releasing your own imprisoned splendor. And you become so joyous, such a celebration

arises in your being, that you need not have any relationship. Still you can relate with people... and that's the difference between relating and relationship.

Relationship is a thing: you cling to it. Relating is a flow, a movement, a process. You meet a person, you are loving, because you have so much love to give -- and the more you give, the more you have. Once you have understood this strange arithmetic of love: that the more you give, the more you have This is just against the economic laws that operate in the outside world. Once you have known that, if you want to have more love and more joy, you give and share, then you simply share. And whosoever allows you to share your joy with him or with her, you feel grateful to him or her. But it is not a relationship; it is a riverlike flow.

The river passes by the side of a tree, saying hello, nourishing the tree, giving water to the tree... and it moves on, dances on. It does not cling to the tree. And the tree does not say, "Where are you going? We are married! And before you can leave me you will need a divorce, at least a separation! Where are you going? And if you were to leave me, why had you danced so beautifully around me? Why in the first place did you nourish me?" No, the tree showers its flowers onto the river in deep gratefulness, and the river moves on. The wind comes and dances around the tree and moves on. And the tree gives its fragrance to the wind.

This is relating. If humanity is ever going to become grown-up, mature, this will be the way of love: people meeting, sharing, moving, a nonpossessive quality, a nondominating quality. Otherwise love becomes a power trip.

Don't be worried, Krishna Deva, about what platonic love is. Meditate on: what is love?

Mrs. Green and her neighbor, Mrs. Kenyon, were having a chat one day.

"Mrs. Green," said Mrs. Kenyon, "maybe it is none of my business, but after all we have been friends a long time and I am concerned about your reputation. You are divorced, that's true, but people are talking about you. It just does not look right when an eighteen-year-old boy comes every night and visits you till such a late hour."

"Well," Mrs. Green smiled, "don't worry about it. It is purely a platonic relationship."

"How can it be platonic?" Mrs. Kenyon asked.

"Well," said Mrs. Green, "it is play for him and it is tonic for me!"

That's what platonic love is: play for one, tonic for the other! More than that I don't know anything about it!

The fourth question:

Question 4

BELOVED MASTER,

I AM A BUSINESSMAN. CAN I ALSO MEDITATE AND BECOME A SANNYASIN?

Ram Prasad, one has to do something in life. Somebody is a carpenter and somebody is a king, and somebody is a businessman and somebody is a warrior. These are ways of

livelihood, these are ways of getting bread and butter, a shelter. They can't change your inner being. Whether you are a warrior or a businessman does not make any difference: one has chosen one way to earn his livelihood, the other has chosen something else.

Meditation is life, not livelihood. It has nothing to do with what you do; it has everything to do with what you are. Yes, business should not enter into your being, that is true. If your being also has become businesslike, then it is difficult to meditate and impossible to be a sannyasin... because if your being has become businesslike, then you have become too calculative. And a calculative person is a cowardly person: he thinks too much, he cannot take any jumps.

And meditation is a jump: from the head to the heart, and ultimately from the heart to the being. You will be going deeper and deeper, where calculations will have to be left behind, where all logic becomes irrelevant. You cannot carry your cleverness there.

In fact, cleverness is not true intelligence either; cleverness is a poor substitute for intelligence. People who are not intelligent learn how to be clever. People who are intelligent need not be clever; they are innocent, they need not be cunning. They function out of a state of not-knowing.

If you are a businessman, that's okay. If Jesus can become a meditator and a sannyasin, and ultimately a christ, a buddha... and he was the son of a carpenter, helping his father, bringing wood, cutting wood. If a carpenter's son can become a buddha, why not you? Kabir was a weaver. He continued his work his whole life; even after his enlightenment he was still weaving; he loved it! Many times his disciples asked him, prayed to him with tears in their eyes, that "You need not work anymore -- we are here to take care of you! So many disciples, why go on in your old age spinning, weaving?"

And Kabir would say, "But do you know for whom I am weaving, for whom I am spinning? For God! -- because everyone is now a god to me. It is my way of prayer."

If Kabir can become a buddha and still remain a weaver, why can't you?

But business should not enter into your being. Business should be just an outside thing, just one of the ways of livelihood. When you close your shop, forget all about your business. When you come home, don't carry the shop in your head. When you are home with your wife, with your children, don't be a businessman. That is ugly: that means your being is becoming colored by your doing. Doing is a superficial thing. The being should remain transcendental to your doing and you should always be capable of putting your doing aside and entering into the world of your being. That's what meditation is all about.

A marriage broker was trying to arrange a match between a businessman and a beautiful young girl. But the businessman was very cagey. "Before I buy goods," the businessman said, "I look over samples, and before I get married I must also have a sample."

"But good heavens, man, you can't ask a respectable girl for a thing like that!" the broker replied.

"Sorry," insisted the other, "I am strictly business and I want it done in my way or not at all."

The broker went off in despair to talk with the girl. "I have got you a fine fellow," he said, "with lots of money. But strictly business he is, and he don't do nothing blind. He must have a sample."

"Listen," said the girl. "I am as smart in business as he is. Samples I won't give him -- references I will!"

If you are THAT kind of businessman, Ram Prasad, then it is going to be difficult to meditate and impossible to be a sannyasin.
But you have come here, you have been listening to me; even the desire to become a sannyasin has arisen in you. That is a good indication that business has not yet poisoned your soul totally. A part of you is still available for love, a part of you is still available for God. A part of you is still not businesslike -- otherwise you would not be here.
Businesslike people can't come to me; it is impossible for them to have any communion with me. They can't understand a single word uttered here -- and what to say about the silence that is present here? They live in a totally different world, in a very mundane world.

It was quite a swanky bar in the best part of town. The new arrival ordered a bottle of beer. Paying with a dollar bill, he was surprised when the young bartender gave him ninety cents change. When questioned about it the bartender said that a dime was all he was charging.
The customer, being hungry and pleased with the apparently low prices of the place, ordered a ham and cheese sandwich on rye.
"That will be fifteen cents," said the barkeeper.
The customer's eyes widened: "I can't understand. How can you sell stuff so low?" he asked.
"Listen, buddy," said the bartender, "I just work here. I am not the boss. He is upstairs with my wife and I am doing the same thing to him down here!"

There is a certain mind which functions always in a businesslike way; in every dimension of life he is always a businessman. If you are that kind of businessman, then this is not the place for you.
This is the place for gamblers. This is the place for people who can risk -- who can risk all for nothing. Yes, exactly all for nothing, because meditation will bring you to nothingness. But those who arrive at the nothingness of meditation, immediately become aware that they have arrived at the fullness of God, too. Nothingness of you is the fullness of God, it is the other aspect. YOU become nothing, and suddenly a great plenitude descends in you -- you are overflowing with God. By becoming nothing you become spacious, you become a host to the great guest.
But if you are continuously calculating you cannot become nothing. How can you drop all for being nothing? You will always be calculating: you will move cautiously.
Then this is not the place for you. Then you go to some old, traditional, pseudo teachers.

They will console you. They will tell you that you can remain a businessman and still can open a bank account in paradise. Be charitable, give some charity: donate to the poor; donate to the temple, or the church, or the synagogue; to the hospital; to the

school -- and you will be rewarded in your afterlife. Just do virtuous things which you can afford. If you exploit people, you can always give a portion back to them.

I have heard:
In a church the priest was telling the people, "The building is getting very old and we need money."
Nobody responded -- all businessmen! Everybody was looking at each other; everybody was waiting and expecting that somebody would be foolish enough.
And then a woman stood up -- the prostitute of the town! -- and she said, "I donate ten thousand dollars to the church."
The priest could not believe his ears, his eyes! For a moment he was in shock, and then he said, "But I cannot accept your money -- I cannot accept any wrong money."
One businessman stood up and said, "You don't worry, that is our money! It is only coming via her -- you can accept it!"

You can donate a little bit to the church, to some charitable institution, you can give some money to the poor people. These are the consolations. And a place for you will be reserved in heaven.
Don't be such a fool -- heaven is not so cheap. In fact, there is no place like heaven anywhere; it is something inside you. No charity can lead you there, but if you reach there your whole life becomes a charity; that is a totally different phenomenon. If you reach there, your whole life becomes compassion.
Remain a businessman, but for a few hours forget all about it. I am not here to tell you to escape from your ordinary life. I am here to tell you the ways and the means, the alchemy, to transform the ordinary into the extraordinary. Be a businessman in your shop and don't be a businessman at your home. And sometimes for a few hours forget even the home, the family, the wife, the children. For a few hours just be alone with yourself. Sink deeper and deeper into your own being. Enjoy yourself, love yourself.

And slowly slowly, you will become aware, a great joy is welling up, with no cause from the outside world, uncaused from the outside. It is your own flavor, it is your own flowering. This is meditation.
Sitting silently, doing nothing, the spring comes and the grass grows by itself. Sit silently, doing nothing, and wait for the spring. It comes, it always comes, and when it comes, the grass grows by itself. You will see great joy arising in you for no reason at all. Then share it, then give it to people! Then your charity will be inner. Then it will not be just a means to attain to some goal; then it will have intrinsic value.
And once you have become a meditator, sannyas is not far away! My sannyas particularly is nothing but living in the ordinary world, but living in such a way that you are not possessed by it; remaining transcendental, remaining in the world and yet a

little above it. That is sannyas.

It is not the old sannyas, Ram Prasad: in that you have to escape from your wife, your children, your business, and go to the Himalayas. That kind of thing has not worked at

all. Many went to the Himalayas, but they carried their stupid minds with them. The Himalayas have not been of any help to them; on the contrary, they have destroyed the beauty of the Himalayas, that's all. How can the Himalayas help you? You can leave the world, but you cannot leave your mind here. The mind will go with you; it is inside you. And wherever you are, your same mind will create the same kind of world around you.

A great mystic was dying. He called his disciple, the chief disciple. The disciple rejoiced very much that the master is calling him. There is a great crowd and he is calling only him; he must be giving some secret key that he has not given to anybody up to now. "This is the way he is choosing me as his successor!" He came close.
The master said, "I have only one thing to tell you. I didn't listen to my master -- he had also told me when he was dying, but I was just a fool and I didn't listen, and I didn't even understand what he meant. But I am telling you from my own experience he is right, although it had looked very absurd when he said it to me."
The disciple asked, "What is it? Please tell me. I will try to follow it word by word."
The master said, "It is a very simple thing: never, never in your life keep a cat in your house!" And before the disciple could have asked why, the master died!
Now he was at a loss -- what a stupid kind of thing! And now whom to ask? He inquired of some old people in the village, "Is there any clue to this message? There must be something mysterious in this!"
One old man said, "Yes, I know, because his master -- your master's master -- had also told him, 'Never, never keep a cat in your house!' but he didn't listen. I know the whole story."
The disciple said, "Please tell me so I can understand. What is the secret hidden behind it? I want it to be decoded for me so I can follow it."
The old man laughed. He said, "It is a simple thing, it is not absurd. Your master's master had given him a great message, but he never inquired, 'What is the meaning of it?' You are at least intelligent enough to inquire about it. He simply forgot about it. Your master was young when the message was given; he used to live in the forest. He had only just two clothes with him; that was all that he possessed. But there were big rats in the house and they would destroy his clothes, and again and again he would have to ask the villagers for new clothes.
"The villagers said, 'Why don't you keep a cat? You just keep a cat and the cat will eat the rats and there will be no problem. Otherwise -- we are poor people -- how can we go on supplying you new clothes every month?'
"It was so logical that he asked somebody for a cat. He got a cat, but then the problems started. The cat certainly saved his clothes, but the cat needed milk because once the rats were finished the cat was starving. And the poor man could not meditate because the cat was always there, crying, weeping, going round and round and round him.

"He went to the villagers and they said, 'This is a difficult thing -- now we will have to supply milk for you. We can give you a cow. You be finished, you keep the cow. You

can drink, and your cat can also survive. That way you need not come every day for your food either.'

"The idea was perfectly right. He took the cow... now the world started. That's how the world starts. The cow needed grass, and the people said, 'We will come in the coming holidays and we will clear the forest, prepare the ground. You start growing a little wheat, other things, and leave a part for the grass.'

"And the villagers came according to their promise. They cleared the forest, they cleaned the soil, they planted wheat. But now it was such a problem: you have to water And the whole day the poor man was engaged in looking after the field. No time to meditate, no time to read the scriptures!

"He again went to the villagers. He said, 'I am getting deeper and deeper into difficulties. Now the question is, when to meditate -- no time is left.'

"They said, 'You wait. One woman has just become a widow, and she is young and we are afraid that she will tempt the young people in the town. You please take her with you. And she is healthy enough -- she will take care of your field, the cow, the cat, and she will prepare food for you, and she is very religious too. And don't be worried, she will not disturb you.'

"That's how things move to their logical conclusion. Now from the cat, how far the man had moved!

"And the woman came and she started looking after him, and he was very happy for a few days. And she would massage his feet... and slowly slowly, what was going to happen happened: they got married. And when you get married in India, at least one dozen children -- one dozen is the minimum! So all meditation, all sannyas, disappeared.

"He remembered only when he was dying. He remembered again that when HIS master was dying he had told him, 'Beware of the cats.' That's why he has told you. Now you be aware of the cats! Just one step in the wrong direction and you have to go the wrong way; and your mind is with you wherever you go."

I have moved in the Himalayas. Once I was in a deep part of the Himalayas with two of my friends. We entered an empty cave; it was so beautiful that we stayed the night there.

In the morning a monk came and he said, "Get out! This is MY cave!"

I said, "How can this cave be yours? I don't see -- this is a natural cave. You don't claim it, you can't claim it -- you have not made it. And you have renounced the world, your house, your wife, your children, your money, and everything, and now you are claiming, 'This is MY cave -- you get out of it!' This is nobody's cave!"

He was very angry. He said, "You don't know me -- I am a dangerous man! I can't leave it to you. I have been living in this cave for thirteen years!"

We provoked him as much as we could and he was all fire, ready to fight, ready to kill!

And then I said to him, "Wait -- we will leave. We were just provoking you to show you that thirteen years have passed, but you have the same mind. Now this cave is 'yours', because you have lived here thirteen years so it is yours. You had not brought it with

your birth and you will not take it away when you die. And we are not going to stay here forever, just an overnight stay. We are just travelers, we are not monks. I have just come to see how many stupid people are living in these parts -- and you seem to be the tops!"

You can leave the world... you will be the same. You will again create the same world, because you carry the blueprint in your mind. It is not a question of leaving the world, it is a question of changing the mind, renouncing the mind. That's what meditation is and that's what sannyas is.

The last question:

Question 5
BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT IS UNAWARENESS?

Dinkar, to be in the mind, to be identified with the mind, is unawareness. To think that "I am the mind," is unawareness.
To know that mind is only a mechanism just as the body is, to know that the mind is separate The night comes, the morning comes: you don't get identified with the night. You don't say, "I am night," you don't say, "I am morning." The night comes, the morning comes, the day comes, again the night comes; the wheel goes on moving, but you remain alert that you are not these things. The same is the case with the mind. Anger comes, but you forget -- you become anger. Greed comes, you forget -- you become greed. Hate comes, you forget -- you become hate. This is unawareness. Awareness is watching that the mind is full of greed, full of anger, full of hate or full of lust, but you are simply a watcher. Then you can see greed arising, becoming a great, dark cloud, then dispersing -- and you remain untouched. How long can it remain? Your anger is momentary, your greed is momentary, your lust is momentary. Just watch a little and you will be surprised: it comes and it goes. And you are remaining there unaffected, cool, calm.

A great king asked a Sufi mystic to give him something in writing -- a sutra, a small maxim which would help him in every possible situation, good, bad, which would help him in success, in failure, in life, in death.
The Sufi gave him his ring and told him, "There is a message. Whenever you are really in need, in a real emergency, just open the ring, take up the diamond, and inside you will find the message -- but not out of curiosity, only when there is real danger which you cannot face on your own and you need me, you can see the message."
Many times the king became curious what is in there, but he resisted his temptation: he

had given his promise, his word. He was a man of his word.
After ten years he was attacked and defeated. He ran away into the forest, into the mountains, and the enemy was following him. He could hear the horses coming closer

and closer -- it was death coming closer. They would kill him! But he was going as fast as he could on his horse. Tired he was, tired was his horse; wounded he was, wounded was his horse.

And then suddenly he came to a cul-de-sac. The way ended; there was an abyss. And there was no possibility of turning back because the enemy was closing in, at every moment coming closer. He could not take the jump into the abyss; that was sure death. Except for waiting there was nothing to do.

Suddenly he remembered the ring. He opened the ring, removed the diamond. Inside there was a piece of paper; on the piece of paper just a simple, single sentence: "This too will pass away." And suddenly a great calmness descended on him: "This too will pass away."

And it happened exactly like that. He was hearing those noises coming closer; by and by he started hearing them going farther away. They had taken a wrong turn. He had passed a crossroad, they must have moved on some other road. Then he gathered his armies, fought the enemies again, won back his kingdom. He was received with great joy, garlanded, flowers showered, the whole capitol decorated for his welcome.

Suddenly he felt great ego arising in him. Again he remembered the message, "This too will pass away," and the ego disappeared. And all those garlands and all that welcome became just a child's play. In failure it helped, in success it helped.

That became his meditation, that became his mantra. So whatsoever would come he would repeat deep down -- not verbally, but the feeling would be there in his heart -- "This too will pass away."

If you can remember it, then whatsoever comes into your mind you remain simply a witness: "This too will pass away." That witnessing is awareness -- but we are identified. We become greed, we become anger, we become lust. Whatsoever comes in front of our consciousness, we become identified with it. It is as foolish as when it happens to very small children.

Have you tried it? Just put a mirror before a very small child. He will look in the mirror very surprised, with wide open eyes he will look: "Who is this fellow?" He will try to catch hold, but he cannot catch hold of the person. And then, if the child is intelligent, he will try to go to the back of the mirror: "Maybe the child is hiding behind the mirror." He is not yet aware that it is only a mirror; there is no reality.

Mind is only a mirror: it reflects the clouds of the world, it reflects all that happens around in the world. Somebody insults and there is anger -- it is a reflection. Somebody beautiful passes by and it reflects -- it is lust. And you immediately become identified with it.

Keep a little distance... and slowly slowly, you will find that the distance goes on growing. One day the mind is so far far away, it does not affect you at all.

This is coming home, this is buddhahood. AES DHAMMO SANANTANO: this is the

inexhaustible law of life. If you can be a witness you will be able to pass through a great transformation: you will know your real self.

The old maid sat stroking the head of her pet tomcat and worrying about what she had missed all her life, when all at once, a fairy appeared with her wand and told the old maid she was ready to give her any three wishes she might make. The fairy asked that she not get excited but take her time and decide on her wants carefully.
Her first wish was that she might have a beautiful body. The wand was waved and her wish granted. When she examined the result in the mirror, her second wish was immediate: that she be given clothing to drape this wonderful figure. Her wish was again fulfilled with racks of beautiful clothes made to fit perfectly.
When asked for the third wish, she said she wanted a man.
Said the fairy, "You have a beautiful cat there. How about making a man out of him for you?"
That was entirely agreeable, and the tomcat became a man. The old maid was very happy. When asked if she were entirely satisfied, she said she was. Then the fairy asked the man if he were entirely satisfied. "Yes," said he, "but she won't be."
"Why?"
"She forgot about that trip to the veterinarian!"

You go on doing things, unaware of what you are doing. You go on asking for things, unaware what you are asking for. If all your desires are fulfilled you will be the most miserable man in the world; it is good that they are not fulfilled.
The really religious person never asks anything from God. He says, "Thy will be done, thy kingdom come. Because what can I ask out of my unawareness? Whatsoever I ask is going to be wrong." He asks only one thing: "Thy will be done."
Be meditative, be prayerful. Remember these two sutras: "This too will pass away" -- that will help you to meditate -- and the second sutra, "Thy will be done"; that will help you to be prayerful. And when meditation and prayer meet, you are at the highest peak of consciousness possible.
Enough for today.

The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

Chapter #5

Chapter title: Live in joy

25 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

LIVE IN JOY,
IN LOVE,
EVEN AMONG THOSE WHO HATE.

LIVE IN JOY,
IN HEALTH,
EVEN AMONG THE AFFLICTED.

LIVE IN JOY,
IN PEACE,
EVEN AMONG THE TROUBLED.

LIVE IN JOY,
WITHOUT POSSESSIONS,
LIKE THE SHINING ONES.

THE WINNER SOWS HATRED
BECAUSE THE LOSER SUFFERS.
LET GO OF WINNING AND LOSING
AND FIND JOY.

THERE IS NO FIRE LIKE PASSION,
NO CRIME LIKE HATRED,
NO SORROW LIKE SEPARATION,
NO SICKNESS LIKE HUNGER,
AND NO JOY LIKE THE JOY OF FREEDOM.

HEALTH, CONTENTMENT AND TRUST
ARE YOUR GREATEST POSSESSIONS,
AND FREEDOM YOUR GREATEST JOY.

LOOK WITHIN.
BE STILL.

FREE FROM FEAR AND ATTACHMENT
KNOW THE SWEET JOY OF THE WAY.

HOW JOYFUL TO LOOK UPON THE AWAKENED
AND TO KEEP COMPANY WITH THE WISE.

HOW LONG THE ROAD TO THE MAN
WHO TRAVELS WITH A FOOL.
BUT WHOEVER FOLLOWS THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE WAY
DISCOVERS HIS FAMILY, AND IS FILLED WITH JOY.

FOLLOW THEN THE SHINING ONES,
THE WISE, THE AWAKENED, THE LOVING,
FOR THEY KNOW HOW TO WORK AND FORBEAR.

FOLLOW THEM
AS THE MOON FOLLOWS THE PATH OF THE STARS.

It is a pleasant surprise to meditate on these sutras of today. They go against the idea that prevails all over the world about Gautama the Buddha. He is represented by his enemies and even by his friends and followers as the pessimist PAR EXCELLENCE. He is not a pessimist at all; he is one of the most joyous persons ever. These sutras will give you immense insight into the heart of this awakened man:

LIVE IN JOY,
IN LOVE,
EVEN AMONG THOSE WHO HATE.

Joy is the keyword of all these sutras. Joy is not happiness, because happiness is always mixed with unhappiness. It is never found in purity, it is always polluted. It always has a long shadow of misery behind it. Just as day is followed by night, happiness is followed by unhappiness.

Then what is joy? Joy is a state of transcendence. One is neither happy nor unhappy, but utterly peaceful, quiet, in absolute equilibrium; so silent and so alive that his silence is a song, that his song is nothing but his silence. Joy is forever; happiness is momentary. Happiness is caused by the outside, hence can be taken away from the outside -- you have to depend on others. And any dependence is ugly, any dependence is a bondage. Joy arises within, it has nothing to do with the outside. It is not caused by others, it is not caused at all. It is the spontaneous flow of your own energy.

If your energy is stagnant there is no joy. If your energy becomes a flow, a movement, a river, there is great joy -- for no other reason, just because you become more fluid, more flowing, more alive. A song is born in your heart, a great ecstasy arises.

It is a surprise when it arises, because you cannot find any cause for it. It is the most

mysterious experience in life: something uncaused, something beyond the law of cause and effect. It need not be caused because it is your intrinsic nature, you are born with it. It is something inborn, it is YOU in your totality, flowing.

Whenever you are flowing, you are flowing towards the ocean. That is the joy: the dance of the river moving towards the ocean to meet the ultimate beloved. When your life is a stagnant pool you are simply dying. You are not moving anywhere -- no ocean, no hope. But when you are flowing, the ocean is coming closer every moment, and the closer the river comes, the more dance there is, the more ecstasy there is.

Your consciousness is a river. Buddha has called it a continuum. It is a continuity, an eternal continuity, an eternal flow. Buddha has never thought about you and your being as something static. In his vision, the word 'being' is not right. According to him, being is nothing but becoming. He denies being; he accepts becoming, because being gives you a static idea of something inside you like a rock. Becoming gives you a totally different idea: like a river, like a lotus opening, like a sunrise. Something is constantly happening. You are not sitting there like a rock, you are growing.

Buddha changes the whole metaphysics: he replaces being by becoming, he replaces things by processes, he replaces nouns by verbs.

LIVE IN JOY Live in your own innermost nature, with absolute acceptance of whosoever you are. Don't try to manipulate yourself according to others' ideas. Just BE yourself, your authentic nature... and joy is bound to arise; it wells up within you.

When the tree is taken care of, watered, looked after, it naturally blooms one day. When the spring comes there is great flowering. So is it with man. Take care of yourself. Find a right soil for your being, find a right climate, and go deeper and deeper into yourself. Don't explore the world; explore your nature. Because by exploring the world you may have many possessions, but you will not be a master. But by exploring yourself you may not have many possessions, but you will be a master. It is better to be a master of yourself than to be a master of the whole world.

LIVE IN JOY, IN LOVE And one who lives in joy naturally lives in love. Love is the fragrance of the flower of joy. Inside there is joy; you cannot contain it. It is so much, it is unbearable. If you try to be miserly about it, you will feel pain. Joy can be so much that if you don't share it, it can become suffering, it can become pain.

Joy has to be shared; by sharing it you are unburdened, by sharing it new sources open up within you, new streams, new springs. That sharing of your joy is love. Hence one thing has to be remembered: you cannot love unless you have attained to joy.

And millions of people go on doing that: they want to love and they don't know anything about what joy is. Then their love is hollow, empty, meaningless. Then their love brings despair, misery, anguish; it creates hell. Unless you have joy you can't be in love. You have nothing to give, you are a beggar yourself. First you need to be a king -- and your joy will make you a king.

When you are radiating joy Buddha says: When you have become the shining one, when your hidden secrets are no longer secrets but are flowering in the wind, in the rain, in the sun; when your imprisoned splendor is released, when your mystery has

become an open phenomenon, when it is vibrating around you, pulsating around you, when it is in your breath, in your heartbeat -- then you can love. Then you touch dust and the dust is transformed into the divine. Then whatsoever you touch becomes gold.

Ordinary pebbles in your hand will be transmuted into diamonds, emeralds. Ordinary pebbles... people touched by you will not be ordinary anymore.
A man who has attained to joy becomes a source of great transformation for many people. His flame has been lit, now he can help others. The unlit flames coming closer to the one who has become afire with joy, can also become lit.
That's what SATSANG is, that's what communion with a master is: coming closer to his fire, coming closer to his splendor, coming closer to his glory, coming closer to what has happened to him. And just by coming closer the flame jumps into you and you are never the same again.
Love is possible only when your flame is lit. Otherwise you are a dark continent -- and you are pretending to give light to others? Love is light, hate is darkness. You are dark within and trying to give light to others? You will only succeed in giving them more darkness -- and they are already in darkness. You will multiply their darkness, you will make them more miserable. Don't try to do that, because it is impossible, it is not according to the nature of things. It can't happen. You can hope, but all your hope is in vain. First be filled with joy.
LIVE IN JOY, IN LOVE, EVEN AMONG THOSE WHO HATE. And then it is not a question of what others do to you. Then one can love even those who hate him. Then one can live in love and joy even amongst enemies.

A disciple of Buddha became enlightened, and Buddha said to him, "Now that you have entered the temple, go and spread the message, because there are many who need a little help, there are many who are drowning in the river of sorrow. Now that you have learned how to swim -- help others. Now you have the boat, you can take them to the other shore. Remember the way I helped you; now you go and help others."
The disciple said, "Whatever you say I will do; I will go. It hurts to leave you. It hurts, it is painful to go away from you, but if you say so, I will go. If you had told me before "
See the love of a disciple, of a devotee! He says, "If you had told me before, I would not have tried for enlightenment at all, because to be with you is far more significant. I would have risked enlightenment, I would have dropped the very project, if I had known before that I would have to leave. But now it is too late. If you say so, I will go."
Buddha said to him, "You can choose the direction, the place, where you would like to go."
In Bihar there was one part where no disciple of Buddha had ever gone: Suka was the name of the place. The disciple said, "I will go to Suka."
Buddha looked a little surprised. The disciple was young, very young, not only in age but young also in his enlightenment. He did not know the ways of the world. Buddha said, "You are not aware, it seems, that the people of Suka are very dangerous people, murderers, thieves, robbers. That's why no one has chosen to go there yet."
The young man said, "But that's why I am choosing to go there, because they also need

your message. They also need you, and more so than others. Bless me so that I can go and help a few people there."

Buddha said, "Then you will have to answer three questions. The first is: those people are so mischievous -- I know them -- if you go there they won't listen to you. They will insult you, they will try to humiliate you, they are going to be very nasty to you. When they will insult you and be nasty to you, how are you going to respond?"
The young man said, "There is no need to ask me -- you know how I am going to respond. I will thank them, will be grateful to them, because they are good people. They only insult me, they only humiliate me. They could have beaten me and they are not beating me. They could have thrown stones at me and they are not throwing stones at me. They are good people! I will be grateful to them that they are not harming my body."
Buddha said, "And if they start hitting you, beating you, wounding you, throwing stones at you, then what will your response be?"
And the young man said, "I will still be tremendously grateful to them that they are only throwing stones at me, beating me, but are still leaving me alive, are not killing me. They could have killed me!"
Buddha said, "Now the last question. If they kill you, by the time you are dying, in those last moments when you are dying, what will be your response?"
The young man said, "I will still be grateful to them because they have only killed my body; they cannot kill me. And sooner or later my body is going to go anyway. And I will also be grateful that they have destroyed my body and now they have taken from me all opportunities of committing any error. I will not be able to commit any error, I will not be able to go astray. I will be thankful, I will die with great gratitude."
Buddha said, "Now you can go anywhere. You can go to Suka or wherever you choose, you are ready. If this is your response, you have become a buddha -- you are the shining one."

It is not a question of loving those who love you. That is very ordinary, that is businesslike, a bargain. The real love is to love those who hate you. Right now even to love those who love you is not possible, because you don't know what joy is. But when you know joy, the miracle happens, the magic. Then you are capable of loving those who hate you. In fact, it is no longer a question of loving somebody or not loving somebody, because YOU become love; you don't have anything else left.

In the Koran, I have heard, there is a statement, "Hate the Devil." A great Sufi mystic woman, Rabiya, canceled that line from HER Koran. Hassan, another famous mystic, was staying with Rabiya; he saw Rabiya doing it. He said, "What are you doing? The Koran cannot be corrected -- that is blasphemy. You cannot cut any statement from the Koran; it is perfect as it is. There is no possibility of any improvement. What are you doing?"
Rabiya said, "Hassan, I have to do it! It is not a question of the Koran, it is something

totally different: since I have known God I cannot hate. It is not a question of the Devil, I simply cannot hate. Even if the Devil comes in front of me I will love him, because now

I can only love; I am incapable of hate -- that has disappeared. If one is full of light he can give you only light; whether you are a friend or an enemy does not matter.
"From where," Rabiya says, "can I bring darkness to throw on the Devil? It is no longer anywhere -- I am light. My light will fall on the Devil as much as on God. Now, for me, there is no God and no Devil, I cannot even make a distinction. My whole being is transformed into love; nothing is left.
"I am not correcting the Koran -- who am I to correct it? -- but this statement is no longer relevant to me. And this is MY copy; I am not correcting anybody else's Koran. I have the right to put my copy right according to myself. This statement hits me hard whenever I come across it. I cannot make any sense out of it; hence I am crossing it out."

A man who is full of joy and love can't help it. He loves friends, he loves enemies. It is not a question of decision on his part; love is now his nature, like breathing. Will you stop breathing if an enemy comes to see you? Will you say, "How can I breathe in front of my enemy?" Will you say, "How can I breathe because my enemy is also breathing and his air which has passed through his lungs may enter into me? I can't breathe." You will suffocate, you will die. It will be suicide and utterly stupid.
On the way a moment comes when love is just like breathing -- the breathing of your soul. You go on loving.
In this light you can understand Jesus' statement: Love your enemies as yourself. If you ask Buddha, he will say: There is no need to do such a thing, because you can't do otherwise. You have to love. In fact YOU ARE LOVE, so wherever you are -- in flowers, in thorns, in the dark night, in the full noontide, in misery surrounding you like an ocean or in great success -- it does not matter. You remain love; everything else becomes immaterial. Your love becomes something of the eternal, it continues. One may accept it, one may not accept it, but you can't hate; you have to be your true nature.

LIVE IN JOY, Buddha repeats,
IN HEALTH,
EVEN AMONG THE AFFLICTED.

By health Buddha means wholeness. Health comes from the same root as 'healing'. A healed person is a healthy person, a healed person is a whole person. By "health" Buddha does not mean the ordinary, medical meaning of the term; his meaning is not medicinal, it is meditational -- although you will be surprised to know that the words 'meditation' and 'medicine' both come from the same root. Medicine heals you physically, meditation heals you spiritually. Both are healing processes, both bring health.
But Buddha is not talking about the health of the body; he is talking about the health of your soul. Be whole, be total. Don't be fragmentary, don't be divided. Be an individual,

literally: indivisible, one piece.
People are not one piece; they are many fragments, somehow holding themselves together. They can fall apart at any moment. They are all Humpty-Dumpties, just

bundles of many things. Any new situation, any new danger, any insecurity, and they can fall apart. Your wife dies or you go bankrupt or you are unemployed -- any small thing can prove the last straw on the camel's back. The difference is only of degrees. Somebody is boiling at ninety-eight degrees, somebody at ninety-nine; somebody may be ninety-nine point nine degrees, but the difference is only of degrees, and any small thing can change the balance. You can go insane at any moment, because inside you are already a crowd.

So many desires, so many dreams, so many people are living in you. If you watch carefully, you will not find one person there but many faces, changing every moment. It is as if you are just a marketplace where so many people are going and coming, so much noise, and nothing makes sense.

Just the other day, Subhash asked a question: "Beloved Master, do you ever dream?"

You can dream only if you are many. You can dream only if you have many desires. I have none. Dreams are a by-product of desiring: what you desire in the day, you dream in the night. Dreaming is a hangover; something has remained incomplete in the day that has to be completed. The mind is a perfectionist; it wants to try, in every possible way, to complete things.

On the road you saw a beautiful restaurant, but you were in a hurry. You were going for some work and you could not enter into the restaurant. And the smell of the food was so enchanting and the color of the food You wanted to go in but you could not. You will dream about the restaurant; you will have to dream just to complete the whole process, so that it drops and no longer goes on hanging onto you. But your dreams will reflect your insanity.

A sane person cannot dream -- but by a "sane person" I mean a shining one, a buddha. I don't mean by "sane" what YOU mean by the word. To you, the insane people are in the insane asylums and everybody outside is sane. That is not so. Just the wall of the asylum does not divide the sane from the insane. There are insane people inside and there are insane people outside. The people who are outside have not yet been caught or maybe they are still within the boundary of normal behavior. At least on the surface they can manage; in their innermost core they may be insane.

I cannot dream even if I want to; it is impossible. Whenever I am sitting I am simply sitting -- there is no thought. And when I am sleeping I am simply sleeping -- there is no dream. But Subhash must be suffering from dreams. Everybody is suffering, day in, day out.

"I am worried. Last night I dreamed I was alone with a hundred beautiful blondes, a hundred beautiful brunettes and a hundred beautiful redheads. It was horrible!"

"Good heavens, man! What is so horrible about that?" asked the psychiatrist of the patient.

"I dreamed that I was a girl, too!"

Your dreams will reflect you. Who else can they reflect? Your dreams are keys; through your dreams much can be known about you.

The whole of psychoanalysis depends on your dreams for clues. When you are awake you are not trustworthy; what you say about yourself is deceptive. In your dreams you are more innocent, because there is nobody to control and repress. The conscience is fast asleep, morality is gone; you are more natural, more normal. In your dreams you are purer. Hence psychoanalysis has to depend on your dreams and through your dreams it comes to conclusions about you.

This is a very sad state of affairs: that you cannot be trusted at all, because you say one thing and you are totally something else. And it is not that you deliberately try to deceive; deception has almost become your second nature. That's why you immediately forget your dreams; it is a strategy of the mind. Within five seconds of waking up... when you wake up there is a little lingering, a little memory -- just a few fragments, the last parts of your dreams. But within five seconds they are gone. By the time you are out of bed all your dreams have disappeared, you have forgotten all about them. Unless you make a very conscious effort you will not be able to remember them. This is a strategy of the mind, it simply closes the door, because your dreams can be a disturbance to you.

If you come to know that in your dream you killed your father it will be heavy on you, you may feel guilty. If you are a very very moralistic, puritanical person and you see that in your dream you had eloped, escaped with the wife of your neighbor and you were enjoying it, you will be disturbed. You will become suspicious about your morality, about your purity. It will hang over you like a dark cloud.

The mind simply cuts you off from your dreams. It has created two kinds of worlds: one, the dreaming world, totally separate, and one, the so-called waking world, totally separate. You live in compartments. When you enter into dreaming you forget all about waking; when you enter into waking you forget all about dreaming.

The buddha is awake even while he is asleep. He has no compartments in his being. He is not many, he is one. Because he is one and he has no clinging to memories and no desires for the future, the present is enough for him. Then he lives moment to moment in its totality; he does not go on living partially. Your dreams simply show that you live partially, and the unlived parts have to be lived in your dreams. If you live totally each moment, then there is no possibility of any dreams.

Once it happened:

A Sufi came to me, a very beautiful person, and doing Sufi meditation -- ZIKR -- he had become capable of reading other people's thoughts. Some of his disciples, who were known to me, wanted him to come and read my thoughts.

I said, "Okay, bring him."

The man was really capable. He would simply close his eyes and he would start saying what thoughts are passing within you. For half an hour he remained with closed eyes, very puzzled. Then he finally gave up. He said, "But I don't see anything, just utter

emptiness." He said, "This is the first time that I can't read. What have you done to me?"

I had not done anything to him. I said to him, "I have not done anything. I am simply sitting here, not doing anything to you or to anybody else. But how can you read if there are no thoughts? It is not that I have stopped your capacity to read."
He was thinking that I had done some damage to his thought reading. I said, "I have not done anything. If you want, I can start bringing up a few thoughts. It will be an effort. Just the way I speak outside I will start speaking inside. I will have to think of my sannyasins and I will have to speak to them -- then you can read. Your capacity is intact. But I was just sitting silently, the way I always sit when I am alone. Neither in the daytime am I thinking, nor in the night am I dreaming. All dreams disappeared the day desires disappeared. All thoughts became meaningless the day I came to know that I am not the mind. But I understand your difficulties, I understand your confusion "

A wealthy tycoon went for a cruise on his fancy yacht, taking with him five buddies, six gorgeous girls and a sailor to man the ship. They encountered a serious storm and the boat went down with the tycoon and his buddies, but the women and the sailor managed to make it to a desert island along with a waterproof bag of limited provisions.
All went well for almost a week. Our sailor friend had his Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday well taken care of. The only problem was that they were running out of food.
On Sunday a voluptuous native woman approached bearing gifts of bananas, coconuts and other edibles. The gorgeous girls were overjoyed. "We are saved!" they cried.
But the sailor muttered resignedly to himself, "There go my Sundays!"

You are living inside in a very confused state. And not only young people; even when they become old the same state continues -- not only continues, it becomes more and more confusing because, as you accumulate experience, your confusion becomes greater.

Interviewing the sixty-five-year-old rodeo champion in Amarillo, Texas, the New York newspaperman remarked, "You are really an extraordinary man to be a rodeo champion at your age."
"Heck," said the cowboy, "I am not nearly the man my pa is. He was just signed to play guard for a pro football team, and he is eighty-eight."
"Amazing!" gasped the journalist. "I would like to meet your father."
"Can't right now. He is in Fort Worth standing up for grandpa. Grandpa is getting married tomorrow; he is one hundred and fourteen."
"Your family is simply unbelievable!" said the newspaperman. "Here you are, a rodeo champion at sixty-five. Your father is a football player at eighty-eight. And now your grandpa wants to get married at one hundred and fourteen."

"Hell, mister, you got that wrong," said the Texan, "Grandpa does not want to get married -- he has to!"

You go on accumulating. Your childhood is the closest to buddhahood. As you grow old you grow insane. As you grow old, you go farther and farther away from buddhahood. It is really a very strange state; it should not be so. One should grow TOWARDS buddhahood, but people grow in just the opposite direction.
Buddha says: LIVE IN JOY, IN HEALTH, EVEN AMONG THE AFFLICTED.
This is a very important sutra to be remembered -- more so because the Christians are creating a totally wrong approach to life. They say: When there is so much misery in the world, how can you be joyous? Sometimes they come to me and they say, "People are starving and people are poor. How can you teach people to dance and sing and be joyous? There are so many people afflicted with so many diseases, and you teach people meditation? This is selfishness!"
But that's exactly what Buddha is saying. He is saying: LIVE IN JOY, IN HEALTH, EVEN AMONG THE AFFLICTED.

LIVE IN JOY,
IN PEACE,
EVEN AMONG THE TROUBLED.

You cannot change the whole world. You have a small lifespan, it will be gone soon. You cannot make it a condition that "I will rejoice only when the whole world has changed and everybody is happy." That is never going to happen and it is not within your capacity to do it either.
People have decided to be miserable; that is their decision, otherwise nobody is forcing them to be miserable. Poverty is their decision, maybe taken unconsciously, but poverty is their decision. You can see it happening.
Just three hundred years ago the native people of America were as poor as one can imagine. They had the land -- the same land -- but they had chosen a life-style which kept them poor. Now America has become the richest country. It is the same country, but with a different type of people.
And you will be surprised that the first people who arrived in America were not very virtuous, religious types of people -- no. In fact the virtuous and the religious remain miserable. The people, who reached America and Australia, the pioneers, were more down-to-earth people who believed in "Eat, drink and be merry." These were the people who transformed the whole fate of the American continent; they transformed a poor country into the richest ever.
Now the same can happen to this country, but it has taken a wrong style of life. And it has lived with this style of life for so many centuries that it seems it is the only way to live. And it worships people who support its style, because they fit with its ideology.
The people of this country cannot agree with me because I am trying to change the very style of life, the very pattern, the very structure of their thought, their mind, their being.

They can become as rich as any country in the world, maybe the richest, but first they will have to change their whole style of thinking, living, being. They worship poverty -- how can they become rich? They condemn richness -- how can they become rich? They

condemn all joys of the earth, they are all for renunciation, they are anti-life. How can life shower upon them its grace, its bliss, its joys? They are not receptive; they are completely blind and deaf.

If the only way you can be happy is to have everybody else happy, then you are never going to be happy. Buddha is stating a simple fact. He is saying: LIVE IN JOY, IN HEALTH, EVEN AMONG THE AFFLICTED. He is not saying don't help them, but by being ill yourself you cannot help them. By being poor yourself you cannot help the poor, although the poor will worship you because they will see how great a saint you are. They worshipped Mahatma Gandhi for the sheer reason that he tried to live like a poor man. But just by living like a poor man you are not going to help the poor. If the doctor also falls ill to help his patients, will you call him a saint? You will call him just stupid, because this is the time he needs all his health so that he can be helpful to people.

This is strange logic, but it has prevailed down the centuries: that if you want to help the poor, be poor, live a poor life, live just like the poor. Of course the poor people will give you great respect and honor, but that is not going to help the poor, it will only fulfill your ego. And any ego fulfilled creates misery for you, not joy.

LIVE IN JOY, IN HEALTH, EVEN AMONG THE AFFLICTED. LIVE IN JOY, IN PEACE, EVEN AMONG THE TROUBLED. That is the only way to help, the only way to serve. First be selfish, first transform yourself. Your life in peace, in joy, in health, can be a great source of nourishment for people who are starving for spiritual food.

People are not really starving for material things. Material richness is very simple: just a little more technology, a little more science, and people can be rich. The real problem is how to be inwardly rich. And when you are outwardly rich you will be surprised -- for the first time you become more acutely, more keenly aware of your inner poverty. For the first time all meaning in life disappears when you are outwardly rich, because in contrast, the inner poverty can be seen more clearly. Outside there is light all around and inside you are a dark island.

The rich man knows his poverty more than the poor person, because the poor person has no contrast. Outside there is darkness, inside there is darkness; he knows darkness is what life is. But when there is light outside you become desirous of a new phenomenon: you long for inner light. When you see that richness is possible outside, why can't you be rich inside?

LIVE IN JOY,
WITHOUT POSSESSIONS,
LIKE THE SHINING ONES.

Buddha says: Enjoy the world, enjoy the sun, the moon, the stars, the flowers, the sky, the earth. Live in joy and peace, without possessiveness. Don't possess. Use, but don't possess

-- because the possessor cannot use. The possessor really becomes possessed by his own possessions. That's why so many rich people become very miserable, they live a poor life. They have all the money in the world, but they live in a poor way.

The richest man in the world, just fifty years ago, was the nizam of Hyderabad -- the richest man in the world. In fact, his riches were so great that nobody has ever been able to estimate how much he had. His treasuries were full of diamonds; everything was made of diamonds. Even his paperweight was the biggest diamond in the world; even the Kohinoor is only one third the size of his paperweight.

When he died, his paperweight was found in his shoe. The diamonds were not counted because there were so many. They were weighed, not counted -- how many kilos, not how many diamonds -- who could count?

Each year the diamonds were brought out of the basements. He had the biggest palace in India, but all the roofs were not enough, because his diamonds were spread on the roofs of his palace just to give them a little sunlight every year.

But the man lived a life of such misery, you cannot believe it; even beggars live far better. He used to collect cigarettes which others had already smoked and thrown away -- just cigarette ends. He would not purchase cigarettes for himself, he would collect these cigarettes and smoke them. Such a miser! For fifty years he used only one single cap -- it was so dirty and stinking! He died in the same cap. He never used to change his clothes. And it is said that he used to purchase his clothes from the secondhand marketplace where old, rotten things, used things, are sold. His shoes must have been the dirtiest in the world, but he would only send them once in a while for repair, he would not purchase new shoes.

Now, the richest man in the world living in such misery and miserliness -- what had happened to this man? Possessiveness! Possessiveness was his disease, his mania. He wanted to possess everything. He would purchase diamonds all over the world; wherever there were diamonds his agent was there to purchase them. Just have more and more! But you cannot eat diamonds -- and he was eating the poorest kind of food. He was so afraid that he was unable to sleep at all -- constant fear that somebody might steal from him.

That's how the paperweight -- the costliest diamond that he had, three times more in weight than the Kohinoor -- was found in his shoe. When he was dying he had hidden it in his shoe so nobody could steal it -- otherwise the paperweight would be too visible, too much in the eyes of people. Even dying he was more concerned with the diamond than with his own life. He could never give anything to anybody.

This happens to people who become possessive: they don't use things, they are used by things. They are not masters, they are servants of their own things. They go on accumulating and they die without ever having enjoyed all that they had.

Buddha says: LIVE IN JOY, WITHOUT POSSESSIONS, LIKE THE SHINING ONES. Live like the buddhas, who don't possess a thing but can use everything. The world has to be used, not possessed. We come empty-handed and we go empty-handed, so there is no point in possessing anything. To be possessive is ugly -- but use everything! While you are, use the world, enjoy everything that the world makes available, and then go without

looking back, without clinging to things.

This is the way of the buddhas. AES DHAMMO SANANTANO: this is the inexhaustible law of the buddhas. Then a buddha can be a beggar if he chooses to be so

-- if that is his way -- or a buddha can be an emperor. There have been emperors who were buddhas.
In India there has been one man, Janaka, the father of Sita, Rama's wife, who was a buddha. He lived in the palace with all the richness of a great king and yet he was absolutely nonpossessive, he possessed nothing. It was just as if you are staying in a hotel; you don't possess anything. You stay for a few days and then you are gone. You use.
The intelligent person uses life and uses it beautifully, aesthetically, sensitively. Then the world has many treasures for him. He never becomes attached, because the moment you become attached you have fallen asleep.

THE WINNER SOWS HATRED
BECAUSE THE LOSER SUFFERS.
LET GO OF WINNING AND LOSING
AND FIND JOY.

How to find joy? Let your ambition disappear; ambition is the barrier. Ambition means an ego trip: "I want to be this, I want to be that -- more money, more power, more prestige." But remember, Buddha says: THE WINNER SOWS HATRED BECAUSE THE LOSER SUFFERS. LET GO OF WINNING AND LOSING AND FIND JOY. If you want to find joy, forget about winning and losing. Life is a play, a game. Play it beautifully, forget all about losing and winning. The real sportsman's spirit is not that of winning or losing, it is not his real question. He enjoys playing; that is the real player. If you are playing to win, you will play with tension, anxiety. You are not concerned with the play itself, its joy and its mystery; you are more concerned with the outcome. This is not the right way to live in the world.
Live in the world without any idea of what is going to happen. Whether you are going to be a winner or a loser, it doesn't matter. Death takes everything away. Whether you lose or win is immaterial. The only thing that matters, and has always been, is how you played the game. Did you enjoy it? -- the game itself -- then each moment is of joy. You never sacrifice the moment for the future.

THERE IS NO FIRE LIKE PASSION

Buddha says: Beware of lust. Love is beautiful, but lust is just fire. It burns you and burns you badly. It wounds you.

A marine regiment was sent back for rest after a rough tour of duty at the front. At the base they discovered a contingent of WACS billeted and awaiting assignment to various posts.

The marine colonel addressed himself to the WAC commander, warning her that his men had been in the front lines a long time and might not be too careful abut their

attitudes towards the WACS. "Keep them locked up," he told the WAC commander, "if you don't want any trouble."
"Trouble?" said she. "There will be no trouble. My girls have it up here." She tapped her forehead significantly.
"Madam," barked the marine, "it makes no difference where they have it -- my boys will find it. Keep them locked up!"

Lust is madness, lust is fire, lust is poison. It keeps people blind to the truth. It keeps them foolish, it keeps them unaware, it keeps them drunk.

It was sundown, and the young athlete was doing push-ups on the beach when a drunk appeared. The drunk weaved his way to within a few yards of the perspiring young man, sat down on the sand, and laughed and laughed. "What in the devil are you laughing about?" asked the annoyed young man.
The drunk laughed and laughed and then sputtered, "Don't look now, but somebody stole your girl!"

A man who lives through lust lives absolutely unconsciously. Whatsoever he is going to do is going to be wrong. Whatsoever he is going to say and see is going to be wrong. He can't see, he is blind. He can't hear, he is deaf. Nothing makes people more ugly and animallike than lust.
Hence Buddha says: THERE IS NO FIRE LIKE PASSION

NO CRIME LIKE HATRED

Why NO CRIME LIKE HATRED? -- because everything else, other crimes, arise out of it; it is the very source. And there is no virtue like friendliness, love, because all other virtues arise out of it. Love is the greatest virtue and hatred the greatest sin.

NO SORROW LIKE SEPARATION

Buddha says: The only thing that is making you so sad is the separation from existence. In your unconsciousness you have believed that you are separate. You have started living a life of the ego. You are not following the ultimate law, the dhamma. You are not flowing with the river; you are resisting, fighting.
Do not resist, do not fight. Flow with the river. Go with the dhamma, the law. Be in harmony with the whole. Don't think yourself separate -- you are not. No man is an island; we are all parts of a vast continent of consciousness: NO SORROW LIKE SEPARATION And a very significant statement:

NO SICKNESS LIKE HUNGER.

Now, how can Buddha support poverty? He cannot. If hunger is the worst sickness in the world, then poverty is the cause of it. All kinds of crimes, immoralities, sins, vices, arise out of poverty.

I have no respect for poverty; I have absolute condemnation for it. It is the ugliest wound on the human soul. It has to disappear. We have to make the earth rich, and now it can be done. It was not possible in the past, now it is possible. If it is not happening it is only because of our old, stupid ideas.

Now in India, which is one of the poorest countries, those stupid ideas are so dominant that people still believe that by spinning your own clothes you are doing something spiritual. The spinning wheel has become a symbol of saintliness. All the Indian politicians, once in a while, pose for photographs with their spinning wheels. Once a year they go to Mahatma Gandhi's samadhi, and then they sit there for one hour or so at the spinning wheels so that photographs can be taken.

Why this spinning wheel and why so much praise for clothes made by your own hands? If you try to wear only clothes made by your own hands then the whole world is going to remain poor. The machines can do it in a far better way. Machines can become a great liberation to man, but they have to be used rightly. If you don't use them rightly they can be dangerous; they can pollute all of nature, they can destroy the whole balance -- the ecology can be disturbed by them. But if you use them consciously, meditatively, then all slavery can disappear from the world, because machines can do the work that man has been doing for ages. It can provide food, clothes, shelter.

Hence I am all for science, I am not against science. And I am all for religion too, because I can see a possibility of a great synthesis arising in the future. It has to arise now. If it does not arise, then man is doomed and finished and man has no future, no hope. The world can be made rich outwardly with technology and science, and the inner world can be made rich by meditation, by prayer, by love, by joy. We can create a new human being, fulfilled both within and without.

NO SICKNESS LIKE HUNGER

AND NO JOY LIKE THE JOY OF FREEDOM.

Buddha says the greatest joy in life is freedom: freedom from all prejudices, freedom from all scriptures, freedom from all concepts and ideologies, freedom from all desires, freedom from all possessiveness and jealousy, freedom from all hatred, anger, rage, lust... in short, freedom from everything, so that you are just a pure consciousness, unbounded, unlimited.

That is the greatest joy, and it is possible -- it is within everybody's grasp. You just have to grope for it a little. The groping will be in the dark, but it is not far away. If you try, if you make an effort, you are bound to find it. It is your birthright.

HEALTH, CONTENTMENT AND TRUST
ARE YOUR GREATEST POSSESSIONS,
AND FREEDOM YOUR GREATEST JOY.

The whole: that is health. Be contented: that is desirelessness. And trust: that is drop your separation, your fight with nature. These three things are to be remembered: be whole, be one, be contented, desireless. Whatsoever is, is beautiful -- enjoy it to its totality, squeeze all the juice out of it. Each moment drink of reality as totally as possible, so you need not look back, you need not ever think that you missed that moment.

And never plan for the future, because when the future will come, it will come. You just go on living each moment as totally as possible, so when the future becomes present you can live that, too -- totally. Don't plan for it, because it is unpredictable. All your planning is going to be irrelevant. And once you have planned for something and it doesn't happen, then you are frustrated. And it never happens.

There is a proverb: Man proposes and God disposes. Yes, that's how it is felt, but the reality is not that God is sitting there and disposing whatsoever you propose. The fault is not of God; the fault is yours because you propose. And out of your unawareness what can you propose? Whatsoever you project out of your mind is going to be something different than the whole. It is still a fight with the whole. Hence trust, no need to fight. We are part of the whole. We arise out of the ocean of the whole as a wave and we disappear back into the ocean. Enjoy the sunlight and the wind for the moment, and then disappear. Appear beautifully, joyously, dancing, and disappear beautifully, joyously, dancing. Live with immense joy and die with immense joy. This is how a sannyasin has to be: he knows the art of living and he knows the art and ecstasy of dying.

LOOK WITHIN.
BE STILL.
FREE FROM FEAR AND ATTACHMENT
KNOW THE SWEET JOY OF THE WAY.

LOOK WITHIN. The sutras are simple; intellectually very simple, but existentially arduous, because we have become so accustomed to looking outward. We have forgotten completely that there is something like the within too.

LOOK WITHIN. BE STILL. And the way to look within is: be still. Learn to sit silently, at least for a few hours, doing nothing, just being, breathing, watching your thoughts. That too without a strain -- in a very relaxed way as if you are not much concerned with what is passing by; an indifferent watchfulness, aloof, unconcerned, cool. Go on seeing the traffic of the mind.

Slowly slowly, as your coolness deepens, as your indifference becomes bigger, more crystallized, the thoughts will be coming less and less. And one day you are simply sitting there with no thought at all. You look around: no thought, the mind is empty. In

that moment of inner emptiness all fear disappears, all attachment disappears, and one comes to KNOW THE SWEET JOY OF THE WAY.

HOW JOYFUL TO LOOK UPON THE AWAKENED
AND TO KEEP COMPANY WITH THE WISE.

And if you are fortunate to keep company with the awakened, with the wise, with the shining ones, then nothing better than that can ever happen to you. Because it is only in the company of the buddhas, the awakened ones, the wise, that there is a possibility of your change, of your transformation.

HOW LONG THE ROAD TO THE MAN
WHO TRAVELS WITH A FOOL.

And we are not traveling with one fool or two fools. We are traveling with a whole load of fools; a whole crowd of fools surrounds you. By the fools Buddha means those who are not yet awakened. Even if they want to do good they are bound to do something evil; they can't do good. A fool is a fool; he lives in unconsciousness. But you trust the fools, you trust them more than you trust the buddhas, for the simple reason that the fool speaks your language, because the fool seems just like you.

A new superintendent came to the mad asylum and the old one was retiring. So they had a ceremony to say goodbye to the old and welcome the new. They really rejoiced, they danced.
The old superintendent was a little bit surprised. In his entire time there he had never seen them so joyous. He asked them, "Why are you so joyous?"
Those mad people said, "It is simple. You are not one of us, but this man looks just like one of us. The new superintendent looks more crazy than we are, that's why we are rejoicing. You never really belonged to us, you were an outsider, but this man is an insider. Just in the two, three days he has been here he has become a friend. We can understand him, he can understand us."

The mad people are happy with another mad person. The fools are happy with other fools. And when you are with fools you feel very good, because they are not superior to you, your ego is not hurt. But when you live with a buddha, sometimes you feel very disturbed because he is so superior to you, and if you start feeling hurt you will have to escape from him or you will have to kill him.
I receive letters and telegrams from all over the world. Just the other day Laxmi brought a telegram from Milan, Italy. This is the third from the same man, who goes on sending a message that "I want to kill you!" Now Milan is so far away, why he is so worried about me? And he means business -- three times in a month he has telegrammed. I hope that he comes sometime.
So many letters come, saying, "We would like to kill you." Why are people offended --

and offended by a man who never leaves his room? Why am I disturbing people in Milan and Berlin and New York and Delhi and Calcutta? Why? -- for the simple reason that they feel hurt.

Now it depends on your interpretation. You can rejoice in the presence of a buddha; then you start growing. You can feel hurt in the presence of a buddha; then you start feeling offended, humiliated, you become angry. And it has happened many times: Jesus is crucified, Socrates is poisoned, Mansoor is butchered. The same men, the same people, have been doing the same thing again and again. One is fortunate if one can feel joyful just by looking at the way a buddha is, and more fortunate of course are those who can keep company with him.

Your mind will suggest to you many ways to escape. Your mind is cunning, very devious: it will find such beautiful reasons -- you could not even conceive of them. Unless you are very alert, you are bound to be deceived by your own mind. To keep company with your mind is to keep company with a fool.

HOW LONG THE ROAD TO THE MAN WHO TRAVELS WITH A FOOL -- and you are traveling with fools on the outside and you are traveling with the fool -- the real fool -- inside: your own mind.

BUT WHOEVER FOLLOWS THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE WAY
DISCOVERS HIS FAMILY, AND IS FILLED WITH JOY.

That's why I say: to be a sannyasin is to come back home, to find your family. BUT WHOEVER FOLLOWS THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE WAY DISCOVERS HIS FAMILY Your real family is not your father, your mother, your brothers, your sisters, your wife, your husband, your children; they are just accidental. Your real family is the family of a buddha.

If you are fortunate enough to feel joyful in the company of a buddha, then dissolve into that company -- you have found your family. Don't miss the chance, because the chance is very rare. Only once in a while somebody becomes enlightened.

FOLLOW THEN THE SHINING ONES,
THE WISE, THE AWAKENED, THE LOVING,
FOR THEY KNOW HOW TO WORK AND FORBEAR.

Be with the buddhas, the shining ones, the wise, the awakened, the loving, because they know how to work on you and they know how to be patient with you. They know how to transform you. They have been to the highest peak. They come back to the dark valley just to call you forth, to take you with them to the highest peak of life, freedom.

FOLLOW THEM
AS THE MOON FOLLOWS THE PATH OF THE STARS.

Be courageous, be adventurous. Risk all, because less than that won't do. Risk all and

trust. And if you want to be with a buddha, then the only way is: become more meditative so that you can start understanding his ways, his methods. Become more loving so that you can understand his love -- because his love is totally different than

you have known. His love is cool; it is not hot passion, it is a very cool breeze. Those who don't understand, for them it will look cold. Those who understand, they will rejoice in its coolness. They will be rejuvenated by its coolness, they will be refreshed, they will be reborn.

Enough for today.

The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

Chapter #6

Chapter title: No going back

26 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:
Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
UNIMAGINED ECSTASY, UNIMAGINED PAIN.

Yoga Sudha, it is natural. Ecstasy and great pain happen together, because it is a new birth: the joy of being born, the joy of entering into the unknown, the great adventure into God. But pain is also there, great pain: the pain of leaving the old, the familiar, the known; the pain of leaving the secure, the safe; the pain of dying -- dying as the ego. If the ecstasy is true, it is bound to happen that there will be great pain. This is one of the criteria by which to judge whether the ecstasy is true or not.

It is like uprooting a tree from its known soil and transplanting it into a new climate, into a new country. The tree will have to learn to live again from ABC; it is hard to unlearn and it is hard to learn again. There is bound to be pain. Great pain and agony precede great ecstasy. It can continue for months, for years too -- it all depends on you. Now, don't look back. That which is gone is gone, and gone forever, never to return again. Whatsoever you do, you cannot bring it back.

The child cannot enter into the womb again, howsoever pleasant it was, comfortable, convenient, secure, safe. The child may have great nostalgia for the womb, for those beautiful, eternal nine months. Yes, I say eternal, because the child feels them as eternity, not as nine months. He has no idea of calculating time -- those long long nine months of such warmth, of such protection, of such unworried existence, of such tremendous rest and relaxation. The nostalgia hangs around. The child would like to go back to the womb, but it is not possible.

Going back is not possible at all; it is not in the nature of things. One always has to go forward. And when you look forward everything is so unfamiliar that great fear arises. One never knows where one is. One loses one's identity, one passes through a great crisis of identity. The known is no longer there to cling to, and the unknown seems to be ungraspable.

But don't look back; that which can't happen can't happen. Look forward! And don't interpret the new and the unknown as unsafe. Interpret it in terms of adventure, exploration. Interpret it as great freedom. Buddha talks again and again about freedom. It

is freedom from the past, freedom from the mother, freedom from the parents, freedom from the society, freedom from the church, the state.
What I am giving to you is absolute freedom. Yes, fear can arise, but fear arises because of your interpretation. Deep down somewhere in the unconscious you still would like

to go back, to close your eyes to the new sunrise. You would like to go back even though there was nothing very valuable, nothing significant, but at least one was safe. The territory was familiar; one lived surrounded by walls. We call it a prison, but you used to call it your home; and I have taken you out of your home because it was not your real home, it was only make-believe. This freedom, this ecstasy that is arising, is your real home.

Now, if you cling to the past, which is no longer possible, and you don't allow the future to happen smoothly, the pain can continue, the agony can continue, for months, for years. And you will be split: a part of you clinging to the no-more and a part of you longing for the not-yet.

Now be courageous. Take the quantum leap! Just as the snake slips out of the old skin, slip out of the old. It has fulfilled its function, it has brought you to the new. Gratefully say goodbye to it and plunge into this exploration that is becoming valuable to you. Plunge into this insecurity, into this danger, because life is where insecurity is; life is where danger is. There is no way to live totally unless you learn to live dangerously -- more danger, more aliveness; less danger, less aliveness.

And I am making peaks upon peaks available to you. This is an unending chain. You will reach one peak thinking that this is the end and now you can rest, but by the time you have rested a little bit you will become aware of a higher peak challenging you, calling you forth. A new pilgrimage starts. And this goes on and on.

Life is an eternal pilgrimage. There is no goal to it, it is a pure journey. Hence the joy of it. If there was a goal to it, that would mean a full stop to your life. Then what are you going to do? After the full stop there is nothing, nothing more. Life knows nothing of full stops. Life is a continuum, a song that never ends, a story that goes on unfolding. Each moment something new is ready to happen if you are available.

Your observation is true. You say, "Unimagined ecstasy, unimagined pain."

That's how it has always been. I don't talk much about the pain, because that will make you so afraid that you will not take the jump. I talk about ecstasy to persuade you, to seduce you into taking the jump. Once you have taken the jump you will know that there is great pain too, but that pain is a blessing in disguise. That pain is the pain the gold passes through when it goes through the fire: it purifies, it makes you more and more integrated, it gives you centering, it creates a soul in you. Without this pain there is no soul, and without this pain no ecstasy is possible. You would like to bypass the pain and reach the ecstasy, but that cannot be done.

AES DHAMMO SANANTANO: this is the law and the law has to be followed; you can't go against the law. But once you have known the ecstasy, it is worth going through all the pain. You can sacrifice everything for the ecstasy, because ecstasy is another name for God approaching closer to you. Your melting into God is what ecstasy is all about.

The word 'ecstasy' is beautiful; it simply means "standing out." Out of what? Standing

out of your ego, your personality, your mind; getting out of the whole structure in which you have lived -- not only lived but with which you have become identified.

Standing out of all this, just a pure witness, a watcher on the hills -- and everything is left deep down in the valley.

Drop the nostalgia. Drop this dreaming about the valley. You have lived in the valley long enough, and what have you gained? For many many lives you have lived in the valley, in all those chains, thinking that they were ornaments. Maybe they were made of silver and gold, maybe they were studded with diamonds and emeralds; but whether a chain is made of iron or gold, it makes no difference. In fact, a golden chain is far more difficult to break because you become more attached to it.

You have lived in the valley so long, for so many lives -- now try to live on the peaks. And be totally with the peaks. Forget all about the valleys, because that will be a disturbance. That disturbance is creating pain. You are looking back again and again: there is still some desire, some longing, some hope that you may get back to your old structures again.

But let me make it absolutely clear to you: there is no going back. Now you have crossed that point from where a person can still go back, so it is an exercise in futility to feel pain for something which is no more. But it will keep you occupied and you will miss the joys of the peak, the fresh air of the peak, the unpolluted atmosphere of the peak, the closeness of the sun and the clouds. Now is the time to whisper with the clouds and with the sun and the stars! It is a beautiful moment.

Decide in favor of ecstasy, and whatever pain happens through that decision, accept it with joy, with thankfulness. The more gratefully you accept it as part of growth, the sooner it will disappear -- and it will not leave even a trace on you; you will be unscratched by it. If you cling to it too long, it will leave wounds. Even if they heal, the marks will remain.

In these moments, when one passes from one stage of being to another stage of being, one is very vulnerable. In these moments one is very soft, impressionable. Don't give much attention to pain.

And that's what you have been doing for a few months. I have been watching silently. Many times I have to be just a silent watcher, because I hate to interfere. Even though I know you are in need, still I respect your freedom so much that, unless you ask, I will keep quiet, I will not say a word. I will feel great compassion for you -- I am perfectly aware of your tears and the anguish that you are passing through -- but I have been keeping myself aloof deliberately, because this is the only way to give the disciple a chance to grow.

If I go on interfering at every stage, helping, supporting, you will start depending on me too much. Then you will never be able to walk on your own feet; you will always need crutches. And I don't want to give you crutches, I don't want you to be dependent on me. The only gift that I can give to you is that of total freedom, of independence. Hence I have been silent, waiting for the day when you would ask the question. Today

you have asked the question. Now I can speak, I can share my understanding with you, but still the decision always remains with you. You can go on crying and weeping over spilled milk, or you can gather yourself and take a plunge into the new world that I have made available to you.

Don't waste time. Time is really precious, far more precious than money, far more precious than anything in the world, because it is through time that you can contact eternity. And these moments are rare: if you miss them once, you never know when they will come back again. Maybe after lives you will come across a buddha again... and there is every possibility you will repeat the same mistakes, because mind wants to repeat. Mind is repetition -- even after lives it repeats the same mistakes.

It happened once: a young prince asked Buddha to initiate him as a BHIKKHU, as a sannyasin. Buddha was a little reluctant. This was very rare -- buddhas are never reluctant, or very rarely; they are always happy if somebody is asking for initiation. Ananda, Buddha's chief disciple, immediately became aware that Buddha was a little hesitant. He said, "Bhagwan, why are you hesitating? I have never seen you hesitate. You persuade people, you help people, you do everything possible to bring them to the way -- and this man himself is asking! And not an ordinary man -- a great prince, with great potential. If he becomes a disciple, many more will follow. Why are you hesitating?"

Buddha said to Ananda, "Because this young man has been initiated in the past by other buddhas at least seven times, and he has committed the same mistake again and again. And mind is repetitive. I know I can give him initiation, but he is bound to repeat the same mistake. But if you say so, I will initiate him. Now watch what happens."

The young man was initiated... and of course this whole dialogue with Ananda had happened in front of him, so he was very conscious not to repeat anything. But he did not remember anything of his past lives, and when you don't remember, how can you avoid repetition? If you remember, you can avoid.

He asked Buddha many times, "Please tell me, what is my mistake that I have been repeating again and again? And you say I have lived with seven other buddhas? I don't want to miss this opportunity."

Buddha said, "That won't help very much, because you have asked the sixth buddha the same question and the fifth also, and they answered. I am not going to do it. I will tell you only when the time arrives."

And the time arrived within a few days. They traveled to another city; they were staying in a small caravanserai -- ten thousand sannyasins -- there was no space. It must have been as overcrowded as it is here! Now when I look at you, I completely forget whether you are sannyasins or sardines. I have to go on reminding myself, "No, these are my sannyasins."

The older sannyasins of Buddha were given a little better space, a little more space -- they were old, senior. This young man was the latest addition to the Buddha's SANGHA -- his order; he got the place at the outermost circumference, just in the porch where people used to put their shoes. He had to sleep there. A prince, sleeping in a porch where people keep their shoes? He was very hurt.

In the night he could not sleep, for the same reasons that you suffer -- mosquitoes! They are the ancientmost enemies of meditators. If you are not meditating they will not take

any notice of you; once you start meditating, they suddenly become interested in you. The blood of a meditator has a certain sweetness.

And there were mosquitoes and he was unable to sleep; and the serai was so overcrowded, and people were coming and going the whole night -- somebody was coming, somebody was leaving. How can you sleep in a porch? In the middle of the night he said, "This is stupid, this is just nonsense! I have not become a sannyasin for all this. I had a beautiful palace, every facility. Tomorrow morning I will say goodbye to Buddha."

In fact he wanted to leave at that very moment, but that would not be right. At least he had to say to Buddha, "I am finished."

But before morning, Buddha came to him and said, "Now the time has come. I can answer your question. This has happened to you again and again: you have been initiated seven times, but just for small things you always became so much disturbed that you went away. You can go -- this is your old habit. Because of this habit I was hesitant."

He had brought Ananda with him and he said, "Look! What do you say now? This man wants to leave tomorrow morning."

The young man had not said a single word. He fell at Buddha's feet. He said, "How did you come to know in the middle of the night?"

Buddha said, "That is not your business. That's what makes me a master. In the morning you want to go; you can go, but go with this awareness: that this is how you have been losing the track again and again."

The young man never left. It was difficult -- Buddha gave him many many uncomfortable situations -- but he was a man of integrity; he belonged to a very famous family, ancient, noble; he belonged to the warrior race. It was against his whole upbringing to leave the Buddha. And now that Buddha had told him what the cause had been in the past... and as meditation deepened he started remembering his past associations with other buddhas. Slowly slowly he became aware that yes, for small things he had left buddhas; for such small things he had lost the way many times.

Yes, Sudha, the pain is there, and it is not only for you; others will also pass through the pain. Many have passed through it, many will have to pass through it. Pass through it joyously. Keep your eye on the ecstasy. Don't focus yourself on the pain -- that is the wrong approach. Focus yourself on the ecstasy, and think that the pain is the price we pay for the ecstasy. Soon the pain will disappear. And the energy released from the pain will bring you to even higher realms of ecstasy, will bring you to greater altitudes of ecstasy.

Be watchful

The second question:

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
ARE YOU A BLACK MAGICIAN OR A WHITE MAGICIAN?

Prem Tussir, I am an orange one.

The third question:
Question 3
BELOVED MASTER,
HOW TO BECOME MORE AWARE?

Pankaj, by becoming more aware, one BECOMES more aware. There is no other method to it. It is a simple process. Whatsoever you are doing, do it with such consciousness as if it is a question of life and death; as if a sword is hanging over you.

There is an ancient story in India:
A great sage sent his chief disciple to the court of King Janak to learn something which was missing in the young man.
The young man said, "If you can't teach me, how can this man, this Janak, teach it to me? You are a great sage, he is only a king. What does he know about meditation and awareness?"
The great sage said, "You simply follow my instructions. Go to him, bow down to him; don't be egoistic, thinking that you are a sannyasin and he is only an ordinary householder. He lives in the world, he is worldly and you are spiritual. Forget all about it. I'm sending you to him to learn something; so for this moment, he is your master. And I know, I have tried here, but you cannot understand -- because you need a different context to understand it. And the court of Janak and his palace will give you the right context. You simply go, bow down to him. For these few days, he will represent me."
Very reluctantly, the young man went. He was a brahmin of high caste, and what was this Janak? He was rich, he had a great kingdom, but what could he teach a brahmin? Brahmins always think that they can teach people. And Janak was not a brahmin, he was a KSHATRIYA, the warrior race in India. They are thought to be second to brahmins; the brahmins are the first, the foremost, the highest caste. To bow down to this man? This has never been done. A brahmin bowing down to a kshatriya is against the Indian mind.
But the master had said it so it had to be done. Reluctantly he went, and reluctantly he bowed down. And when he bowed down, he was really feeling very angry with his master, because the situation in which he had to bow down to Janak was so ugly in his eyes.
A beautiful woman was dancing in the court and people were drinking wine. And Janak was sitting in this group. The young man had such condemnation, but still he bowed down. Janak laughed and said, "You need not bow down to me when you are carrying

such condemnation in you. And don't be so prejudiced before you have experienced me. Your master knows me well, that's why he has sent you here. He has sent you to learn something, but this is not the way to learn."

The young man said, "I don't care. He has sent me, I have come. But by the morning I will go back, because I can't see that I can learn anything here. In fact, if I learn anything from you, my whole life will be wasted. I have not come to learn drinking wine and seeing a beautiful woman dance and all this indulgence."
Janak still smiled and he said, "You can go in the morning. But since you have come and you are so tired... at least rest for the night, and in the morning you can go. And who knows -- the night may become the context of the learning for which your master has sent you to me."
Now, this was very mysterious. How could the night teach him anything? But okay, he had to be here for the night, so don't make much fuss about it. He remained. The king arranged for him to have the most beautiful room in the palace, the most luxurious. He went with the young man, took every care about his food, his sleep and when he had gone to bed, Janak left.
But the young man could not sleep the whole night, because as he looked up, he could see a naked sword hanging with a thin thread just above his head. Now, it was so dangerous that at any moment the sword could fall and kill the young man. So he remained awake the whole night, watchful, so he could avoid the catastrophe if it was going to happen.
In the morning, the king asked, "Was the bed comfortable, the room comfortable?"
The young man said, "Comfortable? Everything was comfortable -- but what about the sword? And why did you play such a trick? It was so cruel! I was tired, I had come on foot from the faraway ashram of my master in the forest, and you played such a cruel joke. What kind of thing is this, to hang a naked sword with so thin a thread that I was afraid that a small breeze... and I am gone, and I am finished. And I have not come here to commit suicide."
The king said, "I want to ask only one thing: you were so tired, you could have fallen asleep very easily, but you could not fall asleep. What happened? The danger was great, it was a question of life and death. Hence you were aware, alert. This is my teaching too. You can go, or if you want, you can stay a few more days to watch me.
"Although I was sitting there in the court, where a beautiful woman was dancing, I was alert to the naked sword above my head. It is invisible; its name is death. I was not looking at the young woman. Just as you could not enjoy the luxury of the room, I was not drinking wine. I was just aware of death which could come any moment. I am constantly aware of death. Hence, I live in the palace and yet I am a hermit. Your master knows me, understands me. He understands my understanding too. That's why he has sent you here. If you live here for a few days, you can watch on your own."

You asked me, Pankaj, how to become more aware. Become more aware of the precariousness of life. Death can happen any moment. The next moment, it may knock on your door. You can remain unaware if you think you are going to live forever. How

can you live unaware if death is always close by? Impossible! If life is momentary, a soap bubble -- just a pin prick and it is gone forever -- how can you remain unaware?

Bring awareness to each act. Walking on the road, walk fully alert; eating, eat with awareness. Whatsoever you are doing, don't let the past and the future interfere. Be in the present. That's what awareness is all about. Taking a shower, just take the shower. Don't let the mind go far away, into the past, into the future. Don't allow the mind these faraway excursions, these journeys. Taking a shower, just take the shower.

Bokuju, a great Zen master, was asked, "What is your fundamental teaching? What is your fundamental practice? How did you become enlightened?"
He said, "My teaching is simple: When hungry, eat; when sleepy, sleep."
The man was puzzled. He said, "I have never heard of such a practice. I am asking about the fundamental practice and you are talking about 'When hungry, eat and when sleepy, sleep.' What kind of teaching is this?"
Bokuju said, "That I don't know, but that's how I became enlightened, and that's how many of my disciples are becoming enlightened. You can go and ask them."
But the man said, "That's what we all do. Hungry, we eat. Sleepy, we sleep."
Bokuju said, "No, there is a difference and a great difference. When I am eating, I am simply eating and doing nothing else. When you are eating, you are doing a thousand and one things in your head -- except eating; you are doing everything else. Eating is done mechanically. When you are sleeping, are you really asleep? How can you be asleep when you are dreaming? Dreaming so many dreams, the whole night; waves upon waves of dreams go on coming. Only for a few minutes, here and there, dreaming stops and you fall into deep sleep; otherwise, dreaming continues. Dreaming is a sleep distraction: you are distracted by a thousand and one things. But you are not asleep. You are not doing one thing only."

To be aware, Pankaj, one needs to do one thing at a time. And do it with full awareness, watchfulness.

A progressive kindergarten teacher wanted her charges to learn about life through firsthand experiences. So after much red tape, she was able to persuade her superiors to let her take the class of all boys to a horse racing track to learn about the pitfalls of gambling.
After they had been there a while, several of the children asked to go to the boys' room. She escorted them there under the guidance of a track employee who guarded the door for them. She saw to it that the boys had no problems and in some cases had to help them unbutton their trousers. As she moved helpfully down the line, she suddenly saw something that made her do a double take. "Are you only five years old?" she gasped.
The object of her contentions replied, "What do you mean, lady? I am riding Dandy Charger in the third race."

People go on doing things almost in a sleep. Just become a little more alert. Do whatsoever you are doing, but bring the quality of consciousness to your actions -- there is no other method. And you can bring that quality to small things and that is

helpful. Sitting, just watch your breathing. The breath goes in, watch; the breath goes out, watch. Just go on watching your breathing. And it is of great help because if you watch your breathing, thinking stops.

This is something to be understood. Either you can think or you can watch your breathing. You can't do both together. Breathing and thinking are such processes that only one can exist in you -- in awareness. In unawareness, both can continue: you can go on breathing and you can go on thinking. But if you become aware, either you can think or you can breathe; and when you breathe with awareness, thinking disappears. Your whole consciousness becomes focused on breathing. And breathing is such a simple process: you need not do it, it is already happening. You can just bring your consciousness to it.

Buddha became enlightened through this simple method. He calls it vipassana, insight. Breathing brings great insight and when you are aware of breathing, the whole thought process simply comes to a stop -- and great stillness arises. After watching your breathing, it will be easy to watch your thinking directly, because breathing is a little gross.

Thinking is more subtle. Thoughts have no weight, they are weightless; they can't be measured, they are immeasurable. That's why the materialists cannot accept them. Matter means measure -- that which can be measured is matter. So thought is not matter because it cannot be measured. It is, and yet it cannot be measured; hence it is an epiphenomenon. The materialist says, "It is only a by-product, a side effect, a shadow phenomenon" -- just as you walk in the sun, a shadow follows you. But the shadow is nothing. You walk in life and thinking arises, but it is only a shadow. If you watch this shadow, this epiphenomenon, these thoughts and the processes of thought... it is going to be a more subtle phenomenon because it is not as gross as breathing.

But first, learn the process of awareness through breathing and then move to thinking. And you will be surprised: the more you watch your thinking... again, either you can watch or you can think. Both cannot be done simultaneously. If you watch, thinking disappears.

If thinking appears, watching disappears. When you have become alert enough to watch your thoughts and let them disappear through watching, then move to feeling -- which is even more subtle. And these are the three steps of vipassana. First breathing, second thinking, third feeling. And when all these three have disappeared, what is left is your being.

To know it is to know all. To conquer it is to conquer all.

The fourth question:

Question 4

BELOVED MASTER,

IF BUDDHA DID NOT REALLY NEED TO LEAVE HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN IN

ORDER TO ATTAIN ENLIGHTENMENT, THEN CAN ENLIGHTENMENT HAPPEN ANYWHERE? WHY DO I FEEL THAT I NEED TO BE IN YOUR BUDDHAFIELD?

Deva Surati, Buddha also realized it only when he became a buddha -- that it could have happened anywhere. He had not realized it when he was not a buddha. Then he had to go, leave the palace, the children, the wife, the parents and move to faraway caves in the mountains, into faraway jungles, to live alone with nature, so that the society and all its conditionings could be left behind.

Yes, when he became a buddha then he knew that it could have happened anywhere. But when you have become a buddha, it is a totally different perspective. It is very easy to say things like that when you have attained.

And that is one of the greatest problems: what the buddhas say, they are saying after they have attained, to people who have not yet attained. Communion becomes difficult, very difficult. The buddhas say, "You are already buddhas"; and when you hear that "We are already buddhas," you say, "Then why be worried about it? Then why meditate? And why be a sannyasin?" Then you have missed the whole point! And Buddha is not saying anything wrong -- he is absolutely correct -- and yet before you can realize the truth of his statement you will have to experience it on your own.

One day you will have become a buddha. Then you will also be able to say that there was no need to leave anything. Then you will say, "There was no need to be in the buddhafield of a master." But right now it is a need, an absolute need.

A buddhafield facilitates many processes which can happen without the buddhafield, but it would take long long, arduous effort. It is the same as when the wind is blowing and going towards the other shore: you need not row your boat; you can simply leave the boat and the winds will take it to the other shore. In a buddhafield the winds are blowing towards the other shore; you can simply surrender to the winds and with no effort you will reach the other shore. You can reach the other shore alone too, but then you will have to row the boat. Then you will have to take the risk of being alone in the uncharted sea.

In a buddhafield you are not alone, there are many who are moving. A few are ahead of you, a few are behind you; and you know that people are moving, that people are gaining new insights, that people are evolving, that people are reaching closer to the other shore. And those who are ahead of you can always assure you, "Don't be worried. Go on. Come on! The other shore is visible from our state; soon it will be visible to you too." And you can say many things to those who are behind you. Those are the people who need great assurance. Moving into the unknown is not an easy process; a buddhafield becomes a chain.

Yes, Surati, fundamentally it is true -- you can be a buddha anywhere -- but being in a buddhafield things will be far easier. Being with a master in deep love and trust things start happening, just as the spring comes and flowers start blossoming. Out of season you can also manage to bring flowers to the plants, but then it takes great effort, unnecessary effort. When the spring is there, things happen of their own accord. Once it has happened, then it looks easy for everybody.

When Copernicus discovered some laws, people said, "We could have found them; they are so simple." But nobody had found them before him.

When Columbus reached America, discovered America and came back, people started saying, "This is not such a great thing. Don't make such a fuss about it. The earth is round. Anybody could have reached there!"

The queen of Spain invited Columbus for a dinner; the whole court was invited. And everybody was jealous of Columbus, so they were saying, "This is not something big that the earth is round."

Columbus said, "But just three years ago when I was saying the earth is round, nobody was ready to listen to me. In fact, I was surprised when the queen agreed to help me."

It has happened many times: when the man has not been able to understand something of the unknown, the woman has been able to understand. Man goes with a slow, logical process towards a conclusion. Woman is intuitive: she does not go by a slow process, she simply jumps to the conclusion. That's why it is so difficult to talk with a woman, to argue with a woman. Man always finds himself at a loss, because he goes with very skillful logic, prepares the whole ground and the process step by step. He "logics" to the conclusion, and the woman suddenly jumps with no premise, with no process -- she simply arrives at the conclusion. They live in totally different worlds.

The queen of Spain agreed. She said, "Okay, go ahead, and I will bear the expenses."

Everybody had laughed at the foolish queen, and people had said, "A woman is after all a woman -- mad, crazy! What does she understand about geography, astronomy? This man has befooled the queen."

Now everybody was saying that it was so easy. Columbus did one thing: he took one egg from the plate and told the people of the court, "Can anyone make it stand upright on the table?"

Everybody tried, but it would fall down; it would not stand upright. They said, "This is impossible. This can't be done. How can you make the egg stand? It is so round shaped, it is bound to fall down."

When everybody had tried and agreed that this was impossible, Columbus took the egg in his hand, hit it hard on the table so the bottom became flat, and the egg was standing. They all said, "This is cheating! Why didn't you say so before? We could have done it!"

Columbus said, "It is always easy when a thing has been done. I have not prevented you, I have not said you can't do it, but none of you ever imagined doing it. Now it is simple, now everybody can do it, now it is nothing much."

When you become a buddha you will be surprised how simple the whole phenomenon is. You will be puzzled... why did it not happen before, why did it take so long, so many lives? In India they say millions of lives, and they are right. "Why did it take millions of lives? And the process was so simple!" One simply laughs at human stupidity and ridiculousness.

And yes, buddhas are bound to say things which can be dangerous to those who are not yet awakened.

For example, YOU listening to this -- that Buddha could have become enlightened anywhere -- you may find a rationalization to go away from here. That will be a trick of your mind. And I am not saying that you cannot become a buddha -- you can become a

buddha anywhere, even in California -- but it is going to be more and more difficult. If it cannot happen here it will be very very difficult for it to happen anywhere else, although I don't say that it is absolutely impossible. It is not absolutely impossible -- it is possible -- but whatsoever is possible is not necessarily going to happen. Even the possible can be missed if you don't have the right context.

In fact the very idea of buddhahood, of becoming a buddha, has arisen in you because you are here. In the West people worship Christ, but nobody thinks that he is going to become a christ. That is blasphemy. There is only one Christ, the only begotten Son of God! It is enough to be a Christian; the very idea of becoming a christ looks crazy.

It is an Eastern contribution to human consciousness that you can become the Buddha, that you can become the Christ, that you can become the Krishna, that you can reach the highest peak that anybody has ever reached, that you carry the transcendental within your being like a seed. But the seed also needs a right soil, a gardener. The master is a gardener, and his field of energy is the right soil.

Beware of the mind's tricks! It can always find consolations, rationalizations. And those who are following the path have to be aware of rationalizations and consolations.

A farmer drove to town with some produce to sell. Afterwards he decided to have a good time for himself by going to see a burlesque show. The show inspired him so much that afterwards he decided to buy himself a complete new set of clothes, including a suit, hat and shoes, to surprise his wife. He put them under the driver's seat and set off for home.

When he got to a river, he got out and threw all of his old clothes in. Returning to his car he looked under the seat -- the new clothes were gone. "Well, what the heck," he said to himself as he drove off, "I will surprise her anyway!"

The mind can always console you. "If it does not happen there," the mind can say, "who knows? -- it may not have happened anywhere else either. If it happens here," the mind can say, "it could have happened anywhere else."

But I cannot deny the ultimate truth -- although the ultimate truth is not yet your territory. The ultimate truth is that you are already buddhas. It is not a question of it happening, so where it happens does not matter. It can happen in the home; it can happen in the forest; it can happen in the marketplace; it can happen in a monastery. It can happen with a master; it can happen without a master. It can happen to the sinner; it can happen even to the saint. Yes, I know a few saints to whom it has happened -- believe me! So the ultimate possibility is there, but to make the ultimately possible immediately actual is a totally different process. How to make it immediately actual?

A master is of tremendous help, and if the master also has a buddhafield A master may be moving alone, not creating a buddhafield. To create a buddhafield, the master has to create thousands of disciples. He has to create a multidimensional energy in

which all kinds of people contribute, pour their energies. He has to make an ocean of energy, so tremendously powerful that whosoever enters the ocean is bound to be

transformed -- sometimes even in spite of himself; sometimes not even knowing what is happening.

It is easier for it to happen with a master. It is even easier for it to happen with a master who has a buddhafield. And my effort is not only to create the buddhafield here but to create small oases all over the world. I would not like to confine this tremendous possibility to this small commune only. This commune will be the source, but it will have branches all over the world. It will be the root, but it is going to become a big tree. It is going to reach every country, it is going to reach every potential person. We will create small oases; we have started creating small communes, centers, all over the world.

Almost two hundred small families are functioning all over the world, but this is only the beginning. Thousands of communes are bound to happen once this commune has become really and totally established. It is going to create such an impetus, it is going to create such a longing all over the world, that we will have many many communes all over the world. And wherever my sannyasins are together, I am there. Wherever they will sit in meditation, my presence will be felt.

So first we have to create the root, and then the branches. The whole world cannot come here, but we can send our messengers, our apostles; we can send our branches far and wide. We can cover the whole earth. We ARE going to cover the whole earth!

This is of such immense importance today that if it doesn't happen, humanity has no future. The "old man" is already dead: you are carrying a corpse. The new man is absolutely needed -- only then can this earth go on living; only then can this planet remain alive.

And man has the capacity to renew himself -- to die to the past and to be reborn. Man has the capacity for resurrection. But the earth is almost like a desert today and small oases are needed everywhere, so those who are thirsty cannot say, "What can we do? The water is not available. How can we quench our thirst?" We have to make God available to every possible seeker all over the world.

Yes, even in countries like China, Soviet Russia, and other communist countries, my effort is to create small oases there too. They have started: they are underground there -- they have to be underground there. You will be surprised, but in one Russian town we have twenty-five sannyasins -- of course not in orange. They have made their own malas, and when they meet in some underground basement they wear orange clothes, listen to the tapes, meditate, study books. They have translated a few books into Russian; now those translations are going around.

Just a few days ago I received a letter from the woman who has organized that underground group saying, "We are ready to become sannyasins. Just a hint from you and we will assert ourselves, whatsoever the cost." And of course, in Russia it can be dangerous. It can only mean imprisonment or a lifelong sentence in Siberia. So I have

given her a message saying, "There is no need right now. And if you want to make orange clothes, don't make them orange, make them red -- let them look communist! I can function through the red as much as through the orange; don't be worried. I don't

like unnecessary suffering. I don't want to create unnecessary martyrs, for no reason at all. And continue to work -- work is more important."

This is going to spread. Soon you will see communes sprouting everywhere, and then it will be possible for me to function on a wider scale. But the root commune has to be here, and the root commune needs at least ten thousand sannyasins. That is the minimum to create enough energy to pulsate the whole earth!

You can become a buddha anywhere, but to become a buddha here will be easier, will be possible in THIS life. To become a buddha somewhere else, nothing can be said -- one life, two lives, three lives or many lives. You will be working alone; you will not have any help.

There are a few people who are loners, they would like to go alone. If you feel like that, I will be absolutely happy -- you can go on your own. But you are not that type. That's why you say, "Why do I feel that I need to be in your buddhafield?" -- because you DO need to be here! Because you are not a loner. Because you love the same type of energy pulsating around you. Because your path is love and not meditation. And love is possible only where you can find lovers of high quality. You can find lovers everywhere in the world, but that love will be only lust.

Here you will find lovers whose love is not lust, whose love is a sharing of joy, whose love is a help to you -- a hand stretched out to you so that you can be pulled out of your mud.

The fifth question:

Question 5

BELOVED MASTER,

I AM IN LOVE WITH A WOMAN, BUT I WANT TO BE ABSOLUTELY SURE THAT SHE HAS NEVER LOVED ANYONE BEFORE. WHY AM I SO MUCH WORRIED ABOUT IT?

Ramprem, just the old male chauvinist attitude. You are not worried about yourself, whether you have loved any woman before or not. About that you are not worried, that's okay; boys are boys and everything is forgiven them. Why are you worried about the woman you love? In fact, the very desire that the woman should not have loved anybody before is unintelligent, because a woman who has not loved anybody before will be inexperienced. And life -- even with an experienced woman -- is hell. So what to say about an inexperienced woman?

If you want a driver for your car, you don't look for one who has never driven a car. If you want a typist, you don't advertise for somebody who has never been a typist. If you want a cook you ask for somebody who is experienced. Then why do you have a different logic about love? It is stupid.

The woman who has loved a few people is far more understanding; she will understand

you better, she will create less trouble for you, she will help you in every possible way to come out of your own ego, unintelligence, mediocrity.

In fact, there are a few primitive societies where an experienced woman is much in demand. In India there are a few primitive tribes in Bastar where a woman will not get a husband if she has not been known to be a great lover of many many people.
A woman who has not been loved by anybody simply shows that either she is ugly or something is basically wrong with her. She must be unattractive, because nobody ever felt attracted towards her. A woman who has been loved by many people simply shows that she has some beauty, some magnetic force, some grace.
But the male chauvinist mind has for centuries desired that... for a single reason, which has now become irrelevant. The reason was that "My property should belong to my son, not to somebody else's son." That was the real fear. People were not interested in the woman, they were more interested in their inheritors; hence they were very much worried: if the woman has been in some love affair before, who knows, she may be carrying somebody else's child.

Two young men were pacing up and down in the corridor of a maternity home. The one said to the other, "You look so worried, what is the matter?"
He said, "Worried? I am in a mess! This is my vacation and this is the time my wife has chosen to give birth to a child. My whole vacation is destroyed."
The other said, "Hoo! That's nothing, this is my honeymoon! And my wife is giving birth to a child. I should be worried, not you!"

A young man was asking the doctor, "Does it happen often? My wife is giving birth to a child and we have been married only seven months."
The doctor must have been a wise old man, that type of doctor has disappeared. Now there are specialists, the ENT specialist and the dental surgeon; and somebody knows about one part and somebody else knows about another part and nobody knows about the whole man. The old physician was a wise man.
The old man said, "Yes, the first time it often happens, but never again."

People have always been very anxious, the fear is that the wife may be carrying somebody else's son. What difference does it make? In fact, when you make love to a woman, millions of living cells are released; millions, and you will not be able to recognize which is yours and which is not yours. They are so tiny, you cannot even see them with the naked eye, you will need some mechanical device, a microscope or something to see them.
Those millions of living cells start the first race of life; they struggle, they start running towards the woman's egg, which is deep down inside the womb. And one of these fellows -- who is going to win the race, who is going to reach first -- will enter the egg. And once one fellow has entered the egg, then the egg closes. Sometimes it happens that twins are born and sometimes three, four, five, six, seven, eight children also, but it

happens very rarely.
You don't know which, but out of these millions of people only one is going to be your child. All other cells will die within two hours, and you will never be aware who those

others were. A woman may give birth to twelve children in her whole life or eighteen at the most, but a man has the potential of creating as many children as there are people on the earth today. A single male has so many living cells, he can populate the whole earth. If all his cells can find an egg, attain to life and are born -- then one person, just one person, is enough to fill the whole earth.
You will never know how many of your children have died, millions and millions of your children have died. And what is the difference whether it comes from some other body or your own body? It comes from God.
But this foolishness has persisted. Ramprem, you should drop it.

"Darling," he breathed passionately, "am I the first man to make love to you?"
"Of course you are," she snapped, "I don't know why you men always ask the same silly question."

You are not alone, feel good! The whole earth is full of such silly people.

He held her close against him, a warm glow of satisfaction covering them both.
"Am I the first man you ever made love to?" he asked.
She studied him reflectively. "You might be, your face looks very familiar."

The last question:
Question 6
BELOVED MASTER,
I HAVE HEARD IT SAID MANY TIMES THAT LOVE IS GOD, EXISTENCE IS GOD, GOD IS EXISTENCE, GOD CREATED THE WORLD AND THAT GOD IS A SUPERNATURAL POWER WHO ADMINISTERS THE WORLD.
I HAVE TRIED TO FEEL ALL THIS, BUT COULD NOT. ALL THESE STATEMENTS ARE MORE AND MORE CONFUSING.
KINDLY TELL ME WHAT IS GOD. AND WHEN YOU USE THE WORD 'GOD' IN YOUR LECTURES, WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Bal Krishna Bharti, don't try to imitate what others say. They may be saying a profound truth, but by imitating them you will never reach to that truth; because they never reached to that truth by imitation. They reached to that truth by being original.
Jesus says: God is love. I say that love is God. My statement is far more penetrating than what Jesus says. Jesus says: God is love; that means God may have many other qualities, one of the qualities is love. I say love is God, there is no other quality, love is the only quality that is divine.
And you listen to these things and you try... but what are you going to do? Do you know what love is? You become worried about God -- first you will have to know what

love is, and the love that you know is nothing but lust. We are not talking about lust, neither Jesus nor I, we are talking about love. And love is something so mysterious that nobody has ever been able to define it precisely, only fingers pointing to the moon.

Now what can you do? Hearing that love is God you jump into so-called love, whatsoever you think love is, and that is just unconscious sexuality; lust parading as love. And you will not find God; on the contrary, you may encounter the Devil -- and then you are puzzled.
Imitation has to be avoided. Understanding should be the only law, never imitation.
So the first thing, Bal Krishna, stop imitating. Listen to me and to others -- to Krishna, to Jesus, to Buddha, to Zarathustra -- just to understand, but don't start imitating. Don't be in a hurry, let the understanding soak into you; in a hurry you are going to do something wrong.

The traveling salesman, when marooned in the country by bad weather, was permitted to share a bedroom with the farmer's son. In due time the two of them retired. The boy dropped on his knees beside the bed, his head in his hands in prayerful attitude.
The salesman thought of the quotation, "And the little child shall lead them." He felt bad, having failed to say his prayers for many months; he dropped out on the other side of the bed and knelt.
The boy raised his head and said, "What are you doing, mister?"
"Same thing as you are, son," he replied.
"Well, mama is going to give you hell then, because the pot is on this side."

You missed it.
I will wait, so you can get it
Get it a little more!
Imitation is not going to help, imitation will create troubles for you. Understand! Why be in such a hurry to practice? Let understanding soak so deep that it transforms your being. That is the only way of arriving at truth; imitating is never the way.
And that's what you have been doing. You say, "I have tried to feel all this, but could not."
How can you feel all this? -- it is not a question of feeling, it is not a question of thinking; it is a question of being. And being is arrived at through understanding. Just listen silently, attentively, as open as you can be. Be open to me. Let there be no hindrance, no obstruction.
Now this constant idea of practicing, of doing something immediately, is becoming a hindrance between me and you. There is no hurry. I say understanding is liberation.
You need not do anything at all. If you allow me to penetrate to your very core, if you let me touch your heart, I will give you my dance, I will give you my song, I will give you my music.
You need not do anything, being with a master is enough. Doing is needed if you go into scriptures; then you have to do something, because understanding can never arise out of scriptures. But by being with a master, understanding can arise. Just a little more open

heart is needed.
And you ask me what I mean by the word 'God'. I don't mean a person, I simply mean a quality, a presence. By "God" I mean godliness; the whole existence is full of godliness.

And when you will come to know, you will not see a god standing before you, you will see the trees as divine, the rocks as divine, the people as divine, the animals as divine. God is spread all over the place, from the pebble to the star, from the blade of grass to the sun -- it is all divine.

Whenever I use the word 'God' it is never meant to be a person; it simply means a presence, a silent absolute presence of intelligence in existence. But first you have to become aware of this intelligence in you, only then can you know this intelligence in others.

Enough for today.

The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

Chapter #7

Chapter title: Forgetfulness, the only sin

27 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

DO NOT LET PLEASURE DISTRACT YOU
FROM MEDITATION, FROM THE WAY.

FREE YOURSELF FROM PLEASURE AND PAIN.
FOR IN CRAVING PLEASURE OR IN NURSING PAIN
THERE IS ONLY SORROW.

LIKE NOTHING LEST YOU LOSE IT,
LEST IT BRING YOU GRIEF AND FEAR.
GO BEYOND LIKES AND DISLIKES.

FROM PASSION AND DESIRE,
SENSUOUSNESS AND LUST,
ARISE GRIEF AND FEAR.
FREE YOURSELF FROM ATTACHMENT.

HE IS PURE, AND SEES.
HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH, AND LIVES IT.
HE DOES HIS OWN WORK,
SO HE IS ADMIRED AND LOVED.

WITH A DETERMINED MIND AND UNDESIRING HEART
HE LONGS FOR FREEDOM.
HE IS CALLED UDDHAMSOTO --
"HE WHO GOES UPSTREAM."

WHEN A TRAVELER AT LAST COMES HOME
FROM A FAR JOURNEY,
WITH WHAT GLADNESS
HIS FAMILY AND HIS FRIENDS RECEIVE HIM!

EVEN SO SHALL YOUR GOOD DEEDS
WELCOME YOU LIKE FRIENDS

AND WITH WHAT REJOICING
WHEN YOU PASS FROM THIS LIFE TO THE NEXT!

inmate at the insane asylum was being examined for possible release. The first question the examining doctor asked him was, "What are you going to do when you leave this institution?"
"I am gonna get me a slingshot," said the patient, "and I am gonna come back here and break every goddamn window in the place!"
After six more months of treatment, the patient was again brought before the examining doctor for possible dismissal, and the same question was put to him.
"Well, I am going to get a job," the patient replied.
"Fine," said the doctor. "Then what?"
"I am going to rent an apartment."
"Very good."
"Then I am going to meet a beautiful girl."
"Excellent."
"I am going to take the beautiful girl up to my apartment and I am going to pull up her skirt."
"Normal, perfectly normal."
"Then I am gonna steal her garter, make a slingshot out of it and come back here and break every goddamn window in the place!"

Man moves almost in the same circles. Man as he is, is not sane, cannot be called sane. But because insanity is so widespread, it is so normal that we don't become aware of it
Once YOU become awakened then you are surprised how people are living, what they are doing to themselves and to others. Their whole life is nothing but sheer madness. Somebody is mad after money, somebody is mad after power, somebody is mad after fame -- and all these things are futile.
Death comes, and the whole edifice that you have built with such labor collapses. Death comes and takes you away, and all that you have created has been in vain.
The sane person is one who creates something which even death cannot destroy. Let this be the definition of the sane: one who knows something of immortality, deathlessness, eternity -- he is sane, he is a buddha. To be a buddha simply means to be sane. One who is not aware of immortality and lives in time and thinks only in terms of this world is insane. He is not aware of himself, how can he be sane?
We have not yet been able to create a sane society for the simple reason that we have not been able to create many buddhas. The more buddhas there are in the world, the more is the possibility of humanity rising to higher altitudes of being, understanding, love, compassion. Otherwise you go on moving from one nightmare into another.

A big businessman was praying in the synagogue, pleading to God to help him get a fifty-thousand-dollar deal. Just then a very poor man entered and began praying to God for two dollars.

Angrily the big businessman pulled out two dollar bills, pushed them over to the poor fellow and whispered to him, "Here, take them and get out of here, you fool. Just stop distracting him from my business!"

The poor and the rich, the ignorant and the knowledgeable, the famous and the anonymous, are all in the same boat. Whether you ask God for two dollars or fifty thousand dollars does not make any difference. To go to God desiring is not to go to him at all, because it is only nondesiring that becomes a bridge. To desire is to create a wall between you and the total.

The moment you desire something you are saying that "I am wiser than the whole." You are saying that "You don't know what has to be done and I have come to advise you." You are telling the whole that "The way things are is not right: they should be according to me."

Prayer is just the opposite of desire. Prayer means, "The way things are is absolutely perfect, they are as they should be. Hence, I have nothing except a deep gratitude." Real prayer is bowing to existence in tremendous thankfulness because whatsoever is, the way it is, is the most perfect way it can ever be. A prayerful heart knows that the universe is perfect each moment; it is moving from perfection to more perfection.

The world is not moving from imperfection to perfection, remember: it is moving from perfection to more perfection. That's the understanding of the prayerful heart. But we are full of desires.

And if you go to the synagogue and the church and the temple you will find the same people, with the same mind, with no difference at all. They function with the same mind in the marketplace, they go to the temple with the same mind. And how can you go to the temple with a mind that functions perfectly well in the marketplace? The marketplace is an insane asylum! You will have to learn a different language. But people go on repeating the same kind of stupidity. You cannot even shake them, shock them, out of their sleep, because they become very angry.

Mulla Nasruddin was complaining of seeing striped camels whenever he tried to sleep.
"Have you ever seen a psychiatrist?" I asked him.
"No, never," he said, "just striped camels."

People go on living in their own small worlds, their own ideas, prejudices. They go on functioning in every situation in the same way. In the temple also, they speak the language they speak in the marketplace. In love also, they are always businesslike.

I asked Mulla Nasruddin, "Nasruddin, I hear you just had an accident?"
He said, "Yes, it was pretty bad, but I collected twenty thousand rupees, and my wife who was in the accident with me, got five thousand rupees."
I asked him, "Did she get hurt?"
Nasruddin laughed and said, "No, but I had the presence of mind to kick her in the face during the confusion!"

Now, even in an accident the mind goes on doing its thing!

All the buddhas have been trying to pull you out of your mind. The way is simple. In these sutras Buddha is talking about the way to get out of this stupid mind.

DO NOT LET PLEASURE DISTRACT YOU
FROM MEDITATION, FROM THE WAY.

Pleasure is a momentary titillation of the body. It is not joy, it is not bliss. Pleasure is getting intoxicated for the moment with the physical, getting identified with the physical.

When you become identified with the body and when you start listening to the body and its instincts, a certain kind of titillation, a momentary state of intoxication, arises in you. The intoxication is created within your own body chemistry.

One can take drugs from the outside, get intoxicated and forget all the worries, anxieties, burdens, and responsibilities of the world. One can completely forget the world; it is too much sometimes, it is too heavy. And just slipping out through alcohol, mescaline, marijuana, LSD, gives you a sense of pleasure. It is not real pleasure; it is only absence of pain.

Let this be understood clearly: what you call pleasure is only a state of intoxication where you become so unconscious that you can't be aware of the pain. This can happen by taking some drug from the outside; this can also happen by releasing some drugs in your inner body chemistry. That's what happens when you are sexually intoxicated: your body secretes its own drugs. It is not much different.

Your body is also outside of you. You are not your body, you are consciousness inside your body; your body is only a resting place, a house. One day you enter into it and one day you will have to leave it: a caravanserai, an overnight stay. You are not your body... your pilgrimage is eternal. But being in the body one can become identified, one can start thinking, "I am the body." And this is happening more today than ever before.

For centuries man has been aware that he is not the body, but within these two, three centuries, a scientific approach about everything has destroyed that long, long-cherished understanding. Science is a good method to know about matter, but it is absolutely impotent as far as the world of consciousness is concerned. Because science can only know matter it is bound to deny consciousness; it is beyond its grasp.

If you are trying to see light through your ears you will not be able to see it, and the ears will say, "There is no light." If you try to listen to music through your eyes you will not be able to listen, because your very method excludes it. Eyes can't hear music, ears can't see light, your hands cannot smell, your nose cannot taste. Every sense has its own limitation. It is perfectly valid within its own circumference; beyond it, it is utterly irrelevant.

Such is the case with science and such is the case with religion. In the past, religion denied -- absolutely denied -- the existence of the body, matter and the world. The

mystics used to call the world illusory, MAYA, a dream. That is one extreme -- I am not in support of it. That is going beyond the religious approach, saying something which

does not come into its vision. Now the same thing is being done by science, the same extreme: that consciousness is an illusion and the body is the only truth.

As I see it, both attitudes are half-truths -- and half-truths are far worse than absolute lies: because of that half-truthfulness they can deceive many many people. For thousands of years man was deceived by one half-truth: that consciousness, God, Brahman, is the only reality, and everything else is just dream stuff. Now the pendulum has turned entirely to the other extreme. Science says: Consciousness is illusion, body is the only reality. Both are fallacies.

The whole truth is: the body has its own reality, and consciousness has its own reality. And the miracle is, the mystery is, that these two separate realities are together, that these two separate realities are functioning in deep synchronicity. This is the mystery: matter dancing in tune with consciousness, consciousness dancing in tune with matter. This mystery I call God, this mystery I call truth, the whole truth.

But if one has to choose between two fallacies -- the religious fallacy and the scientific fallacy -- if there is no other way and you have to choose one out of these two, then I will say: choose the religious fallacy, because at least it will take you to the other shore, to eternity.

But for three centuries we have decided to choose the scientific fallacy, which makes you more and more confined to the body. And when you are confined to the body, then "Eat, drink and be merry," becomes the very goal. Just think of yourself as a being whose whole life is nothing but "Eat, drink and be merry." It will be meaningless, it will be without any significance, it will be utterly mediocre. It will not have any ecstasy. Yes, there will be pleasures when you get lost into the body chemistry and there will be pains when you have to come out of that forgetfulness. So you will go on moving between pain and pleasure.

Pleasure is getting lost, getting unconscious into the body; and pain is again becoming aware of the nonbody reality, again becoming aware of the world that surrounds you. So pleasure means forgetfulness and pain means remembrance. Have you observed that you remember only when there is pain? If you have a headache you become aware of the head, otherwise who thinks of the head? Only a headache makes you remember the head. If your shoe pinches, then you become aware of the feet; if the shoe is not pinching, you remain unaware of the feet. When your stomach is disturbed, you become aware of the stomach. When everything is going well, smoothly, you don't become aware.

Pain brings awareness; awareness makes you aware of pain. Losing awareness gives you a false idea that there is no pain anymore. And many people have found many ways of how to become unconscious; those are all ways of getting drugged. You have found many anesthesias -- chemical, physical, religious -- yes, religious too.

If a person goes on chanting a certain mantra -- what you have come to know as

Transcendental Meditation -- it is a drug, psychologically produced. If you repeat a certain word again and again and again it goes on hitting your psychic sources and the continuous repetition creates a state of unconsciousness. It becomes like a lullaby; you

start falling into deep sleep. It is soothing, it is restful, but it is not meditation. It is just the opposite of meditation; it is a psychological drug.
Buddha says: DO NOT LET PLEASURE DISTRACT YOU FROM MEDITATION, FROM THE WAY. Beware that pleasure can distract you: it can distract you from meditation and it can distract you from the way. And what is meditation in Buddha's vision? Meditation is awareness, so anything that makes you unaware is a distraction; where it comes from does not matter. Whether you create it inside yourself by chanting a mantra or by ingesting some drug, by smoking, by injecting... how you manage it does not matter. If it distracts you from awareness... it may create beautiful dreams, but you are no longer conscious. You may feel the world becoming golden, the trees are greener, the roses are rosier, and everything seems to be tremendously beautiful, psychedelic -- but YOU are unconscious, you are no longer in your consciousness. This is the distraction.
A buddha is against drugs... or if I am against drugs, it is only for this reason. It is not because it is against the so-called morality, it is not because it is against the priests and the puritans, it is not because tradition says so. Buddhas are against drugs not because drugs are sin but only because they take you away from yourself, they distract you. You will be surprised to know that the root which the word 'sin' comes from means forgetfulness -- the root means forgetfulness. If you can remind yourself that to forget is to sin, then you will have a very right approach: then to remember is virtue. George Gurdjieff used to call it self-remembering. Buddha calls it SAMMASATI -- right mindfulness. Krishnamurti calls it awareness. But all these words mean only one thing: Don't be distracted from your innermost core; remain rooted there, remain consciously there.
DO NOT LET PLEASURE DISTRACT YOU FROM MEDITATION, FROM THE WAY. And meditation IS the way: there is no other way to God, there is no other way to truth. Truth is not something ready-made. Truth is something that you have to discover by becoming more and more aware. And you have to discover it not somewhere else, but within your own being. You are truth covered by unconsciousness, covered by forgetfulness, so anything that distracts, anything that takes you away from yourself, is irreligious, is unspiritual.

FREE YOURSELF FROM PLEASURE AND PAIN.

You will be surprised... because who wants pain? Nobody wants it -- at least apparently, nobody wants pain. But that is not true. There are two kinds of people: those who want pleasure or those who want pain. Those who want pleasure are called the worldly, and those who start wanting pain, they are called the otherworldly, the saints, the ascetics, the holy people. Pain becomes their pleasure; they start enjoying torturing themselves.

The whole history of humanity is full of these stupid people, and they have been worshipped. Who has been worshipping them? -- the people who desire pleasure! For them, these people look as if they are from some other world, because they desire

pleasure and these people escape from pleasure. On the contrary they inflict pain upon themselves: they go on fasting, they go on sitting naked when it is ice-cold or they may sit by the side of a fire when the sun is already showering fire all over the place. These masochists, these self-torturers, are pathological.

Ninety-nine point nine percent of your saints are simply pathological -- and because of these pathological people religion has remained ill; it has not been possible to make religion healthy. Buddhas have been trying, but up to now they have failed, because nobody listens to them.

Man's mind has a strategy: it moves to its opposite very easily. You are running after money, then one day you see the whole stupidity of it and you start escaping from money. Now this is again remaining obsessed with the same money; money still remains the center of your focus. First you were moving towards it, now you are moving away from it, but it is your reference; your whole life still has that context. You still think in terms of money -- how much you have or how much you have renounced, but you go on counting.

Once a man came to Ramakrishna with a bag full of golden coins. He poured those golden coins onto the feet of Ramakrishna. There were many people sitting around; they were all surprised by how much money this man had brought, and he was pouring it onto the feet of Ramakrishna. What devotion!

But Ramakrishna was not happy. He said, "You are pouring it in such a way that it seems you want to impress people. You are performing! Fill the bag again with the money and go to the Ganges" -- and the Ganges was just behind Ramakrishna's temple -- "and throw all the money into the Ganges. You have given it to me, I give it to the Ganges."

The man was very much puzzled, worried -- throwing so many gold coins into the Ganges! And he had come with great expectations that Ramakrishna would say, "You are a great religious man. What renunciation! How pure you are, how holy!" ... And Ramakrishna has not taken any note. On the contrary, he says, "Go and throw all this rubbish into the Ganges." He did not want to do it, but now he could not say no to Ramakrishna. And once he has offered, how could he say no? So reluctantly he went to the Ganges.

Hours passed and he was not back. Ramakrishna asked, "Where is he?" Ramakrishna went to see. The man had gathered a big crowd. On the bank on a rock, first he would toss a coin, make much noise, look at the coin, and then throw it into the Ganges. And many people would jump into the Ganges to find the coin. He was making a great show of it. Hundreds of people had gathered and he was counting, "One, two, three, four "

Ramakrishna went there and said, "You fool! When one collects money one counts, but when one is throwing it into the Ganges what is the point of counting? For two and half hours you have been doing it. Why waste your time? Throw the whole bag! What is the

point of counting?"

But this is how human mind functions: even if it renounces it counts. It is the same mind which was accumulating; now it is renouncing. One is after power, prestige, then one day one escapes to the mountains as far away from the capital as one can go. But the capital remains the point of reference.

Hence Buddha says: FREE YOURSELF FROM PLEASURE AND PAIN -- both. He is not saying, "Free yourself from pleasure," because if he says only that then he knows perfectly well -- he is perfectly alert about you -- you will choose pain, and you will be in the same trap again from the back door; because pleasure is of the body and pain is of the body. Whether you enjoy eating or you enjoy fasting it makes no difference --

eating and fasting are both physical activities. There are people who enjoy eating and there are people who enjoy fasting, but both are rooted in the physical. They have not yet raised their eyes towards the beyond. Hence to remind you, he says: FREE YOURSELF FROM PLEASURE AND PAIN

FOR IN CRAVING PLEASURE OR IN NURSING PAIN
THERE IS ONLY SORROW.

Yes, people go on doing both. There are people who go on wounding themselves.

You will be surprised to know that there was a Christian sect, thought to be very ascetic and pious, whose followers would wear belts with nails in them. The nails would go on wounding their bodies continuously. These people would wear shoes and inside the shoes there would be nails, and they would keep their feet always bleeding. They were thought to be great ascetics. People would count how many nails this saint had in his shoes; the more nails you had, the greater you were.

There have been Christian saints whose only prayer was to whip themselves early in the morning, and thousands would gather to see them whipping themselves. Their entire bodies would bleed. And when thousands are watching you whipping yourself, of course you will do the best you can, the most you can. People would faint; but until they fainted they would go on hitting themselves. And these people were thought to be spiritual people!

These are the people who are against me because I am teaching you a healthy religion, a religion which does not believe in any nonsense.

If you crave pleasure you will be in sorrow; if you nurse pain you will be in sorrow. And to be in sorrow is to be irreligious. Hence Buddha says again and again: Joy is the quality of the really spiritual man. Jesus says: Rejoice! Neither pain nor pleasure, but joy. Joy is something spiritual; it does not come from your body. One can be joyous even when the body is ill, one can rejoice even while dying. Joy is something inner. Pain and pleasure are both body-oriented; joy is being-oriented.

LIKE NOTHING LEST YOU LOSE IT,

LEST IT BRING YOU GRIEF AND FEAR.
GO BEYOND LIKES AND DISLIKES.

Likes and dislikes simply say that you think yourself separate from existence. A man who has dropped his ego has no likes and no dislikes. Then whatsoever is the case he rejoices in it. If he finds himself in poverty he rejoices in poverty, because there are beauties, a few beauties, which can be found only in poverty. If this man finds himself rich he rejoices in richness, because there are a few beautiful things which can be found only when you are rich. If this man finds himself young and healthy he rejoices in it, because a few things are possible only when you are young. And this man rejoices in old age too, because there are a few things which only old age can impart to you. One thing is certain: that he has no preferences, he does not hanker that this should be such and such. He makes no conditions on existence. He lives unconditionally, rejoicing in whatsoever happens.

To carry likes and dislikes is to carry prejudices, and everybody goes on carrying prejudices. That's why nothing ever makes you contented.

Even Buddha's father was not happy. He was unhappy because his son had moved on a wrong path; meditation to him was a wrong thing. He was desiring that his son become a great emperor; that was his deep ambition. Buddha was his only son, and one day Buddha escaped. I have every suspicion that the reason for his escape must have been his father. When you have only one son and then too, he is born when you are very old Buddha's father was very old when he was born. That was the last chance; one or two years more and there would have been no son at all. And his mother died immediately upon giving birth to Buddha; she was also getting old and this birth must have been too much.

Buddhists have made a beautiful story out of it. They say that whenever a buddha is born his mother is bound to die. That's how people create stupid stories. There have been many buddhas. Mahavira's mother did not die, but if you ask the Buddhists they will say, "That simply proves that Mahavira is not a buddha." Jesus' mother did not die, Lao Tzu's mother did not die -- but to the prejudiced mind that simply proves that these were not buddhas. Whenever there is a buddha the mother has to die; that has become the definition.

The real reason was: the mother was old, the father was old; this was the last chance. And they had lived a very miserable life because they had no son. And they had created a big kingdom: "Now to whom is this kingdom going to belong?" And when you have a child in your old age you cling to the child too much. The father must have been too possessive: that's MY feeling of why Buddha had to escape. The father must have been the cause, he must have been too much of a bondage. He had made great palaces for Buddha and he wouldn't allow him to leave them. He had made every arrangement in the palaces, all kinds of pleasures. In fact he made too many arrangements and Buddha got fed up very quickly; he was only twenty-nine when he left the palace.

People usually become fed up by the end of their lives; it takes time to experience life.

Buddha's father managed to provide him with all possible pleasures. Beautiful women -- all the beautiful women in his kingdom were brought to the palaces to serve Buddha. The best wine, the most beautiful women, marble palaces, musicians, poets, dancers... a continuous merry-go-round. Twenty-four hours a day Buddha was drowned in

pleasures. Anybody who has any intelligence would escape. It became too tiring, it became too boring, it became such an ugly scene. He was fed up with it, so he escaped. Buddha's father was angry, very wounded. He wanted him to become a king and he became a buddha. He was not happy. In his own mind, to be a king was a greater thing than to be a buddha. To have more money and more fame -- worldly fame -- was more important to him than to be a meditator and attain to samadhi. These words must have looked like nonsense to him; he must have been a down-to-earth materialist.
But this is not only so with Buddha; people are never contented with anything. If your son turns out to be a thief you are angry, if he turns out to be a buddha you are angry. It seems it is not possible for you to be happy. If your wife is too faithful you are fed up, if your wife is not faithful you are angry. If your husband is absolutely obedient you are finished with him; if your husband is continuously quarreling, fighting, you are finished with him, too. It seems man's mind has such likes and dislikes that it is impossible for him to be in a contented state.

An old woman died and went to heaven. When she arrived there Saint Peter asked her where she would like to stay. She said, "I would like to be near the Virgin Mary."
So Saint Peter put her into the same apartment house as the Virgin Mary. One day she walked over to the Virgin Mary and said, "There is one thing I have always wanted to say to you."
Mary said, "Yes, what is it?"
The old woman said, "It must have been wonderful to have given birth to a man who is proclaimed a god throughout the world!"
Mary said, "Well, I would have liked it better if he had been a doctor."

Yes, that's how man is -- nothing seems to satisfy. Nothing ever seems to give you joy, because you are already carrying some likes and dislikes -- and existence has no obligation to fulfill them. It has never promised to fulfill your likes and dislikes.
If you really want to be blissful you have to drop likes and dislikes. Then you have to learn a different language to commune with existence. Whatsoever happens, enjoy it. Don't bring your likes and dislikes. Your life can be a continuous dance, a celebration; otherwise you will live in hell.
LIKE NOTHING LEST YOU LOSE IT, LEST IT BRING YOU GRIEF AND FEAR. One thing: if you like something and you get it, there is bound to be great fear -- the fear of losing it. And nothing is permanent in this life; everything that you have is bound to be lost. So the fear arises, and when you lose it you are in deep grief.

GO BEYOND LIKES AND DISLIKES.

FROM PASSION AND DESIRE,

SENSUOUSNESS AND LUST,
ARISE GRIEF AND FEAR.
FREE YOURSELF FROM ATTACHMENT.

Why do people live in such misery? -- for the simple reason that they cling to things. The moment you cling you are creating misery for yourself, because nothing is going to be permanent here. Life is a river; it goes on moving, changing. You can't even predict the next moment. So if you cling to something and the next moment you find it slipping out of your hands, you will be in great pain, great misery.
And the irony is: if you don't lose it and it remains with you, fulfilling your desire, then too, one day you are going to be very fed up... because the mind always requires the new to remain distracted. The mind is always searching for novelty, for something new. You love a woman, but still, once in a while an ordinary woman, who may not even be as beautiful as your own woman, attracts you. You seem puzzled: "Why does it happen?" Just that the mind always wants something new.
The mind cannot remain with one thing for long, so if you lose it you are in grief, if you don't lose it you are in grief. Either way grief happens.
Buddha says: FREE YOURSELF FROM ATTACHMENT.

Nadine, a pretty maid, was alone in the apartment where she worked and decided to lie down and rest for a while on the couch. After a few minutes, there was a knock on the door.
"Who is there?" she asked.
"The grocer," was the reply.
"What do you have for me?"
"Some staples."
"Leave them in the hall, will you?"
A few minutes later there was another knock. "Yes?" she asked.
"It is the egg man."
"Oh, what do you have for me?"
"Four dozen eggs."
"Please leave them with the groceries."
A few minutes after, still another knock. "Now what is it?"
"The superintendent."
"What do you have for me?"
"I've got an urge."
"Well, come in then. That won't keep."

And there are urges and urges; you are exploding with urges, desires. You don't have one desire, you have many desires. Not only that you have many desires, you have contradictory desires. If one is fulfilled, the other, which is its contradiction, remains unfulfilled and you are in misery. If the other is fulfilled, then something else remains unfulfilled.

A politician came to see me; he wanted peace of mind. I said, "Then get out of politics."

He said, "That is difficult. I am just coming closer and closer to be the chief minister of my state. For twenty years I have worked hard. Now I am the education minister and within two or three years I will be the chief minister -- I am the next man in the cabinet, so I cannot leave politics now."
Then I said, "Drop this idea of peace of mind, because being a politician, it is impossible to have peace of mind."
He said, "In fact, that's why I need it, that's why I have come to you, because it is becoming so much of a burden on me that I am falling apart. I am afraid that before I become the chief minister I may go mad. That's why I have come to you. Help me, teach me some method so I can be a little more peaceful, at ease, relaxed. But I cannot leave politics."
Now, this man wants two contradictory things together: he wants peace and he is ambitious. It is impossible. If you are ambitious, then your mind is bound to remain restless. If you want peace, then the first requirement is to drop all ambition. Unless you drop ambition you cannot be at ease, at peace, you cannot be relaxed. He could see the contradiction, but he said, "I will think it over."
I said, "If you can see the contradiction right now, what you are going to think about it? Your thinking is not going to make any difference."

It has made one difference: he has stopped coming to me. Since then I have not seen him. I have heard now that he goes to Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, because Mahesh Yogi says both can be fulfilled together. The more meditative you become, the more is the possibility of fulfilling your ambitions. Now this is utter nonsense. The more meditative you become, the less ambitious you will be. There is no question of fulfilling ambitions; ambition will start disappearing from your consciousness.
But if you look around your mind you will find many contradictory things -- one part going to the south, another to the north. It is a miracle how you go on managing yourself. Otherwise a part of you will be in Tokyo, a part in Timbuktu -- you will be all over the earth in fragments! It is really a miracle how you go on managing to keep yourself together. It is really only apparently together; deep down you are divided and split.
Buddha says: If you really want to transform your being into a peaceful consciousness, into serenity, into bliss, then you will have to GO BEYOND LIKES AND DISLIKES. FROM PASSION AND DESIRE, SENSUOUSNESS AND LUST, ARISE GRIEF AND FEAR. FREE YOURSELF FROM ATTACHMENT.
A few distinctions have to be made: when Buddha says "sensuousness" he does not mean sensitivity. In fact, a sensuous person is a gross person; the sensitive person is subtle. Sensitiveness is beautiful, sensuousness is ugly. Love is beautiful, lust is ugly. Love is sensitivity, lust is sensuousness. Love gives what you have, lust tries to snatch away something from the other. The sensuous person exploits the other, and the sensitive

person shares himself with the other.

Be sensitive but don't be sensuous. Be loving but get out of lust. Lust and sensuousness are animal; love and sensitivity are human.

And there is still a world above the human -- the divine -- where even sensitiveness, love, and all these things disappear. There remains only one thing: a witnessing consciousness. That is the state of buddhahood, christhood. One becomes just a pure mirror of existence. Then stars are reflected and the flowers are reflected. Then you see God in his original face -- this whole existence is his original face. This mirrorlike consciousness, this witnessing self, is the goal.
Buddha says: In this state, HE IS PURE The seeker becomes pure.

HE IS PURE AND SEES.
HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH, AND LIVES IT.
HE DOES HIS OWN WORK,
SO HE IS ADMIRED AND LOVED.

Remember always the goal: the goal is to become a pure witness. By purity Buddha never means moral purity; by purity he means childlike innocence. There is a great difference between moral purity and childlike innocence. Moral purity is cunning, clever. It is not really purity, it is something imposed. It has a motivation. The moral person is trying to attain to heaven, to otherworldly joys; he wants to become immortal. The moral person is not desireless: his object of desire has changed and he is ready to sacrifice everything for his new object of desire. He imposes purity upon himself, but that purity is not even skin-deep. Deep down he is cunning, manipulating. In fact, he is trying to manipulate God according to his desires.
The moral person is so knowledgeable; he is too deep in the scriptures. He is not wise but only knowledgeable. He knows nothing -- because for knowing you need a childlike innocence, for knowing you need great wonder and awe. For knowing you need to drop all concepts, ideologies, scriptures. Only then will your eyes be utterly empty, nude, and when your eyes are nude they can see.
The knowledgeable person THINKS that he knows because he has heard or read beautiful words; but his knowledge is utterly superficial, borrowed. It has no roots in his being; it is in fact stupid. People cannot see that his knowledge is nothing but stupidity masquerading as knowledge, because people are as blind as he is. But when he comes to a buddha, the buddha can see that what he is saying is not his own.

Once I was invited to a religious conference -- many saints were invited there. One Jaina monk spoke before me. He talked about the soul, freedom from all attachment, and the attainment of bliss, moksha, nirvana. All that he spoke of was beautiful, but I was sitting behind him and I could see through and through that that man was just a parrot. He was repeating scriptures, he knew nothing, but he was very much respected by the Jainas.
When he had finished I whispered in his ears that, "I have to tell you, even if it hurts,

that whatsoever you have said is all borrowed, it is all stupid. You don't know a thing. You have never meditated, you have never tasted any bliss. You have never known what enlightenment is, but you were describing it beautifully, you were defining it

beautifully. You are a clever person, but beware: this cleverness is not going to become the boat to the other shore."
He was shocked. In the afternoon a man came to me from him and said, "He wants to meet you, but in absolute privacy."
I said, "Why in privacy? I have got my people, he has got his people, and they both would like to listen to what transpires between the two of us. Let it be a public thing!" But he insisted. Still, at least two hundred people had gathered, but he said, "I want absolute privacy." So we went into a room; he locked the door, started crying.
I said, "Why are you crying?"
He said, "You are the first person who has been so frank and truthful towards me. I cannot accept what you have said before the people because they respect me. You will destroy my whole life's attainment -- this is my attainment. But before you I can confess that you are right -- I have been simply repeating. Now what should I do?"
I said, "The first thing is, come out and confess before the people that 'You have been respecting a wrong person.'"
He said, "That is too much -- I cannot do that."
"Then," I said, "get lost! If you cannot drop your ego, then I cannot be of any help to you because that is the first requirement."
He said, "I will think it over."
He is still thinking... twenty years have passed! In these twenty years I have sent people many times to inquire, "Have you come to any conclusion yet or not?" Last time when I sent a man to him he told the man, "Tell him, don't torture me -- for twenty years he has been torturing me. I know he is right, but at this age" -- now he is almost seventy -- "I cannot risk my reputation. I have to continue this life; next life maybe I will listen to his advice."
But I know that next life also he will not listen. I will not be there; somebody else may be there, but he will not listen.

A little girl answered the knock on the door of the farmhouse. The caller, a rather troubled-looking, middle-aged man, asked to see her father.
"If you have come about the bull," she said, "he is fifty dollars. We have the papers and everything and he is guaranteed."
"Young lady," the man said, "I want to see your father."
"If that is too much," the little girl replied, "we got another bull for twenty-five dollars, and he is guaranteed too, but he does not have any papers."
"Young lady," the man repeated, "I want to see your father!"
"If that is too much," said the little girl, "we got another bull for only ten dollars, but he is not guaranteed."
"I am not here for the bull," said the man angrily. "I want to talk about your brother, Elmer. He has gotten my daughter in trouble!"

"Ah, I am sorry," said the little girl. "You will have to see Pa about that, because I don't know what he charges for Elmer."

The little girl is simply repeating what she has heard. The father charges fifty for one bull, twenty-five for another, ten for another. She does not know exactly what he charges for... what is going on, but she has heard. She is simply repeating.
And this is how your knowledgeable people are. They have heard about God, they have not seen. They have heard about truth, they have not experienced. They have heard about love, they have not lived. They can talk and they can argue and they can prove themselves great scholars -- but they are stupid people. Beware of them -- they are not pure. They can even impose a certain discipline upon themselves out of this borrowed knowledge, but their idea of purity will also be something foolish.
Somebody will eat only vegetarian food; that will be his idea of purity. Somebody will not even eat all vegetables but only fruits -- he will be a fruitarian -- and fruits only when they become ripe and fall on their own so no harm is done to the tree. Now he will think that he is really pure. Somebody will think that just drinking milk is the purest thing.
In India milk is thought to be the purest food, SATTVIC, the most pure. Now that is strange, because milk is animal food. It is like eggs, it comes out of the animal's body. And certainly it is not for you -- it is for the kids of the animal. And it is dangerous too, because the cow gives milk for HER kid, and her kid is going to become a bull! Now in India people think that if you drink milk you will attain celibacy. That is utter foolishness -- you will become a bull! How can you attain celibacy? Milk is the most sexual food possible.
But people can go to extremes. I have come across a few people who are trying to live only on water.

Once I came across a man who was trying to live only on water. He was dying, not living, but one can live for at least three months on water too, because one has enough emergency flesh accumulated in the body so one can go on eating it for three months. In fact to live just on water is to eat your own meat, because every day one pound of your weight will disappear. "Where has it gone?" I asked the man. "Who has eaten it?"
He was very much disturbed. He said, "You are the first man who is disturbing me -- because everybody says that this is the best, the most sattvic, the most pure food -- water, and Ganges water, not ordinary water."
Now, the water of the Ganges is the most impure in India, because people throw dead bodies in the Ganges -- and in no other river -- because if you throw a body in the Ganges, the person to whom the body belonged goes directly to heaven. So the Ganges carries all kinds of germs, dead bodies; they may have died from cancer, tuberculosis, this and that.
And he said, "I am drinking only Ganges water, and you are making me very afraid. You are saying that, 'You are eating your own meat.' Now I will not be at rest at all."
I said, "What can I do? -- you are eating it! Otherwise, where does your weight

disappear to?"

But these are the ideas people go on carrying. Purity becomes something very foolish. Either you change your eating habits and you think you have become pure, or you change your clothes and you start living in rags and you think you have become pure. You leave your house and start living in a cave and you think you have become pure. Or you take an early bath and think you are pure, or you take four, five baths every day and that is your purity, or you don't sleep and that is your purity But these are all ideas you gather from others. You can impose them on yourself and you will be worshipped, but this is not what Buddha means.
When he says: HE IS PURE, he means he is innocent, he is not knowledgeable. He is functioning from the state of not-knowing. He is not bookish, he does not live according to the books.

Mr. Goldberg, a prosperous furrier, sent his daughter to Europe to get some culture and maybe meet a rich fellow.
A few months later she wrote and asked papa to send her a book on etiquette.
"Real fine people she is meeting," he thought to himself.
Five months later she wrote for another book on etiquette.
"Princes she is going with," said Goldberg and jumped for joy.
After two years Becky came home. Mr. Goldberg met her at the pier and was taken aback when she appeared with a child in her arms.
"Whose baby?" he asked.
"Mine," she replied.
"And the father?"
She shook her head. "I don't know, Papa."
Goldberg wept in despair. "Two books on etiquette you got and you don't even know to ask, 'With whom have I the pleasure?'"

Books can't help; even two books on etiquette won't make you cultured. A thousand books on spirituality and you will not become spiritual. It is not a question of becoming more informed. It is a question of transformation, not of information.
HE IS PURE, AND SEES. When you are innocent you have eyes to see the truth as it is, because you don't have any idea to distort. You have no prejudice, no like, no dislike. You are neither Hindu nor Mohammedan nor Christian. You are simply a consciousness, full of wonder, great inquiry. There is exploration; you reflect reality. In innocence reality is reflected and seen.
HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH And when you know, you cannot do otherwise. HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH... whatsoever the cost. Even if you are to be killed for saying the truth; you would rather be killed but you will not stop speaking the truth.

Socrates was told by the judges that if he could stop talking about truth he could be

forgiven, but then he had to make a promise to the court that he would never talk about truth.

Socrates said, "I would rather die than stop talking about truth."

The judges were puzzled. They said, "But why? Life is so precious."
Socrates said, "Not more precious than truth. If I cannot speak the truth, then there is no point in living at all. I live to convey the truth. My life is only a means to spread whatsoever I have come to know. If I cannot do that, then there is no point in living -- please kill me. And I cannot make that promise for one more reason: even if I want to stop I cannot. I will go on saying what I see. I will go on living it. I can't do otherwise. Knowing the truth is being it."

HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH, AND LIVES IT. HE DOES HIS OWN WORK, SO HE IS ADMIRED AND LOVED.
What is his work? His work is to shout. His work is to call you out of your sleep. His work is to wake people up. Yes, those who understand him will admire and love him. And there will be many who will not understand him; they will condemn him, they will even kill him. But Buddha takes no account of those. He is simply taking account of those few rare souls who will be able to understand what he is saying and what he is living. And in fact only those few people MEAN anything. Only they are worth counting; the crowd is not worth counting at all.

WITH A DETERMINED MIND AND UNDESIRING HEART
HE LONGS FOR FREEDOM.
HE IS CALLED UDDHAMSOTO --
"HE WHO GOES UPSTREAM."

UDDHAMSOTO is a beautiful word that Buddha uses many times. UDDHAM means great endeavor; SOTO means the source. The English word 'source' comes from the same root as soto. The Sanskrit word is SHROT; from shrot comes the English word 'source' and the Pali word 'soto'. Buddha speaks Pali; he is using soto. Uddhamsoto means a man who is trying, with all his being, to reach to the source, to the very source of being. His whole effort is to know the ultimate, the very ground of existence, because that is where truth is, God is, nirvana is.
Great effort is needed, laziness won't do -- and people are really lazy. Because people are lazy, that's why priests could exploit them for centuries -- and they are going to exploit you if you continue to remain lazy. Because people are lazy they leave it to the priests: "You do the prayer, you do the worship for us on our behalf. We will pay you, but you do it on our behalf." They know that their priests are as blind as they are, as lazy as they are. They have not worked upon their beings.
Work is arduous. Many chunks have to be cut out of you and dropped; only then can you come to your original face. It is almost like a sculptor carving a statue out of a marble rock; with chisel and hammer in his hands he goes on cutting the rock, taking out all unnecessary pieces. Slowly slowly, the formless rock starts attaining a form, the

ordinary rock starts becoming something extraordinary, beautiful. A Buddha can be found in it, a Christ can be found in it, a Krishna can be found in it. But before you can

find a buddha in the rock much has to be destroyed. Unless you are ready to do great work upon yourself it is not going to happen. You cannot rely on agents.
Your priests, your bishops, your popes, are all agents -- agents between you and God. You don't know God, and the agents go on saying, "Don't be worried -- we know. We will convey your messages." They don't know either; they are simply exploiting your ignorance.
But people are lazy. Laziness is one of the problems.

Manuel was the new man on the railroad crew, so naturally he got the worst jobs around the camp. Among the he-men laborers, the most hated job was that of the camp cook.
During the first day on the job, Manuel complained bitterly about the horrible food only to be informed that whoever complained about the food had to be the cook. Manuel argued long and loud but the foreman would not yield: Manuel would have to cook until somebody else complained.
The next day Manuel got a brilliant idea. After washing the breakfast dishes he went off to the prairie and soon located exactly what he sought -- a freshly deposited pasture pastry, a steaming green moose turd. Carefully Manuel collected the fragments, putting the fragrant treasure in a large box he had brought along for the purpose, and returned to the camp cookshack. He carefully prepared a large pie crust, inserted the moose turd, and baked the pie until it was a golden brown.
That night he gleefully served the tender pastry as his piece de resistance, and waited for the complaints to start. The faces of the crew were delightfully twisted as the diners choked down the delicate offering.
Finally one man rose to his feet, his face a twisted mass of disgust. "My God!" he roared at Manuel. "That is moose turd pie! It sure is good, though!"

Man is so lazy that he will go on as he is rather than working and trying to change -- trying to bring some changes in his circumstances. It is easier to remain contented, to remain insensitive, to go on pulling, somehow existing. But it is not life. And what is true about the outer circumstances is far more true about the inner, because the outer circumstances don't need so much effort to be changed but the inner lethargy is centuries old. The unconsciousness is so primitive, its roots are so deep, that it needs a total determination on your part, a tremendous determination, a commitment, a deep involvement. You have to risk all. Unless that happens it is impossible to change yourself, you will remain the same. You can go on reading, you can go on accumulating knowledge, you can go from one teacher to another teacher, but deep down you will not change. This is not the way to change.
The way to change is: WITH A DETERMINED MIND AND UNDESIRING HEART HE LONGS FOR FREEDOM.

HE IS CALLED UDDHAMSOTO -- "HE WHO GOES UPSTREAM." It is almost going upstream, because not to follow the crowd, not to follow the tradition, not to follow the scripture, not to follow the religion you are born in, the church you are born in, is going

against the stream. Great effort is needed; otherwise ordinarily it seems easier, more comfortable and convenient to follow the crowd -- whatsoever they are doing, you go on doing. They will not give you trouble, but remember, you are simply destroying a great opportunity. And this life is going to disappear soon. Why not bring all your energies to such a point of integration where you can take a quantum leap from the known to the unknown, from time to eternity?
Unless you are determined... and that's what sannyas is all about: a determination, a commitment, to transform oneself, not holding back anything. I cannot change you unless you are totally determined to be changed. You cannot throw the responsibility on me. I am here to help, but I can help only those who are really committed, who are not halfheartedly here.

Fred was admitted to a madhouse because he always felt he was a mouse and was totally paranoid about cats.
After years and years of treatment he was finally declared normal again and the doctor said, "So you know now that you are not a mouse -- you are a human being like me and there is no need to be afraid of cats."
Fred agreed and was released. But as he stepped out of the gates he saw a cat walking on the opposite side of the road. He totally freaked and ran back inside in total shock. The doctor said, "But Fred, I thought that it was clear to you that you are not a mouse." Fred replied, "Doctor, you know I am not a mouse, I know I am not a mouse. But how the hell do I know that the cat knows?"

Nobody can help you from the outside. Yes, you can be convinced, but deep down you will remain the same. You can be silenced through arguments, but arguments cannot change you. You will have to bring all your energies to a single point, to an absolute determination, that "This life I am going to make it. I am ready to do whatsoever is required. I will not shirk any responsibility. I will not shrink from any responsibility. I will not find any excuses, rationalizations. I will not be a victim anymore of the old mind."
Once this determination is total, transformation immediately starts happening. In fact to be totally determined is almost half the journey.
Buddha says:

WHEN A TRAVELER AT LAST COMES HOME
FROM A FAR JOURNEY,
WITH WHAT GLADNESS
HIS FAMILY AND HIS FRIENDS RECEIVE HIM!

I am creating a family here, a family of friends. The day any of you will burst forth into

a flame, the whole family will rejoice. And it is not only that this small commune of sannyasins will rejoice; the whole existence participates in rejoicing. Whenever a man

becomes a buddha, the trees, the rivers, the mountains, the stars, all rejoice, because at least one of us has reached home.
And Buddha says:

EVEN SO SHALL YOUR GOOD DEEDS
WELCOME YOU LIKE FRIENDS
AND WITH WHAT REJOICING
WHEN YOU PASS FROM THIS LIFE TO THE NEXT!

And whatsoever you have done to transform yourself -- he calls it "the good deed" -- that is real virtue. Whatsoever you have done to transform yourself, that is your treasure. And you will be surprised that when you reach to the other shore, the beyond, your treasure will be awaiting you there, to rejoice, to receive, to welcome you.
Either you can collect money, power, prestige -- which will be left on this shore -- or you can accumulate a totally different kind of treasure: of meditation, of love, of bliss, of understanding, of awareness, of godliness. If you attain to this treasure, you will be surprised: when you reach to the other shore, when you go beyond this body, when death happens to this body, you will be received by all the treasures that you have accumulated. They will all rejoice.
Buddha means that there is a treasure that goes with you to the ultimate, and there is a momentary treasure which is left behind. Those who are wise accumulate that which will be theirs forever, and those who are foolish accumulate the momentary, which will be taken away from you -- which is going to be taken away by death.
Remember, each moment, what you are accumulating. Is it going to be taken away by death? Then it is not worth bothering about. If it is not going to be taken away by death, then even life can be sacrificed for it -- because one day or another life is going to disappear. Before life disappears, use the opportunity to find that which never dies. Become an uddhamsoto. Find the source of existence, of your own being, of all that is. That source is God, that source is nirvana.
Enough for today.

The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

Chapter #8

Chapter title: Everything is possible

28 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:
Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
TO ME, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE IN THE CHRISTIAN SCRIPTURES ENDS WITH THE WORDS, "AND JESUS WEPT." IT OCCURS WHEN HE APPROACHES JERUSALEM FOR THE LAST TIME, LOOKS DOWN ON IT IN HIS COMPASSION, SEES ALL OF THE FOOLISHNESS, FUTILITY AND PATHOS OF MANKIND -- AND WEEPS.
BELOVED MASTER, DOES THE BUDDHA WEEP?

Anand Deepesh, it certainly is one of the most beautiful passages in the Christian scriptures, because it shows the humanity of Jesus, that is his unique quality. Gautama the Buddha is not so human.
Jesus is both the son of man and the Son of God. He knows the dark valley, he also knows the sunlit peak -- and he has a very human heart. That humanity remains with him to the very end. All the buddhas are unique. In the same situation Lao Tzu, looking back, would have laughed at the foolishness, at the ridiculousness, at the absurdity of human beings. And in the same situation Gautama the Buddha would not even have cared to look back; that is his uniqueness, he never looks back, the past does not exist at all. Mahavira would have looked back but would have neither wept nor laughed.
This fact has to be remembered: never compare two buddhas, otherwise you will create great confusion for yourself. Although their experience is the same, their expressions are different, are bound to be different. They have different individualities, they have different forms of expressing their experience.
Jesus remains human, very human. If you ask a Buddhist, he will say, "Then he is not a buddha if he wept." When he is just going to be crucified and he is raised on the cross, he looks at the sky and says, "Have you forsaken me?" There is great complaint, the complaint of the human heart, complaining to God as a child would complain to his mother or father: "Have you forsaken me? What are you trying to do to me?" He is angry too, a little anger is there, which is part of being human; a little anger, a little love, a little joy.
When he enters into the great temple of Jerusalem he feels so offended by the presence of

the money-changers in the temple that he takes a whip in his hand and, alone, he drives all the money-changers out of the temple, turns their money-changing boards upside-down, creates chaos; that too is very human. That is Jesus' speciality.

In the same situation you can't think of Buddha looking at the sky because for Buddha there is no God outside. God is within, you are looking at the empty sky, there is no one to respond. God is in the crucified person, there is no way to pray to God. Prayer is absolutely meaningless for a Buddha; he would have accepted it without any grudge, without any complaint, without any anger. He is suprahuman, his expression is absolutely suprahuman; not for a single moment will he allow human weakness to enter in.

When he was dying, he stopped his disciples from weeping and crying; he said, "You can do it when I'm gone, you will have enough time, but right now, at least while I am still alive, don't do such a stupid thing. There is nothing to weep for because there is nobody to die. Why are you weeping?"
Ananda, his disciple, said, "Bhagwan, we have loved you so much, how can we avoid feeling sad?"
Buddha said, "You loved a nothingness. I was never a person but only a presence, and I have been telling you again and again, don't think of me as a person. The person died the day I became Buddha. Gautama Siddhartha died the day enlightenment happened. Since then there has been nobody inside the house, the house is utterly empty. Hence nobody is dying, stop crying and weeping. Later on when I am gone you can do whatsoever you want, you will have enough time. Don't waste these precious moments in weeping."

This is a totally different expression. God is multidimensional. When he is experienced there are going to be many expressions of it.
Mahavira is absolutely indifferent to everything. He will not laugh, he will not weep either, because for him this whole world is nothing but a dream. If you know that something is a dream, how can you weep?

There is an ancient Chinese parable. Chuang Tzu used to tell that parable again and again.
A great king had only one son and the son was dying -- dying of a disease for which there was no medicine available. All the physicians had said, "There is no way to save him. It is only a question of a few hours or at the most one or two days and he will be gone."
The king had loved the son so much; he was the only son, the king was getting old and there was no possibility of another son. The king was sitting by the side of the bed the whole night because this might be the last night.
Nearabout four o'clock the old king fell asleep and had a dream. In the dream he saw a beautiful marble palace; he had never dreamed of such a beautiful palace. And the kingdom is so vast; he is the king, and he is sitting on a golden throne studded with big

diamonds and emeralds. He HAD emeralds and diamonds but not so big, not so pure, without any flaw. And he had beautiful women and twelve sons; maybe the idea of losing his only son had created the desire for twelve sons, maybe it was just a reflection

of his actual state. This dream might have been just a wish fulfillment, but he felt so blessed. And all his sons were so wise, so healthy, such great warriors.
And then suddenly his son died on the bed. The wife cried so loudly that the king's dream was shattered; he opened his eyes, looked at the dead body of his son and didn't say a word -- remained like a statue. His wife was shocked, she shook him and said, "Do you understand or not? Your son is dead!" The king said, "I can see it but now I am puzzled -- for whom to cry? Just a minute before I had twelve beautiful sons, very handsome, very wise, in every way skillful. And because of your crying my dream is shattered, those twelve sons have disappeared; and the golden throne and the marble palace and the great kingdom, all have gone. Should I weep for those or should I weep for this son because when I was dreaming I had completely forgotten my son, you and the kingdom?
"Now I am awake, I have forgotten the dream and the beauties of the dream. Which is true, which should I cry for? Because when I was seeing the dream it was true, at least it appeared to be true. Now I am seeing my dead son, it appears true, but how to decide which appearance is really true?"

Chuang Tzu, in another parable, says the same thing. He says, "Once I dreamed that I had become a butterfly, moving from one flower to another, enjoying the sun and the wind. And then somebody awakened me; it was morning and getting late and the sun was shining in my face. As I opened my eyes the butterfly disappeared, I was again Chuang Tzu. Since then I have been in confusion. The confusion is, if Chuang Tzu can dream that he is a butterfly, why can't the butterfly dream that she is Chuang Tzu?"
He seems to be very penetrating; this puzzle is something worth meditating over. If Chuang Tzu can become a butterfly in the dream... the butterfly may have fallen asleep, sitting on some tree, under the shade of a tree; the butterfly may have fallen into sleep and dreamed that she is Chuang Tzu. Now who is right and what is a dream? Both seem to be similar.

A man like Buddha knows the falseness of the whole world; he will not weep, he will not laugh, he will not even look back. That is his way of expressing his experience of the total. Mahavira will look back because he also has great compassion -- but different from Jesus; he will not weep, because it helps nobody. If you weep for the world, it does not help the world. If you weep at the stupidity of people it makes you look silly, that's all. It does not help people.
But Lao Tzu would have certainly laughed because looking at people's absurdity, their ridiculousness, what else can you do? Lao Tzu used to ride on a water buffalo, moving from one place to another. He was a jolly fellow, telling jokes, telling stories to people, always in a laughing state.
If you see the statues of Buddha that have been made in China and in Japan you will be

surprised. They don't look like Buddha, particularly not like the Indian statues, not at all. The Indian statues have a very athletic form, Buddha has a big chest and a very small belly, no belly at all, his body seems to be very proportionate.

But the Chinese Buddha has a big belly; the chest is completely sunk in, the belly is too big. And not only is the belly big, even in the marble statues you can see the belly laughing, there are ripples of laughter on the belly. It has been conceived according to the Taoist idea; because China could understand only if Buddha was presented in the form of Lao Tzu. They knew Lao Tzu, they were acquainted with this enlightened man, and he was always laughing. To him there is nothing to weep for. What reason is there to weep at the ridiculousness of man?

Three college boys, upon entering their favorite juke joint to sit at their usual table, found it to be occupied by an oldish woman. After debating what to do about the situation, they finally decided to embarrass the woman into leaving.
Sitting next to the old lady, the first student started "Say, John," he said, "did you know that I was born three months before my parents were married?"
"Why, that's nothing," said the next one. "I was born six months before my parents were married."
"Fellows," replied the last of the hungry men, "I was born without my parents being married."
The old lady finally looked up from the table and pleasantly asked, "Will one of you bastards please pass the salt?"

Life is ridiculous, you never know what is going to happen, it is absurd.

An artist's model arrived at her boss' studio and was waiting for him to arrive. When he walked in the door she headed for the dressing room to get undressed.
But he said, "No, don't bother getting ready. I have got a terrific hangover and really don't feel like working today. But why don't you stay and join me in a cup of coffee?" The model said, "I would love to."
Just then the artist heard familiar footsteps approaching the door.
"Oh my gosh," he gasped. "Here comes my wife. Get your clothes off -- quick!"

Lao Tzu would laugh; Jesus wept. Now it is for you to choose. I love both the men; in fact laughing and weeping are two sides of the same coin. And because of this story that Jesus wept, I say something which Christians have denied down the ages. Christians have been saying that Jesus never laughed. Now a man who is capable of weeping is bound to be capable of laughing, it is impossible to weep if you cannot laugh. In fact laughter and weeping are not opposites, but complementaries -- two extremes of the same spectrum.
Christians say Jesus never laughed. That is an invented story, I can't believe in it. Because Jesus was not an ascetic. Yes, I can understand some ascetic saint never laughing because he is so desertlike, so dry, so dull and so dead. But Jesus is a juicy

man, he is not an ascetic; he enjoyed good food, good company, he enjoyed drinking wine, he enjoyed being festive with his friends. And his friends were all sorts of people,

his friends were not Rotarians; they were gamblers, thieves; even a prostitute, Mary Magdalene, was part of his company. He enjoyed the real people.

If you want to see the unreal people you can go to a meeting of the Rotary Club. There you see pseudo people, all with masks, all smiling and saying hello to each other. These are not their real faces, they always keep their real faces locked in their cupboards, they never take them out. Only once in a while can you have a glimpse of their real face. It happens only when they are unconscious; maybe when they have drunk too much you can see their real face. The unconsciousness may give you a glimpse of their truth.

Gurdjieff used to give as much wine as possible to his new disciples; he would go on forcing. And when the master forces you to drink Just think of me asking you to drink, and I go on pouring and pouring -- how can you say no? And trust is the first thing.

Gurdjieff would force them to eat and drink so much that their real faces would show; that was his first contact with the disciple. The disciples were very much puzzled, they had never seen such a master. They would fall on the ground and would start saying incoherent things. Then Gurdjieff would sit by their side and listen to what they are saying, what their faces are showing, because these are the real faces, these are their realities.

You cannot think of Buddha telling people to drink, but Gurdjieff did. I cannot believe that Jesus never laughed; he lived with such alive people: fishermen, carpenters, poor people. He was not keeping company with the rabbis, the pundits, the scholars and the professors. He was moving with raw people, real people of the earth. It is impossible to think that he was a sad man, that he never laughed; and if he was incapable of laughter, he would be incapable of weeping too.

This statement, that he wept, shows with absolute certainty that he must have laughed too. That is one of the most beautiful things about Jesus; I love that he is very human. Buddha is a little cold, has no warmth, is far away -- that is his beauty. We need ALL kinds of masters, we need ALL kinds of flowers in the garden. A rose has its beauty and a lotus has its beauty. The lotus will need a lake, a different situation to happen in, it will have a different fragrance. But all kinds of flowers enrich the garden. The garden of buddhahood is full of strange, unique, incomparable beings: Lao Tzu, Zarathustra, Mohammed, Mahavira, Buddha, Krishna, Christ.

Now, Christ is on the cross. Whenever you think about Christ, you think of the cross too. It is impossible to think of them separately, they have become inseparable. If you see the cross you will think of Christ, if you think of Christ the cross is always there in the background. With Krishna it is not the cross but the flute. Now, Krishna is a dancer, a singer; you cannot think of Buddha dancing, singing, it is impossible to conceive. And it will look very ridiculous too; with Krishna it fits, his whole vision of life is such that the flute fits with it.

Remember this and don't become too much attached to one form of buddhahood. There

are as many forms of buddhahood as you can conceive. Many more buddhas will happen in the future, who will have a totally different quality which was never

available in the past. If you become too much attached and obsessed with a certain form, you will miss other buddhas.

In Holland there was a conference arranged by Krishnamurti followers. Krishnamurti was coming there and staying with the people for seven days. His disciples had gathered from all over the world. One woman went from India but after two, three days she was back.
She came to see me. I said, "You came back so early? Is the conference finished?" She said, "No, the conference is not finished but I am finished with Krishnamurti." I said, "What happened?" She said, "I had gone shopping and I saw Krishnamurti purchasing a necktie, and not only purchasing a necktie but making such a fuss. At least two hundred neckties were spread all over the table and nothing was liked by him. Something was wrong with everything: some color was wrong, the size was wrong, this was wrong, that was wrong." And she said, "I simply watched what he was doing. Is he a buddha? A buddha purchasing, shopping? A buddha looks good with a begging bowl but a buddha purchasing -- and what? A necktie! And then too, he is making so much fuss."
Krishnamurti is very fastidious about his clothes. She became so frustrated, she did not attend the conference. What is the point now? This man is not a buddha. Now, what to do with this woman -- to weep for her or to laugh at her? One can weep for her stupidity because Krishnamurti is Krishnamurti; he is not Gautama the Buddha, he is not Jesus Christ. He has his unique way of living, of expressing. He is not a renunciate, he lives in the world. And to see the point, that he lives in the world and yet is not of it, needs great understanding inside. This woman missed.
What to do with this woman? To weep for her? She went to Holland without even listening to a single talk of Krishnamurti Or to laugh at her stupidity? And one never knows -- Krishnamurti may have managed the whole thing only for this woman. Seeing that she is watching he may have made so much fuss... because people like Krishnamurti always want to get rid of the rubbish type of people, the stupid type of people.

Gurdjieff used to do many things just to get rid of unnecessary people. Sometimes he would behave so absurdly that the person who had come to see him would never come again -- thinking that he was mad. One day he is sitting drinking tea with two, three disciples and a journalist comes to see him. He was always against journalists entering into his ashram because this was his understanding: that they are bent upon misunderstanding.
He asked the journalist, very courteously, to sit and have some tea, some cake. The journalist was very happy because he had heard that Gurdjieff always throws journalists out, he tells them in no uncertain terms to get lost! He was very happy that he

was being received with such love and compassion.
And then Gurdjieff asked the woman sitting by his side, "What day was yesterday?"
She said, "Friday."

"And what day is today?"
Then the journalist became a little confused -- this man cannot manage! If yesterday was Friday, then there is no point in asking, "What day is today?"
The woman said, "Of course today is Saturday."
And he shouted at the woman, he said, "How it can be? If yesterday was Friday, how it can be Saturday today? Impossible! You go and find out what day today is."
The journalist escaped, thinking that this is something insane, this man is insane; he never even looked back. When he had gone, Gurdjieff had a good, hearty laugh. He said to the woman, "You see how I got rid of that man. Now he will never come back and he will spread the story around and many more will be prevented from coming."

One never knows how an enlightened person is going to behave -- with what devices. Deepesh, your feeling that you love these words, this beautiful passage, is good, but remember that man is worth both weeping and laughing over. Yes, he is in great misery but the misery is created by himself. He IS trapped and he suffers much, but the trap is made by himself. He is like a small child who was playing outside the house with a pile of bricks. He started making a house of bricks, standing in the middle he went on putting brick upon brick around himself. When they came up to his neck then he became puzzled, then he started shouting to his mother, that "I am imprisoned, come and save me!" Now he cannot get out of it -- but he himself has created it!
This is the situation of man, we create our misery, our hell. If you see that we go on creating it, it is worth laughing at; but if you say, and see, that "Maybe we create it but still we are suffering," then it is worth weeping over.
But Buddha will not do either. He will remain detached, cool. He will not suffer because you are suffering and he will not even think your misery worth laughing about. He will keep his cool; he will do whatsoever he can to help you and will go on his way. Whether you are helped or not is not his business. His business is to say what is, and even THAT he had agreed to very reluctantly.

When he became enlightened he remained silent for seven days. The story is, the gods became very much worried because it rarely happens that a man becomes enlightened. Now this Siddhartha had become enlightened and he has not spoken a single word for seven days. They looked deep into the consciousness of Siddhartha and they saw that he was not going to speak at all.
They came down to the earth, bowed down to Buddha and asked him to speak because there were many who could be helped. Buddha said to them, "I had thought about it but there are only two alternatives. One is: I will speak but I will be understood only by very few people. The majority will not understand, maybe ninety-nine percent of the people will not understand at all. So ninety-nine percent of my efforts is going to be a sheer wastage.

"Of the one percent who will be able to understand me, my insight says that even without me, sooner or later they will find their own way. Their intelligence is such, their

courage is such, their search is such... they are passionate lovers of truth. That's why they will be able to understand me.

"The ninety-nine percent will never understand, the one percent who are capable of understanding me will understand it anyway, whether I speak or not. In fact it will be easier for them to understand if I don't speak. My silence will be more of a communion with them. So what is the point of speaking?"

The gods were very much worried how to answer this. They gathered together, they discussed among themselves, then they came again with a new argument and they said, "Listen! You are right, there are people who will never understand you and there are people who will understand even without your saying a single word. But can you deny that there are people between these two? Can you say there is not a single person who is just between these two categories, a third category, who will understand if you speak, and who will never understand if you don't speak? Can you deny -- it may be a very small minority, it may be one in a million, but can you deny that one single person -- that link between the majority and the minority? The nonunderstanders and the understanders... they are linked."

Buddha could not deny it. He said, "You are right, there ARE a few people; yes, one in a million who will be helped."

"Then," those gods said, "even if it is only one in a million, it is your to duty help him."

It is because of this argument that Buddha started speaking; otherwise he was not going to speak. And remember, there have been many buddhas who have not spoken. They remained silent their entire lives, you will never hear about them because they have never spoken. No scripture exists to describe them.

One point I would like to make very clear to you: that each individual when he becomes enlightened, becomes part of the universal -- but his expression still remains individual. His experience is universal, but his expression is individual. If he was a poet before, like Kabir, when he becomes enlightened he will sing songs. If he was a poet, if being a poet was part of his individuality -- now knowing the universal, his understanding, his light, will start flowing into the old patterns of poetry. He will be like Kabir, Nanak, Farid. But if he was a painter, not a poet, and he becomes enlightened, then he will paint -- that will be his natural way of expressing. If he was a sculptor then his expression will be different.

Each buddha lives in the universal but expresses himself individually. This is Jesus' expression, he is all too human. Maybe that is his appeal -- now almost half the earth is in love with Jesus. The reason is his humanity. Buddha is a faraway star, Jesus seems to be very close to the heart. Buddha appeals to the very sophisticated, Jesus' appeal is for the masses.

Whenever a country becomes sophisticated, cultured, educated, rich, affluent, Jesus' appeal starts disappearing. That's what is happening in America. Buddha is becoming

more and more powerful: more and more Zen centers are being opened, more and more people are becoming converted from prayer to meditation, more and more people are becoming interested in the sayings of Buddha.

Jesus is losing ground in America; he is still gaining ground in India, but he is losing ground in America. America is now in the same affluent state as India was in the times of Buddha. The country was rich, people were well-educated, sophisticated, cultured; they knew what philosophy was. They knew all the flights of metaphysics, they knew the highest peaks -- at least intellectually. And Buddha was speaking to this intelligentsia; it was a totally different communication.

Jesus was talking to the poor villagers, farmers, gardeners, fishermen. He was speaking to the lowest, the poorest of the poor. His language is different, it is very human, it has to be.

Buddha's language is very pure, philosophical, metaphysical. It is less concerned with whether you understand it or not, it is more concerned with being true, being closer to truth, as close as possible. Hence their expressions are bound to be different.

Deepesh, you ask me, "Beloved Master, does the buddha weep?" Some buddhas do, some buddhas don't. It all depends on the individuality.

It happened when Basho's master died -- Basho is a buddha, a buddha who writes poetry, a buddha who paints beautiful pictures, a very aesthetic buddha. His master died, thousands of people gathered. His master was very famous; more famous because of Basho, because Basho was a famous poet and painter and he was Basho's master. Thousands of people gathered and they were very much surprised when they saw Basho crying, big tears rolling down his cheeks.

A few close disciples of his master came to Basho and said, "It does not look right. Thousands of people are coming and they are getting confused. They don't think a buddha should be crying and weeping, and you are the man who has been saying to them again and again: There is no death and the innermost core lives forever. Then why are you weeping? Your master is not dead, he has only moved from the small body to the universal body of God. So why are you weeping?"

Basho wiped his tears and he said, "Listen! This is nobody's business. I live according to my inner feelings, I cannot pretend. When my innermost core has disappeared into the universal. don't care whether people think it right or not. If they don't think that I am enlightened it's okay, but I cannot pretend. I cannot do something which is not really there. And yes, I have said that the soul is immortal and my master has not died, he has disappeared into the universal. That's why I am crying, not crying that he is dead but crying that now I will never be able to see his form. Now he has become formless -- and his body was beautiful. I will never be able to look again into those deep eyes, I will never be able to hold his hand and touch his feet. I have lost his form -- I am crying for his body, for his form; I am not crying for the formless soul. And I am not concerned whether people think me enlightened or unenlightened, that is their business. Who cares?"

No, this is Basho's approach, and he too is true. But never compare. Let each buddha be a Himalayan peak separate from other peaks. Let each buddha be understood according to his own way, never impose any other pattern on him. That has been done down the

ages again and again. The Christian can't believe that Buddha is a christ, because he does not serve the poor, he does not heal the wounded, he does not make the blind see, he does not do miracles like Jesus did. Lazarus died and Jesus came, and after four days he revived Lazarus. Buddha does nothing like that; on the contrary, he does something absolutely different.

There is a beautiful story:
A woman lost her young son; just a few days before her husband had died. Kissa Gautami was her name, and now her only son had died. She was in great despair, naturally; the child was her only hope. Buddha was staying in the town; people said, "Don't cry and don't weep. Why don't you take the child to the Buddha? He is so compassionate, he may revive him back to life."
The woman rushed with the dead body of the child. Buddha looked at the woman, told the woman to put the child in front of him and said to her, "Yes, I will revive him, but you will have to fulfill one condition."
The woman said, "I am ready to give even my life. Say any condition and I will fulfill it."
Buddha said, "It is a simple condition, I never make big requirements of people, only small requirements; this is a very simple thing. You just go into the town and bring a few mustard seeds. Just remember one thing: the mustard seeds should come from a house where nobody has ever died."
The woman was in an insane state, she could not see the point. How can you find a house where nobody has ever died? She rushed with great hope and she knew that every house has mustard seeds because that was the only crop the people were growing. The whole village was doing the same work, growing mustard seeds -- so there was no problem.
She knocked on many doors, the people said, "A few mustard seeds? We can bring cartloads of mustard seeds, but we cannot fulfill the condition; many people have died in our house. So our mustard seeds won't do."
By the evening the woman came to her senses. She had knocked on many doors; slowly slowly, she saw the point that death is inevitable -- it happens to everybody, that nobody can escape from it. She came back, she was a totally different woman when she came back in the evening. The child was there, Buddha was waiting. He said, "Where are the mustard seeds?"
The woman laughed, fell down at his feet and said, "Initiate me into your path, because I have understood your message, that everybody has to die. Today my son has died, a few days before my husband died, a few days afterwards I am going to die. Before I die I want to see the deathless. Now I am not interested in my child being raised from the dead. Now I am interested myself in seeing the eternal life."
Buddha initiated Kissa Gautami.

Now, these stories are the same, almost the same. Lazarus' sisters or Jesus' disciples, they sent for him. He was away. He came -- it took four days for him to reach there --

and he raised Lazarus from the dead. But what happened to Lazarus then? He must have died again because we don't see him anywhere. So what is the point?
If you ask Buddha he will say, "What is the point of raising the man? He will die again. You are simply creating another opportunity to die. Once is enough, why twice?" Buddha would have responded in a totally different way. Christians can't understand it because they are obsessed with the idea of Christ. They would like Buddha and Mahavira and Krishna to be the same way. That is not possible.
Buddhists cannot understand Christ either, because they have the idea of Buddha, the image of Buddha, and Jesus does not fulfill it. In fact there is no need for Jesus to fulfill anybody's idea, or for Buddha to fulfill anybody's expectation. They are unique people. We should stop this continuous comparison. Thousands of books are written every year comparing, and every comparison is going to be wrong, it is going to do some injustice to somebody or other. Either you will be unjust to Buddha, or to Christ. You cannot be just to both.
My effort here is to make you aware of the varieties of buddhahood, of the multidimensionality of enlightenment. The world is rich because there are so many birds and so many trees and so many flowers. And the same is true about the inner world; so many possibilities of growing, so many different, unique expressions when you become mature -- different flowers. The world is richer because there is a Buddha and a Christ and a Lao Tzu. The world would have been really very poor if there were only Ramas, just Ramas; the world would have been very poor. In each village and town you can find a few Ramas, carrying their bow. Or if there were millions of Christs everywhere it would not be beautiful, it would be boring.
It is good that Jesus has the touch of humanity and Buddha has pure divinity.

The second question:
Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT IS "COINCIDENCE"?

Anand Viramo, there are three things to be understood. One is the law of cause and effect. That applies to the material world and because science believes only in the law of cause and effect, it denies everything else. The law of cause and effect is mechanical, there is no coincidence. You heat the water to one hundred degrees and it evaporates, there is no coincidence. It is not that one day it evaporates at ninety-nine degrees, another day at ninety degrees. There is no question of the mood, the water cannot decide, the water is mechanically ruled by a law of cause and effect.
Those who believe in the law of cause and effect, they will not believe in any coincidence. Everything is predetermined, there is nothing like coincidence. Everything has an inevitability.

Then there is another law -- Carl Gustav Jung called it the law of synchronicity. Two things can happen together although they are not related as cause and effect. For example if somebody is singing a beautiful song, some cord in your heart is touched,

but it is not inevitable, it is not cause and effect -- it may happen, it may not happen; it may happen to a few people, it may not happen to a few others. It may happen to you one day, it may not happen to you another day.

Today you are feeling happy, you have met your woman, your friend, you are riding on the winds. Somebody is singing a song, suddenly it strikes a note in you, you also feel like singing. Somebody is dancing, your feet suddenly have the feel to dance, the mood to dance.

But your wife has died, you are sad and somebody is singing and it hurts. The moon has risen in the sky, a full-moon night, and you are sad -- the moon also looks sad, not beautiful. You are in such a sad state that the full-moon night looks like it is ridiculing you; it looks so indifferent to you, so unconcerned, so hard. You are in such a sad state and the moon is still shining the same way it used to, and the roses are blooming and the birds are singing. Nobody seems to be concerned about you, nobody seems to care about you.

The universe seems to be very neutral, very cold. You feel hurt, you feel alienated, you feel a stranger, an outsider. Now there will be no synchronicity.

The law of synchronicity means sometimes you fit and sometimes you don't fit. It is fluid. The law of synchronicity belongs to the world of mind; just as cause and effect belong to the world of matter, body, the law of synchronicity belongs to the world of mind, heart. Beyond these two there is a possibility of coincidence too. That means no law pertains, or you can call it the law of freedom. That is the ultimate, the law of your innermost core, in fact it is not a law because it is a law of freedom. Things can happen which are not caused by anything and which are not created by the law of synchronicity, just coincidences.

Coincidence simply means that there is a possibility of freedom. Now there are people here of all the three kinds. There are people here who have come according to the law of cause and effect; they had to come, it was inevitable, unavoidable. There was something pulling them like a magnet, they could not resist it.

There are people here who have come not through the law of cause and effect, but they felt a synchronicity, a harmony with me, a deep accord. If they wanted to resist they could have resisted very easily, if they wanted not to come they could have remained. There was not some gravitational pull, they had to choose. It is out of their choice that they are here.

And there is also the third category of people who have just come as a coincidence, accidental. A friend was here, and you had come to see your friend, not to see me, not to listen to me, not at all concerned about me; you had come just to see your friend -- but then you got caught. The friend may not be here anymore, the friend may have escaped. Now this is coincidence.

Your husband was coming here, and you simply followed him just as a dutiful wife.

Now there are many children, many kids who are coincidentally here. Their parents are

here, so they are here; their being here is not their choice, just a coincidence. Their parents are Christian, they are Christian; their parents are Hindu, so they are Hindu;

their parents have become sannyasins, they have become sannyasins. This is just coincidence.
All these three things happen. The higher you rise, the higher your consciousness is, the more aware you become of freedom. At the lowest point everything is determined, at the highest point nothing is determined.

Buddha renounced his palace and the first day, when he was walking on the bank of a river, he created much confusion in the mind of a great astrologer.
The astrologer was coming from Varanasi; he had achieved the highest degrees possible in those days. He had become the most famous astrologer; now he is going back to his part of the country. He saw Buddha's footprint on the wet sand; he could not believe his eyes, because it was against all his astrological knowledge. The feet of the Buddha had a few marks which were clearly there on the sand. Those marks were thought to belong only to a man who is the ruler of the whole world, a CHAKRAVARTIN, who is the ruler of six continents.
Now what is the ruler of six continents doing in this poor village, on this dirty bank? And why should the emperor of all the six continents walk barefooted? He could not believe his eyes. He studied them very minutely and there was no suspicion, no doubt. Either his astrological books are not right or some emperor has passed from here. He followed those footprints in search of the man and he found Buddha sitting under a tree. Now he was more puzzled; the man looked as if he was the emperor of all the six continents, and yet he was a beggar with a begging bowl.
He bowed down to Buddha and he said, "I would like to see your feet. I am an astrologer, you may have heard my name." He looked at the feet and he said, "Now you have created such confusion in my mind, I have never been so confused. For twelve years I have studied astrology, should I throw my scriptures in the river and forget all about it? You should be the emperor of the whole world. What are you doing here? How can you be a beggar?"
Buddha laughed and he said, "Yes, there is no need to throw away your books, there is no need to be so confused. Your books are right. I was meant to be a great king, but that belongs to the law of cause and effect. If I had simply followed the pattern in which I was born, then I would have been the king, a great king, a chakravartin. But because I renounced, I took a conscious, deliberate step against the pattern that was imposed, imprinted in my being. I revolted against it, I rebelled against it, I became free of it. I became a witness of it, I dropped my identification with my mind, and once you drop your identification with your mind you are no longer under the law of cause and effect."

First you enter into the world of synchronicity and then, ultimately, you enter into the world of freedom. In the world of freedom there are only coincidences. Nothing is

absolutely certain, everything is possible. Nothing is impossible. Napoleon is reported to have said: Nothing is impossible. But Napoleon cannot say that, he should not say it. A Buddha can say: Nothing is impossible, all things become possible.

You ask me, Anand Viramo, "What is 'coincidence'?"
It simply means that life is not just mechanical. It is not determined by fate and it is not determined by history. It is not determined by your past or by your past karmas. It is not determined, as Karl Marx says, by historical necessity. It is determined only for those who live unconsciously; otherwise it is freedom. You can choose and you can choose to be anything. You can even choose to be a nothingness, that is the ultimate freedom.
And coincidences are always happening in ordinary life too. Life is not as logical as you think, it is very illogical. Only the surface looks logical.

The preacher decided to enumerate the Ten Commandments to his flock.
When he got to "Thou Shalt Not Steal," he noticed a fellow in the first row acting nervously. When the preacher got to "Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery," he noticed the fellow brighten up and smile. After the service, the preacher approached the man and asked him the reason for his unseemly conduct -- to which the happy one replied, "When you said, 'Thou Shalt Not Steal,' I discovered my umbrella was gone. But when you said, 'Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery,' I remembered where I had left it."

A bachelor named Clem showed up at his weekly poker game with a black eye.
His friend Joe asked what had happened to him.
"Well," Clem replied, "when I was getting dressed this morning a button came off my pants. I don't know how to sew a thing, so I went to the next apartment and asked the woman there if she would sew it on for me."
"Oh boy," Joe said, "she probably thought you were making a pass and socked you, huh?"
"No, that was not it," said Clem. "She was as nice about it as she could be. Got out a needle and thread right then and there. She sat down in front of me and sewed the button on while I was standing there. But just as she finished and was biting the thread off, her husband walked in."

Life is not just logic. It does not follow a clean-cut path, it goes zigzag. And it is good that it is not simply logical, otherwise there would be no joy, there would be no surprise, you would be simply machines, not men. Coincidences never happen to machines, they can't happen to machines, they can happen only to man. It is your being conscious that makes them possible. Remove man from the earth and all coincidences will disappear, things will be following simple, logical law. But remove man and life loses all its beauty, because life loses its ultimate peak of evolution.

The third question:
Question 3

BELOVED MASTER,
WHY DO YOU GO ON SPEAKING AGAINST KNOWLEDGE? I HAVE NEVER HEARD YOU SPEAK AGAINST IGNORANCE.

Sargam, knowledge hinders, ignorance never does. Knowledge makes you egoistic, ignorance never does. Knowledge is nothing but hiding your ignorance, covering it up. If there is no knowledge, you will know your ignorance because there will be nothing to hide it. And to know that "I am ignorant" is the first step towards real wisdom. Hence I never speak against ignorance, ignorance has something beautiful about it. One thing that is beautiful about ignorance is that it can give you the right direction to move.

Socrates says: I know only one thing, that I know nothing. But Socrates is one of the wisest men of the world.
It happened that a few people had gone to the temple of Delphi, and the oracle at Delphi declared that Socrates is the wisest man, the greatest wise man ever. Those people rejoiced very much because they had come from Athens. They came back, they went to Socrates and they said, "You should also rejoice. Have you heard or not? The oracle at the temple of Delphi has declared you the greatest wise man on the earth."
Socrates said, "There must be something wrong, some misunderstanding, because I am the most ignorant; I know only one thing, that I know nothing. You go back and you tell the oracle that Socrates says he is the most ignorant person in the world."
They went back, they told the oracle and the oracle laughed and said, "That's why I have declared him the wisest man in the world."

Hence I never speak against ignorance. Ignorance also has another beautiful thing about it: that it is yours. Knowledge is always borrowed. And something that is yours cannot be taken away from you. It cannot be stolen, robbed, but knowledge can be taken away from you very easily. It is borrowed.
And when you are ignorant you don't have any pretensions, you are simple, you are innocent. Ignorance has the quality of innocence about it. That's why children are so innocent, because they are so ignorant. Primitive people are so innocent because they are so ignorant; they are not cunning, they cannot be. They don't have enough knowledge to be cunning. Before you can be cunning you have to be educated. Before you can be cunning you need a university degree; the more universities there are, the more cunningness there is in the world. The more people become knowledgeable, the more they are deceptive, cunning, oppressive. And they go on finding ways to exploit others.
Ignorance is pure, unadulterated. From ignorance move towards wisdom, not towards knowledge. If ignorance becomes meditative it becomes wisdom; if ignorance becomes interested in more and more information then it becomes knowledge. To be knowledgeable is not going to help at all. Wisdom liberates. Wisdom is as much yours as your ignorance is yours.
Knowledge not only deceives others, it deceives you too. When you know answers

parrotlike, you start thinking that you really know. Because you can read and you can write, you start to think that you know; because you can understand words you start

thinking that you know; because your intelligence is covered with intellectuality, you start thinking that you are intelligent -- but you are not intelligent, only intellectual. Intelligence is part of wisdom, intellectuality is part of knowledge.
Yes, Sargam, I speak against knowledge because there is nothing more dangerous than knowledge. It hinders you from knowing yourself. Knowledge hinders you from knowing, because it gives you plastic, synthetic, false things to play with and you forget all about the real thing. Don't start believing in words; it is the most dangerous game one can play. Don't be a parrot, otherwise you will be going farther and farther away from your inner source.

One very hot day a dog was walking along a road when he saw a take-away food shop. He went in and asked for a can of lemonade.
"Get out!" said the shopkeeper. "Dogs are not allowed in food shops."
"But look here," said the thirsty canine, "you've got a big sign outside that says, WE SERVE HOT DOGS!"

Just knowing the words is not enough. And the more words you know, the more confused you are going to become, because you don't know, your words are just on the surface. If somebody scratches a little bit more, your ignorance is bound to show. People go on pretending.

When I was a student in the university, I had a professor who was not even very knowledgeable -- wisdom was out of the question. But he had this habit of pretending. Whenever anybody would mention any name of a philosopher, author, poet, mystic or a name of some book, he would immediately say, "Yes, I have read the book, it is beautiful," or this or that, he would make some comment. But I could see in his eyes that the answer he was giving was hollow, he had not read the book, he knows nothing about the person and nobody had ever seen him in the library. I had gone to his house also, and I had not seen any books there. I inquired in the library -- he had been in the university for ten years -- not a single book had been taken out in his name, and nobody had ever seen him reading, except the newspaper. He was not reading anything else, and that too, he used to borrow from the neighbors. I inquired everywhere, and I became absolutely certain that he was simply pretending.
One day I invented three names, just invented. I told him, "Have you read, sir, Nomineo's book?"
He said, "Yes." Now, there is no person like Nomineo
I asked him, "Can you tell me the name of his book?"
He looked a little puzzled; he said, "I must have read it many years ago, I have forgotten the name. You can inquire in the library."
I said, "You come along." In the library there was no name like Nomineo and no book he

had written, because he has never been -- so how could he write a book?
I told him, "The other two names were also inventions and you have agreed, and a few other books also you have agreed that you read -- they don't exist!"

He took me aside and said, "Listen, don't tell it to anybody but I don't know a thing about these books. But one has to keep one's face. I don't want to look stupid."

People go on trying to pretend to be what they are not. Knowledge gives you the greatest pretension; you can quote Buddha, Jesus. And you don't understand what they are saying and you will always do something wrong. You will interpret them in a wrong way.

In India there are thousands of commentaries on the Bhagavadgita. Now if Krishna was either mad or insane then there could be thousands of meanings to his words. But Krishna was very particular about what he wanted to say. How then can you explain these thousands of commentaries? These are people imposing their meanings on Krishna. If he comes back and looks at the commentaries he himself will be puzzled, he himself will be in some difficulty trying to decide what his meaning really was. And these people are very argumentative.

Anybody can prove anything. Shankara proves that the Gita is the philosophy of renouncing the world; the world is illusion, and the Gita preaches renunciation -- and he proves it beautifully. His contemporary, Ramanuja, proves just the opposite: that the Gita teaches one to live in the world and be a devotee of God. It does not preach renunciation, it teaches the art of living in the world with prayer.

And Lokmanya Tilak finds something else; he says the Gita preaches action. Of course with great detachment -- but you have to act.

These three are the paths, ancient paths. The paths of no-action, inaction, that is Shankara's finding in the Gita. The path of action, that is Lokmanya Tilak's finding in the Gita. And the third is the path of devotion; Ramanuja is finding the third in the same book. And then there are different variations of the theme.

Knowledgeable people can go on imposing their own ideas of those who have known.

The right way to come across a book like the Bible, Gita or Koran is not to have any ideas, not to have any knowledge. Encounter them with great silence, just like a mirror, reflecting only, not interpreting; then you will be able to see the real meaning, their meaning -- not your meaning imposed on their meaning. And the man who can become a mirror need not go to the Gita, the Koran or the Bible, he can find the message in the trees, in the song of the birds, in the clouds, in the sun, in the moon. He can find it anywhere, because God's message is written all over existence. His signature is on each leaf; you just have to be mirrorlike, silent, meditative, with no thought, with no knowledge.

That's why I speak against knowledge. It is knowledge that has become your imprisonment.

Betty was constantly losing her boyfriends because of her grandmother's tendency to say

the wrong things to them in her attempt to be modern.

One day, her current boyfriend arrived while Betty was upstairs changing, and the old lady started to brag about her granddaughter.

"I think Betty would rather screw than eat," Granny chatted cheerfully to the young man. "There is hardly a young man around she has not screwed with, and she even has a record to screw by."
The young man blushed, stammered, grabbed his hat, and beat it out the door.
A moment later Betty came downstairs, noted his absence and said, "Alright, Granny, what did you say this time?"
"Nothing," protested the old lady, "I was just telling him how much you liked to screw, when he ran out the door."
"Oh my goodness, Granny, how many times must I tell you, the word is not 'screw', it is 'twist'!"

What happens to Jesus in your mind, what happens to Buddha in your mind is exactly something like that. Your mind does both the things, it twists, it screws. Put your knowledge aside, just go in deep innocence, in deep ignorance, and then you will be able to find what truth is. Truth is not found by knowledge, it is found by silence. And knowledge is noisy.

The last question:
Question 4
BELOVED MASTER,
IS IT REALLY DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND YOU?

Dhammo, it is the same old story. It has always been difficult to understand people like me. Not that you are not intelligent enough to understand, but because you are too knowledgeable. You already think you know and that is the trouble. Come to me not knowing anything, don't come to me as Hindus, Buddhists, Christians; otherwise you will misunderstand. I am saying simple things, but if you have a preoccupied mind, you are going to miss them.

"It was terrible, mother," complained the curvy teenager. "I had to change my seat four times at the movies."
"Some man started bothering you?" asked her mother.
"Yes," said the girl. "Finally."

An American girl visiting England went to a posh party. She was dancing with a rather stuffy Englishman when her necklace became unfastened and slipped inside the back of her gown. So she asked her partner to retrieve it.
Though he felt rather uncomfortable about it, he courteously attempted to reach the necklace. After a couple of tries, he finally said, "I am awfully sorry, but I am having trouble getting to it."

"Try further down," she instructed.

Just then he noticed that all eyes in the room were on him, and he blushed beet-red. He whispered to the lovely American, "I feel such a perfect ass!"

"Never mind about that," she said. "Just get the necklace!"

Different languages I speak one language, you speak another language. By the time words reach to you they have a totally different meaning. Unless you start listening to me in the same silent space in which I am speaking to you, misunderstanding is inevitable. But it can be avoided. Be a little bit more meditative, learn the ways of being more silent -- and many of you are learning, and many of you have become aware of it, and many of you are tasting me without misunderstanding me at all.

It is going to happen to you too, Dhammo. You are new; just get a little seasoned, a little ripe and mature. And the only maturity required here is to sit with me absolutely empty, so I can resonate within you, so I can touch your heart, so I can play upon the harp of your heart.

Then the sounds created will not come from your mind; otherwise, if you keep the mind between me and you, then whatsoever meaning you arrive at is your own; I have nothing to do with it, it has nothing to do with me either.

Wait a little, Dhammo, become a little more silent, learn how to be in communion with me. It is a love affair to be with a master, a love affair which is inexpressible in words; but one can get attuned, it is an attuning. Slowly slowly, the disciple falls into accord with the heart of the master. He breathes the way the master breathes, his heart beats in the same rhythm as the master's heart. Then understanding comes so naturally; just as your shadow follows you, understanding follows silence.

Enough for today.

The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

Chapter #9

Chapter title: Mind is a fraud

29 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

LET GO OF ANGER, LET GO OF PRIDE.
WHEN YOU ARE BOUND BY NOTHING,
YOU GO BEYOND SORROW.
ANGER IS LIKE A CHARIOT CAREERING WILDLY.
HE WHO CURBS HIS ANGER
IS THE TRUE CHARIOTEER.
OTHERS MERELY HOLD THE REINS.

WITH GENTLENESS OVERCOME ANGER,
WITH GENEROSITY OVERCOME MEANNESS,
WITH TRUTH OVERCOME DECEIT.
SPEAK THE TRUTH,
GIVE WHATEVER YOU CAN,
NEVER BE ANGRY.
THESE THREE STEPS WILL LEAD YOU
INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE GODS.

THE WISE HARM NO ONE,
THEY ARE MASTERS OF THEIR BODIES
AND THEY GO TO THE BOUNDLESS COUNTRY,
THEY GO BEYOND SORROW.
THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION
KEEP WATCH BY DAY AND NIGHT
TILL ALL DESIRES VANISH.

LISTEN, ATULA, THIS IS NOT NEW,
IT IS AN OLD SAYING.
THEY BLAME YOU FOR BEING SILENT,
THEY BLAME YOU WHEN YOU TALK TOO MUCH
AND WHEN YOU TALK TOO LITTLE.
WHATEVER YOU DO THEY BLAME YOU.
THE WORLD ALWAYS FINDS A WAY TO PRAISE
AND A WAY TO BLAME.

IT ALWAYS HAS AND IT ALWAYS WILL.

BUT WHO DARES BLAME THE MAN

WHOM THE WISE CONTINUALLY PRAISE,
WHOSE LIFE IS VIRTUOUS AND WISE,
WHO SHINES LIKE A COIN OF PURE GOLD?
EVEN THE GODS PRAISE HIM,
EVEN BRAHMA PRAISES HIM.

BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE BODY,
MASTER THE BODY,
LET IT SERVE TRUTH.
BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE MOUTH,
MASTER YOUR WORDS,
LET THEM SERVE TRUTH.
BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE MIND,
MASTER YOUR THOUGHTS,
LET THEM SERVE TRUTH.

THE WISE HAVE MASTERED BODY, WORD AND MIND,
THEY ARE THE TRUE MASTERS.

The first sutra:

LET GO OF ANGER, LET GO OF PRIDE.
WHEN YOU ARE BOUND BY NOTHING,
YOU GO BEYOND SORROW.

The most important thing to be understood is that Buddha is not saying, "Repress anger, repress pride." And he is not saying, "Drop anger, drop pride," either. He is using the words LET GO OF ANGER, LET GO OF PRIDE. The key is in the words 'let go'. There are people who are full of anger, possessed by anger, possessed by pride. They are insane. Insanity is the climax of pride and anger. And there are people who are afraid of anger and pride; hence they repress them. But a repressed insanity is far more dangerous, because it accumulates. Then you are sitting on a volcano. It can erupt any moment. It will destroy you. It will destroy others who are related to you. It is poison. If one has to choose between the two, expressing or repressing, then expressing is far better, because at least the poison never accumulates. It is thrown in mild doses, homeopathic doses. But if you accumulate, it is no longer homeopathy, it becomes allopathy. Then the doses are big and, sooner or later, your repressed anger will be so powerful that you will not be able to keep it repressed anymore. Then it simply explodes and you are absolutely helpless.
Humanity has been taught by the priest, the politician, the pedagogue down the ages to

repress anger. The society is not concerned with you, it is concerned only with your outer appearance. What happens to your inner world is nobody's business; whether you

suffer, live in hell inside, that is left to you. Just keep a beautiful appearance, learn etiquette, behave in a cultured way and if you are carrying a hell that is your problem. But the person who is carrying a hell within, howsoever cultivated he becomes, sophisticated, cultured, he remains a wild animal within. Scratch him a little bit and his humanity will disappear, his character will disappear and you will find just the opposite kind of man inside. That's what happens when somebody drinks too much. A very cultured man, once he is intoxicated, starts being very uncultured. That is his truer self. Alcohol has not created it; it has only removed the barriers, it has only removed the rocks that were repressing it.

In the East there has been a secret tradition of tantrikas who go on practicing meditation -- and side by side they go on taking drugs in greater and greater amounts for a certain reason. They are not interested in drugs, they are interested in meditation. But they go on increasing the amount of the drug slowly slowly, so that they can remain alert with the drug. It takes a long time, it is a very subtle process of awakening.

In the hands of the fools it will be destructive, it will be suicidal. Hence it is a sacred tradition. Only the master gives it to the disciple -- and very rarely. If he finds some disciple of such integrity, then only does he give this process: "Meditate and go on increasing the amount of the drug so slowly that it never overpowers you and your watchfulness remains intact."

But the drug will start removing all rocks and it will bring up all that you have repressed down the ages in your many lives. Watching it you will be allowing it to disappear. That is the magic of watching. If you watch something, either it is going to disappear totally from your being, or it is going to be dissolved into your being. If it is something natural, spontaneous, it will be dissolved into your being. That too is beautiful. If it is something not part of your being, extraneous -- has come from the outside, is a parasite on you -- it will evaporate.

The real definition of good and bad can only be this: the good is that which grows with meditation, watchfulness, and the bad is that which disappears as you grow in watchfulness, as you grow in awareness. Awareness has to be the decisive factor. When you become aware of your anger there happens a let-go, because anger is not part of your natural being, neither is pride. They start evaporating. As the sun of awareness rises in you, they start evaporating like dewdrops in the early morning sun.

And the second thing to remember: Buddha makes these two statements together, LET GO OF ANGER, LET GO OF PRIDE. Why? There is a reason: pride is ego, "I am superior, I am holier, I am greater, I am something special, I am." Ego is the root cause of anger. If you think you are superior, higher, holier, special, you will be constantly angry, because the world is not going to accept it. In fact everybody else also thinks in the same foolish way. And when there are so many great people, conflict is bound to arise. And everybody is trying to prove that, "I am greater than you." How can you avoid conflict? And that conflict brings anger. It is ego hurting, it is ego feeling the

wound, it is unsatisfied ego that creates anger. And nobody's ego can be satisfied, that is impossible.

Even a man like Napoleon could not feel his ego absolutely satisfied, for the simple reason that he was not very tall -- only five feet five inches. And that was always heavy on him, because he had many servants, guards who were very much taller than himself. And whenever he would see a tall person he would become angry. He would not be able to control himself.

The great Russian leader, Lenin, had very small legs. His torso was bigger, his upper body was bigger; his lower body was very small, disproportionate. That kept him always angry. Even if somebody looked at his feet -- which was natural, because they were so disproportionate that anybody looking would notice -- he would become angry immediately. Anybody looking at his feet would create anger.

He used to sit on a big chair -- so big that his feet wouldn't touch the ground -- so nobody would think that he had small feet. But people had become aware of his big chair; they would look more closely and that would again create anger, because they would see that his feet were not touching the ground at all. Now, to be the dictator of the greatest country in the world, Soviet Russia, the largest country in the world and yet feeling hurt for a very stupid reason... that you have small legs!

You cannot have all and everything. You can arrange to have a few things, but a few other things will be missing. You may be tall, but you may be ugly. Any small thing is enough to hurt the ego. You may be very tall and very handsome, but unintelligent --

you may have a very mediocre mind. You may have a very intelligent mind, but a very ill body. You may have a very strong body, a very good physique, but you don't have any intelligence. You can't manage all. You may have intelligence, a beautiful body but no money. The world is vast and there are a thousand and one things and nobody can manage to have it all -- nobody has ever been able to.

And the ego is bound to be wounded; the ego is very sensitive, very fragile, because it is very false. It is ego that creates the space in which anger arises. Hence Buddha says, LET GO OF ANGER, and immediately adds, LET GO OF PRIDE. Because unless you let go of the ego you will not be able to let go of anger. Anger is a by-product. And one has to see very clearly the causes of things. Your minds are so jumbled up, in such a mess, you don't know what is the cause and what is the effect.

A woman used to come from a faraway village to the city each year to give birth to a child. When she came for the seventeenth time the doctor said, "We always wait for you. You are the only one we can depend on that each year you will be here. When will you be coming the next year?"

She said, "I'm not coming anymore, because we have just discovered what is the cause of it all."

Seventeen children and they have just discovered the cause of it all! She said, "I am not coming anymore."

But that too is early. You may have lived thousands of lives and you have not yet been able to find the cause... why this anger? Our minds are in such a mess that you cannot make head or tail of it. You cannot sort it out. Everything is so mixed up with

everything else: causes pretending to be effects, effects pretending to be causes, things which are not related at all have become accidentally associated with each other.

Betty Engrove, the singer, switched on her radio one morning and tuned in on two stations at once: one broadcasting calisthenic exercises and the other giving out cooking recipes. Here is what she heard:
"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on your shoulder. Touch your toes and mix them in one half cup of milk, repeat six times. Inhale one half teaspoon of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard boiled eggs, exhaling into a bowl and breathe naturally. Lie flat on the floor and roll in the white of an egg until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes lift your head from the fire and scrub briskly with a rough towel. Bend your knees, shake powdered sugar on them and serve it with soup."

And your mind is tuned to so many stations, not just two! All kinds of things are going on inside the mind. One day just sit down and write whatsoever is coming into the mind. And don't cheat, just write exactly whatsoever comes in and you will be surprised that this is your mind, this is where you have been living your life from. You will find it absolutely insane.
It is good that we don't have windows in the head, otherwise other people would look inside and they would be surprised; they would not be able to believe that this is you. YOU also will not be able to believe that this is what your mind is.
But this is the reality. People never look inside. In fact, as if unconsciously, they suspect that if they look inside they will find insanity there. It is better not to look; avoid, keep the mind in the dark and remain occupied with something in the outside world. People keep themselves busy without business for the simple reason that it helps them not to look in. They have become alienated from their own minds.
If you look in, in the beginning of course it is going to be a chaos; but if you start watching the chaos, slowly slowly things start settling and you will be able to see what are the causes and what are the effects. Once you have known the causes, you are on the right track. Many people are fighting with the effects. You can never win, you are bound to lose. Effects are only symptoms. You cannot fight with anger, because it is only an effect -- the cause is ego.
You cannot fight with causes either; unless you find that this is the ultimate cause. Anger is an effect; for anger, ego is the cause. But if you go deep down, watching your ego you will be surprised, it is also in its own turn an effect -- an effect of unawareness. Unawareness is the cause.
You can go on from anywhere -- from greed, from lust, from anger, from jealousy, from possessiveness and you will always come to the ultimate cause: unawareness.
So the only way to get rid of this mess, this chaos, is to be aware. And once you are aware you need not repress anything, you need not even drop; things start dropping on

their own, they start disappearing on their own. That's what Buddha means when he says: LET GO OF ANGER, LET GO OF PRIDE. WHEN YOU ARE BOUND BY NOTHING, YOU GO BEYOND SORROW. And these are the two things which are

keeping you tethered in an insane state. These are the two things which are creating all your sorrow and misery. Ego, hidden behind, goes on working, poisoning you. Anger is either expressed, then it poisons your relationships with people, or it is repressed, then it poisons your own being.

And slowly slowly, you find yourself in such a state in which many people would like to die; many people contemplate suicide for the simple reason that life is so painful and death seems to be a relief. Millions of people around the earth contemplate suicide -- many of them try, many of them succeed too. And those who don't contemplate suicide contemplate murder; they think that others are creating their trouble, so destroy others. Either they want to destroy others, or they want to destroy themselves, because they find no joy in life. When you don't find joy in life, when you are not blissful, you become destructive, either a sadist or a masochist.

When your life is full of joy, unbounded joy, it is creative, then great creativity is born in you. Then you do something to contribute to the evolution of humanity, to the evolution of the whole universe. You add some beauty to it, you share your celebration with it. You make at least a few flowers bloom.

You leave the world in great contentment, because creativity brings contentment. You leave this world joyously, because it has been such a beautiful opportunity to grow, to mature, to become aware. It has been such a joy to create a few things and share those things with people; otherwise you live in sorrow and you die in sorrow.

ANGER IS LIKE A CHARIOT CAREERING WILDLY.
HE WHO CURBS HIS ANGER
IS THE TRUE CHARIOTEER.
OTHERS MERELY HOLD THE REINS.

If you look at people or at yourself, you will find that anger is as if it is a chariot without a driver.

Just the other day I was reading a book:

A man has lived in the desert and he writes of many experiences he had there. He tried one experiment:

There were no roads, there were no people, no trees, no rocks, no hills; just a desert, spread out for thousands of miles. And for centuries it had been so infertile, it had become hard. It was not a sand desert, the crust was very hard.

He was driving his car, suddenly a whimsical idea arose in him. He moved to the seat next to the driver's -- he was the only one in the car. He left the driver's seat and let the car run on its own, because there was no road, no people, there was no fear of any accident. The car started moving. It was a rare experience. Then he jumped out of the car.

Greater ideas came to his mind... and the car was still going on. Then he ran after the car, jumped in again, took out his bicycle and went exactly opposite to the car on his

bicycle till the car was just a speck far away on the horizon. It was still moving, going nowhere, still going.
Then he again bicycled towards the car. It was strange. He writes it was thrilling that the car was still moving, going nowhere.

Reading his notes, I suddenly remembered Buddha's sutra: ANGER IS LIKE A CHARIOT CAREERING WILDLY. HE WHO CURBS HIS ANGER IS THE TRUE CHARIOTEER. OTHERS MERELY HOLD THE REINS. They may not even be holding the reins -- they may be simply sitting there. The car is running on its own. Your body is running on its own, your mind is running on its own. You are not needed at all. You can jump out of the window, take your bicycle, go away from the car and it will still be moving. And one day you can come back to meet yourself.
Yes, this has been tried. People down the ages have tried out-of-the-body experiences; they are exactly the same. You can try it. If you go a little deeper into meditation, one day you can find a way to get out of the body, to run in the room. Even running is not needed, you can float in the air, look at the body lying down there, sleeping, snoring; you can listen to the snoring. Everything is functioning perfectly well, the engine is humming, you can come close to the heart and listen to the beat. The body is breathing. You are not needed at all. You can escape from the window, go around the neighborhood, come back, enter into the body, you are still fast asleep. It makes no difference, as if the body does not care much whether you are in or out.
The body is a very complicated, subtle mechanism; it is automatic, it does not need you. You have not done anything, that's why you are not needed.
If you become a real charioteer then you will be needed. If you are a meditator you will be needed. Then there are a few things the body cannot do. It cannot meditate on its own -- that is impossible. It can snore, it can sleep on its own, but it cannot be aware on its own. For awareness you are needed.
Remember it: only that thing is worth doing for which YOU are needed. Things which can be done without you are nonessential things. To devote your whole life to them is to miss the whole point.

"Take me to the railway station," said the drunk, stumbling into a waiting taxi.
"Look mate, we are at the railway station," said the cabby.
"Thanks," murmured the drunk, handing over a five-dollar bill. "And next time, don't drive so bloody fast."

The taxi had not moved even an inch. Your life may remain exactly where it was when you were born. It may not move even an inch. Millions die exactly as they are born. No growth happens, no flowering comes to their lives. Whether they are or are not simply makes no difference. They come and go like shadows. Their life is not worth calling life;

they simply vegetate.

A farmer munching on a cookie was watching a big rooster chasing a hen and gaining ground at every lap. The farmer threw a piece of cookie in front of the racing pair.
The rooster came to a sliding stop and gobbled up the tidbit.
"Gosh," said the farmer, "I hope I never get that hungry."

But the rooster, the lion, the tiger, the dog, the cat and you, are not in any way different -- unless something of buddhahood starts arising in you. The rooster is dominated by his hunger, by his lust; so are you.
B.F. Skinner, the modern prophet of the behaviorist school of psychology, says that man is a machine. And about ninety-nine point nine per cent of people he is correct. George Gurdjieff used to say that man is a machine. And he was not a behavioral psychologist. He was one of the greatest spiritual giants who has ever walked on the earth. But still he used to say that not everybody has got a soul. It is very rarely that a person has a soul.
And I can understand B.F. Skinner. It is impossible for him to come across a buddha and to study a buddha. He studied rats and you; and he finds no difference. The instincts possessed by the rat are the same instincts possessed by man. Of course man is a little more complicated, true, a more complicated machine, that's all; a computer.
One day I was reading a fictitious story about the future, when scientists will be able to make mechanical men, robots. They look exactly like men, except that they have no soul. But from the outside you can't see any difference: they talk, they make love, they eat, they get tired and they go to sleep. And if you meet a robot -- who looks exactly like a man -- how are you going to judge whether he is a robot? Are you holding the hand of a robot or a man? Only once in a while will you be able to know: when the battery runs down and the robot starts, "Grrrr, grrrr, grrrr." Otherwise there is no difference.
You were making love to the robot and the robot says, "Grrrr, grrrr, grrrr." Then suddenly you become aware that this is not a man! But up to now he was perfectly alright. He was reciting great poetry, discussing great ideas, philosophy, quoting Socrates and Aristotle and he was hugging you and telling you, "I love you, and I will love you forever."
And these are all recorded things that he has been saying to every woman he meets. The moment he sees a woman something triggers in him and he starts talking poetically and saying, "I love you and I will die without you."

I have heard of a psychoanalyst who was very much puzzled. He was in love with a woman, but the woman was a little strange. Whenever he would say to her, "I love you," she would look down.
He asked her, "What is the matter? Whenever I say, 'I love you,' are you feeling ashamed, embarrassed or what? Why do you start looking down?"
She said, "I look down to see whether you really mean it Because I can't trust your

mind. I can only trust your body."

It is very difficult to lie through the body. One can learn it, actors do that -- but very few are actors. Otherwise it is a very difficult art to make the body lie. The mind is perfectly at ease in lying; it can say things which it doesn't mean. But the body is still far more authentic, far more true. What irony, that the body seems to be more authentic and your mind seems to be simply a fraud!

You can attain to the soul only by becoming more watchful of all that is happening in your body and in your mind. Unless and until the witness arises in you, you are a robot.

Sheela has written a question to me: "When I go away from you, I am such a rat, but when I come back to you I become just a mouse."

I know what she means. People think there is much difference between rats and mice; there is not much. The mouse is just a sophisticated rat, college-educated, a hypocrite. The rat is far more authentic, the rat is whatsoever he is. The mouse has a facade. But there is not much difference between the rat and the mouse. There is not much difference between the mouse and man, and there is not much difference between man and the machine.

The difference arises -- the only difference that makes a difference -- in meditation. Before it, you can never have any differences. All differences are only formal.

That's why psychologists study rats, particularly white rats, because they are simple people and it is easier to understand them. Once you have understood the mind of the rat, you have understood the mind of man too. They infer all their knowledge about man through studying rats. It is really a condemnation of man that rats supply information about you. And that information works, it is perfectly applicable to you -- you behave in the same way.

That information will not be applicable to a Buddha, to a Jesus, to a Krishna. But where is B.F. Skinner going to find a buddha? And even if he can find a buddha, who is going to study whom? The buddha will study Skinner, not vice versa. Skinner will not be able to study a buddha; he will not have the right context, he knows only how to study rats. A buddha will be absolutely incomprehensible to him. And when something is incomprehensible, the ego simply denies it. That is the ego's way of protecting itself. The incomprehensible, the mysterious has to be denied, overlooked, bypassed. One does not take note of the incomprehensible, because to take note of the incomprehensible means you are taking note of the limitation of your mind, and that hurts the ego.

Hence, buddhas are born once in a while, but nobody takes note of them. That is the difference between the Eastern and the Western psychology. Western psychology is based on the understanding of rats. Eastern psychology is not based on the understanding of rats or even on the understanding of man.

Eastern psychology is rooted in the psychology of the buddhas. We think from the highest and then we come downwards. First we think of the ultimate and from there we infer about those who are on lower ranks -- it is respectful.

Trying to observe the lowest and inferring about the higher is humiliating; it is ugly and it is going to be wrong. It is like studying a seed and inferring about a flower. Now, studying a seed, how can you infer about a flower? You can dissect the seed, you can

look into it; you will not find any color and you will not find any beauty and you will not find any fragrance. Although it contains them all, but they are still in the unmanifest.

And if you decide by the seed about the flower and you say that the flowers don't have any fragrance -- can't have, because when it is not in the seed, how it can be in the flower? And the flowers are not beautiful, because the seed is not beautiful... then everything has to be reduced to the lowest denominator; then the flower has to be simply denied -- that it is just poetic imagination and nothing else. That's what has been done about buddhas. The materialists go on denying their existence, they say it is poetic imagination. Such people have not existed, cannot exist; it is impossible for them to exist, because the seed does not show any sign of them.

The psychology of the buddhas starts from the other extreme. It starts from the highest: it studies the flower and then infers about the seed. Because the flower has fragrance, it says the seed MUST have it; it is unmanifest. The flower is beautiful, the seed must have beauty in it, covered, hidden. The flower has color, the seed must have it, just waiting for its right time, for the spring, to explode into color, into fragrance, into beauty. Now this is the right way to understand man: not through rats, not even through ordinary man, but through buddhas.

This is the difference between the Eastern and the Western approach. The Western approach has reduced man to a very ugly phenomenon. The Eastern psychology has raised man to the height of the gods. And then the very process of both the psychologies becomes different. Western psychology goes through analysis, thinking -- that is its method. Eastern psychology follows the method of no-mind, of meditation; not of analysis, not of thinking, but of silence. Because to see the beauty of the flower you need silence, not analysis; beauty can never be understood through analysis. The dance of the flower in the wind, in the sun, in the rain, cannot be understood by the head; the heart has to be open for it.

WITH GENTLENESS OVERCOME ANGER

This sutra is also tremendously important. Now Buddha is saying Anger contains energy. You cannot simply throw it away. It is your energy. Throwing it away will make you weak. Energies are not to be thrown away, but to be transformed. WITH GENTLENESS OVERCOME ANGER Let your anger be transformed into gentleness.

WITH GENEROSITY OVERCOME MEANNESS,
WITH TRUTH OVERCOME DECEIT.

He is saying that meditation is an alchemical process -- it is not morality, it is alchemy. It is the science of the soul. Through meditation anger slowly slowly disappears, and its

energy becomes available and becomes gentleness.
You will be surprised to know that if you suffer from great anger you have great potential for gentleness. Anger simply shows that you have great energy. A man

without anger is impotent, he has no energy. A man who cannot be angry cannot be gentle either. WITH GENEROSITY OVERCOME MEANNESS. Don't repress meanness, don't destroy meanness, but with generosity transform it into a generous consciousness, into sharing.

WITH TRUTH OVERCOME DECEIT. Don't fight with darkness, bring light in. That is the essence of this sutra. Don't fight with the negative, bring the positive in. And the positive comes through watchfulness -- the negative is already there. Your society prepares you for the negative, your society needs you to be negative. Your society wants you to be angry, full of anger, so that you can be forced into war, into crusades: religious, political, ideological conflicts; so you can be manipulated into killing people. Or, you can be manipulated into becoming martyrs; destructive to yourself.

Millions of Christians have died, Mohammedans have died, killing each other for the simple reason that so much anger is repressed, it needs some outlet. You will be surprised to know that Buddhism is the only religion in the world which has not shed blood, the only religion in the world which has converted millions of people without coercion of any kind.

Christianity has converted thousands of people, but with coercion. In the beginning it was by the sword. Mohammedans have converted millions of people, but it is through the sword, forcibly, violently. This is not conversion, this is something absolutely ugly and irreligious.

Now the sword is no longer used, because to use the sword directly will be condemned all over the world, so subtle means of coercion are used. In poor countries you can go with bread and butter, with clothes, with better facilities for life and you can convert people. Christian missionaries are doing this all over the world, particularly in the poor countries. It is not a conversion to Christ -- it is not at all a conversion -- it is simply purchasing people with bread and butter. People are starving -- whosoever can give them food, they are ready to go with him.

Buddhism is the only religion in the world which has really converted people without the sword, without bread and butter, without any coercion, positive or negative; which has simply converted through its understanding of people, bringing them more light, bringing them more understanding of their minds, their bodies.

And this is of great importance. Never fight with the negative. Your society prepares you for the negative. Transform the negative into the positive; transformation is possible. The medium that has to be used is meditation. Just become more watchful of all your mind things -- anger, greed, meanness; otherwise you can cultivate, you can deceive others and you can deceive yourself, but you will remain mean. A miser can donate, giving charity, but he is giving with calculation. His miserliness is there. Now he is opening a bank account in the other world. He wants to have a bank balance there too.

A blind man was standing in a bus queue, when his neighbor was startled to see a dog calmly cock his leg and piss all down the blind man's trousers.

When the blind man realized what was happening, he put his hand into his pocket and produced a bar of chocolate that he held downwards for the dog.
"That's a very charitable thing to do," said his neighbor.
"Oh," replied the blind man, "I am just finding out where his mouth is so I can kick him in the balls."

So don't be deceived about what people are doing on the outside, deep inside they may be calculating something else. Their act may be generous, but their motive is the real thing that matters; not the act, but the intention.

A man picked up a woman in a bar one night and took her home to his apartment.
When they got there, she started to disrobe, but he stopped her, saying, "No, let us just sit here on the couch together, and if you will keep both of your hands on my head while you are here, I will give you twenty dollars."
The girl thought this a little unusual, but did as he requested. Finally, she could not restrain her curiosity any longer and asked, "But what kind of a thrill do you get out of having my hands on your head?"
"No thrill," he answered. "I just get a sense of security knowing that your hands are on my head and not in my pocket -- for twenty dollars it is worth it."

The people who are miserly will remain miserly, even in their sharing. If you look deep down you will find they are trying to bargain for something, there is some business hidden in it. The priests go on telling people, "If you give to poor people here, you will get a thousandfold in the other world" -- a thousandfold, it is like a lottery! And who would not like to have it? Give a little bit here and you will get a thousandfold there. Priests have been cheating people, because people are mean, because people are miserly; otherwise priests would disappear from the world. If people are really generous there will be no need for the priests, nobody can exploit generous people. They give for the sheer joy of giving. They don't think that giving is a means to some end. If you think giving is a means to some end you miss the whole point. Unless giving becomes a joy in itself, you don't know what it is.

SPEAK THE TRUTH,
GIVE WHATEVER YOU CAN,
NEVER BE ANGRY.
THESE THREE STEPS WILL LEAD YOU
INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE GODS.

Speak the truth, whatsoever the cost. It is going to cost you much, because the world lives in lies. People are brought up in such a way that truth never crosses their paths.

And they are forced to believe in something which their society, their church, their state wants them to believe in; it is not a question of truth. People love lies, because lies are

very consoling. And people love lies because others are also believers in the same lies -- and you feel part of others, you feel a kind of belonging, you don't feel alone.
The man of truth feels alone. A Socrates, a Pythagoras, a Heraclitus find themselves alone, very alone. In this world if you say the truth and you live the truth, you will have to live alone. You will not find many people who would like to be with you. You will not find great company in the world. You will find few people who are lovers of truth. And you will always be in danger, because your truth will be a dangerous thing for those who live in lies. They will not tolerate you. You will become an unbearable phenomenon for them. They will be bent upon destroying you.
But still, even if life is sacrificed, truth is worth it. A moment of truth is more valuable than a hundred years of life, because a moment of truth makes you part of eternity, part of God.
SPEAK THE TRUTH, GIVE WHATEVER YOU CAN. It is not a question that you have to give money or you have to give this and that; whatever you can, whatever you have -- if you have a song, sing the song, share it. If you can dance, dance and share it. GIVE WHATEVER YOU CAN. And, NEVER BE ANGRY, because people may not accept your gift. Don't get angry about that. People may never thank you, they may not feel grateful to you. On the contrary, they may feel offended by you.
It has always been so; they were offended by Jesus, they were offended by Buddha. Why? -- because those people look so different from the ordinary, that people become aware of their own ordinariness and it hurts. They bring great treasures to share -- but it hurts, because they have that great treasure and we don't have anything. People will not be thankful to you, in fact they will never be able to forgive you. They may crucify you, they may stone you to death.
Hence Buddha reminds you again: remember, don't expect anything, otherwise anger will be natural. If you expect even gratefulness from people and they don't show any gratefulness -- on the contrary, they show great ungratefulness -- you may feel angry. Beware, your joy is in giving. It is not for you to be worried about whether what you give is accepted or is not accepted; is accepted with gratefulness or is accepted indifferently.
You do good to people, they may do bad to you... still, don't be angry. Remember this is how things are, this is how people are. Remembering it will help you not to become enraged.
THE WISE HARM NO ONE... but the fools enjoy harming others. And who is wise? Not the one who knows much, but the one who understands much. The wise is not one who has all the scriptures at the tip of his tongue; the wise is one who has seen his own reality, and seeing it has become aware of the universe and its beauty and its intelligence. The wise is one who has seen the wisdom of existence; he is not knowledgeable, but he is absolutely innocent. How can he harm anyone? -- that is

impossible, because he can't see others as different from himself. He sees the whole as one.
Beware of knowledgeable people, beware of the so-called experienced, they are not wise.

Two women were sitting in the doctor's waiting room, comparing notes on their various disorders.
"I want a baby more than anything in the world," said the first, "but I guess it's impossible."
"I used to feel just the same way," said the second, "but then everything changed. That's why I'm here; I'm going to have a baby in three months."
"You must tell me what you did!"
"I went to a faith healer."
"But I have tried that. My husband and I went to one for nearly a year and it didn't help a bit."
The other woman smiled and whispered, "Try going alone next time, dearie!"

The experienced people, the people who have lived life... they appear wise; they are not wise, they are only mature fools. And mature fools are more dangerous than the immature fools, because the mature fool has all the arguments to support his foolishness, all his experience is at his disposal.

The professor of criminal law was concluding his final lecture before the holidays.
"Remember, gentlemen, if you have an affair with an underage girl, with or without her consent, it is rape! If you have an affair with a girl of age without her consent, that is rape; but if you have an affair with a girl of age with her consent, Merry Christmas!"

These people are wise in a way, wise in the ways of the world; they can give you good advice, but they are not wise in the sense Buddha uses the word. They are as foolish as you are, just a little bit more experienced. And foolishness does not disappear with experience.

"I am looking for adventure, excitement, beautiful women," cried the young man to his father as he prepared to leave home. "Don't try to stop me! I'm on my way."
"Who is trying to stop you?" yelled the father, "take me along!"

THE WISE HARM NO ONE,
THEY ARE MASTERS OF THEIR BODIES
AND THEY GO TO THE BOUNDLESS COUNTRY,
THEY GO BEYOND SORROW.

As you become a witness, as you become aware, you simply come to know that you are not the body, not the mind, not even the heart. You are simply a watcher, different from all that surrounds you. The body is your outermost boundary; the mind a little more

inner, the heart still more inner, but at the innermost core you are just a consciousness. Knowing this you become detached from your own body, your mind, your heart; and that detachment brings mastery. Not that you become destructive to the body -- you

take every care of it, it is a beautiful instrument, it is a great gift of God. But now you know that it is only the house you live in. Just as you take care of your house, you take care of your body; it is the temple.
Your consciousness is your reality; you become disidentified, and to be disidentified is to be the master.

THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION
KEEP WATCH BY DAY AND NIGHT
TILL ALL DESIRES VANISH.

Buddha expects only one thing from you: keep watch day and night till all desires vanish. Make your watchfulness so integrated, so powerful, so strong and so unwavering that it helps all the desires to evaporate, vanish. Desires are not to be dropped, but allowed to evaporate. LET GO OF ANGER, LET GO OF PRIDE. WHEN YOU ARE BOUND BY NOTHING, YOU GO BEYOND SORROW.

LISTEN, ATULA, THIS IS NOT NEW

Atula is a disciple of Buddha. Buddha is saying to Atula: LISTEN, ATULA, THIS IS NOT NEW

IT IS AN OLD SAYING.
THEY BLAME YOU FOR BEING SILENT,
THEY BLAME YOU WHEN YOU TALK TOO MUCH
AND WHEN YOU TALK TOO LITTLE.
WHATEVER YOU DO THEY BLAME YOU.

Why does Buddha suddenly address Atula? He was addressing all his sannyasins, and out of nowhere he suddenly addresses Atula. You may not be able to see the point immediately. Atula may be the one who was not listening, who was hearing, but not listening. And when you are in communion with a buddha, he knows perfectly well who is listening and who is only hearing. This happens here every day. When new people come, it is so clear that they are only hearing, not listening. As you live here a little longer, slowly slowly you start listening.
Listening is a totally different phenomenon than hearing. Hearing is physiological. Because you have ears, so you can hear. Listening is a deep phenomenon. You listen only when you are in absolute silence. Those who have been here long enough are falling into that silence.
Atula must have been hearing only, must have been a new disciple; hence Buddha specifically mentions his name, LISTEN, ATULA And it is also possible that Atula

was thinking that Buddha was saying something very new, very strange. In fact what buddhas say is, in a way, the eternal truth, as ancient as the Himalayas; and in another

way it is as fresh as the flower that has blossomed just this morning, as fresh as the dewdrops and as old as the Himalayas.
And all the buddhas in the past have said the same thing; maybe in different languages, with different expressions, in different ways. "There is nothing new under the sun." It is a truth -- but only half. The other half is, "There is everything new under the sun." Because truth has the capacity to renew itself continuously, to be reborn again and again. So buddhas always speak the ancientmost truth, and yet they speak the most rebellious truth possible.
Buddha says: THIS IS NOT NEW, ATULA, IT IS AN OLD SAYING. People are such that they will always find reasons to blame you. They blame you for being silent -- if you are silent they will blame you: "Why are you silent?" If you are talking too much they will blame you: "Why do you talk so much?" If you talk too little, they will blame you: "Why do you talk so little?"
Whatever you do, they blame you, because by blaming you their egos feel satisfied. Nobody looks at his own faults and everybody is capable of seeing the faults of others; not only seeing them, but magnifying them as much as possible.

Mother called upstairs, "Caroline, please stop that shouting and screaming. Why can't you play quietly like Tommy, who is not making a sound?"
"He's not supposed to make a sound," said Caroline. "We're playing our family. He's Daddy, after getting home late for dinner, and I'm you."

It is very simple to see others' faults, because one wants to see the faults of others. If they are not there, then one invents them. Your ego can live only by feeling superior; so you make every possible use of others' faults to feel superior. Blaming others is nothing but a strategy of the ego to feel superior. Beware of it.
The world always finds a way to praise and a way to blame. It always has and it always will. Yes, sometimes it praises too, but it praises only when you are helping other people's ego -- then it praises you. For example, if you say to the Hindus that their religion is the greatest religion in the world, they will praise you.
How can they praise me? Impossible! Because I am simply saying the truth: that no religion is greater than any other religion; that all religions are in the same trap of the priests. You may call the priest the shankaracharya, you may call the priest the pope, it does not matter. All the religions are in the grip of politicians. Hindus and Christians and Mohammedans, they are all no longer religions, but just politics -- power politics hiding behind the name of religion. No religion is greater than any other, superior to any other. In fact, a really religious person is neither Christian, nor Hindu, nor Mohammedan. He is simply religious.
Indians will praise you if you praise India: if you say that this is the greatest land in the world, the most spiritual land in the world -- then their egos are puffed up, they will

praise you. They will blame you to puff up their egos, and they will praise you if you puff them up. The whole game is of the ego.

BUT WHO DARES BLAME THE MAN
WHOM THE WISE CONTINUALLY PRAISE,
WHOSE LIFE IS VIRTUOUS AND WISE,
WHO SHINES LIKE A COIN OF PURE GOLD?

Don't be worried about the praise and the blame of the ordinary masses, of the crowd. Yes, if you have to pay attention, then pay attention to the wise. If they say that something is wrong with you, listen carefully, because they are trying to help you. They have no egos to fulfill from your faults. They are just like mirrors; they reflect your face. If you have an ugly face, don't destroy the mirror; simply try to change your face.
And the wise ones praise too, but they praise not to puff up your ego. In fact they praise you only when they see that you are becoming a nobody; their praise showers like flowers on you. When you are becoming a nobody, when you are becoming a nothingness, you are coming closer and closer to the divinity hidden within you.

EVEN THE GODS PRAISE HIM,
EVEN BRAHMA PRAISES HIM.

A person who is praised by the wise, by the enlightened ones, is praised by the gods, is praised by the whole universe -- by the creator himself, by Brahma. Their praise is worth... even if a single buddha smiles at you, it is enough. The whole world may condemn you; don't be worried about it. If all the blind people of the world gather together and praise your beauty, will you be happy about it? They can't see, they have no eyes to see; you will not be very happy by being praised by the blind.
In India we have a saying that the best couple is when the husband is deaf and the wife is blind. The husband can go on doing whatsoever he wants -- fooling around -- and the wife can go on saying whatsoever she wants; the husband is deaf and the wife is blind. The saying says it happens only very rarely, with the blessings of God. It doesn't happen ordinarily. But what is the point of being praised by blind people? They can't see. And why be worried by their condemnation? They can't see your faults either.
But a buddha, an enlightened one, if he praises you, that means he has seen ego disappearing. If he finds fault with you, that simply shows he is trying to help you so you can drop the fault.

BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE BODY,
MASTER THE BODY,
LET IT SERVE TRUTH.

Anger has three layers. The first layer is the anger of the body. BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE BODY. You may not have watched it: that the body accumulates anger,

that the body has its own ways of accumulating anger. When you feel angry you gnash your teeth, you clench your fists -- why?

In fact, in the East there have been devices to help you. Those are temporary helps, but of great value because they can make you aware of many things. When you feel angry, just gnash your teeth, clench your fists and you will be surprised: that as you gnash your teeth and clench your fists and just fight with the air -- a shadow boxing -- within five minutes the anger is gone. Something has happened, something has been released. Now, Postural Integration, Rolfing, and methods like that are becoming very much aware that your repressed angers, sexuality, greed and all kinds of poisons accumulate in the body, in the muscles. By deep massage those poisons can be released. Rolfing is really a great contribution. Deep massage of the body can be of great help. It can make you aware that your body is carrying many things; and your body drives you into things which you may not have gone into if the body was not driving you there.
BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE BODY, Buddha says, MASTER THE BODY, LET IT SERVE TRUTH.
How to master the body? The first thing is to learn relaxation. Buddha taught his disciples how to relax. In the East, particularly, in the science of yoga, there is a special posture, SHAVASANA. This is the posture: lie down on the ground as if you are dead. Let the body slowly slowly die. Start from the feet. In fact, communicate with your body; say to the feet, "Die, please die." And then go on upwards.

A psychoanalyst had told one of his patients, "All that you need is relaxation, so from tonight you start relaxing. Start from the feet; say to your toes, 'Toes relax, feet relax,' and go on upwards, talking to each limb and then finally, tell your mind to relax."
The man went home. He was very much thrilled by the idea; the whole day he waited for the night. The night came, he was lying on the bed. He had taken a good, hot shower as the psychiatrist had suggested, was feeling a little relaxed lying down on the bed.
He started: "Toes relax, feet relax, legs relax, thighs relax," and so on, and so forth.
He was just coming to the mind to say, "Mind relax," and his wife came out of the bathroom absolutely naked, ready to go to sleep. Suddenly the man shouted, "Wake up! Everybody wake up!"

This won't help. Hence Buddha does not say to relax, to go to sleep, because then you can wake up and you can call everybody else to wake up. He says, "Feel dead. Let the body die for the moment, as if you are just a corpse." You cannot do anything. An ant starts crawling on you; you can't do anything.
And it is really a great experience, to feel like a corpse, and the ant crawling on your face or a mosquito biting; but you can't do anything, you are simply a watcher. It is a rare experience to go through it. Slowly slowly, you become a master by relaxing your body. The more tense your body is, the more it is a master of you.

BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE MOUTH

And when you have learned how to relax the anger of the body, the rage of the body, then start becoming aware of what you say. Sometimes, unconsciously, you say a word.

You were not aware of the implications of the word. You may not have ever thought that it would create such trouble for you.

A young man arranged for his fiancee to meet his parents over cocktails at a swanky hotel. After his family left, the girl asked if she had made a good impression on them.
"Well, frankly, darling," he said, "my mother told me privately that she found you a little vulgar."
"But did you tell her that I went to one of the best finishing schools?" she asked.
"Yes, of course I did."
"And did you tell her of my interest in art and culture?"
"Certainly."
"And did you tell her how important my family is in the neighborhood?"
"Naturally, I did," he replied.
"Then what is this 'vulgar' crap all about?" the delicate young lady asked.

People go on saying things, not really aware of what they are saying. In fact, their minds are like gramophone records. They simply repeat.
Now science has discovered that holes can be made in your head and electrodes can be put in; certain points can be pushed and a very strange thing happens. For example, an electrode is pushed into your brain at a certain center and you start saying something for no reason at all. Nobody has asked it, there is no context for it, but you start saying it. Then the electrode is taken out and you stop saying it. Again the electrode is pushed in; you start the same thing again from the very beginning -- again the same sentences, the same words. It can be done a hundred times and each time you will do it again, as if the electrode is nothing but a needle on the gramophone record.
Your mind is a great recording mechanism. You have recorded all kinds of things and you go on saying them, thinking that YOU are saying; that is not true. Unless you are really watchful, YOU are not saying things. Your mind goes on repeating old patterns and you go on getting into old problems, again and again. BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE MOUTH

MASTER YOUR WORDS,
LET THEM SERVE TRUTH.
BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE MIND

And finally, slowly, first the body, then the word, then the mind.

MASTER YOUR THOUGHTS
LET THEM SERVE TRUTH.

THE WISE HAVE MASTERED BODY, WORD AND MIND,
THEY ARE THE TRUE MASTERS.

If you can watch the body, the mind and all their functionings, you will become so separate from them that you can master them.

You can master something only when you have a distance from it. If you are identified with it you cannot master it. And Buddha says one who is master of his own self is the master of the whole existence; he has entered into a different plane of life. You are slaves, he is a master; you are machines, he is a real man; you function unconsciously, he functions consciously.

And to function consciously is to go beyond all sorrow, is to go beyond all misery, is to go beyond all anguish, is to go into the beyond. Other religions call that beyond "God"; Buddha calls it simply "the beyond." Prepare for the beyond Become masters of your own beings.

Enough for today.

The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

Chapter #10

Chapter title: Happiness: the death of the ego

30 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:
Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
WHY DOES MISERY FEEL SO SAFE AND HAPPINESS SO THREATENING?

Deva Surabhi, happiness is threatening and misery is safe; safe for the ego. Ego can exist only in misery and through misery. Ego is an island surrounded by hell; happiness is threatening to the ego, to the very existence of the ego. Happiness rises like a sun and the ego disappears, evaporates like a dewdrop on the grass leaf.

Happiness is the death of the ego. If you want to remain a separate entity from existence as almost everybody is trying to do, you will be afraid of being blissful, cheerful. You will feel guilty in being blissful. You will feel suicidal because you are committing a suicide on the psychological level -- the level of the ego.

It almost always happens that people enjoy a few moments and then afterwards they feel very guilty. The guilt arises because of the ego. The ego starts torturing them, "What are you doing? Have you decided to kill me? And I am your only treasure. Killing me? You will be destroyed. Killing me is destroying yourself."

We are so much identified with the ego that when the ego says such things, they have a great appeal, attraction, conviction in them. The reality is just the opposite -- we are not our egos. In fact because of the ego we are not growing, the ego is like a rock preventing your growth. Remove the rock and you will start growing, growing into a big tree -- with great fulfillment, flowering.

But in the beginning it will feel as if throwing the rock away is throwing all safety. The rock was preventing many things. It was preventing rain from coming to you and you were thinking it is safer. In fact the rain is nourishing. If it had reached you, you would have started growing. The rock was preventing the sun and you were thinking it is a shelter: it prevents the heat of the sun from reaching to you. But that heat is needed, that heat is life.

What is destructive to you, you have been told by the society is not destructive; not only that it is not destructive but it is a shelter, a protection, a security. That idea has become deeply rooted in you. Hence, Surabhi, you feel misery is safe. Everybody feels like that. That's why everybody chooses to be miserable; it is your choice. Everybody chooses

hell. It is your responsibility. If the whole earth is living in hell it is nobody else's responsibility. It is our decision -- a deliberate decision to live in hell because in hell the ego can remain.

The ego can remain when it is dark, dismal, no sun on the horizon. When the sun arises on the horizon, the sun of awareness, then the ego starts disappearing like the darkness. Of course if you feel identified with the darkness then the sunrise is threatening. But if you disidentify yourself with the ego then you will be able to welcome the sun, it is not threatening anymore. It is a thrill, adventure, it is new life, new birth, it is resurrection. The ego is a grave. To come out of the ego you will need to come out of the grave. Don't think that the grave is safe. It appears safe because you have never ventured outside it. You have never been adventurous. You have not known the taste of danger, insecurity. Once you have tasted danger and insecurity you will never go back to the grave. It is better to live for a single moment but to live totally, than to lie down in a grave for a thousand years.

That is not life, it is avoiding life. Come out of your misery, Surabhi, come out of your ego, come out of your grave and accept the threatening happiness. Accept the danger of going to the heights, because those who go to the heights can fall -- they are risking. Risk all because life is only for those gamblers who can risk all. But by risking all you become the beloved of existence, of God. By risking all you become worthy, by risking all you become a soul. Without risk there is no soul in you, you are just hollow, nothing inside you. Without risking there is no significance, no poetry, no song, no dance, no ecstasy in your life. No celebration at all.

Celebrate, dance, let joy fill your heart, let it overflow. And if the ego dies, let it die. Help it to die because it is not you. You are something transcendental to body, mind, ego and all. You are part of God, part of eternity.

Don't be worried, you cannot die. Even if you want to die, you cannot die -- you are eternal. So, in fact there is no fear, no need to be afraid. Death is impossible, only the ego can die. So if you remain identified with the ego then the fear remains there. Once ego is dropped, death disappears and fear disappears, anxiety disappears, anguish disappears; and the energy that was involved in fear, anxiety, anguish is released.

That same energy becomes your dance, your celebration.

The second question:

Question 2

BELOVED MASTER,

WHAT DOES LOVE MEAN?

Prem Jyoti, love has different meanings for all. To writers, love is words. To artists, love is color. To a comic, love is laughter. To a baby, it is mother. To bees, it's nectar. To flowers, it is sunshine. And to cows, it is a lot of bull.

It all depends on you what love is going to mean. Love is a ladder with many rungs. At the lowest it is physiology, biology, chemistry. It is nothing but a play of hormones. A man is attracted towards a woman, a woman is attracted towards a man. They think

they are falling in love, but if hormones could laugh they must be laughing inside you -- you are befooled. What you are calling love is nothing but attraction between male and

female hormones. It is pure chemistry; at the lowest point it is not more than that. It is animal, it is lust.
And millions of people know only love at its lowest. Because of these people there has arisen a great tradition of renouncing love. The people who think that lust is love have created great religions in which love has to be renounced. Both are wrong, because both have accepted the lowest rung as if it is the all. It is not so.
If you go a little higher, a man's love for music is not chemistry, it is not hormonal, it is not physiology; it is psychological. A man's love for flowers cannot be reduced to sexuality. A man's love for painting... there have been painters who have sacrificed their whole lives just to paint.

Vincent van Gogh, one of the greatest painters, sacrificed himself totally just to paint: painting was far more important than life itself. Because of the painting he could not work; he was continuously painting so there was no time to work. His brother used to give him just enough money to live by, because nobody was interested in his being a painter. And he was a strange painter too, a very great genius. Whenever there is a genius it takes hundreds of years to recognize him. He was not a traditional painter. He was bringing to painting something new, a new vision.
So nobody was able to appreciate his paintings, they were not selling. You will be surprised to know that not even a single painting was sold while Van Gogh was alive; now each of his paintings is worth millions of dollars. Only a few paintings have survived, two hundred at the most -- he painted thousands. All are lost, because nobody cared to preserve them.
He used to give his paintings to friends just free, because nobody was interested in his paintings; not only were they not interested, they were not even courageous enough to put his paintings in their sitting rooms because people would laugh at them. His approach towards life and nature was so new. His brother used to give him enough money weekly just to live on. He would eat for only three days in the week; four days he would save money to paint. Now how long can you live in this way?
By the time he was thirty-seven, only thirty-seven, he committed suicide. And the note that he has left is of tremendous significance. He has written that "I am committing suicide not against anybody -- I have no complaint against anybody or life -- life has been a great fulfillment to me. I am committing suicide because all that I wanted to paint I have painted; now there is no point in living. I have done what I had come to do; my work is finished."
He wanted to paint the sun in all its possible faces. For one year he was continuously painting the sun. He was continuously standing in the open under the sun. His stomach was empty, he was hungry, and the hot sun... and he was continuously painting because there was not much time left. The sun drove him mad, it was too much. And then he committed suicide, because he had painted the sun from the sunrise to the

sunset, all the faces, all the colors, all possible clouds. He had done his work. He died contentedly.

Now, this love for painting, this love for art, is something higher -- higher than biology, higher than chemistry, higher than physiology. It is not lust, you can't call it lust. It is as passionate as lust or more so, because very few people die for a woman and very few people die for a man. But this man died for his paintings. This is psychological; this is far better.

But there is still a higher state: the spiritual love, the love of a Buddha, the love of a Jesus, the love of a Krishna. It is totally different. It is not even aesthetic, psychological; it is spiritual. Now love has the expression of compassion -- passion has turned into compassion. Buddha loves the whole of existence, because he has too much and he has to share it. He is burdened by the love released in him; the love has to be shared with the trees, with the birds, with people, with animals, with whosoever comes by.

At the lowest when love is just lust, physiological, it is an exploitation of the other, it is using the other as a means. Soon it is finished. Once you have exploited the woman or the man you lose interest; the interest was only for the moment. The moment the woman is well-known to you you are finished with her. You have used the other human being as a means -- which is ugly, which is immoral. To use another human being as a means is the most immoral act in existence, because each human being is an end unto himself.

Psychological love knows how to sacrifice. The art, the poetry, the painting, the music, the dance, becomes the end, they are no more means. YOU become a means. The biological love reduces the other to a means; the psychological love raises the other as the end.

But in the spiritual world there is no question of means and ends, there is no question of the other; there are not two. Buddha loves the existence because Buddha has become the existence itself. There is no question of 'I' and 'thou'; it is not a dialogue. At the point of the ultimate consciousness love is not a dialogue; there is no I/thou relationship, it is not a relationship. It is pure overflowing of love.

Prem Jyoti, that is the meaning of your name: PREM means love, JYOTI means flame. A buddha is a flame of love, just pure flame with no smoke. The smoke comes from lust. When there is no lust, when you don't want to get anything out of your love, when you simply want to give, when you feel obliged because others accept your love, the flame is without smoke. It is pure, it is pure gold.

And do you know? -- love rises always upwards, just like the flame always rises upwards. The flame never goes downwards. Lust is like water, it goes downwards; love is like a flame, fire, it always goes upwards. And between the two is the psychological phenomenon: something of lust in it, passion, and something of compassion in it. It is just in the middle. It has some quality of the lower and some quality of the higher to it. Hence when the poet is in his poetic mood he is almost like the mystic, but it is only a question of mood. When he is not in his poetic mood he is just as ordinary or maybe

more ordinary than the so-called ordinary people. You may have observed it: when a musician drowns himself in his music he rises to such peaks, such ephemeral peaks, that you can feel the presence of great mystery. And the same musician you can see sitting in some hotel drinking tea, talking all kinds of nonsense. He looks too ordinary;

you cannot believe that this man was creating such beautiful music, such celestial music!
If you read the poetry, the poet seems to be like a seer, a Kahlil Gibran. If you read THE PROPHET it is almost like a prophet, but if you meet Kahlil Gibran and see him in his ordinary moods you will be surprised: he is a very angry person, jealous, quarrelsome. He goes into very childish tantrums, throws things, is very possessive. If you meet Kahlil Gibran you will be surprised... how could this man write a book like THE PROPHET? -- because the book rises to the same heights as the Bible, as the Koran.
But the man is not abiding on those heights; only once in a while clouds are not there and the poet can see the sun, the ocean, can see the open sky and can give you a glimpse of it in his poetry, in his music. But soon the clouds are there again and the sun is no longer available... and the poet is as ordinary as you are or even more ordinary, because when you fall from a glimpse you fall into depths, just to keep balance.
So you can find a poet drunk, lying down in the gutter like a dog, shouting nonsense, and the same poet brings such beautiful flowers from the unknown. So in the middle both things will be together; it is a mixed phenomenon. Rise from the lower, but don't stop in the middle. Go on rising to the highest.
When I talk about love I always mean the highest, with one difference: when others speak of the highest they deny the lowest; I don't deny it, I accept it. I want to use it as a stepping-stone. The lower has to be purified by the higher. The lower has to be transformed by the higher, not denied, not rejected. If you reject it, it persists. If you reject it, if you repress it, it takes revenge. It makes you more ugly than you ever were before.

A woman with a baby, next in line in the crowded anteroom of a station of the Infant Welfare Society, was shown into the doctor's office by the nurse in charge.
The doctor examined the baby, and then asked the woman, "Is he breast-fed or bottle-fed?"
"Breast-fed," she replied.
"Strip down to you waist," he ordered. She did, and he examined her. He pressed each breast, increasing and decreasing pressure. He squeezed and pulled on each nipple. Suddenly he remarked, "No wonder this child is suffering from malnutrition -- you don't have any milk."
"Naturally," she replied. "I am his aunt. But I'm glad I came."

If you go on repressing things, then on the surface you may look like a saint, but only on the surface. It is better to be a sinner on the surface and a saint in the center than vice versa.

The old maid was walking down a dimly lit street when a holdup man jumped out of the

bushes. "Give me your money!" he demanded.
"I don't have any," she managed to reply.

He proceeded to search her thoroughly. Every possible place of concealment was explored.
"I guess you were telling me the truth," he finally muttered angrily. "You don't have any money on you."
"For heaven's sake," she wailed, "don't stop now! I'll write you a check!"

I am not in favor of repressing the lower. The lower has to be raised to the heights, the lower has to be given wings. With insight, with understanding, it is possible. If you deny the lower you will never be able to reach the higher, because the lower rung is a necessary step. Yes, go beyond it, but you can go beyond it only if you don't reject it. Use it, but remember not to become obsessed with it. These two things have to be remembered: one is, not to be obsessed with it, not to stop at it, and the second is, not to reject and deny it but to use it as a stepping-stone.
Be skillful. Buddha's word is UPAYA -- skill. And when he says "upaya," he means be very artful in transforming your life. It is only a potential, a seed, but it can become a great tree and it can blossom in its own time. And when a tree blossoms, when thousands of flowers have arisen on the tree branches, there is great joy in the being of the tree, great ecstasy.
You are also a seed -- become a tree. The seed may be ugly -- seeds almost always are; the roots may be ugly, but remember, it is on the roots that the tree has to grow. The roots have to be used; without roots there will be no flowering.
Without physiological attraction there will be no psychological growth. And without psychological love affairs with art, music, sculpture, there is no possibility of spiritual love. Poets and painters and dancers and musicians are a necessary step towards becoming a buddha.

The third question:
Question 3
BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT IS tathata -- TOTAL ACCEPTANCE?

Dharmesh, tathata is one of Buddha's most significant contributions to the world.
Tathata means total acceptance: whatsoever the situation is, don't fight with it. Accept it wholeheartedly, because it is through total acceptance that transcendence happens. If you fight with it you will be unnecessarily wasting your energy. Accepting it you preserve your energy. Accepting it you become capable of understanding it, because only one who accepts can understand; one who rejects cannot understand.
Anything that you reject, anything that you become inimical to, you become incapable of understanding -- because we avoid that which is rejected. We are really afraid of it so we keep it at the back and we escape from it; we find ways and means to escape from it. And

if you try to escape from something, how are you going to understand it? And without understanding there is no liberation, no transformation.

Buddha says "tathata" -- accept it totally. Whatsoever is the case, accept without denying, without condemning, and in that acceptance many things happen, many doors open. The first is: your energy is preserved, which is a great blessing. In fighting you dissipate energy, your energy leaks, you remain always energyless. And to go to the heights you will need great energy, you will need vitality. If you want to reach to the sun, the journey is long and arduous. You cannot go to the sun, you cannot fly that far away, without energy in you.

The man who is fighting his sex, anger, greed, jealousy, possessiveness -- and there are a thousand and one things to fight -- remains entangled in his fight; he cannot go anywhere. He is constantly disturbed and distracted by these things. He fights with one, represses one, something else raises its head -- because he is one and the enemies are many. You fight anger, you will become greedy. The whole energy you repress from anger turns into greed. You fight greed, you will become very sexual. You fight sex, you will become very angry. You repress one thing, and the same thing with a new face, with a new mask, arrives from the back door. You will go insane.

That's how the whole of humanity has gone insane. The insanity is so pervasive, that's why we don't think that people are insane. Everybody is insane! It is very rare that there is a sane person. To be sane in this insane society is really a great work of understanding, courage, rebellion.

If you drop all the conditionings that the society has imposed on you, only then will you be able to remain sane. Otherwise society turns everybody into an insane person. The society turns everybody according to its own mode, mold, pattern, structure. It gives you ideas, ideologies, religions. It poisons you from the very beginning; when you are in your mother's womb the poisoning starts.

Now they are finding scientific ways of conditioning the child which is in the mother's womb. Yes, certain things can be done to condition the child. For example, they have tried using a certain type of tight belt on the mother's belly; that belt is made in such a way that it keeps the child in a tight situation. And they have discovered that these children are very obedient; when they are born they are more obedient than other children, because for nine months they have lived almost in a tight corner, in a prison. In Soviet Russia they are trying the belt on many women. Now, the poor child who is not even born yet is already being conditioned, prepared for a certain society. He will be obedient. Certain music can reach to the womb. A soothing kind of music which lulls the child is helpful to create a slave. And so many drugs are available which can drug the child even before he is born -- he is born drugged. He will live his whole life in a kind of unconsciousness; but that's how the society wants him to live. Conscious people have proved dangerous; a Jesus, a Buddha, a Zarathustra, these people have proved dangerous.

The story is that the first thing that Zarathustra did when he was born was, he laughed loudly. Can you think of a more rebellious child? Children are not supposed to laugh

when they are born; they are supposed to cry, but not supposed to laugh. He must have shocked his parents and the neighborhood and the people who had heard his laughter. Why did he laugh? And such a person is not reliable, not reliable at all -- this is a

dangerous man! He has done his first act of rebellion. He has already said that "I am not going to be a part of the crowd -- enough is enough. Many children have cried, I don't follow them. I will start my life with laughter."

Whether it really happened or not is not the question. In fact it is difficult to laugh immediately after you are born, but the story is significant because it says something about Zarathustra's whole philosophy of life: it is that of great rebellion.

Zarathustra is one of the greatest teachers of the world -- he has accepted life in its totality. He is not a renunciate, he is against renunciation. That's why the few Zarathustra followers that have survived had to escape their original motherland, Persia. They had to leave, because Mohammedans were coercing them, converting them; they converted Persia into a Mohammedan country. Persia is now known as Iran. A few people escaped who were not ready to accept this coercive violence. They came to India; they live in Bombay and around Bombay -- the Parsis. They are the only followers of Zarathustra; they are very life-affirmative people. Hence many Parsis have become interested in me; to them I have a great appeal because I also affirm life. I am not in favor of escaping.

It is because of Zarathustra's total affirmation of life that Friedrich Nietzsche loved him tremendously and wrote his great book, THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA. He wrote the book to appreciate life and the love for life. He could not find any other master so life-affirmative as Zarathustra; a man who begins his life with laughter, whose whole life is a laughter. There is no pessimism, not even a strain of pessimism in him.

That's exactly the meaning of tathata -- accept the whole of life as it is. In your acceptance you will be preserving your energy, and you have inexhaustible sources of energy if you accept.

Secondly: when you accept everything, your life becomes cheerful. Nobody can make you miserable, nothing can make you miserable.

A man with three hairs on his otherwise bald head came into a hair saloon and asked to get his hair shampooed and braided. The hairdresser got on with his job but just as he was about to finish combing it, one of the hairs fell out.

The hairdresser was very embarrassed but the man only said, "Well, what to do? I guess I will have to part my hair in the middle!"

The hairdresser very carefully put one hair to the right side and was about to put the other to the left side when that one fell out too. The hairdresser could not apologize enough but the man took it really cool.

"Well," he said, "I guess now I will have to run around with my hair all ruffled up."

This is tathata, this is total acceptance! You cannot disturb such a man. He is always contented, he always finds a way to be contented. It is a great art. And a man who is always contented and always finds a way to remain contented has the capacity to see

things transparently.

Discontent clouds your eyes and your vision; contentment makes your eyes unclouded and your vision clear. You can see through and through, you can understand things as they are.
Tathata is also translated as suchness; that too is one of its meanings. You see things as they are in their suchness; you don't impose any idea of your own on them.
And that is a miracle, a magic key. If you can see anger as it is, without any judgment, you will be surprised: seeing anger without judgment, without condemnation, without saying it is bad or good, should be or should not be, without bringing any "shoulds" in... if you can see your anger as it is, with no prejudice for or against, a miracle happens: anger disappears and its energy becomes absorbed in you. Just by pure insight you transform anger, greed, jealousy. And all that goes on dragging you hither and thither, keeps you running, never allows you rest and relaxation, is absorbed; more energy becomes available to you.
And slowly slowly, when there is no anger -- not that you have rejected it but you have absorbed it, digested it -- no greed, no jealousy, no possessiveness, no sexuality... you have digested all these phenomena in you. You are becoming greater and greater and you have energies available to rise higher; you have fuel enough to keep your fire burning bright and without smoke.
Dharmesh, tathata is a method of transforming your energies into your friends. Ordinarily you are taught such stupid ways that your own energies become your enemies and you are constantly fighting with yourself. Now there can be no greater stupidity than this; this is the most stupid act in the world that people go on doing --
fighting with themselves. You cannot win, you cannot defeat. You will remain quarreling with yourself, you will destroy yourself in quarreling your whole life. You will die, and you will never know what life was. You will never know the glories of life, the grandeur of life and the tremendous gift that life was, and could have been if you had lived with right mindfulness, with tathata, with acceptance.

The fourth question:
Question 4
BELOVED MASTER,
I WANT TO THROW THIS UGLY MIND OUT OF MY SYSTEM. HOW TO DO IT?

Narayano, nothing has to be thrown out of your system; everything has to be transformed and absorbed. The mind is not ugly; your USE of the mind is ugly. Change your use. Mind is not ugly -- you are unconscious. The chariot is beautiful, it is a golden chariot, but the charioteer is drunk and fast asleep; and he calls the chariot names, condemns the chariot. When he finds himself in a ditch he beats the horses, he condemns the chariot, he condemns the chariot-maker, and he never thinks that it is not the fault of the chariot, not the fault of the horses, not the fault of the chariot-maker. It is

his fault -- he was drunk, he was fast asleep. If the chariot has fallen into a ditch it is natural, the whole responsibility is yours.

It is not a question of destroying the mind or throwing the mind out. Mind is a beautiful mechanism, the most beautiful mechanism in existence, but you have become a servant to the mind. You are the master and the master is functioning as a servant; the mind is a servant and you have made the servant the master.

I have heard an ancient story:
A king was very happy with one of his servants. He was so devoted, so totally devoted to the king; he was always ready to sacrifice his life for the king. The king was immensely happy, and many times he has saved the king, risking his own life. He was the king's bodyguard.
One day the king was feeling so happy with the man, he said, "If you desire anything, if you have any desire, just tell me and I will fulfill it. You have done so much for me that I can never show my gratitude, I can never repay you, but today I would like to fulfill any of your wishes whatsoever it is."
The servant said, "You have already given me too much. I am so blessed just by being always with you -- I don't need anything."
But the king insisted. The more the servant said, "There is no need," the more the king insisted. Finally the servant said, "Then it's okay. You make me the king for twenty-four hours and you be the guard."
The king was a little apprehensive, afraid, but he was a man of his word and he had to fulfill the desire. So for twenty-four hours he became the guard and the guard became the king. And do you know what the guard did? The first thing that he did, he ordered the king to be killed, sentenced to death!
The king said, "What are you doing?"
He said, "You keep quiet! You are simply the guard and nothing more. It is my wish and now I am the king!"
The king was killed, and the servant became the king forever.

Servants have their own devious ways to become masters.
The mind is one of the most beautiful, the most complex, the most evolved mechanisms. It has served you well, it serves you well. Because of its services you have repeated the same story in your life, everybody has repeated the same story: you have made the mind the master and now the master treats you just like a servant.
This is the problem, not that the mind has to be thrown out. If you throw the mind out you will go insane. Without the mind there is only one profession you can be in: that is politics!

I have heard:
One politician was going through a brain operation. His brain was taken out, they were fixing his brain and he was lying on the stretcher waiting.

Suddenly a man came in and said, "What are you doing here? You have been chosen the prime minister of the country!"
So he got up. The surgeon said, "Where are you going? -- your brain is here!"

He said, "What am I going to do with the brain now? I am already the prime minister, I don't need it. You can keep it. When I need it I will come back."

Once you are a prime minister you don't need the mind.

I have heard another story too:
A man -- it must be some future story -- a man went to the hospital because his brain was damaged in a car accident and he wanted a new brain. So he asked the surgeon to show him all kinds of brains available. The surgeon took him around; there were many brains.
The first brain belonged to a professor, a mathematician. He asked the price -- fifty dollars. He was surprised: a famous mathematician, a Nobel laureate, just fifty dollars' worth! Then there was a musician and his was only thirty dollars. Then there was a businessman's brain and it was only twenty dollars. And so on, so forth.
Finally they came to the brain of a politician -- it was five thousand dollars! The man was puzzled. He said, "Why does it costs so much?"
The surgeon says, "Because it has never been used. All the other brains are secondhand, this is brand-new."

Narayano, if you throw the brain out, then you will have to go into politics, that's all. Then you cannot be a sannyasin: a sannyasin needs more intelligence than anybody else. So please don't ask me how to do it. And don't do it on your own -- because sometimes people do, and then fixing it is very difficult.

William had a big problem with his wife, Lisa. Every night before she went to bed she would stop at the door, start running and then with a big jump leap into the bed. He got so upset about this habit of hers that he decided to do something about it. So one night when she was asleep he got up, went to the fridge, got a big piece of beef liver out of it and placed it on the floor in front of the bed.
The next morning he got up and said, "My God, Lisa, look what has happened -- your uterus has fallen out! I always told you to stop your jumping." Lisa was very shocked.
When he came home that evening from work he said, "Now, Lisa, you see what can happen with a bad habit like this."
She replied, "Oh, that was not so bad. You should have seen how much trouble it was to get it in again."

So Narayano, please don't do it! It is easy to throw it out, it is very difficult to get it back in. You will need all the mind that you have. Just be the master of it. Use it, and don't be used by it.
And that's what meditation is all about: the art of moving away from the mind, being

above the mind, becoming transcendental to the mind, knowing that "I am not the mind." That does not mean that you have to throw out the mind. Knowing that "I am

not the mind" makes you again the master. You can use the mind. Right now, mind is not within your hands. You are not a good charioteer.
Just the other day, in his sutra, Buddha was talking about a good charioteer. And he says: Others only hold the reins in their hands and the chariot goes on moving wherever it wants to, the horses go on moving wherever they want to. You are simply holding the reins, but you are not really in control.
Be a good charioteer. And the first step is to know that you are not the mind. If you are the mind then you cannot be the master, because there is no separation between the mind and you, no distance. Create a little distance. Watch the mind, its functioning, and create the distance. Watching automatically creates the distance. Hence Buddha's insistence again and again: watch, watch day and night. Slowly slowly, you will see that you are consciousness and mind is just an instrument available to you. Then you can use it when needed and when not needed you can put it off. Right now, you don't know how to put it off; it is always on.
It is like a radio in your room which is always on and you don't know how to turn it off, so you have to sleep with the radio on and it goes on shouting all kinds of advertisements and all kinds of songs that you have heard a thousand times, but you don't know how to turn it off. The whole day you are tired, many times you want to get rid of the radio, but you cannot because you don't know how to turn it off. It is like sleeping with the lights on because you don't know how to turn them off.

Freud remembers that when electricity came to Vienna for the first time, a friend, a villager, came to visit him. Freud took every care of the visitor, took him to the room where he was going to sleep, left him there, said good night.
The villager was very much puzzled by only one thing -- the electricity, the electric bulb. He knew how to put a lamp off, how to blow a candle out, but what to do with this electric bulb?
He tried all that he knew: standing on a chair he blew it many times, but nothing would happen to it. He watched it from everywhere; there was no hole, there was nothing. And how could he imagine that just on the wall there is a switch? That was impossible for him to imagine, he had never seen electricity. But he was also afraid to go and ask Freud or somebody else because they would think that he is a fool "You can't even put the light off -- what kind of man are you?"
So, feeling embarrassed, he tried to sleep with the light on. He could not sleep. Many times he stood up again on the chair, tried again. The whole night it continued; sleep wouldn't come because of the light -- too much light, too bright light, he had never seen such bright light. One candle he has known, and the bulb must have been of a hundred candles or more. In the morning he was dead tired.
Freud asked him, "You look very tired. Couldn't you sleep?"
He said, "Now there is no point in hiding, because I am going to stay three days -- this

bulb is going to kill me! Even to look at it a shiver goes up my spine. How to turn it off?"

Freud said, "You fool! Why didn't you ask me?"

He said, "I was just feeling embarrassed -- so foolish to ask such a simple thing!"
Freud took him to the wall, showed him the switch. He tried it, put it on and off, and laughed. And he said, "Such a simple thing, and the whole night I tried and could not find it!"
He may have tried his whole life and may not have connected the switch with the light.

This is how it is happening to you; your mind is continuously on. They say that the mind is such a magnificent mechanism that it starts working the moment you are born and it goes on working till you stand before an audience -- then suddenly it stops, then something happens to it. Otherwise it continues till you die. And very few people need to stand before an audience, so the mind continues unhindered, and it keeps you utterly tired, exhausted, weary, bored. And it goes on saying the same things again and again.
Why are people so much bored?
Life is not boring, remember. Life is always a tremendous mystery, it is always a surprise, it is always new, it is constantly renewing itself. New leaves are coming, old leaves are falling; new flowers are appearing, old flowers disappearing. But you cannot see life because you are constantly bored by your own mind. It goes on saying things which it has said thousands of times. You look so tired, for the simple reason that you don't know how to turn it off.
The mind has not to be thrown out, Narayano. The mind has to be put in its place: it is a beautiful servant but a very ugly master. You take the reins in your hands, you be the master. And the first act, the first step is: become detached from the mind. See that it is not you, create the distance; the greater the distance, the more is the capacity of turning it off.
And one more miracle you will be coming across: when you turn the mind off, the mind too remains fresh and more intelligent; because it is also tiring. Just think: from the day you are born it starts and goes on working till you die. And one never knows, it may be even working when you are in the grave, because a few things continue to happen then. Nails go on growing even when you are in the grave, hairs go on growing, so some kind of mechanism still continues. Even in a dead body nails and hairs go on growing, something is still working, maybe some local mechanism, not the mind itself, but the body also has small, local minds to support the big mind, agents of the big mind. Maybe they have not known yet that the big guy is dead and they go on doing the old thing continuously. They know nothing else so they continue repeating their old job. Hairs go on growing, nails go on growing -- just small, local minds, mini-minds.
The mind has to be put into its right place, and when you need it you use it; just as you use your legs when you need them. When you don't need to you don't use your legs. If sitting on a chair you go on moving your legs up and down, then people will think you are mad. And that's exactly what is happening in the mind and still you think you are not mad.

A meditative awareness comes to know the key. Whenever it wants to put the mind off it simply says, "Now shut up!" and that's it. And the mind simply keeps quiet and great

silence prevails inside. And the mind can also rest in those moments, otherwise everything becomes tired.

I have heard:
A man brings his computer to the mechanic and says, "What is the matter with the computer? It is not working well lately."
The expert looks inside the computer and says, "Metal fatigue." Just as you go to the psychiatrist and he says, "Mental fatigue," he says, "metal fatigue -- a metal case!"

Everything tires, everything gets tired -- even metals get tired. And your mind is made of very delicate tissues, so delicate that there is nothing more delicate in the whole existence. In your small skull millions of small fibers are functioning; so thin are they that your hairs, if compared with the nerves that function in your brain, are very thick, one million times more thick. Such a delicate phenomenon, but we don't know how to use it. It needs rest.
Hence a meditative person becomes more intelligent, he becomes saner. Whatsoever he does there is an art in it. Whatsoever he touches he transforms into gold. Mind is a blessing with meditation, otherwise it is a curse.
Add meditation to your being and the curse disappears, and the curse itself becomes the blessing; it is a blessing in disguise. You have not yet learned the art of how to use it and how to be a master. It is not a question of throwing the mind out; that will not help. That will make you even more hollow, more useless. If the brain, if the mind is thrown out, you will be just a cabbage -- or if you don't like the word 'cabbage', then cauliflower. And they say that there is not much difference between cabbage and cauliflower -- cauliflower is cabbage with a college education. You can choose, you can be a cabbage or a cauliflower, but you will not be a man. Very few men are men in reality. A man is one who is a master of his mind.
The English word 'man' comes from a Sanskrit root which means mind; MAN. To be master of your mind is the meaning of being man. If you are not master of your mind, there is no man inside you, only a computer functioning, a machine functioning, without any master. This is the situation. That's why the world looks so berserk, so insane.

The fifth question:
Question 5
BELOVED MASTER,
WHY ARE THERE SO MANY JEWS HERE?

Harish, Jews are very intelligent people, one of the most intelligent peoples on the earth. They had to be intelligent; otherwise they would not have survived. And because they are

intelligent they are always searching for new pastures, new worlds, new life-styles, new ways of seeing, living and being. It surprises everybody.

There are almost fifty percent Jews here. This may be the only place in India where there are so many Jews, because in India there are not any Jews, none at all. And if things go on growing as they are growing, soon you will find another Israel here! And why are Jews coming? -- because they are intelligent, they are always ready to accept anything new and they are ready to drop the old.

In fact, seeing the intelligence of the Jews it seems almost unbelievable that they killed Jesus. The more I have come in contact with the Jews -- and I have thousands of Jews as my sannyasins -- the more I have become puzzled about the phenomenon. Why could they not accept Jesus? Maybe it was not really the Jews who killed him but the Roman emperor, Roman imperialism. Romans have always been cruel and they have not proved themselves very intelligent either. It may have been just that Jews were used as an excuse and the Romans wanted to kill Jesus.

And the Jews were not independent people in those days, they were part of the Roman Empire. It is possible that the Romans used the Jewish priests as a facade, because they would not have liked to kill Jesus directly -- that may have created a revolution in the country, a rebellion. It is a simple diplomacy to use Jews themselves to kill Jesus; then there will be no rebellion, no revolution, no problems arising.

In fact, they pretended on the surface that they were not interested in killing Jesus, and from the back door they may have insisted. To the public they showed that "We are absolutely out of the game. If Jews want to kill him, they can kill him; if they don't want to kill him we are ready to forgive him." And from the back they may have been goading the Jews to kill Jesus. That's more possible, because Jews are not such unintelligent people that they would destroy their own greatest flowering.

Jesus was their greatest flowering. He was the climax of the Judaic approach to life. Jesus was born a Jew and died a Jew -- he was not a Christian, remember; he has not even heard the word 'christian'. And if he comes back he will find himself more in tune with the Jews than with the Christians, because he lived the life of a Jew. He was well acquainted with Jewish scriptures, he quoted Jewish scriptures. He said again and again that "Whatsoever has been said before by other prophets I am saying to you" -- giving it a more contemporary expression, of course, but he was not against Moses, Abraham, Ezekiel. He was not against the old prophets; he was fulfilling their prophecies, he was the very fulfillment.

Why should Jews kill him? There is every possibility that the Romans did it. They were afraid of his growing power.

The political powers always become afraid of anybody who starts becoming powerful in any way. Although Jesus was not interested in politics, not interested in political power, his language could be misinterpreted very easily. He was talking about the kingdom of God, but the Romans started thinking that he is talking of bringing the kingdom of Jews; he wants to become the emperor himself. They must have been apprehensive of his

growing popularity.
Many many people were turning to him, coming to him, listening to him, becoming disciples, becoming initiates. Of course it was a religion now, but any moment religion

can take the turn and become politics. Hence the politicians always become very alert and cautious.
They are doing the same to me. I am not interested in politics, I am not interested in that stupid game at all, but they are very much afraid. And the best way to kill me will be to find a sannyasin, a Judas, to kill me; that will be the best way. Then there will be no problem.
If a sannyasin kills me, then the whole responsibility falls on my own shoulders or on the shoulders of my sannyasins. The sannyasin may not be a true sannyasin, he may be just a detective, a spy, a government man, who has taken sannyas just to kill me. That will be the easiest and the most diplomatic way.
And there are many spies here: German spies and Italian spies and Indian spies. One Indian spy took sannyas. I gave him sannyas -- not only that I gave him sannyas, but I told him, "You become part of the ashram. Why live outside?" He was a little puzzled! Not only that, I told him that "Because you are an L.L.B., a practicing advocate... and we need a department, a law department; there are at least twenty-five cases against me in the courts, so we need our own legal department. You be in charge of it!" I had made him the head. He escaped after one month, because he became more and more interested in me, became more and more interested in meditation, and I gave him access to all the files and everything, because he was the head of the law department. I gave him every access, so if he wants to report anything to the government he can -- there is nothing to hide! My trust in him became such a heavy burden on the poor man. If I had suspected him he would have remained here; but because I trusted him so deeply, he escaped. He said that he would be coming back, but he has not come. Almost eight months have passed.
He became so afraid of me that he sold his house where he used to live, because I am sending my sannyasins to his house in Patiala, in Punjab, to find out what happened to him -- we need him! He has sold his house and escaped from Patiala too, and he has not given his address to anybody in Patiala. But I am in search! I am going to find him, wherever he is. Now I have told my sannyasins in Delhi to search for him. We need him! I never allow people to escape so easily.
Jews are intelligent people; hence they are always the first to accept new ideas, original ideas, new visions, new dreams.

A Jew and a Catholic were sharing the same compartment on a train. The Jew took an apple out of his suitcase and ate it, core and all. The Catholic looked a little surprised and asked, "Do you always eat the core as well?"
"Of course," explained the Jew. "That's why we are so intelligent -- we get that way by eating the core. And you happen to be a lucky fellow, because I have just one apple left which I will sell to you for fifty dollars."
The Catholic accepted the offer, thinking to himself that fifty dollars for intelligence was a

good deal. He bought the apple and ate it, core and all.
After sitting silently gazing out of the window for a while he said, "Now that I think of it, for fifty dollars I could have bought a whole crate of apples."

"See," said the Jew, "it has started working already!"

The Jews have survived out of sheer intelligence. They have lived without a country, without a homeland. They have lived through all kinds of tortures, all kinds of concentration camps, gas chambers; still they have survived. The people who were bent upon destroying them are no more. Where are the Nazis? -- gone down the drain. The people who wanted to destroy Jews absolutely, to annihilate them, are no longer anywhere, but Jews are there.
In fact, all those tortures, gas chambers, concentration camps, imprisonments, all those things have given them an integrity, a solidity. A tremendous intelligence is released in them; it is always released when you have to face great challenges. In fact, no other race has been facing such great challenges as the Jews.
Naturally they are always the first to accept anything that is new, they are always the first to drop the old. That is the sign of intelligence.

Two Jews meet on the street.
"How are you, Solomon?" says Irving.
"Terrible!" says Irving. "Ah, what a catastrophe! My son is converting to Christianity!"
"Funny thing," says Irving. "My son too is converting to Christianity! Let us go to the synagogue and pray."
Irving and Solomon run into their friend Myron who asks where they are going. When they tell Myron that their sons are converting to Christianity, Myron says, "Funny thing, my son is converting to Christianity too. I will go with you to the synagogue and pray."
Well, Myron and Irv and Sol meet their friend Herman, tell him their story and Herman says, "Funny thing, my son is also converting to Christianity! Let us go and pray."
This goes on for a while until a large group of Jews reach the synagogue. There they see the rabbi sitting on the front steps with his head in his hands. When the rabbi hears their story he replies. "Funny thing, my son is converting to Christianity. Let us all pray."
The group goes into the synagogue, lift their eyes to heaven and the rabbi says, "Oh God, please help us. All our sons are converting to Christianity!"
Suddenly they hear thunder, lightning flashes across the sky, and a deep voice intones, "Funny thing "

The last question:
Question 6
BELOVED MASTER,
YOU REALLY GET US!! WE ARE ALL RUNNING AROUND LIKE HEADS WITHOUT CHICKENS!!! IS IT LOVE -- OR IS IT MEDITATION? AH DEAR! SQUACK SQUACK! BELOVED MASTER, WHAT IS A PATH?

Prem Maitri, you are really becoming a sannyasin now -- going cuckoo! That's what sannyas is all about.

In the Osho Meditation Center in Zurich, Switzerland, there was a clock-making contest. Many beautiful clocks were made.
The third prize was won with a clock which had a cuckoo coming out every hour saying, "Osho, Osho."
The second prize was won with a clock which had a cuckoo all dressed in orange with a mala around his neck coming out every half hour saying, "Osho, Osho."
The first prize was given for a clock which had Osho coming out every fifteen minutes saying, "Cuckoo, cuckoo."

Enough for today.