This, This, A Thousand Times This: The Very Essence of Zen

Talks given from 27/05/88 pm to 10/06/88 pm

English Discourse series

CHAPTER 1

Zen - your very essence

27 May 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

Maneesha,

Before I start a new series of talks on Zen - called THIS. THIS. A THOUSAND TIMES THIS - I want to devote today to preparation for the coming Zen anecdotes... absurd yet profound, without any rationality but still as truthful as language allows.

I am wearing sunglasses in the night; it is due to the courtesy of President Ronald Reagan. His poisoning has created many after-effects. One of them is that my eyes have immensely weakened; they cannot face even the daylight. But even through my glasses I am perfectly able to see you.

In this connection a practical joke:

I have received an invitation from one of the most important global promoters in the election of the president of America. They want me to run for the presidency and they are ready to promote me.

Even though I have been prevented - illegally, unconstitutionally - from entering America for ten years, certainly I can enter the presidential election. The law cannot prevent me. I can remain outside of America.

I have told Global Promotions to go ahead.

It does not matter whether I win or I lose. What matters is that it will decide how many intelligent people live in America, how many people have a sense of humor and how many people have a universal sense of humanity as one.

If by chance I win the presidency, it will be really the greatest laughter in history. And it will be the beginning of a new day. I certainly hope there are people, irrespective of party or religion or prejudice, who will support me just for the sake of a good laugh.

These glasses will do good, they will look good on American television. At least my face will be more presentable than Ronald Reagan's.

My fight continues against the illegality and the crime that has been done to me and to my commune and my people. You will be surprised that they went on delaying a decision in the Supreme Court of Oregon till they expelled me from America...

I was there for five years without any entry visa. They could not tell me to go out of America; they knew I would fight in the courts. And every American is a foreigner - the real Americans have been killed, massacred, forced into forests, into small reservations. They even changed their name; they are called "Red Indians."

Even Ronald Reagan is not an American; neither was Abraham Lincoln. So there is no problem: if other foreigners can be chosen to be the president of America, I am also eligible.

When they deported me... after that the Supreme Court of Oregon declared my commune to be victorious and the opposing party in the case - "One Thousand Friends of Oregon" - was defeated. They appealed to the Supreme Court of America and the Supreme Court also gave its decision in my favor.

The destruction of the commune and expulsion of me and my people have been absolutely undemocratic, unconstitutional. This proves an old saying that justice delayed is justice denied. Now what is the point of being victorious in the court, the highest court in America, when they have crushed everything? - destroyed the commune, in which five thousand sannyasins worked for five years, ten hours, twelve hours per day, to transform a desert into a beautiful city.

It was a great experiment of brotherhood, of love, of peace - no crime, no court, no law. And five thousand people created all the roads, transformed the whole desert into an oasis. It was not a small place, it was one hundred and twenty-six square miles. It was almost a country.

What was the fear of the American politicians? The fear was of our creativity, our laughter; the fear was of our joy. For the first time in the history of the world, five thousand people have lived as a family. Nobody asked anybody's country or religion or caste or race. Every year twenty thousand people from around the world used to come to see this miracle. The American politicians became disturbed by the success of the commune.

There has been a great deal of research conducted by psychoanalysts on eccentric people. Their findings are very revealing. First, that eccentric people are more intelligent, more creative, more joyous than the ordinary mediocre masses; the so-called sane people are not so creative. Secondly, in every profession the eccentric person will rise higher just because of his creativity, sensitivity, intelligence.

The researchers have found that politics is the only profession where - except Abraham Lincoln - there has not been one eccentric person. It is a strange finding. The politician is very cunning, he

is not clever. He substitutes cunningness for cleverness. He is not wise, because to be wise in this world is to be condemned by the masses and the politician cannot afford that.

But all the great people - the poets, the painters, the sculptors, the scientists, the mystics - have all been eccentric. The finding is that the eccentric people don't bother about the masses; they are more integrated individuals. They live according to their own light, they have their own style. You may condemn them, but you cannot make them compromise.

This research has given me an absolute certainty about why the American politicians became so much disturbed by a commune which was joyous, intelligent, singing songs with the trees and dancing with the peacocks. They became afraid because the comparison was clear, that the commune was reaching towards higher consciousness, more liveliness, higher in every possible way than the ordinary masses. The politician was going to be asked, "Why is it not happening in the whole world?" If it can happen in a small commune that people can live lovingly, dancingly, joyously, then what is missing in the whole world? Why are people so miserable?

Just as Jesus was crucified, my people and the commune as a whole have been crucified. Even their own constitution could not support the acts of the politicians. And once something is disturbed it is very difficult to put it together again.

But we are doing the experiment again and we are in a far more successful stage now. Our people are more joyous, more meditative, more intelligent, uncompromising. This is the meeting of the eccentric people - but highly intelligent. My whole effort is to spread intelligence, love, freedom... without any boundaries, without any frontiers, around the globe. It can be done only by the individual - not by religions, not by political parties, not by any other kinds of organizations. The whole thing depends on the individual rising to the highest peak of his being and potentiality.

I am giving you a new meditation. Since Gautam Buddha, not a single new meditation has been evolved. This meditation will be the preface for the coming series on Zen.

Zen means your very essence, your very being.

I have talked about the meditation, and a group of people have done it for twenty-one days, but all of you have not been participants. In the beginning of this series, be a participant in this meditation called Mystic Rose.

It has four steps. All are designed for a particular purpose: to bring out all the poison from your being that has been injected by every generation for centuries. Laughter is the first step. One of the great writers, Norman Cousins, has just now written of his life-long experiment: that if he laughs for twenty minutes without any reason, all his tensions disappear. His consciousness grows, the dust disappears.

You will see it yourself; if you can laugh without any reason, you will see something repressed within you... From your very childhood you have been told not to laugh - "Be serious!" You have to come out of that repressive conditioning.

The second step is tears. Tears have been repressed even more deeply. It has been told to us that tears are a symptom of weakness - they are not. Tears can cleanse not only your eyes, but your

heart too. They soften you, it is a biological strategy to keep you clean, to keep you unburdened. It is now a well-known fact that less women go mad than men. And the reason has been found to be that women can cry and weep more easily than men. Even to the small child it is said, ”Be a man, don’t cry like a woman!”

But if you look at the physiology of your body, you have the same glands full of tears whether you are man or woman. It has been found that less women commit suicide than men. And of course, no woman in history has been the cause of founding violent religions, wars, massacres. If the whole world can learn to cry and weep again it will be a tremendous transformation, a metamorphosis.

The third step is silence. I have called it ‘The Watcher on the Hills’. Become as silent as if you are alone on the top of an Himalayan peak, utterly silent and alone, just watching, listening... sensitive, but still.

And the fourth step is let-go.

At every step Nivedano will be asked to beat his drum. Yesterday he lost himself into the meditation. I had been trying hard, but he was so much into his own gibberish. And what is the gibberish? He was fighting with Mukta. These are the two fighters here, Mukta and Nivedano. Mukta is fighting for the trees, Nivedano is fighting for the rocks.

He did not listen, once he started... Today he is not allowed to participate. It is your work to remember that when I say ”Beat the drum,” beat it - otherwise everybody else around you will beat you! Agreed?

Okay, we start our first step of the Mystic Rose Meditation. Give the beat, Nivedano!

(Drumbeat)

(NIVEDANO GIVES ONE RESOUNDING BEAT ON HIS DRUM AND THE WHOLE OF BUDDHA HALL EXPLODES INTO WILD LAUGHTER FOR SEVERAL MINUTES. THROUGHOUT THE MEDITATION, OSHO APPEARS TO BE WEAVING AND CONDUCTING INVISIBLE CURRENTS OF ENERGY WITH HIS HANDS.)

(Drumbeat)
(NOW THE LAUGHTER CHANGES TO CRYING.)

(Drumbeat)

(TOTAL SILENCE DESCENDS... NOT A SOUND, ONLY THE SINGING OF THE NIGHT BIRDS AND THE CREAKING OF THE BAMBOOS.)

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

(EVERYBODY FALLS BACKWARDS ON THE FLOOR TOPPLED HIGGELDY PIGGELDY ON TOP OF EACH OTHER, WHEREVER THEY HAPPEN TO FALL, LYING STILL IN DEEP ”LET-GO.”)

Relax.

This is it...
The experience... and the bamboos are giving the comment.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Come back.

(EVERYBODY SLOWLY SITS UP, A FEW MOMENTS OF SUCH A DELICATE SILENCE...)

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 2

The bamboos speak

28 May 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

WHEN SEPPO WAS LIVING IN HIS HERMITAGE, TWO MONKS CAME TO PAY THEIR RESPECTS. AS SEPPO SAW THEM COMING HE PUSHED OPEN THE GATE AND, PRESENTING HIMSELF BEFORE THEM, SAID, ”WHAT IS THIS?”

THE MONKS ALSO SAID, ”WHAT IS THIS?”

SEPPO LOWERED HIS HEAD AND RETURNED TO HIS COTTAGE.

LATER, THE MONKS CAME TO GANTO, WHO SAID, ”WHERE ARE YOU FROM?”
THE MONKS ANSWERED, ”WE HAVE COME FROM SOUTH OF THE NANREI MOUNTAINS.”

GANTO SAID, ”HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO SEE SEPPO?”

THE MONKS SAID, ”YES, WE HAVE BEEN TO HIM.”

GANTO SAID, ”WHAT DID HE SAY TO YOU?”

THE MONKS RELATED THE WHOLE STORY.

GANTO SAID, ”ALAS! I REGRET THAT I DID NOT TELL HIM THE LAST WORD WHEN I WAS WITH HIM. IF I HAD DONE SO, NO ONE IN THE WHOLE WORLD COULD HAVE PRETENDED TO OUTDO HIM.”

AT THE END OF THE SUMMER SESSION, THE MONKS REPEATED THE STORY AND ASKED GANTO FOR HIS INSTRUCTION.

GANTO SAID, ”WHY DIDN’T YOU ASK EARLIER?”

THE MONKS SAID, ”WE HAVE HAD A HARD TIME STRUGGLING WITH THIS TOPIC.”

GANTO SAID, ”SEPPO CAME TO LIFE IN THE SAME WAY THAT I DID, BUT HE DOES NOT DIE IN THE SAME WAY THAT I DO. IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE LAST WORD, I’LL TELL YOU SIMPLY - THIS! THIS!”

Maneesha, I am immensely grateful that you have reminded me of Seppo. I have always wanted to bring Seppo to you because he is one of the most precious buddhas who has walked on the earth.

He was unique in his own way; in his teaching, words were not important but only thisness, the utter silence of existence. The chattering of the birds are the only holy scriptures in the world. And the commentaries of the bamboos are really honest, sincere and to the point.

Seppo would have loved this assembly, this moment of silent waiting. He was not as fortunate as I am. He had very few disciples but that is very unjust of existence. Seppo should have had the whole world as his disciples because what he is giving is the ultimate essence.

(THE CHIRPING OF BIRDS RUNS THROUGH THE SILENCE OF BUDDHA HALL.)

This was Seppo.

They have all gathered here.

This story makes Seppo’s method of teaching clear:

WHEN SEPPO WAS LIVING IN HIS HERMITAGE, TWO MONKS CAME TO PAY THEIR RESPECTS. AS SEPPO SAW THEM COMING HE PUSHED OPEN THE GATE AND, PRESENTING HIMSELF BEFORE THEM, SAID, ”WHAT IS THIS?”

The monks must have been at a loss. In fact, Seppo’s opening the gate, standing before them, was a question to be asked by them. But before they had said anything Seppo himself without being questioned, asked, ”What is this?”

In utter confusion those two monks said to Seppo, ”What is this? We have not even asked, we have not even entered the gate, we have not even said hello to you and you open the gate, and standing before us irrationally ask, ‘What is this?’ In fact, we ask you about your behavior, ‘WHAT IS THIS?’”

They missed the point. SEPPO LOWERED HIS HEAD AND RETURNED TO HIS COTTAGE. This lowering of the head of the master is a deep sadness about the misunderstanding these two monks have shown. And he returned to his cottage because there is no point in saying anything more. He has already said more than is absolutely essential. This becomes clear - that he has already said more.

LATER THE MONKS CAME TO GANTO WHO SAID, ”WHERE ARE YOU FROM?”

Ganto was Seppo’s master.

THE MONKS ANSWERED, ”WE HAVE COME FROM SOUTH OF THE NANREI MOUNTAINS.”

GANTO SAID, ”HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO SEE SEPPO?”

THE MONKS SAID, ”YES, WE HAVE BEEN TO HIM.”

GANTO SAID, ”WHAT DID HE SAY TO YOU?”

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Ganto is saying that to ask, ”What is this?” is not exactly right. The existence cannot be questioned, it cannot be a ‘what’. It simply is, without any question and without any answer.

Simply ‘this’.

This small anecdote converging in the smallest possible word, ‘this’, gives you the very essence of religiousness - the mystery of it, the beauty of it, the truth of it. You cannot answer and you cannot ask, you have simply to live; to live thisness - in Gautam Buddha’s words suchness, tathata - is the whole of religious consciousness.

Just live this moment in its totality, without wavering; neither thinking of the past which is no more, nor projecting about the future which is not yet.

All that you have is the purity of thisness, this moment.

And the glory and the ecstasy cannot be higher, cannot be deeper if you can understand the simple experience of thisness.

Setcho’s commentary on it: THE LAST WORD, LET ME TELL YOU - LIGHT AND DARKNESS INTERMINGLED,

LIVING IN THE SAME WAY, YOU ALL KNOW; DYING IN DIFFERENT WAYS - BEYOND TELLING! ABSOLUTELY BEYOND TELLING!

BUDDHA AND DHARMA ONLY NOD... Buddha and Bodhidharma - Dharma is a short form of Bodhidharma. BUDDHA AND BODHIDHARMA ONLY NOD TO THEMSELVES.

They utter not even the simplest word, this.

They simply nod. In their nodding is said everything sayable, unsayable. In their nodding is the whole mystery of existence.

EAST, WEST, NORTH AND SOUTH - HOMEWARD LET US GO. LATE AT NIGHT, SEEING THE SNOW ON THE THOUSAND PEAKS.

As I have told you before, Setcho is a great intellectual but he is not an enlightened man. Once in a while, he makes a comment that is beautiful, but it is coming out of his head rather than out of his being. He is not accounted in the long line of buddhas. He remains only a commentator. And a commentator, however great, is simply repeating, paraphrasing the experience that is not his own.

I don't want you to be commentators.

I want you to be in the very center of existence, of your being.
That is the only way to understand this tremendous mystery that surrounds you.

Another story...

SEPPO IS ALSO KNOWN AS HSUEH-FENG. SEPPO ONCE SPOKE OF AN INCIDENT THAT CONTRIBUTED TO HIS AWAKENING:

"WHEN I ASKED MASTER TOKUSAN WHETHER I COULD SHARE THE EXPERIENCE THAT THE ANCIENT MASTERS KNEW, HE STRUCK ME, AND I WAS LIKE A BUCKET WHOSE BOTTOM HAD JUST DROPPED OUT.

GANTO UTTERED A WARNING 'HO!' AND ASKED, "DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT COMES FROM WITHOUT IS NOT AS GOOD AS WHAT IS PRODUCED WITHIN? IF YOU WERE REVEALING YOUR EXPERIENCE OF CH'AN, OR ZEN OR DHYAN, EVERYTHING THAT YOU SAID OR DID WOULD FLOW DIRECTLY FROM THE CENTER OF YOUR INNERMOST BEING, WHICH IN TURN WOULD EMBRACE AND PENETRATE THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE."

UPON HEARING THIS SEPPO SUDDENLY WAS ENLIGHTENED AND MADE A DEEP BOW TO GANTO.

These beautiful stories and these beautiful people have almost disappeared from the world. They were not plastic and they were not phony. They were utterly innocent, authentic. I want my people to bring back those golden moments which have disappeared from the world.

There is a story about one of Seppo's disciples named Tozan:

WHEN HE FIRST WENT TO SEPPO HE HAD HARDLY ENTERED THE GATE WHEN SEPPO PUSHED HIM OVER AND SAID, ”WHAT IS THIS?”

AND TOZAN WAS IMMEDIATELY ENLIGHTENED. FORGETTING HIMSELF HE JUST LIFTED UP HIS HANDS AND DANCED AROUND. SEPPO SAID, ”ARE YOU BEHAVING RATIONALLY?”

TOZAN SAID, ”WHAT HAS THIS TO DO WITH RATIONALITY?”

SEPPO STROKED HIS BACK AND CONFIRMED HIS ENLIGHTENMENT.

A dance can say much more than any philosophy. A simple shout ‘Ho’, can bring you to this moment. Anything that can bring you to your home is the only religion I know of. The so-called religions of the world are simply deceiving and exploiting people. People have to be awakened.

Zen has become my most beloved for the simple reason that it does not create any theology. It does not bother about God. Because God is always that, God is always there. And the real concern is this, not that. here, not there. now, not then.

SEPPO WAS CUTTING TREES ONE DAY WITH CHOSEI AND SAID TO HIM, ”WHEN YOU CUT, CUT TO THE HEART. THEN STOP.”

CHOSEI SAID, ”I HAVE CUT AND FINISHED.”

SEPPO SAID, ”FORMER MASTERS TRANSMITTED THE TRUTH FROM MIND TO MIND. WOULD YOU REALLY SAY THAT YOU HAVE CUT AND FINISHED?”
CHOSEI SAID, ”THROWING THE AXE TO THE GROUND, IT IS TRANSMITTED.”

SEPPO STRUCK HIM WITH HIS STICK.

It is out of tremendous love and great compassion that a Zen master ever strikes anybody. This is a different language than saying that you have got it, that you are enlightened.

A master’s stick is awaited by the disciple for years, because he will hit you only if he knows that his hit is going to awaken you; or he will hit only when you are awakened as a reward. In the modern world it will not be at all understood. When, for the first time, Zen stories were translated, everybody thought that they were some kind of jokes.

They are not jokes. But because they were first translated by Christian missionaries, it was just to show to the world: ”Look at the greatness of Christianity and look at these primitive people thinking that they are enlightened.” But the whole thing misfired. These stories were translated by Christian missionaries to prove Christianity’s superiority.

But in fact, these stories - if understood, experienced - simply prove that there cannot be anything superior to them. Their utter innocence... just look at the disciple dancing. Because he has got it! Just look at the master hitting the disciple as a reward.

This is possible only at the very heights of consciousness.

Man has progressed technologically, scientifically, but man has forgotten the language of his own being. There is progress in gadgets, but man is completely lost.

I want you to remember that your first task in life is to be fully, wholly aware of yourself. Because without being totally aware, you will never know the beauty and the splendor of this existence that surrounds you. You will never know your birth, your death. You will never really know that you ever lived.

Without being aware you are all somnambulists, walking in sleep, talking in sleep. And you have become so accustomed to your sleep that you can even do complicated things while you are completely asleep. You can be efficient in doing certain jobs while snoring within your being.

The whole world thinks that in the morning they wake up, and by the evening they go to sleep again. It is sheer nonsense. Once you wake up, you never go to sleep. So the waking in the morning is just fake, very superficial. You have to learn the authentic awakening.
SEPPO WAS SAYING GOOD-BYE TO TOZAN WHO ASKED HIM, ”WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO?”

SEPPO ANSWERED, ”I AM GOING BACK TO REICHU.”

”AT THAT TIME, WHAT ROAD DID YOU COME BY?” ASKED TOZAN.

”BY HIENREI,” ANSWERED SEPPO.

”AND BY WHAT ROAD ARE YOU GOING BACK?” ASKED TOZAN.

”THE SAME ROAD,” SEPPO ANSWERED.

”DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW THE ONE WHO NEVER LEAVES IS HIENREI, THE ROAD?”

People come and go, the road remains.

Tozan is reminding Seppo, ”Don’t be a coming and going, but be a remaining. There is nowhere to go, you are already there. Just realize it.”
SEPPO SAID, ”I DON’T KNOW THAT ONE THAT REMAINS.”

”WHY NOT?” ASKED TOZAN.

”BECAUSE THE ONE HAS NO PERSONALITY,” ANSWERED SEPPO.

TOZAN SAID, ”YOU SAY THAT YOU DON’T KNOW THAT ONE. IF SO, HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT THE ONE HAS NO PERSONALITY?”

These dialogues are so totally different from the dialogues of Socrates and Plato. Beautiful dialogues, very rational, but these dialogues are simply of another world, of another consciousness.

Tozan is a great master, an old master. Although Seppo has understood, is enlightened - but just to be enlightened is not enough. There are many dimensions to enlightenment. Tozan is trying to get Seppo to enter into another dimension. He knows isness, he knows thisness but he is not aware.

That awareness has no personality. Still it is, it has no limits to it. Isness is oceanic, it has no boundaries.

It is so beautiful just to hear enlightened people tricking each other into new dimensions of being.

Question 1

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

IS IT REALLY THIS EASY?

Maneesha, easy is not the word because it brings the idea of difficulty. However easy, it is still difficult. However close, it is still far. Your being is neither difficult nor easy, it simply is. It is not your achievement, you are it.

Question 2

Maneesha has asked another question:

GANTO SEEMS TO BE SAYING THAT SEPPO BECAME ENLIGHTENED, CAME TO LIFE IN THE SAME WAY THAT HE DID. IS IT TRUE THAT THE REALIZATION OF ENLIGHTENMENT IS THE SAME FOR EVERYONE?

The ultimate experience is certainly the same. But the paths are millions. Somebody comes from the North and somebody comes from the South. One river comes from the Himalayas, another river comes from other mountains. But they all reach, big or small, to the same ocean.

The ultimate experience is the same but people differ in their uniqueness. Hence their ways of revealing themselves to themselves are different. Everybody is born in the same way but everybody does not die in the same way.

Birth is not in your hands. When you awaken, you are already born. It is not a question for you to decide to be born or not to be born. But death is a different matter. You can die unconsciously, you can die consciously, you can die joyously, you can die dancingly. You can make a joke of death itself. The birth is the same but the death has to be unique.

But most people are born in the same way and die in the same way. Both are unconscious. But remember, if birth and death - the two ends - are unconscious, then that which is in between - the life - cannot be conscious. It is a long sleep from the cradle to the graveyard.

Very few are fortunate enough to reach to their grave knowingly, consciously. And the moment a person reaches to his death consciously, there is no death at all.

Death exists only for unconscious people. For the conscious one, death is only a change of time and space, a change of form. But the essence remains the same.

Seppo has made you serious. A little laughter before we enter into meditation.

Barbara Bustline is about to undergo a minor operation. She has been prepared and wheeled along the corridor to the doors of the operating room, where the nurse leaves her to check if the surgery staff are ready.

The nurse has just left, when a young man in a white coat comes up to the trolley. Lifting the sheet, he begins to examine Barbara's naked body very carefully.

Then he nods reflectively and walks away.

Then a second man in a white coat comes along, lifts the sheet and examines her too.

But when a third man, similarly dressed, comes along and does the same, Barbara becomes impatient.
"It is all very well examining me," she says irritably, "but when are they going to start the operation?" "I

have no idea," replies the man, "we are just painting the corridor."

Doctor Pinchbottom, the White House medical man, is giving the president and the first lady their annual checkup. The doctor examines Ronald Reagan first, and finds him to be in good health for a man in his condition.

"And how do you feel?" asks Pinchbottom.

"Great," replies Reagan, "Life is so great that even when I go to the bathroom at night, God turns on the light for me."

Doctor Pinchbottom is puzzled but does not say anything, and starts examining Nancy Reagan. When he is finished, he asks her, "Tell me, is it true about God turning on the bathroom light for Ronald at night?"

"Oh, no!" says Nancy, "he is just pissing in the fridge again."
Sam Shekel, the sharp, middle-aged company director, is a great believer in efficiency.

One day, he hangs up a sign in the main office, which reads: "DO IT NOW!"

Within the next few hours, the cashier disappears with the contents of the company safe; Sam's secretary elopes with his eldest son; most of the staff take the day off; the office boy throws a bottle of red ink into the air-conditioner, and then catches the next plane to Poona.

He must be here somewhere!

Now it is time to have a small daily meditation.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)
You start gibberish.

(Gibberish)

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

You be silent, absolutely silent.
Gather your energy within yourself.

This is what Seppo means by ‘This’.

This... the bamboos, as usual, are giving their commentary.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Relax, let go.

This... even the bamboos have become silent.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

You come back.
Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 3

This... is the whole sermon

29 May 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

HYAKUJO HAD A UNIQUE WAY OF GUIDING MONKS. FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT HE KEPT ON SAYING, ”WORK FOR ME IN THE FIELD, AND I WILL TEACH FOR YOU.”

HE THUS MADE HIS DISCIPLES WORK IN THE FIELD ALL THE TIME; BUT HE DID NOT SEEM TO BE PREPARED TO GIVE ANY LECTURES OR SERMONS.

FINALLY, THE MONKS, NOT ABLE TO STAND IT ANY LONGER, WENT TO THE MASTER AND ASKED: ”WOULD YOU PLEASE BE GRACIOUS ENOUGH TO GIVE US AN EDIFYING SERMON?”

THE MASTER’S UNWAVERING REPLY WAS: ”WORK FOR ME IN THE FIELD, AND I WILL TEACH FOR YOU.”

SEVERAL DAYS PASSED, AND THE IMPATIENT MONKS WENT TO THE MASTER AGAIN AND URGED: ”PLEASE GIVE US A SERMON.” THIS TIME, HE QUITE READILY AGREED TO DO SO.

AFTER A WHILE ALL THE MONKS GATHERED TOGETHER IN THE HALL. THE MASTER QUIETLY APPEARED BEFORE THEM, WALKED UP TO THE PULPIT, SPREAD OUT BOTH HIS ARMS, AND WITHOUT A WORD IMMEDIATELY RETURNED TO HIS ROOM.

ONE DAY NANSEN WAS WORKING ON THE MOUNTAIN WITH A SICKLE. A MONK CAME UP THE MOUNTAIN PATH AND ASKED, WITHOUT KNOWING TO WHOM HE WAS TALKING: ”HOW CAN I GET TO MASTER NANSEN?”

THE MASTER RAISED HIS SICKLE IN FRONT OF THE MONK, AND SAID: ”I PAID THIRTY CENTS FOR THIS SICKLE.”

THE MONK RETORTED: ”I DID NOT ASK YOU ABOUT THE SICKLE.”

”WHAT, THEN,” QUERIED THE MASTER, ”DID YOU ASK ME?”

THE MONK REPEATED: ”HOW CAN I GET TO MASTER NANSEN?”

THE MASTER SAID, ”OH, YES! THIS CUTS WELL!”

Maneesha, this gesture by Hyakujo is the greatest sermon delivered in the whole history of mysticism. Just to prepare his people he used to say, ”Go and work in the field. You cannot work with the trees and with the grass and with the roses for long without yourself becoming as silent as they are.”

The people who live with nature naturally find a synchronicity between themselves and the rivers and the mountains, they are closer to the earth and its heartbeat.

Hyakujo first tried to bring the disciple close to nature, close to silence. Unless he is prepared, the great sermon cannot be delivered. A great sermon needs great disciples, and a great disciple is exactly one who is silent.

Before I enter into the tremendously beautiful story of Hyakujo I would like to tell you something about a contemporary master, George Gurdjieff. He used to use - without knowing Hyakujo - the same method, and the people who came to him were very different than the people who came to Hyakujo.

Gurdjieff was working in the West. Intellectuals would come and Gurdjieff would ask them to go and dig a ditch in the field, but they would say, ”We have come here to learn something, not to dig a ditch.” Gurdjieff was very hard. He would say, ”First do what I say if you want to hear the answer.”

In one particular case, Bennet reached Gurdjieff: highly educated, cultivated and the answer to him was the same. He had come to ask about God and the meaning of life. Gurdjieff said, ”These things leave for the moment, just go and dig the ditch in the field.”

Bennet hesitated for a moment, but then thought, ”I have come from so far, let us see what happens. What am I going to lose?” He started digging the ditch; Gurdjieff came with his cigar, watched him digging, told him that, ”Before sunset this certain area has to be prepared.”

The sunset came, Bennet was utterly tired - an intellectual who has never worked, and particularly this kind of work. And seeing the sun setting there was a great relief...”Now, at last Gurdjieff will start having the dialogue I have come for.” Gurdjieff was walking just by the side, watching all the time.

Then Bennet said, ”The ditch is ready.”

Gurdjieff said, ”Now refill the ditch completely, bring it back to its original state, throw all the mud back in its place.”

Bennet was so tired, but he was also a man of integrity. He said, ”Let us see what happens.”

Without food, without rest, without even a coffee break he filled the ditch again. It was almost the middle of the night and Gurdjieff was standing the whole day just watching and smoking his cigar. The moon was full, at the highest peak of the night; it was a beautiful silence and Bennet remembers that, ”I was so tired... I don’t know from where - a tremendous silence descended over me.” In his autobiography he says, ”I was simply astonished.”

Gurdjieff laughed and said, ”Have you heard? Now go and rest.”

But what was said? Nothing was said. The question is not that the master should say anything. The question is that the disciple should be so silent... and he was silent because he was so tired that he could not even think, the mind became utterly empty. In that silence there is no need for the master to say anything, he can just indicate it as this, and the sermon is over.

But Hyakujo goes even further than Gurdjieff. He did not even say, ”This.” He forced his disciples to work to the optimum, where their energy was completely absorbed by the work and the mind had nothing, no energy to contain its chattering. Again and again disciples came to him, but he would simply repeat, ”Go and work in the field.”

But one day those who had remained with this strange man who teaches nothing, who simply says, ”Go back to the field and work as hard as possible...”

And he was known to be one of the great masters who knows the secret. Many came, but only a few remained. He was a difficult man.

When only those few remained who had become silent working in the fields, who had come to a deep harmony with nature, whose minds had settled down, he accepted the invitation.

THIS TIME - after many efforts of the disciples to invite the master and getting the same reply, ”Go back and work in the field” - this time when they came and asked, ”PLEASE GIVE US A SERMON,”

HE QUITE READILY AGREED TO DO SO.

AFTER A WHILE ALL THE MONKS GATHERED TOGETHER IN THE HALL. THE MASTER QUIETLY APPEARED BEFORE THEM, WALKED UP TO THE PULPIT, SPREAD OUT BOTH HIS ARMS AND , WITHOUT A WORD , IMMEDIATELY RETURNED TO HIS ROOM.

This is known in the history of Zen as the greatest sermon. It is, because he said nothing and yet he said everything. Those two hands spread like a bird’s wings opened the whole sky to the silent disciples, a transmission without words.

We have become too much accustomed to words, we don’t know the beauty of wordlessness. Even if you see a beautiful rose, immediately your mind says, ”How beautiful,” and you have missed. If you had simply seen the rose and absorbed its beauty, felt it in your heart without uttering even a single word in appreciation, you would have become enlightened.

Even a rose could have functioned as a great master to you.

The question is not that you don't know, the question is, you are too full of gibberish, you know too much. Because of your borrowed knowledge and too many words moving inside you, you cannot see the wordless beauty that can only be experienced in silence. Just listen to the bamboos... and you will find what Hyakujo has said without saying it.

Zen is not an intellectual effort to understand reality, it is an intuitive approach to drown in the mystery of existence, to open your wings and fly like an eagle across the sun.

Language is a very small phenomenon, limited to humanity. The stars don't speak nor the flowers, but they still express, they transmit their very being without any language. Zen is just a wildflower, spreading its fragrance to whomsoever it may concern. Those who have the sensitivity will understand it.

Nothing is being said and everything is understood. Just drown yourself into thisness, the tremendous silence of the moment, and you will feel freedom from the mind. And that is the only freedom, the first and the last freedom, freedom from the mind.

It is your own mind that is covering your being like a cage. Once the mind is left behind and you are just a watcher, far away... suddenly the doors of all the mysteries open.

Zen does not talk about God, it gives you God; it does not talk about paradise, it pushes you into paradise.

Question 1
Maneesha has asked...

BELOVED OSHO,

A FEW MINUTES JABBERING NONSENSE, A FEW MORE MINUTES OF SILENCE, AND THEN JUST TOTALLY RELAXING. THIS SIMPLE MEDITATION OR EXERCISE PUTS ME IN A STATE OF SUCH DELICIOUS, IRRATIONAL JOY THAT FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS I AM UTTERLY CONTENT, ABSOLUTELY HAPPY TO BE MYSELF AS I AM, IN A WORLD EXACTLY AS IT IS. THIS IS WHAT MOST PEOPLE SPEND THEIR ENTIRE LIFE PURSUING.

PRESUMABLY, THIS IS WHY PEOPLE TAKE DRUGS, HAVE LOVE-AFFAIRS, MARRY AND HAVE CHILDREN; JUST FOR THIS, THAT WE RENEGADES EXPERIENCE AT THE FEET OF THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN THE WORLD. ANYTHING TO SAY?

(OSHO SPREADS OUT BOTH HIS ARMS AND REMAINS SILENT.)

Remember the two hands of Hyakujo.

Nothing to say.

Your silence is enough unto itself, it does not need anything more. It is more than you could have ever dreamt of.

The second story Maneesha has brought...

ONE DAY NANSEN WAS WORKING ON THE MOUNTAIN WITH A SICKLE.

Nansen was one of the greats. I count him with Gautam Buddha, Mahakashyap, Bodhidharma, Joshu, Hyakujo. There have been thousands of masters, but Nansen will still stand out with his own beauty, uniqueness. He became so well known to the people that the very mountain where he had a small cottage is now called Mount Nansen.

ONE DAY NANSEN WAS WORKING ON THE MOUNTAIN WITH A SICKLE. A MONK CAME UP THE MOUNTAIN PATH AND ASKED, WITHOUT KNOWING TO WHOM HE WAS TALKING, ”HOW CAN I GET TO MASTER NANSEN?”

THE MASTER RAISED HIS SICKLE IN FRONT OF THE MONK, AND SAID: ”I PAID THIRTY CENTS FOR THIS SICKLE.”
THE MONK RETORTED: ”I DID NOT ASK YOU ABOUT THE SICKLE.”

”WHAT, THEN,” QUERIED THE MASTER, ”DID YOU ASK ME?”

THE MONK REPEATED, ”HOW CAN I GET TO MASTER NANSEN?”

THE MASTER SAID, ”OH, YES! THIS CUTS WELL!”

You see the effort of bringing the monk to the present. It does not matter what it is, it may be the sickle - at this moment Nansen is trying to bring the monk, the stranger, to the present moment. But the monk goes on asking about something far away.

Zen is not a philosophy for far away things, it is a very realistic approach to the present - and every means and method is being used to bring seekers to the moment. Ordinarily, intellectually the story will look absurd, that’s why people like Nansen and Hyakujo have disappeared from the world. We have become too intellectual and they were non-intellectuals, innocent, tremendously present, integrated, but always here; you cannot push them anywhere else. You cannot take them out of their moment.

Now Nansen is working with the sickle, you cannot make him talk about anything else, even about himself.
I hope you will understand the point. The monk missed. It is easy to miss Zen. It

is so obvious

that if you simply
don’t start your mind,

just for a moment

it is in your hands.
It is neither difficult

nor is it simple.

It is just the case,

it is your very being.

You may be acquainted with it or not - it is there, just like your shadow. But the shadow is outside; your being is your inner center. And except to be present, here and now, there is no way to it. This is the only path that leads to oneself.

Question 2
Maneesha is asking again:

BELOVED OSHO,

YOU SPEAK SO HIGHLY OF THE ZEN MASTERS, THEIR INGENIOUS AND YET SIMPLE METHODS, AND THE INNOCENCE OF THE KIND OF PEOPLE WHO COULD BECOME REALIZED THROUGH THEM. YET WHILE I DO SOMETIMES SEE YOU AS A ZEN MASTER, I WOULD NOT SAY YOUR APPROACH IS CHARACTERISTIC OF THEIRS. IS THAT BECAUSE THE KIND OF PEOPLE YOU HAVE ARE TOO CEREBRAL, ARE SO MUCH OUT OF CONTACT WITH INNOCENCE AND SPONTANEITY, OR IS IT THAT YOU HAVE A DIFFERENT UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT IS MOST EFFECTIVE... OR BOTH?

Maneesha,

(OSHO SPREADS OUT BOTH HIS ARMS)

... both. I am myself a category in itself. I will not stand in any queue, even with Gautam Buddha. I love my aloneness, my own spontaneity. That makes a difference.

Secondly, the people I am with are totally different from the people the Zen masters had to deal with. The Zen masters, if present here, would look simply insane to you. I am trying to make their insanity as sane as possible so that you can understand.

You are different, you are more in the head than the people Zen masters were dealing with. So my effort is to first bring you to your heart and only then can I have a silent dialogue with you. I have to speak to create silence in you. It is a very contradictory way.

But before you fall into a deeper silence, throbbing with joy, peace, the contentment of which Maneesha has been speaking... that is not only her experience, that is the experience of most of my people here and around the world.

The bamboos will also be happy to hear you laugh a little.

Seamus is leaning on the bar in the pub, when Paddy comes in with a perfect black eye.

”Hey, Paddy!” says Seamus, ”That’s a beautiful black eye you have there. Who hit you?”

”As a matter of fact,” says Paddy, after ordering a beer, ”Fergus O’Reilly hit me.”

”My God!” says Seamus, ”with what?”

”Well, as a matter of fact,” replies Paddy, ”he had a wooden stick in his hand.”

”And I suppose,” remarks Seamus, ”that you did not have anything in your hand?”

”As a matter of fact,” says Paddy, sipping his beer, ”I had in my hand Kathie O’Reilly’s left breast, an object of great beauty - but no use in a fight!”

One day, Kowalski walks into the circus manager’s office and says,

”I have got a great act to show you. I can do a swallow dive from one hundred feet onto solid ground.”

The circus manager is skeptical but agrees to see the act. So they go into the big tent and Kowalski climbs up the ladder to the top. Then he does a perfect dive to the ground. He lands on his head with a terrific crunch, but then gets up, rubbing himself and groaning softly.

The manager runs over to him and says, ”That was amazing! The most incredible act I have ever seen! I will give you five hundred dollars a night!”
Kowalski shakes his head. So the manager says, ”Okay, just name your price and I will pay it!”

”I am sorry,” replies Kowalski, ”I don’t want to do it again. I had no idea it would hurt so much!”

Now enter into real Zen. First beat the drum, Nivedano, and everybody gets into gibberish.

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody gets into absolute silence, no movement, gather your energy inwards and look within.

This is the no-word answer of Hyakujo.

And this is the sickle of Nansen that cuts really well.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Relax.
Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Please come back.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 4

The heartbeat of the universe

30 May 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

A MONK SAID TO TOZAN, ”COLD AND HEAT DESCEND UPON US. HOW CAN WE AVOID THEM?”

TOZAN SAID, ”WHY DON’T YOU GO WHERE THERE IS NO COLD OR HEAT?”

THE MONK SAID, ”WHERE IS THE PLACE WHERE THERE IS NO COLD OR HEAT?”

TOZAN SAID, ”WHEN COLD, LET IT BE SO COLD THAT IT KILLS YOU; WHEN HOT, LET IT BE SO HOT THAT IT KILLS YOU.”

Maneesha, this is the very space that I am trying to help you to reach:

Where there is no cold, no heat, where there is only awareness, a silence that transcends duality, cold

and heat, day and night, life and death.

All that is dual is transcended when you are not in the mind but at your very center - which feels neither cold nor hot, which is only a simple, pure space.

Tozan is speaking exactly about what you are doing every day.

A MONK SAID TO TOZAN, ”COLD AND HEAT DESCEND UPON US. HOW CAN WE AVOID THEM?”

It is a simple question but has great complexity in it. You have to take the word 'avoid' and you will see the complexity. That's what everybody is trying to do: how to avoid - misery, agony, how to avoid pain, how to avoid life itself. That's what all the religions have been doing - avoiding. They call it renunciation, yet it is nothing but pure, cowardly escapism.

So the very simple question is not so simple. In the very word 'avoid', all the religions of the world are reduced to their basics - in a very obvious manner. Their whole effort has been to escape from places, from people, from relationships, from the world to the mountains and to the forests; but they don't know... wherever you go your mind is with you. And your mind is your world. You cannot renounce the so-called outside world without dropping the mind and being utterly silent. But that can be done anywhere.

You don't have to go to the Himalayas, you have to go withinward. No outward journey is going to help. You can renounce wealth, you can renounce kingdoms, you can renounce your wife, your husband, your children You can renounce everything possible, but you are still there. You cannot renounce yourself. And you are the problem!

'Avoid' is the word I am against. And any religion which teaches avoidance, I call cowardly.

Encounter reality, there is no point in avoiding. Encounter with intensity and totality, with awareness, and suddenly you will see you have reached a point within yourself where there is no heat, no cold, where there is no love, no hate, where there is no so-called life and no so-called death.

Within you is the center of the universal. It is always here, you don't have to go somewhere else to find it. Every going is going away from yourself. You have to stop going away, you have to start sinking in.

In Tozan's words... and he has expressed it with tremendous beauty and grandeur and in the language of lions.

TOZAN SAID, "WHY DON'T YOU GO WHERE THERE IS NO COLD OR HEAT?"

THE MONK SAID, "WHERE IS THE PLACE WHERE THERE IS NO COLD OR HEAT?"

This is the misery that has always happened between the master and the disciple. The master is talking about the inner space and the disciple is hearing about some place somewhere outside. The master does not deal with places, he deals with spaces.

TOZAN SAID, "WHEN COLD, LET IT BE SO COLD THAT IT KILLS YOU; WHEN HOT, LET IT BE SO HOT THAT IT KILLS YOU."

He is simply saying, "Be total in every situation whether it is cold or hot; be so total that your ego dies, that you are no more." In other words, the moment you are total you are not, but only a pure space. And that is your authentic reality.

Setcho's commentary:

A HELPING HAND, BUT STILL A THOUSAND-FATHOM CLIFF; SHO AND HEN: NO ARBITRARY DISTINCTION HERE.

THE ANCIENT EMERALD PALACE SHINES IN THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT.

CLEVER KANRO CLIMBS THE STEPS - AND FINDS IT EMPTY.

A few footnotes will be helpful to understand Setcho's commentary.

A LEGEND TELLS OF A CLEVER, FAST-RUNNING DOG, KANRO, THAT CHASED A HARE. BOTH RAN SO FAST THAT EVENTUALLY THEY FELL DEAD OF EXHAUSTION.

The monk who asked the question in the present case is being compared to Kanro.

Be so total that your very totality becomes a fire in itself and burns everything that is false, phony, and leaves only the ancient emerald palace shining in the full-moon night.

SHO AND HEN ARE IN REFERENCE TO TOZAN'S FIVE RANKS, THE PHILOSOPHICAL TREATMENT OF THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE REAL AND THE APPARENT.

Philosophers have been concerned for centuries about the problem of what is real and what is apparent. Even in the beginning of this century two philosophers, Bosanquet and Bradley, wasted their whole lives writing treatises about the apparent and the real. Strangely enough, it was done not only by Bradley and Bosanquet; it has been discussed in China by Sho and Hen, it has been discussed in India by Shankara.

The problem of what is real and what is apparent cannot be decided by philosophical discussion. To the eyes, whatever appears is appearance, and the real is hidden inside you - it does not appear on the surface. So all these philosophers, and their number is many...

One of my teachers has a doctorate on Bradley and Shankara, comparing their philosophies about what is real and what is only apparent, not real. The name of the professor was S.S. Roy. He is still alive, retired; he loved me very much. I asked him, "You have got a doctorate, but do you really know what is real and what is apparent? If I was the examiner of your treatise you would have failed!"

He looked at me, could not believe that a student would say to his own professor... when his treatise had been examined by the greatest living professors in India and outside India and greatly praised. He said, "But do you know how much my treatise has been praised?"

I said, "That does not matter at all. What matters is that you don't know what is real. You are only discussing, it is not your experience. You are not a meditator, you have not come to the space of pure silence; your whole treatise is simply verbiage, maybe well written, very rationally written, but it is not your existential experience."

He said, "My God, it is good that you were not one of my examiners, otherwise I would have lost my D. Litt."

I said to him, ”If you are a man of intelligence you have already lost it. Just what I am saying is enough to dispose of your treatise, because I say to you that you don’t know yourself. I know that you are an honest man and you will realize that I am pointing at the right place which you have missed.”

What Tozan is saying is that unless you burn your mind which divides things into two... mind is always a duality, it cannot live with the non-dual. Tozan is saying, ”Go beyond the dual and you will find the space where there is no heat and no cold, where only pure nothingness prevails. And that is our being.”

About Tozan - this is not the Tozan who appeared in Tozan’s ”Three Pounds of Flax,” but is Tozan Ryokai, the founder of the Soto sect. Tozan visited several masters.

By the way, just a few days ago I received an invitation from the Soto sect, founded by Tozan. They were celebrating a thousand-year-old tradition on a great scale. And the chief of Soto Zen must have read my books. He must also have heard the story that I have accepted that I am the fulfillment of Gautam Buddha’s promise that he will be coming after twenty-five centuries and his name will be ‘friendliness’ - maitreya.

The representative of Tozan and his sect - there are only two sects of Zen, Soto is the more ancient... And you will be happy to note that the chief of Soto Zen has recognized that I have the consciousness and awareness, that I have fulfilled the promise. He asked if I could come to their ceremony, and if I cannot come, I should at least send my robe - that is an old tradition in Zen.

I have sent one of my robes - with my message - to their ceremony. In the ceremony almost a million people are participating, and more than two hundred fifty government officials are deputed by the government of Japan to be present in the ceremony.

I have told my sannyasins there to go with my robe, my note and message. The chief of the sect presented my robe and my message to the whole gathering with deep love and devotion. He has informed me that he will be coming here soon to visit me and to see my people.

In fact this is the only alive Zen assembly. In those one million people and two hundred fifty government representatives, not a single person knows exactly the space that you are feeling every day.

One anecdote about Tozan:

WHEN TOZAN WAS WITH NANSEN, another great master, ONE OF BASO’S DISCIPLES... Baso is the ultimate as far as Zen is concerned. NANSEN OBSERVED THE ANNIVERSARY OF BASO’S DEATH AND SAID TO THE ASSEMBLY, ”WILL BASO COME BACK TO US?”

TOZAN SAID, ”IF THERE IS COMPANY FIT FOR HIM, HE WILL!”

NANSEN APPRECIATED THE ANSWER VERY MUCH.

... Because the words - Buddha or Bodhidharma or Nansen or Baso - are just names of the forms. They all represent the same space; and whenever there are people who are ready to receive, they suddenly descend there.

I have received many letters saying that in the meditations a strange feeling happens - as if something is descending, a deep silence from beyond, heavy, almost tangible. In that silence Baso is present, Buddha is present. When you are absent all the awakened ones are present to you. Then this assembly becomes an eternal phenomenon.

We have been here always and always. Once in a while you forget who you are, but it is immaterial: Sooner or later you recognize again, sooner or later you again see your crystal clear being.

Neither time matters, nor space, you are the one who never comes and never goes, the one who simply is.

THIS!

WHEN TOZAN WAS STUDYING WITH ISAN, HE ASKED ISAN ABOUT CHU KUKUSHI'S "SERMONS BY INSENTIENT CREATURES."

ISAN SAID, "SERMONS BY INSENTIENT CREATURES ARE GIVEN HERE FOR US TOO, BUT FEW CAN HEAR THEM."

Do you hear the bamboos? These are the sermons referred to, sermons from insentient beings. Once you are silent, even roses start speaking to you.
(THE WIND IS BLOWING AND THE BAMBOOS START COMMENTING WITH THEIR CREAKING.)

Do you hear the loud speaking of the bamboos?

The deeper your silence, the louder you will be able to hear it.
TOZAN SAID, "I AM NOT YET CERTAIN ABOUT THEM, WOULD YOU PLEASE TEACH ME?"

ISAN SAID NOTHING, BUT RAISED HIS STICK STRAIGHT UP.

TOZAN SAID, "I DO NOT UNDERSTAND. WOULD YOU EXPLAIN IT TO ME?"

ISAN SAID, "I WOULD NEVER TELL YOU ABOUT THIS WITH THE MOUTH GIVEN TO ME BY MY PARENTS!"

THIS WAS HIS WAY OF TEACHING.

This mouth, given by your parents is not capable of saying it; but the being is not given to you by your parents. You have come through them, they have been vehicles, but you are not part of them. Your body is made by your parents, the temple is raised by them, but the deity in the temple, the being, comes from eternity, it cannot come from mortal bodies.

ISAN THEN SUGGESTED THAT TOZAN VISIT UNGAN WHO TOZAN LATER SUCCEEDED. COMING UP TO UNGAN, TOZAN ASKED, "WHO CAN HEAR THE SERMONS OF INSENTIENT CREATURES?"

”INSENTIENT CREATURES CAN HEAR THEM,” ANSWERED UNGAN.

”WHY CAN I NOT HEAR THEM?” ASKED TOZAN.

UNGAN RAISED HIS STAFF STRAIGHT UP AND SAID, ”DO YOU HEAR?”

”NO, I DON’T,” ANSWERED TOZAN.

UNGAN SAID, ”DON’T YOU KNOW THE SUTRA SAYS, ‘BIRDS AND TREES, ALL MEDITATE ON THE BUDDHA AND THE DHARMA?’”

AT THIS TOZAN SUDDENLY BECAME ENLIGHTENED.

HE WROTE THE FOLLOWING VERSE:

WONDERFUL! HOW WONDERFUL!

SERMONS BY INSENTIENT CREATURES;
YOU FAIL IF YOU LISTEN WITH YOUR EARS;

I repeat:

YOU FAIL IF YOU LISTEN WITH YOUR EARS.

LISTENING WITH YOUR EYES, YOU HEAR THEM.

By the eyes he does not mean the ordinary eyes, he means the eyes of an awakening clarity of your being. If you can hear in your silence, if you can see in your silence, then everything in the world is speaking, giving sermons, singing songs, dancing.

Can’t you see? But these eyes and these ears won’t do. You will have to dig deep within yourself to find the right approach to see the eternal dance of existence, to hear the music and to see the beauty of it.

TOZAN CONTINUED PRACTICING ZAZEN AND WAS EVER WATCHFUL. ONE DAY WHILE HE WAS SWIMMING IN A STREAM, HE SAW HIS SHADOW CAST ON THE WATER AND EXPERIENCED HIS GREAT ENLIGHTENMENT. HIS VERSE ON THAT OCCASION WAS:

LONG SEEKING IT THROUGH OTHERS,
I WAS FAR FROM REACHING IT.

NOW I GO BY MYSELF;

I MEET IT EVERYWHERE.

IT IS JUST I MYSELF,

AND I AM NOT ITSELF.
UNDERSTANDING THIS WAY, I

CAN BE AS I AM.

Tozan has talked about two enlightenments. The second one he calls the greater enlightenment. The first enlightenment was upon hearing the sutra of Gautam Buddha, that insentient beings are not insentient. They are also living, loving. They are also singing, giving sermons. And he became enlightened; this sutra pierced his very being. But he calls it just enlightenment.

The Great Enlightenment happened when he saw his own shadow in the river and suddenly became aware that, wherever you go to seek, to find the truth, you are going far away. Your being is with you just like your shadow. You don't have to go anywhere, you have just to look in the mirror of your being.

Naturally he calls it a Greater Enlightenment, because it is no longer concerned with anybody else. It is authentically his.

Question 1
Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

I UNDERSTAND TOZAN TO BE SAYING THAT NOTHING IS TO BE AVOIDED, ON THE CONTRARY, TO MEET EVERYTHING HEAD-ON. AND THAT TOTALITY IS TRANSCENDENCE.

COMPARED TO ZEN, OTHER, FORMAL RELIGIONS, SUCH AS CHRISTIANITY AND HINDUISM, SEEM TO BE SO CHILDISH IN THEIR UNDERSTANDING OF LIFE - WITH THEIR GODS AND ALL THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PARAPHERNALIA THAT GOES WITH GOD-WORSHIP - AND SO INSENSITIVE TO THE SUBTLE AND THE POETIC.

IN FACT, IT SEEMS AS IF EITHER ZEN IS A RELIGION AND THE OTHERS ARE NOT; OR ZEN BELONGS TO A CATEGORY ALL OF ITS OWN. WOULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT?

There is no need of any comment. You are all experiencing Zen. It is not a religion in which you have to believe. It is an experience, like love, which you have to live, which you have to experience.

In other words, Zen is the most essential religion - without anything unnecessary. Just the core, the essential. You can call it religion, you can call it science, it does not matter what name you give to it. In its pure simplicity it is experiencing your own being. And the moment you experience your own being, you have experienced the being of this whole universe because your heartbeat is part of the heartbeat of the universe.

Just be silently aware, and you are filled with Zen inside and out. It is not a formal religion like Christianity or Hinduism. It is very individual, unique, a category of its own. It is only for the eccentric

people, only for the very intelligent. It is not for the mediocre, for the crowd. It is only for the individual who has the guts to stand up alone and listen to his own being without being bothered about what others are saying or believing or worshipping.

It is not an argument, it is not a belief. It is a pure experience, just like love or beauty or silence. It is anonymous.

Before we enter into Zen, although you are already standing on the door steps of the temple, I would like you to have a few laughs. Because I want you to enter into the temple laughing and dancing, joyous.

Ronald Reagan is in the hospital for a small operation and Nancy Reagan is standing there, watching every move the doctors make.
One of the doctors approaches Reagan with his syringe.

”What is that?” asks Nancy.

”This is an anaesthetic,” replies the doctor. ”After he gets this, he won’t know a thing.”

”Save your time, doc,” snaps Nancy, ”he does not know anything now.”

Fagin Finkelstein, the lawyer, is leaning back in his armchair in the new office he has just opened. The door creaks open and a man comes in.
”Aha,” thinks Fagin, ”a client already! I must try and impress him.”

Fagin picks up the phone and starts talking.

”No, I am extremely sorry, I am much too busy,” he says into the phone. ”I cannot possibly take your case. No, not even for a thousand dollars.”
He sets down the phone and looks expectantly at the man who has just come in.

”And now,” says Fagin, ”how can I help you?”

”You can’t,” replies the man, ”I just came in to connect your telephone.”

Pope the Polack is seriously ill and Paddy, Seamus and Sean are drunk in the pub, discussing who will be the new pope.
”I know who the next pope will be,” says Seamus, ”it is going to be Cardinal Ratzoff from Russia.”

”Rubbish,” says Sean, ”the next pope will be Cardinal Chong from China.”

”It is going to be Ratzoff from Russia,” insists Seamus.

”Not a chance,” says Sean, ”Cardinal Chong from China.”

”Ratzoff!” shouts Seamus.

”Chong!” shouts Sean.

Paddy has been sitting quietly, looking at his beer.

”Neither of you know what you are talking about,” he says. ”The next pope is going to be Rabbi Nussbaum from New York.”

”Don’t be silly,” snaps Seamus, ”he is not even a Catholic.”
”Ah,” says Paddy, ”well I won’t even argue with you if you are going to bring religion into it.” The

Angel of Death finds Rufus Rothschild and delivers him to the pearly gates.

”Mr. Rothschild,” says Saint Peter looking at his files, ”have you done any good in the world?”

”Well,” replies Rothschild, ”one time I gave a dollar to a poor man.”

”I see,” says Saint Peter, writing something on his papers. ”Anything else?”
”Yes,” replies Rothschild thinking hard, ”I once gave fifty cents to a blind man.”

”Were there any other virtuous acts in your life?” asks Saint Peter.

”No,” says Rothschild, ”that is it.”

”Okay,” says Saint Peter turning to the angel. ”Give this guy his dollar fifty back and tell him to go to hell!”

Now we can be...
Nivedano, give the gong...

(Drumbeat)

And you start rubbish.

Start!

(Gibberish)

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent, utterly silent, no movement.

This...

This...
Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Relax.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Come back.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 5

Freedom is my god

31 May 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

ONCE THERE WAS A ZEN MASTER NAMED SEKITO, MEANING STONEHEAD, SO CALLED BECAUSE HE CONSTRUCTED A HUT ON A BIG, FLAT STONE WHICH HE FOUND IN A MOUNTAIN, AND LIVED THERE. ONE DAY A YOUNG MONK IN TRAINING CAME TO SEE HIM.

SEKITO ASKED: ”WHERE HAVE YOU COME FROM?”

THE MONK ANSWERED, ”FROM KOSEI, MASTER.”

SEKITO THEN SAID: ”IN KOSEI, THE FAMOUS ZEN MASTER, BASO, LIVES. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN HIM?”

”YES, I HAVE,” THE MONK REPLIED.

THE MASTER, POINTING AT A BIG PIECE OF FIREWOOD NEARBY, THEN ASKED A MOST EXTRAORDINARY QUESTION: ”DOES MASTER BASO LOOK LIKE THIS?”

UNFORTUNATELY, THE MONK, WITH WHATEVER ZEN ABILITY HE MIGHT HAVE HAD, WAS NO MATCH FOR SEKITO. HE BLINKED HIS EYES, AND COULD NOT UTTER A WORD.

THE ASTONISHED MONK RETURNED ALL THE WAY BACK TO KOSEI, MET THE GREAT TEACHER BASO, AND TOLD HIM OF THE STORY.

HEARING IT, BASO ASKED, ”WAS THE FIREWOOD YOU SAW BIG OR SMALL?” ”IT

WAS VERY BIG,” THE MONK ANSWERED.

”YOU ARE A MAN OF GREAT STRENGTH,” WAS BASO’S UNEXPECTED REPLY.

”WHY, MASTER?” QUERIED THE MONK, AT A LOSS AS TO HOW TO TAKE IT.

BASO THEN SAID: ”YOU HAVE BROUGHT HERE SUCH A BIG PIECE OF FIREWOOD ALL THE WAY FROM SEKITO. YOU SURELY ARE A MAN OF GREAT STRENGTH, AREN’T YOU?”

Maneesha, before I discuss the anecdote, concerning a Zen master named Sekito, meaning stonehead, I have to answer QUICK magazine in Germany. As far as the stonehead is concerned he is standing behind you: Zen master Niskriya. Can you find a bigger stonehead?

(NISKRIYA KEEPS ON LOOKING IN HIS CAMERA, SHYLY LOOKS UP FOR A SECOND AND RETURNS BACK TO HIS CAMERA.)

QUICK magazine needs a quick reply. Because I have been talking about one world, one humanity, I knew some idiot was going to ask this question. QUICK magazine has asked, ”If you would offer yourself to personally be the world emperor... with eighteen hours a day sleep you could rule, but that would be in a dream.”

It raises many questions. I have talked about one world, but I have never meant that I would be the emperor of this insane world. Jesus has replied for me, ”My kingdom is not of this world.”

There is a vast universe beyond the small mind of the politician - and those who become themselves, also become emperors of the universe. There is no competition between Baso and Buddha. At the highest peak of consciousness there is no competition, everybody is an emperor.

So first, to remind QUICK and its readers that I am already the emperor of my own consciousness. I don’t want to come down from my peaks to the dark valleys of your unconsciousness. But I can point the way, so that you can also become an emperor. To be an emperor, an empire is not needed - just enlightenment. That is the only empire that remains. All other empires are made of the stuff dreams are made of.

As far as I am concerned, even in my dream I would not accept being the emperor of this insane asylum you call the world.

Secondly, it has to be understood that my eighteen hours of sleep are not of the same quality as your sleep, just as my waking hours are not of the same quality as yours. I am awake even in my sleep, you are fast asleep even in your waking. Don’t forget it!

My statement for one humanity, for one world, does not imply an emperor in it. The world has been tortured by people who wanted to be emperors, Alexander, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Adolf Hitler. It is time to understand that the world can only be one in the hands of something like the U.N., in which every part of the earth can be represented. The most intelligent people can be chosen from

different sections of humanity to join hands together; not to choose an emperor, but to create an intelligent committee which can have artists, scientists, poets - only not including the politicians.

The creative people are not interested in dominating, they want to create. Whatever is their dimension of creation... it may be science, it may be painting, it may be music, it may be poetry. It may be anything that beautifies and makes the world rich - more sane, more intelligent, more comfortable, richer in every possible way.

The days of individuals becoming emperors are over. Only a committee of different creative intelligences can serve the world. Even to use the word 'rule' is not needed.

The U.N. - or any other name you give it - if given all the armies of the world, naturally will have to dissolve them, because for whom are you going to have such vast armies?... millions of people unnecessarily doing 'left, right'. For whom will you go on piling up nuclear weapons?

In my conception of one world, there is not a place for an emperor. I will reject, absolutely and categorically, the very idea of a person being the ruler of the world - I am included. Nobody has the right to rule over anybody else. Yes, you can serve. And I am serving in my own way. I have got my own empire, my own people, who are trying in every possible way to reach to the Himalayan peaks of consciousness.

Perhaps the poor journalist who wrote this question in QUICK will not be able to understand. The days of personal empires and emperors are over. The world needs all kinds of creative people to join together; forget the very idea of a world emperor. The whole history has been murderous, full of wars because of this insane desire to dominate.

My whole teaching is just be yourself, never interfere with anybody else's freedom. Freedom is my ultimate value, my god.

Now about the Zen master Sekito, meaning stonehead:

Niskriya, why have you sat down? Stand up, let everybody see what it means to have a stone head!

(NISKRIYA STANDS UP, TURNING AROUND TO THE ASSEMBLY, WHICH ENTHUSIASTICALLY APPLAUDS HIS HEAD!)

Okay, sit down.

ONCE THERE WAS A ZEN MASTER, SEKITO, SO CALLED BECAUSE HE CONSTRUCTED A HUT ON A BIG FLAT STONE WHICH HE FOUND IN A MOUNTAIN, AND LIVED THERE. ONE DAY A YOUNG MONK IN TRAINING CAME TO SEE HIM.

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BASO THEN SAID: ”YOU HAVE BROUGHT HERE SUCH A BIG PIECE OF FIREWOOD ALL THE WAY FROM SEKITO. YOU SURELY ARE A MAN OF GREAT STRENGTH, AREN’T YOU?”

Baso is saying nothing about the firewood. He is talking about the thought the poor monk has carried from one mountain to another mountain. Sekito has not meant the firewood. He simply meant: THIS. It was just by chance that there was a pile of firewood. But he was pointing to this, not to the firewood.

The monk missed the point. He thought perhaps Baso might be able to explain. But again he missed. Because Baso said nothing about the firewood, nothing about Sekito, but about the strength of the monk - which seemed to be absolutely irrelevant.

But Baso is right. He is saying, ”You unnecessarily carried such a load from mountain to mountain.” Sekito has not pointed to the firewood, he has pointed to thisness of things, to suchness of things.

The whole of Zen is concerned with this...

A footnote:

BASO - ALSO CALLED MA TSU - WAS SAID TO BE A STRANGE-LOOKING MAN. ”HE WALKED LIKE A COW AND LOOKED AROUND LIKE A TIGER. HE COULD TOUCH HIS NOSE WITH HIS TONGUE AND HAD TWO RINGS ON THE SOLES OF HIS FEET.” HIS CHIEF DISCIPLES WERE HYAKUJO - we talked about him yesterday - AND NANSEN, we talked about him also. HIS DISCIPLES NUMBERING IN ALL MORE THAN A HUNDRED.

One hundred people became enlightened under Baso. He defeated even Gautam Buddha. He defeated even Bodhidharma. But his method was as unique as his style. Do you see that he walked like an animal? Signifying the natural, the innocent; signifying no head, no headiness, but only a heart that can understand without being told, that can understand without a single word being said.

He was certainly one of the most strange masters who has walked on the earth. Nobody has walked like a cow; not even in ten thousand years has any Hindu - who worship cows - tried to walk like a cow.

But don't be mistaken about his walking like a cow. It shows his softness, it shows his motherliness, it shows his feminine receptivity. But he also looked around like a tiger. He was soft for those who could understand softness and he was hard for those who can understand only hardness. He was a master of many just for this reason.

Baso was just a cow. Bodhidharma was just a tiger. Baso had the heart of a cow, so soft that he has written the best poetry that exists in the world. His paintings are of immense beauty. His statements contain the very truth. But if you wanted to be a disciple and you were seeking someone to chop your head, Baso was the perfect person. To show his strangeness, the story says: HE COULD TOUCH HIS NOSE WITH HIS TONGUE.

It is very difficult. I know only one man - and I have traveled around the world - who can move his earlobes. Have you ever tried? It is absolutely impossible because there is no nerve system that reaches to your earlobes. You cannot do anything - it is just there. Donkeys can do it, but you cannot.

This man was one of my fellow students in the university. He became famous just for the fact that he could move his ears according to his will. When he was introduced to me, I said, "This is nothing, because I have seen so many donkeys doing it. It is not worth anything. Just stop it."

He said, "You are the first man... Rather than appreciating it, you are calling me a donkey."

I said, "That is my appreciation. Because donkeys have such big ears and move their ears so easily."

I have seen a few people who can touch their nose with their tongue; particularly those who belong to some yogic school. There is a stupid idea that if you can touch your nose with your tongue, you will become immortal. And a few idiots try for years to lengthen their tongues by hanging weights on them. I have even seen people who have cut the tongue inside where it is joined so it becomes looser, and they can touch their nose.

But by touching your nose, you will not touch eternity. Anybody can touch your nose.

Just coming in, I touched Avirbhava's nose. Anybody can pinch anybody else's nose. The nose is not immortality. But Baso, just out of playfulness, used to touch his nose with his tongue, saying, "Don't take religion seriously. Take it as playfully as possible."

A MONK ASKED BASO, "WHAT IS THE BUDDHA?"

BASO ANSWERED, "MIND IS THE BUDDHA."

THE MONK ASKED, "WHAT IS THE WAY?"

"NO-MIND IS THE WAY," ANSWERED BASO.

What a great and beautiful answer! Because even Buddha is a thought in your mind. Even Buddha has said, ”If I come on the path in your meditation, just cut my head off immediately, remove me.” That’s what Baso is saying: Buddha is mind, no-mind is the way.

THE MONK THEN ASKED, ”ARE THE BUDDHA AND THE WAY SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT?”

BASO REPLIED, ”THE BUDDHA IS LIKE STRETCHING OUT THE HAND, THE WAY IS LIKE CLENCHING THE FIST.”

Opening the hand or closing the hand are not two things, although they appear as two. Just let your mind be silent and settled and you have entered into no-mind.

There is no difference. The difference is only of an open hand and a fist. Not much of a difference, not a difference that can be called difference. And yet, apparently it is different. But only apparently.

Question 1
Maneesha is asking:

BELOVED OSHO,

MORE THAN ANY OTHER UNDERSTANDING OF LIFE, ZEN IS UNCOMPROMISING. THERE IS NO RECOURSE TO INTERESTING EXPLANATIONS FROM THE HEAD OR MOVING EXPRESSIONS FROM THE HEART. EITHER YOU GET THE EXPERIENCE OR YOU DON’T. THERE IS NO MIDDLE WAY.

COULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT?
Maneesha, there is no way, neither middle nor extreme.

Way means distance.

And you are already there.

I teach you the no-way,

just relax and you are there.

You have not taken even a step on any way.

Before we enter into thisness, the bamboos are asking for some laughter. You cannot be hard on the poor bamboos.

Old Daisy Smith dies, and shows up at the Pearly Gates. She is let in by Saint Peter. ”You can just settle down anywhere you want,” he says.

”Well,” says Daisy, ”I would like to be with my husband who has been dead for many years.”

”Okay,” replies Peter. ”What is his name?”

”John,” she says.

”My God,” cries Peter, ”we have here hundreds of John Smiths. Is there anything about him that would set him apart?”

Daisy thinks for a while and then says, ”Yes, there is. He told me before he died that if I was ever unfaithful to him, he would turn in his grave.”

”A-ha!” says Peter, ”I know him... He is the one we call ‘Whirling Smith’.”

Kowalski gets a job at a big saw-mill but on the first morning he calls the foreman over to where he is working and says, ”Boss, one of my fingers has gone with the saw.”

”Well,” demands the foreman, ”what did you do wrong?”
”I don’t know,” admits Kowalski, ”I just touched it like this... Shit! There goes another one!”

Kowalski comes home unexpectedly from work, and goes upstairs to the bedroom.

He finds his wife, Gertie, lying naked on the bed looking very flushed, with her hand clutched over her heart.

”My God!” shouts Kowalski, ”what is going on?”

”Oh!” moans Gertie, ”phone the doctor. I think I am having a heart attack!”
”What?” shouts Kowalski. He turns and races downstairs to the phone and dials doctor Bones.

Just then, his little daughter comes up to him and tugs at his sleeve.

”Dad,” she says, ”there is a man hiding, naked, in the bedroom closet.”

”What?” shouts Kowalski.

He drops the phone and races back to the bedroom.

He opens the closet door and finds his best friend standing there without any clothes on.

”George!” shouts Kowalski, ”you should be ashamed of yourself. My wife is having a heart attack and here you are frightening little children.”
Now, Nivedano, give your first beat for everybody to go absolutely crazy in gibberish.

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)
Everybody goes into absolute silence.

Gather your energy within yourself.

Close your eyes, no movement.

This.

This.
A thousand times This.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Relax.

Just be that.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Come back to life.
Even the bamboos are silent.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 6

The finger pointing to nothing

1 June 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

”IN ANCIENT TIMES, THERE WERE SIXTEEN BODHISATTVAS. AT THE MONKS’ BATHTIME, FOLLOWING THE RULE, THEY HAD BATHS. THEY SUDDENLY EXPERIENCED REALIZATION THROUGH THE TOUCH OF THE WATER. YOU REVEREND ZEN STUDENTS, DO YOU UNDERSTAND THEIR WORDS? - ‘WE EXPERIENCED THE SUBTLE AND CLEAR TOUCH, HAVE ATTAINED BUDDHAHOOD, AND STILL RETAIN IT.’

”YOU WILL BE ABLE TO ATTAIN THIS CONDITION AFTER SEVEN TIMES PIERCING AND EIGHT TIMES BREAKING THROUGH.”

Maneesha, before I discuss the anecdote I have to give you the background. First, buddhahood is your nature. If you are sensitive enough, you can become aware of it through any sense: through touch, through taste, through the eyes, through the ears. Because it is not outside of you, it is

only a question of deep concentration; then any sense that is predominant in you will become the revelation.

Remember, everybody has different senses of different intensity. Somebody can see more, only then can he become a painter. Most people cannot see like a painter. Somebody has ears for music, not everybody does. The subtler the music, the deeper the sensitivity to hear will be needed.

I am reminded of a great dancer, Nijinsky, who in his dances used to jump to heights which are scientifically impossible. They go against gravitation. You can jump only to a certain limit. It was a

miracle to see Nijinsky jumping - as if he was beyond gravitation, as if he had become so light that he was free from gravitation.

Even more miraculous was his coming back to earth. If anything comes towards the earth, it comes with a force, gravitation pulls it. You cannot hesitate, and you cannot delay or postpone, it is not in your hands. If you fall from a height, it is not in your hands to go with lesser speed or greater speed. There is no speedometer in your hands.

But Nijinsky fell just like a feather, showing again that gravitation was transcended. Obviously, he was asked again and again, "What is the secret?"

And he said, "Don't ask me, because whenever 'I' try I fail. I cannot jump that height, neither can I fall like a feather. But dancing, once in a while I forget myself and suddenly it happens. The moment I am not - the miracle! I cannot give you the secret, because there is no secret in my hands."

Nijinsky was not a mystic, but he was experiencing a mystical state. He was not a philosopher; hence he could not even give an explanation. He simply said in the most authentic, sincere way that, "There comes a moment in my dance that I don't find myself anywhere. In that state whatever happens is not my doing."

You can experience buddhahood just by being silent or just by being so loving that your hands melt into love; or by being so total in any act that your 'I' disappears and only isness remains.

Isness is another name of buddhahood.
It is always within you, the question is which door you are going to enter into.

This anecdote says:

"IN ANCIENT TIMES, THERE WERE SIXTEEN BODHISATTVAS. AT THE MONKS' BATHTIME, FOLLOWING THE RULE, THEY HAD BATHS.

THEY SUDDENLY EXPERIENCED REALIZATION THROUGH THE TOUCH OF THE WATER..."

Don't think it is just a story. If you are really alive and your touch is total, you can become enlightened just under your own shower. This anecdote is being told by some teacher to some disciples. He says, "YOU REVEREND ZEN STUDENTS..." Naturally it is not a dialogue between two masters, it is a conversation between a teacher and a student.

"'WE EXPERIENCED THE SUBTLE AND CLEAR TOUCH, HAVE ATTAINED BUDDHAHOOD, AND STILL RETAIN IT.'

YOU WILL BE ABLE TO ATTAIN THIS CONDITION AFTER SEVEN TIMES PIERCING AND EIGHT TIMES BREAKING THROUGH."

Seven times piercing means going through all your layers, which are counted as seven. Only then can you reach to your center. And you will have to do it eight times! It is not a question, why eight?...

it is simply the experience that unless you go eight times piercing the seven layers of your mind you will not know what your innermost being is.

Just today I received a scientific research survey which has astonished scientists - it will astonish anyone. The survey was done on students to check their intelligence. During the test there were machines detecting the activity going on inside the brain. The puzzling conclusion was that the less activity shown, the more intelligence there was. This was absolutely against the traditional idea: a more active mind has to be more intelligent.

That has been the superstition up to now, even in the eyes of science. But this survey confirms something which the mystic has always been saying: No-mind is intelligence.

Looking at the survey you can see two things: less activity, more intelligence. The natural conclusion will be, no activity, absolute intelligence. But even the scientists who were doing the survey did not conclude it the way I am concluding it.

No-mind means intelligence; mind means gibberish, not intelligence. And when I am asking you for gibberish, I am simply asking you to throw out the mind and all its activity so you remain behind, pure, clean, transparent, perceptive.

Another report I have received is from an institute in America. The institute trains actors for films. The director must have read my books, because he forces every student in the institute to do the Dynamic Meditation, Kundalini Meditation and gibberish. And even those people who had come just to learn the art of acting have, strangely, felt a tremendous opening through gibberish - a silence from the unknown descending and overwhelming them.

SETCHO'S COMMENTARY:
THE ENLIGHTENED MAN IS MASTER OF ONE SINGLE THING:

STRETCHING AT EASE ON HIS BED.

IF, IN A DREAM, THE ANCIENTS SAID THEY WERE ENLIGHTENED,

LET THEM EMERGE FROM THE SCENTED WATER, AND I WOULD SPIT AT THEM!

Setcho's intellectuality is too much. He cannot understand, he is like a blind man commenting on light.

A few footnotes:

... SIXTEEN BODHISATTVAS...

IN THE SURANGAMA SUTRA - an ancient Buddhist scripture - THERE IS AN EPISODE IN WHICH TWENTY-FIVE BODHISATTVAS RELATE THEIR EXPERIENCES OF ATTAINING REALIZATION.

FIRST KYOCHINNYO AND FOUR OTHERS, THE FIRST FIVE DISCIPLES OF BUDDHA, STAND UP AND DESCRIBE THEIR PATHS TO REALIZATION.

KYOCHINNYO SAYS, ”AS FOR MY REALIZATION, SEEING A SIGHT WAS THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF IT.”

If you can really see a beautiful rose or a beautiful sunset with your totality there is no need of any other discipline to become a buddha. But the seeing has to be total and ultimate and unconditional.

SECOND, KYOGON DOJI SAYS, ”SMELLING A SCENT WAS THE CAUSE OF MY REALIZATION.”

THIRD, YAKUO AND YAKUJO CITE TASTING AS THE CAUSE OF THEIR REALIZATION.

FOURTH, BADDABARA AND THE FIFTEEN OTHER BODHISATTVAS IN THIS ANECDOTE RISE AND MAKE OBEISANCE TO THE BUDDHA, AND BADDABARA SAYS,

”WE FORMERLY HEARD THE PREACHING OF ION-O, THE FIRST BUDDHA, AND BECAME MONKS.

AT THE MONKS’ BATHTIME, FOLLOWING THE RULE, WE ENTERED THE BATHROOM. WE SUDDENLY EXPERIENCED REALIZATION THROUGH THE TOUCH OF THE WATER.

WE DID NOT WASH OFF DIRT, DID NOT WASH THE BODY. WE ACHIEVED PEACE OF MIND AND OBTAINED THE STATE OF NO-POSSESSION.

THE AFOREMENTIONED BUDDHA NAMED ME BADDABARA, SAYING, ‘YOU HAVE EXPERIENCED SUBTLE AND CLEAR TOUCHING AND ATTAINED

BUDDHAHOOD, AND RETAIN IT.’ THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION, THEREFORE, IS THAT TOUCHING WAS THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF OUR REALIZATION.”

OTHER BODHISATTVAS IN TURN TELL OF THEIR EXPERIENCES, AND FINALLY THE BODHISATTVA KANNON CITES THE IMPORTANCE, IN HIS CASE, OF ”LISTENING TO SOUND.”

All your senses are doors, and remember, a door can open outwards and the same door can open inwards. It is with the same sense which you use to hear outer music, that you can hear the music of your own being. The question is simply whether to go inwards or to go outwards; the door is the same.

Question 1

Maneesha is asking:

BELOVED OSHO,

ALTHOUGH I AM NOT EVEN SURE WHAT INTUITION IS, I SUSPECT THAT THERE IS A CONNECTION BETWEEN INTUITION AND ZEN. IS THAT SO?

AND IF IT IS, CAN INTUITION BE TRIGGERED THROUGH ANY OF THE SENSES, EVEN THROUGH THINKING?

No, Maneesha. Thinking is not capable of triggering intuition. Intuition... the very word is against tuition. Tuition comes from outside, intuition blossoms like a flower from your innermost core.

Thinking cannot do it, but these bamboos can do it, this finger pointing to nothing can do it, this silence pervading here can do it.

Thinking is a hindrance, it cannot trigger your innermost being. In

fact it is preventing the triggering.

When you see a beautiful sunset, immediately the thought comes and hinders. It says, ”How beautiful, what a beautiful sunset!” and it has prevented the sunset from reaching and hitting your very being.

If you can hear these poor bamboos without a single word arising you have arrived home.

Maneesha is asking:

COULD THE ”INTUITIVE FLASH” BE A COGNITIVE QUANTUM LEAP; AND ENLIGHTENMENT, A QUANTUM LEAP OF THE BEING?

Intuition and enlightenment are not two things. Your innermost center is your enlightenment. It is not that you become enlightened, you are enlightened, but your thinking prevents you from recognizing it. The quantum leap is needed: from thinking to no-thinking, from mind to no-mind, from out to in, from there to here, from then to now.

Before we enter into the quantum leap, the bamboos are asking for a few laughs. A

student demonstration turns into a riot.

Suddenly, a man staggers out of the crowd, carrying a limp girl in his arms.
”Here,” shouts a cop, running up to the man. ”Give her to me, I will get her out of this!”

”To hell with you!” replies the man. ”Go and find one of your own!”

A man with a weight problem goes to see his doctor.

”I want to lose weight,” he says, ”but it is no good giving me a diet. I have tried them before and they never worked.”

”The only thing I can suggest,” says Doctor Bones, scratching his nose, ”is a rather unusual Indian technique, using exercising only. No diet. So you can eat anything you like. But, what you have to do, is have wild, passionate, sexual intercourse at least four times a night. Okay? Come back and see me in a month.”

A month goes by and the patient returns.

”How much weight have you lost?”

”About two pounds,” replies the man.

”And how many times did you have sex this month?” continues Bones.

”Fifteen times,” replies the patient.

”My God!” cries Bones, ”that is not good enough!”

”Maybe not,” replies the man, ”but it is pretty good for a Catholic priest in a small town!”

Many people have trouble understanding what a miracle is. Paddy is one of these people and even though Father Murphy has explained the subject many times and in great detail, Paddy is still not satisfied.
”Father,” says Paddy, ”perhaps you could give me an example of a miracle?”

”All right, Patrick,” says the priest, ”turn around.”

Paddy turns around and Father Murphy gives him a large boot in the backside. ”Now, Patrick,” asks the priest, ”did you feel that?”

”I certainly did,” replies Paddy, rubbing his buttocks.
”Well, Patrick,” continues Father Murphy, ”it would have been a miracle if you had not.” A

young sailor is washed ashore on an island inhabited by cannibals.

Since the cannibal tribe is fasting for one month, the chief announces that the sailor’s life will be spared if he can pass the three-tent test.
”In the first tent,” says the chief, ”there is a jug full of strong liquor. You must drink it all. ”In

the second tent is a lion with a toothache. You must take out his sore tooth.

”In the third tent is a nymphomaniac. She has already exhausted two husbands who were trying to fulfill her needs. You must satisfy her twice!”

The sailor shrugs and goes into the first tent. After five minutes of silence, he wobbles out and goes into the second tent. There are screams and moans and eventually, he crawls out covered in cuts and bruises.

Standing up he looks around and asks,

”Now, where is that girl with the sore tooth?”

Now, Nivedano, give the first drum and everybody goes into absolute gibberish. Don't spare anything.
(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

(Drumbeat)

Everybody goes into absolute silence.
Just gather your energy inwards, close your eyes...

This, this, a thousand times this!

Even the bamboos have become silent.
(A FEW BAMBOOS STILL GO ON MAKING SOME NOISE.)

Just a few of them, Setchos, are still giving commentary.

(EVEN THE BAMBOOS BECOME ABSOLUTELY SILENT.)

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)
Relax. Relax as if you are dead.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Now come back from the dead.
Has everybody come back to life?

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 7

Why be a beggar?

2 June 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

THERE WAS A MONK IN TRAINING UNDER DOGO CALLED SOSHIN. HE WAS A SINCERE YOUNG MONK WORTHY OF HIS NAME, WHICH MEANT ”TO REVERE AND BELIEVE.” HE HAD BECOME DISTRESSED, AND FELT IT TO BE BEYOND ENDURANCE: SINCE THE TIME HE HAD COME TO THE MONASTERY FOR TRAINING, HIS TEACHER, DOGO, HAD NOT GIVEN HIM, EVEN ONCE, ANY INSTRUCTIVE SERMON OR APPROPRIATE GUIDANCE.

ONE DAY SOSHIN, WHO COULD NOT STAND IT ANY LONGER, WENT TO HIS TEACHER DOGO AND ASKED: ”EVER SINCE I CAME TO THIS MONASTERY, YOU HAVE NOT GIVEN ME YOUR GRACIOUS TEACHING EVEN ONCE. WHAT COULD BE THE REASON FOR THIS?”

THE MASTER GAVE THE LEAST EXPECTED REPLY, FOR HE SAID, ”WHY, EVER SINCE YOU CAME TO MY MONASTERY, I HAVE NOT, EVEN FOR ONE MOMENT, NEGLECTED TO TEACH

YOU.”

”WHAT KIND OF TEACHING HAVE YOU GIVEN ME, MASTER?” SOSHIN ASKED.

”WELL, WELL! IF YOU BRING ME A CUP OF TEA, DON’T I RECEIVE THE CUP? IF YOU SERVE ME MEALS, DON’T I EAT THEM? IF YOU GREET ME WITH YOUR HANDS PRESSED, DON’T I RETURN YOUR BOW?

”HOW HAVE I EVER NEGLECTED TO GIVE YOU GUIDANCE?”

SOSHIN, LISTENING TO THIS, HUNG HIS HEAD DEEP, AND FOR A WHILE COULD NOT UTTER A WORD. SUDDENLY THE MASTER'S ROARING CRY, AS IF ABUSING HIM, FELL ON SOSHIN'S WHOLE BEING. DOGO SAID, "WHEN YOU SEE, SEE IT DIRECT! IF A THOUGHT MOVES, IT IS GONE!"

AT THIS, SOSHIN UTTERED AN UNINTENTIONAL CRY "OH!" AND PROSTRATED HIMSELF BEFORE THE TEACHER, IN TEARS, WHETHER OF JOY OR SORROW HE HIMSELF DID NOT KNOW.

Maneesha, Zen is life, not a philosophy about it. It is truth, not a theology, a system of beliefs. It is direct and immediate experience. If you move just a little in your thinking - and all thinking is movement, only no-thought is still... Be silent and you will understand not only about Zen, you will understand the very essence of existence itself.

Philosophers go on about and about, they have many things to think, discuss, dispute. Zen has only one thing: a direct insight, a straight encounter with yourself. All else is simply commentary.

This beautiful anecdote will explain it to you. Don't move, it is not something you have to think about; just listen directly. There is no question of believing or not believing, accepting or not accepting. Just listen as if you are listening to the sound of running water.

THERE WAS A MONK IN TRAINING UNDER DOGO CALLED SOSHIN. HE WAS A SINCERE YOUNG MONK WORTHY OF HIS NAME, WHICH MEANT "TO REVERE AND BELIEVE." HE HAD BECOME DISTRESSED, AND FELT IT TO BE BEYOND ENDURANCE: SINCE THE TIME HE HAD COME TO THE MONASTERY FOR TRAINING, HIS TEACHER, DOGO, HAD NOT GIVEN HIM, EVEN ONCE, ANY INSTRUCTIVE SERMON OR APPROPRIATE GUIDANCE.

Soshin's name is beautiful, but it is not the right name for a disciple. It means reverence and belief. Neither reverence is needed nor belief is needed. Soshin has to disappear into an utter absence. Then he would not ask the master: "I have been here, and now it is becoming unendurable. You have not given me any guidance, any teaching, any sermon."

That is the poor state of every human being. He is expecting someone else to give him the truth. That is the believer's mind. Truth is available only to the receptive, and the believer is never receptive. The believer has his own belief which is a barrier, a prejudice - however beautiful, a prison is a prison.

And the question of reverence does not arise. You cannot touch your own feet. The authentic disciple is neither a believer nor is he searching to worship or revere someone. His whole effort is to inquire into his own isness. He will never be dissatisfied.

There is no question of endurance, there is no need of any expectation. The truth is showering on you in each breath, in each beat of your heart.

Except truth, there is nothing else.

You are drowned in it.

ONE DAY SOSHIN, WHO COULD NOT STAND IT ANY LONGER, WENT TO HIS TEACHER DOGO AND ASKED, ”EVER SINCE I CAME TO THIS MONASTERY, YOU HAVE NOT GIVEN ME YOUR GRACIOUS TEACHING EVEN ONCE. WHAT COULD BE THE REASON FOR THIS?”

A very logical, rational question. But Zen is neither logical nor rational. It is existential. Logic, reason... all belong to your gibberish. Silence is beyond any logic and any reason. It simply is.

THE MASTER GAVE THE LEAST EXPECTED REPLY, FOR HE SAID, ”WHY, EVER SINCE YOU CAME TO MY MONASTERY, I HAVE NOT, EVEN FOR ONE MOMENT, NEGLECTED TO TEACH YOU.”

”WHAT KIND OF TEACHING HAVE YOU GIVEN ME, MASTER?” SOSHIN ASKED.

”WELL, WELL! IF YOU BRING ME A CUP OF TEA, DON’T I RECEIVE THE CUP? IF YOU SERVE ME MEALS, DON’T I EAT THEM? IF YOU GREET ME WITH YOUR HANDS PRESSED, DON’T I RETURN YOUR BOW? HOW HAVE I EVER NEGLECTED TO GIVE YOU GUIDANCE?”

Do you see the difference? There are millions of teachers in the world but very few will be able even to understand what Dogo is saying.

He is saying, ”If you had been present to the present, you would have seen with what grace, with what gratitude I receive the cup of tea that you bring. Even just a single moment of awareness would have made you enlightened.”

SUDDENLY, SOSHIN, LISTENING TO THIS, HUNG HIS HEAD DEEP, AND FOR A WHILE COULD NOT UTTER A WORD.

He was ashamed of himself - not being able to understand such a compassionate master who has been teaching every moment, day in, day out. Of course, without any words, just by his presence... That signifies the greatest masters.

SUDDENLY THE MASTER’S ROARING CRY, AS IF ABUSING HIM, FELL ON SOSHIN’S WHOLE BEING. DOGO SAID, ”WHEN YOU SEE, SEE IT DIRECT! IF A THOUGHT MOVES, IT IS GONE!”

AT THIS, SOSHIN UTTERED AN UNINTENTIONAL CRY ”OH!” AND PROSTRATED HIMSELF BEFORE THE MASTER, IN TEARS, WHETHER OF JOY OR SORROW HE HIMSELF DID NOT KNOW.

This is enlightenment. The sudden opening of all the mysteries and one is no more, so how can one know whether these tears are of joy or of sorrow?

It is a tremendously beautiful story for every one of you to understand.

This very morning, Devageet was working on my teeth. For the first time in years, when I left his dentist’s chair, I asked him, ”Are you satisfied?” Because I could see his dissatisfaction - that he has not been able to do the work that he wanted to on my teeth.

In the evening, I told him to finish it, because who knows about tomorrow? I may not be here, then fixing my teeth will be absolutely absurd. He did try his best but I am a master who is teaching everybody to be present at every moment. And even people who are close to me go on asking me, ”Do you love me, Osho?”

I cannot do otherwise. It is not a question of your qualities, my love is unconditional. But I can see the poverty of the human heart. It goes on asking, ”Am I needed?” And unless you are free from the desire to be needed, you will never know freedom, you will never know love and you will never know truth.

Because of this anecdote, I have to report to you: Shunyo works hard continuously, taking every care for my well-being, but she still goes on asking, ”Do you love me?” I am in the dentist’s chair under maximum gas and she is asking, ”Do you love me?” And because I had promised my dentist that, ”I will not talk”... but it is impossible.

Because I did not say, ”I love you,” she must have become so disturbed that she forgot to put the towel in my bathroom. I had to take a bath without a towel. Later on, when I asked her, she said, ”I am sorry.”

But it is not only her situation. It is almost everybody’s situation. And my whole teaching is that you have to be respectful to yourself. It is falling from dignity to ask this - and particularly from a master whose love is already being given to you. Why be a beggar? My effort here is to make emperors of you.

The day, the moment you understand the tremendous glory of being present, nothing else is needed. You are enough. Out of that arises the great joy, ”Aha! My God! I have been here and was looking everywhere else.”

DOGO WAS ASKED BY A MONK, ”WHAT IS THE DEEPEST?”

DOGO CAME DOWN FROM HIS SEAT, MADE OBEISANCE IN THE MANNER OF A WOMAN AND SAID, ”YOU HAVE COME FROM SO FAR AND I HAVE NO ANSWER FOR YOU.”

He has answered but he has no answer to give in words. Do you see the tremendous beauty? In Japan, men and women bow down to each other differently. Obviously, the woman’s is more loving, humble, of the heart; not just in a social manner but from her own being.

DOGO CAME DOWN FROM HIS SEAT, MADE OBEISANCE IN THE MANNER OF A WOMAN...

That is what has to be understood: IN THE MANNER OF A WOMAN. Humble, loving, simple... there is nothing deeper than this grace. He has answered, but seeing that the monk has not understood, he says, ”You have come from so far and I have no answer for you.”

Again, the great compassion of a master - rather than telling the questioner ”Don’t ask stupid questions,” he accepts his own ignorance. He says, ”I don’t have any answer,” although he has given the answer. But he has given it in existential terms. That was the greatness of Dogo.

Question 1

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

DID YOU CALL THE BAMBOOS, "POOR BAMBOOS" LAST NIGHT? AREN'T THEY THE LUCKIEST BAMBOOS ALIVE? - LISTENING TO ONE WHO SPEAKS THEIR LANGUAGE AND KNOWING THAT OUR SILENCE DEEPENS WITH THEIR EVERY MOVEMENT?

Maneesha, amongst these bamboos, there are a few poor intellectuals, Ph.D.'s, D.Litt.'s - I was referring to these poor people. Otherwise... now see: even the intellectuals are silent. Certainly these bamboos are the luckiest in the world at this moment. Just the way you are the luckiest people in the world.

But a few intellectuals cannot resist. Even though they see so many silent people, they go on making statements. A few are journalists, a few are politicians. But the remaining ones are absolutely silent with you. Now do you see? Even the D.Litt.'s are keeping their mouths shut. But that does not mean that they are silent. Once you are silent, they will start chattering.

An intellectual is incurable. He may be a bamboo ... it does not matter in what form the consciousness in life has appeared.

I had to call those bamboos poor, Maneesha, because according to me the poorest people in the world are the intellectuals, politicians, journalists, people who have nothing but power and money. These are the poorest ones because they are missing a tremendous opportunity of rejoicing in their own being and having a dance because they have found their authentic space.

Before we go into our meditation a few laughs will help you. Laughter is a tremendously helpful method to shake off all dust that everybody gathers without his knowing.

After many years of service, Father O'Reilly realizes that his assistant Patrick MacDilly is stealing from the donation box. So the next Sunday, after hearing MacDilly's confession, Father O'Reilly says, "Patrick, besides the sins you have already confessed, don't you have anything else to add?"

There is no reply.

"Okay, Patrick," continues Father O'Reilly, "I will ask you straight: who is stealing from the donation box?"

There is silence.

Father O'Reilly tries again and still he is met with silence.
So then he comes out of the confession box and says to MacDilly, "Hey, I asked you a question."

"Funny," says MacDilly, "I did not hear anything."

"Okay," says the priest impatiently. "We will change places. I will kneel there and you sit in my place and we will check this thing out."

So MacDilly sits down and asks, ”Who is screwing the young priest who just arrived?”

”Funny,” says O’Reilly jumping up. ”You are right, I cannot hear either.”

Paddy and Sean are driving home to Dublin from an Irish wine-tasting festival and have tasted a little too much.

”Paddy, are we near the city yet?” asks Sean.
”Yes,” says Paddy, ”we must be. We are knocking down more people.”

”Drive slower then,” cries Sean.

”What do you mean, drive slower?” says Paddy. ”You are driving!”

Archibald, the budding young artist, gets up from the couch where he has been making love to his model and starts dressing.
”I will bet you do that to all your models,” says the girl breathlessly.

”No,” replies Archie, ”you are the first.”

”Really?” asks the girl. ”And how many models have you had?”

”Just four,” replies Archie, ”a lemon, a potato, a banana and you.”

The ship is sinking fast and the captain calls the last three members of his crew to the bridge.

”Men,” says the captain, ”this thing about the captain going down with his ship is all rubbish. There is a three-man life raft here and I am going to be on it. So that means one of you will have to stay behind. To see who will come with me, I will ask you each a question. Whoever cannot answer will remain behind, okay?
”Here is the first question: What unsinkable ship hit an iceberg and sank?”

”The Titanic, Sir,” answers the first man.

”Right,” says the captain.

”How many people drowned?”
”One thousand five hundred and two, Sir,” replies the second sailor.

”Right,” says the captain calmly.

He turns to the third man. ”And now the third question,” he says, ”what were their names?”

Now, Nivedano, give the first drumbeat and everybody goes into gibberish.

(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody goes into absolute silence.

No movement, either of mind or body.

Just gather your whole energy in the deepest innermost being.

This.

This.

A thousand times This.
The very essence of Zen...

This!

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

And everybody relax as if you are dead.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Come back to life.
Really come back to life.

A few may be still dead.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)
Fresh, in this very moment, you are the most precious.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 8

Dancing madly from eternity to eternity

3 June 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

ONE NIGHT ISAN REIYU WAS IN ATTENDANCE ON HYAKUJO, SITTING TILL LATE IN THE QUIETNESS OF THE MOUNTAIN TEMPLE.
”WHO ARE YOU?” HYAKUJO ASKED.

”REIYU,” REPLIED ISAN.

”RAKE IN THE FIREPLACE,” SAID HYAKUJO.

ISAN DID AS HE WAS TOLD AND SAID, ”I FIND NO EMBERS LEFT.”

HYAKUJO TOOK UP THE TONGS AND, RAKING DEEP DOWN, BROUGHT UP A TINY BURNING

EMBER, WHICH HE SHOWED TO ISAN, AND SAID, ”JUST THIS, YOU SEE!”

ISAN WAS SUDDENLY ENLIGHTENED. HE MADE DEEP BOWS AND PRESENTED HIS VIEWS TO HYAKUJO, WHO SAID:

”YOU HAVE REACHED A CROSSROADS ON THE JOURNEY. IT IS SAID IN THE SUTRA, ‘IF YOU WANT TO SEE BUDDHA NATURE, YOU SHOULD OBSERVE TIME AND CAUSATION.’”

WHEN THE TIME COMES YOU WILL REALIZE IT, JUST LIKE REMEMBERING SOMETHING YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN. IT IS NOT OBTAINED FROM OTHERS.

THEREFORE, WHEN YOU ARE ENLIGHTENED IT IS JUST LIKE WHEN YOU WERE NOT ENLIGHTENED - NO MIND, NO DHARMA.

IF ONLY YOU HAVE NO DELUSION, AND NO DISCRIMINATION BETWEEN THE BUDDHA AND THE UNENLIGHTENED, YOUR ORIGINAL NATURE MANIFESTS ITSELF.

NOW YOU HAVE ATTAINED IT. MINDFULLY CULTIVATE IT.

Maneesha, Zen is your very heart. It is not an achievement, you already have it. It is only a recognition.

This small anecdote is tremendously important compared to great religious scriptures, which say so much without saying anything. These small anecdotes say so much without even using a word. Their language is of existence, it is neither Hebrew, nor Arabic, nor Sanskrit. The bamboos understand it as much as you, it is the very language of being alive. Only dead people are deaf, and vice versa is also true: those who are deaf are dead.

ONE NIGHT ISAN REIYU WAS IN ATTENDANCE ON HYAKUJO, SITTING TILL LATE IN THE QUIETNESS OF THE MOUNTAIN TEMPLE.

You can feel the situation in which Isan was sitting, close to Hyakujo.

”WHO ARE YOU?” HYAKUJO ASKED.

Not that he is asking his name, he knows it. Isan has been one of his longstanding disciples. He is not asking anything concerning his personality, he knows every layer of it. He is asking directly, ”Who is there inside, within all these clothes, the body, the bones, the mind, the thoughts; who is there at the very innermost core?”

”WHO ARE YOU?” HYAKUJO ASKED.

”REIYU,” REPLIED ISAN.

”RAKE IN THE FIREPLACE,” SAID HYAKUJO.

ISAN DID AS HE WAS TOLD AND SAID,

”I FIND NO EMBERS LEFT.”

HYAKUJO TOOK UP THE TONGS AND, RAKING DEEP DOWN, BROUGHT UP A TINY BURNING EMBER, WHICH HE SHOWED TO ISAN, AND SAID, ”JUST THIS, YOU SEE!”

I want to say to you also: Just this! Do you see? - the silence, the joy, the chitchatting of the bamboos? Do you see the flame of your being?

ISAN WAS SUDDENLY ENLIGHTENED. HE MADE DEEP BOWS AND PRESENTED HIS VIEWS TO HYAKUJO, WHO SAID: ”YOU HAVE REACHED A CROSSROADS ON THE JOURNEY. IT IS

SAID IN THE SUTRA, 'IF YOU WANT TO SEE BUDDHA NATURE, YOU SHOULD OBSERVE TIME AND CAUSATION.'"

WHEN THE TIME COMES YOU WILL REALIZE IT, JUST LIKE REMEMBERING SOMETHING YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN...

This is immensely significant - to understand that you are not lost, you have just forgotten who you are. And the most laughable thing is you are asking others, "Who am I?" Whatever you know about yourself is not you. The knower within you is beyond the reach of your mind, you cannot think about it. You can simply be it. And the sutra coming from Gautam Buddha says, "It is a remembering."

You must all have felt once in a while... in all the languages of the world the expression exists that, "It is just on the tip of my tongue," a name - you can even see the face, you know that you know the name, it is just on the tip of your tongue, but it is not coming out. And the harder you try, the narrower becomes the space from which the forgotten can become again a recognition.

A point comes when you drop it. One can only go so far, you cannot drive yourself absolutely mad; you just go out for a morning walk, or start digging in your garden and suddenly out of nowhere, the name is remembered. You had never forgotten it.

Then what was the mechanism that was preventing it from coming to the surface? That mechanism is the whole psychology of the buddhas. The more your mind is full of thoughts, tensions, worries, the further away you are from yourself; the moment the mind is silent you are suddenly centered in your very being.

And there is no other greater ecstasy, no other greater blissfulness, than to know who you are. To know the inner space is to know all. It is unlimited silence but not dead, it is alive with songs of its own, with dances of its own.

Of course they belong to a totally different stratum.

You see Gautam Buddha sitting in the lotus posture; that is from the outside, a photograph. I see him from inside, he is not sitting in the lotus posture, he is dancing madly. From eternity to eternity his dance goes on and on becoming more and more juicy. More and more flowers start opening in the innermost being - even the silence is fragrant.

It is not something special. Hyakujo is pointing out to his disciple that it is the most natural, simple experience: just don't ask to be special and it is yours, just don't go on a journey of power and it is yours, just don't even seek it and you have found it. It is your very nature; even if you try to drop it somewhere, throw it somewhere, it is not possible.

There is no way not to be a buddha. Yes, there is a little difference, not worth even calling a difference: a few buddhas are asleep, a few buddhas are awake. Those who are awake were asleep before, those who are asleep now will - in their own time of ripening, blossoming - become buddhas. The difference is not there at all.

A tremendous statement. The sutra of Gautam Buddha says, "IT IS NOT OBTAINED FROM OTHERS. THEREFORE, WHEN YOU ARE ENLIGHTENED IT IS JUST LIKE WHEN YOU WERE NOT ENLIGHTENED."

Please see the beauty of it and the depth of it.

”NO MIND, NO DHARMA... AND NO DISCRIMINATION BETWEEN THE BUDDHA AND THE UNENLIGHTENED. YOUR ORIGINAL NATURE MANIFESTS ITSELF. NOW YOU HAVE ATTAINED IT. MINDFULLY CULTIVATE IT.”

Even if you have attained the inside, you will have to remember it again and again, just because of your old habits of judgment that somebody is enlightened and somebody else is not enlightened.

A thousand and one times I have been asked, ”What are the qualities of a buddha?”

I am not an old, traditional Zen master, otherwise anybody who asks, ”What is a buddha?” deserves a good hit on the head so he becomes awake.

The Zen master Niskriya unfortunately is not here. He is the first German Zen master. And you know a Japanese hit is one thing but a German hit is bound to make you awakened! He has gone to Germany, just to make arrangements to come back here again, to help the sleeping ones.

He is the reincarnation of Sekito, the stonehead. When he comes back I am going to ask him, ”Would you like to change your name to your original name Sekito, the stonehead?” Just before leaving yesterday, he was hiding his head in a China cap. But hiding a stone head does not make much sense. He still had his staff.

This staff came into being in Zen tradition as a symbol that this is the only difference between the awakened and the not awakened. Hit hard and everybody is going to wake up. If you cannot wake up here, where even the drums of Nivedano are becoming enlightened, then it is very unfortunate.

A footnote:

HYAKUJO IS ALSO KNOWN AS PAI-CHANG. HE BECAME ENLIGHTENED WHEN STUDYING UNDER BASO TOGETHER WITH NANSEN.

BASO SAID OF HIM, ”ZEN IS WITH HYAKUJO.”

Baso’s declaration is more than one can expect.

IT IS SAID THAT HE WAS CLEVER AND GENTLE AND HE HAD NOTHING OSTENTATIOUS ABOUT HIM. HE WAS INVITED TO THE GREAT TEMPLE AT MOUNT HYAKUJO, FROM WHICH HE TOOK HIS NAME. MANY DISCIPLES GATHERED AROUND HIM, AMONG THEM ONE SUCH AS OBAKU, ALSO KNOWN AS HUANG-PO - AND ISAN.

Question 1

Maneesha is asking:

BELOVED OSHO,

WHEN ONE TALKS TO SOMEONE IT IS WITH THE ASSUMPTION THAT THE OTHER PERSON CAN HEAR. ONE WOULD NOT SPEAK TO A DEAF PERSON. BUT YOU ARE ONLY TALKING TO US UNTIL WE BEGIN TO HEAR YOU. AREN'T YOU?

Maneesha, it is the unfortunate destiny of every master to speak to those who cannot hear. To show this symbolically, Bodhidharma, the most famous name in the world of Zen, remained speaking for nine years facing the wall. The audience used to sit behind him, not in front of him. In front of him was just a wall. For nine years he was again and again asked, "What kind of man are you? We have heard many masters, many teachers, many preachers; they always face their audience."

With tears in his eyes Bodhidharma said, "It makes no difference. On both sides the walls are deaf. At least this wall does not disappoint me - I know it is a wall, so there is no question of disappointment; but if I turn towards you and find you just like a wall it will be very much disappointing. I will wait for those who are open like doors and not closed like walls."

His first disciple stood behind him for twelve hours, deep in the snow. Without saying a single word he cut off his hand, threw it before Bodhidharma and said, "If you don't turn towards me, I am going to cut off my head!"

Bodhidharma said, "Wait! You have done enough."

This one-handed man became his first disciple. It is obvious that his desire to know was keener even than to live, that his inquiry was an intense fire in which he was ready to burn himself. But that's why I say again and again: those were beautiful days, they were golden moments when such people as Bodhidharma existed. And he was not alone - hundreds of Bodhidharmas have existed, but slowly, slowly they have disappeared. Even in the Buddhist countries where these phenomenal beings appeared, Zen is now only an academic study.

I want it to be declared to the world that this is the only place where Zen is not an academic study. We are trying to live it, we are trying to our utmost, to bring a great experience back to life.

Question 2
Maneesha's second question is:

BELOVED OSHO,

I REMEMBER YOU SPEAKING SOME TIME AGO ABOUT ZEN IN COMPARISON WITH J. KRISHNAMURTI AND GURDJIEFF'S WORK, SAYING - IF I UNDERSTOOD CORRECTLY - THAT WHERE J. KRISHNAMURTI AND GURDJIEFF WORKED WITH THE ACTIVE MIND, ZEN WORKED WITH THE INACTIVE MIND. YOUR WORK, I HEARD YOU SAY, WAS TO HELP US TO GO BEYOND BOTH ACTIVE AND INACTIVE MINDS, TO FIND THE TRANSCENDENTAL, THAT IS: CONSCIOUSNESS.

Maneesha, you have heard me rightly. Mind has two sides - it can be active, it can be inactive. But even in its inactivity it is there; inactivity is the mind's backyard. To be truly conscious, to be authentically a buddha one has to go beyond both, the active and the inactive.

Question 3

She has also asked:

WHEN WE DO GIBBERISH, FOLLOWED BY SILENCE, ARE WE EXPERIENCING THE ACTIVE, THEN THE INACTIVE MIND? AND IS IT POSSIBLE THAT WE CAN EXPERIENCE THE TRANSCENDENTAL DURING THE LET-GO? CAN ONE HAVE MOMENTS OF CONSCIOUSNESS BEFORE BEING TOTALLY AND IRREVOCABLY CONSCIOUS?

The whole method is managed in the same way you are describing it.

Gibberish is to get rid of the active mind, silence to get rid of the inactive mind and let-go is to enter into the transcendental.

And don't think that it is something special, that only special people can do it. You are doing it! - you just have to recognize it. You have to realize the fact of your dignity.

The whole society has destroyed you, spoiled you, undermined you, repressed every possibility of your reaching to yourself. And the whole world is against me, because I am doing exactly the opposite: I am trying to bring the individual back into the world, and the world has killed the individual completely.

Just today, I have received an invitation from a small commune of friends in New Zealand. They have a beautiful place; they have sent pictures of a river surrounded by an ancient forest, high rising mountains. You can see the whole range of mountains covered with snow. And they wanted me to come and have my commune there. They are ready to make available as much land as possible, but they don't understand that their government will not allow a dangerous man like me in their country. They should first ask their government before they invite me.

The politician is the enemy of man. The politician represents the past, the dead, all the graveyards; and my work is to bring even those who have been long dead out of their graves. They try hard not to come out, but I have my own means - I tell them "Gibberish, do gibberish, if you cannot do anything else! At least that will prove that you can breathe and then we can go on from there."

And remember, when I am talking about graves, I am talking about you.

Before we go into these three stages... Remember, if you are doing something, do it totally; otherwise there is no point in doing it! I will prepare the ground with some laughter - that is always cleansing, strengthening, it makes you aware that if you can laugh you are not dead.

Fanny goes to her dentist and complains about a toothache.
"Is it very painful?" asks Doctor Floss, adjusting the chair.

"Yes, it is," replies Fanny.

"All right, Miss Pringle," says Floss, turning to his assistant, "you can can leave us now."

Miss Pringle goes out quietly, and the dentist and his patient are left alone.
”Darling!” says Floss, embracing his patient, ”we can’t go on meeting like this!”

”But why not?” wails Fanny.

”Because,” says Floss, ”you have only got one tooth left!”

Fergus Cratchit, the seventy-year-old Scotsman, hobbles into his favorite pub to shoot the breeze with his friends.

Fergus has recently married a nineteen-year-old girl, and several of the men at the bar buy him drinks and ask him to tell about his wedding night.

”My youngest son, Kenneth, lifted me onto the bed where my lovely bride was waiting for me,” recounts Fergus. ”And the next morning, my three older sons carried me off the bed.”

The men gathered at the bar scratching their heads, and then asked Fergus why it needed three sons to take him off when he needed only one son to put him on.
”It is obvious,” replies Fergus, proudly. ”I fought them!”

Now, be ready... Nivedano, the first...

(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Absolute silence, close your eyes, no movement of body or mind.

Just be at the very being.

This.

This.
This is the very essence of Zen.

Just rejoice in it!

Nivedano, the second...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody dies completely.
Even if the dead go on breathing, don't be worried - you be dead!

This will give you a taste of the transcendental.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)
Everybody comes back to life.

Really!

It is no laughing matter - you are still dead.

Nivedano... a good beat...

(Drumbeat)
Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 9

A jungle of flames

4 June 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

BEFORE HE HAD REALIZED HIS OWN ENLIGHTENMENT, TOKUSAN PLANNED TO VISIT THE FAMOUS ZEN MASTER, SOSHIN, WHO LIVED ON A MOUNTAIN IN RYOTAN. WHEN HE ARRIVED AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN, TOKUSAN FOUND A TEA HOUSE BY THE ROADSIDE, AND THOUGHT THAT HE MIGHT HAVE A SNACK BEFORE CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN.

HE ORDERED IT FROM AN OLD WOMAN AT THE TEA HOUSE. ”SNACK” IN THE CHINESE LANGUAGE IS TENJIN - WHICH MEANS LITERALLY ”TO LIGHT UP THE MIND.”

THE OLD WOMAN ASKED TOKUSAN, ”WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN THE BOX ON YOUR SHOULDERS?”

”I HAVE A MOST VALUABLE SUTRA CALLED THE DIAMOND SUTRA IN IT,” TOKUSAN SAID.

”IS THAT SO!” SHE SAID. ”THEN I HAVE A QUESTION TO ASK YOU. IF YOU CAN ANSWER MY QUESTION, I WILL PROVIDE YOU WITH A SNACK. IF, HOWEVER, YOU SHOULD FAIL TO GIVE ME A SATISFACTORY ANSWER, I AM SORRY, BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO GO WITHOUT A SNACK.”

TOKUSAN WAS A PROUD AND CONFIDENT SCHOLAR. HE REPLIED, ”ALL RIGHT. YOU MAY ASK ME ANY QUESTION.”

AT THIS THE WOMAN SAID, ”IN THE DIAMOND SUTRA IT IS WRITTEN THAT PAST MIND IS UNATTAINABLE; PRESENT MIND IS UNATTAINABLE; AND FUTURE MIND IS UNATTAINABLE.” THE OLD WOMAN CONTINUED, ”YOU SAY YOU ARE GOING TO LIGHT UP YOUR MIND. WHICH MIND, NOW, ARE YOU GOING TO LIGHT UP?”

TOKUSAN WAS NOT ABLE TO ANSWER THE OLD WOMAN’S QUESTION. HE HAD TO ADMIT HIS INABILITY TO GIVE THE ANSWER, AND AT THE SUGGESTION OF THE OLD WOMAN OF THE TEA HOUSE, HE WAS DETERMINED TO STUDY ZEN UNDER MASTER RYOTAN.

SOME TIME LATER MASTER RYOTAN AND TOKUSAN WERE SPENDING THE EVENING TOGETHER.

RYOTAN SAID, ”IT IS GETTING DARK. YOU HAD BETTER RETURN TO YOUR PLACE.”

TOKUSAN SAID, ”GOOD NIGHT” TO THE MASTER, AND STEPPED OUTSIDE. A FEW MOMENTS LATER, HE RETURNED TO THE MASTER SAYING, ”IT IS SO DARK OUTSIDE!”

THE MASTER LIT A CANDLE TO GIVE TO TOKUSAN, BUT JUST AS TOKUSAN HELD OUT HIS HAND AND WAS ABOUT TO GET HOLD OF THE CANDLE, RYOTAN VEHEMENTLY BLEW OUT THE FLAME.

AT THIS VERY MOMENT TOKUSAN WAS AWAKENED AND MADE A BOW TO THE MASTER.

Zen is existence, not even existential. It has to be understood because in the contemporary world only one new philosophy has come into existence and that is existentialism. Jean-Paul Sartre, Jaspers, Soeren Kierkegaard, Martin Heidegger and many other great scholars and intellectuals of the modern world preach existentialism. Zen is not existentialism. It has nothing to do with any ‘ism’ at all.

Every ‘ism’ is a mind game. Existence is not a mind game. In fact, to enter into your own existence, you will have to leave your mind behind.

Maneesha, this is one of the most beautiful stories.

BEFORE HE HAD REALIZED HIS OWN ENLIGHTENMENT, TOKUSAN PLANNED TO VISIT THE FAMOUS ZEN MASTER, SOSHIN, WHO LIVED ON A MOUNTAIN IN RYOTAN.

WHEN HE ARRIVED AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN, TOKUSAN FOUND A TEA HOUSE BY THE ROADSIDE, AND THOUGHT THAT HE MIGHT HAVE A SNACK BEFORE CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN. HE ORDERED IT FROM AN OLD WOMAN AT THE TEA HOUSE. ”SNACK” IN THE CHINESE LANGUAGE IS TENJIN - WHICH MEANS LITERALLY ”TO LIGHT UP THE MIND.”

THE OLD WOMAN ASKED TOKUSAN, ”WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN THE BOX ON YOUR SHOULDERS?”

”I HAVE A MOST VALUABLE SUTRA CALLED THE DIAMOND SUTRA IN IT,” TOKUSAN SAID.

”IS THAT SO!” SHE SAID. ”THEN I HAVE A QUESTION TO ASK YOU. IF YOU CAN ANSWER MY QUESTION, I WILL PROVIDE YOU WITH A SNACK. IF, HOWEVER, YOU SHOULD FAIL TO GIVE ME A SATISFACTORY ANSWER, I AM SORRY, BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO GO WITHOUT A SNACK.”

TOKUSAN WAS A PROUD AND CONFIDENT SCHOLAR. HE REPLIED, ”ALL RIGHT. YOU MAY ASK ME ANY QUESTION.”

AT THIS THE WOMAN SAID, ”IN THE DIAMOND SUTRA IT IS WRITTEN THAT PAST MIND IS UNATTAINABLE; PRESENT MIND IS UNATTAINABLE; AND FUTURE MIND IS UNATTAINABLE.” THE OLD WOMAN CONTINUED, ”YOU SAY THAT YOU ARE GOING TO LIGHT UP YOUR MIND. WHICH MIND, NOW, ARE YOU GOING TO LIGHT UP?”

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AT THIS MOMENT RYOTAN WAS AWAKENED AND MADE A BOW TO THE MASTER.

There are many important things to be noted as deeply in you as possible. One is that light does not come from outside. Nobody can give it to you. Ryotan was very kind to make it clear by blowing out the candle.

Outside is darkness and inside - where light is - you are not. The only way to have light is to enter into your innermost being. Hence it is called enlightenment.

You have become the candle
which nobody can blow out.

You have found the fire

that is eternal,

the very flame of existence.

You are all flames. It is just a question of seeing within yourselves. And the whole Buddha Hall is full of flames. Just a jungle of flames. Otherwise, outside is darkness.

This prompts me to make a marginal note: the West has been searching for the light outside, where it is not. The East has been searching the light inside, where it is. But unfortunately, even the East has fallen into the hands of the West. Its whole educational system, its whole mind is no longer of the East.

Now in the world, there exists only the Western mind: looking outside. It does not matter where you are; it is not a question of geography, it is a question of spirituality. Are you looking in? Then you are at the very source of light. And other than that no light can help you to dispel the darkness that is surrounding you.

Ryotan, without saying a word, made his statement and it was understood by Tokusan immediately. The blowing out of the flame was enough for Tokusan to understand that you can have light only of your own, nobody can hand it over to you. Either you have it or you don't have it. But nobody can do anything about it - only give hints.

This story is also important just to understand that an ordinary old woman has as much inner light as the greatest master that may have ever lived.

An old woman running a tea house at the foothills defeats the great scholar. Tokusan's speciality was THE DIAMOND SUTRA. The old woman asked exactly what THE DIAMOND SUTRA is based upon. THE DIAMOND SUTRA says, "There is no mind. Neither past, nor present, nor future." Mind is only a dream in a sleeping consciousness. Wake up and the mind disappears.

The old woman, an ordinary, anonymous woman, put the scholar to a great task. She said, "You say you are going to light up your mind" - because a 'snack' in Chinese also means lighting up your mind.

The woman, apparently ordinary, must have been extraordinary. She is asking, "Which mind? Past? It is no longer there. Future? It is not yet. And if past and future disappear, how can you have the bridge, the present?" Both the banks have disappeared, do you think the bridge can remain? With the past and future being both absent, it becomes absolutely clear: there is no present mind either.

You are, but you are not the mind.

Tokusan was not able to answer, although he was a great, proud scholar. As far as existence is concerned your intellectuality, your scholarship have nothing to do with it. It can only make you proud, and to be proud is to lose contact with yourself. To be proud means to be an ego. And you are just a silence. Why pollute it, why not leave it spacious, in tune with existence?

Because he could not answer the old woman, he missed his snack. And the old woman said, "Rather than giving the snack you asked for, I advise you to go to the Zen master Ryotan and study with him. Don't carry this DIAMOND SUTRA on your back unnecessarily. You don't understand it."

The intellectual is most prone not to understand. His intellectuality prevents him because it gives him a sense as if he knows. But 'as if' is not the point. You have to experience, not as if, but this!

And he understood this when master Ryotan blew out the flame. A sudden transformation. At this moment, Tokusan was awakened and made a bow to the master.

Question 1
Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

THE COMMENTARIES IN BOOKS ON ZEN ARE SO DRY AND SCHOLARLY. ALL THAT THEY DO IS TO DISSECT EACH ANECDOTE, GIVING THE TRADITIONAL INTERPRETATIONS OF EVERY PHRASE.

BUT YOU BRING AN ANCIENT UNDERSTANDING OF LIFE RIGHT INTO OUR LIVES, HERE AND NOW, SO THAT ONE ALMOST EXPECTS TO FIND SEPPO SIPPING TEA IN ”ZORBA THE BUDDHA” RESTAURANT, OR JOSHU BROWSING IN THE BOOKSHOP.

Maneesha, you are absolutely right. Here, other than a buddha is not allowed. Listen to the bamboos. They are giving their support to my statement. Listen to your hearts and you will find all the buddhas together, silently dancing without making any noise.

Before you enter into your living flame, the bamboos are asking for some laughter. They cannot laugh, but they can hear. They can give commentaries. This series is dedicated to these bamboos.

Two middle-aged ladies live together in a big house, with only a female cat for company. They are both convinced that awful things will happen to them if they get near to a male. And they even keep the cat indoors for the same reason.

But finally, one of them gets married and goes away on her honeymoon. A few days later, the other lady receives a post card from her friend. All it says is, ”Let the cat out!”

Little Ernie is walking downstairs behind his grandfather one morning. ”Grandad,” he says, ”are you still growing?”

”Why do you ask, kid?” inquires his grandad.

”Well,” replies Ernie, ”the top of your head is coming through your hair!”

Doctor Floss, the dentist, has his office on the fiftieth floor of a huge office building.

One morning he and his assistant, Miss Pringle, are busy pulling a man’s tooth, when a sharp cry from outside causes them to look up. They rush to the window just in time to see a good friend of theirs go hurtling past.

A couple of moments later, someone bursts into the office, shouting, ”Hey, did you hear about Rufus Ramsbottom? He just jumped off the roof and fell sixty stories. He is lying down there in the street now, and he looks pretty bad!”

”That’s funny,” says Floss, ”we saw him go by just a minute ago and he looked fine.”

At a special dinner and dance at the Shalom Retirement Home in Miami, Rubin, aged eighty-two and Florrie, aged seventy-six, meet and fall in love.

They discuss their situation and decide that they can live better on two social security checks, so they get married.

On their wedding night, they go to bed and consummate their marriage in three hours of energetic lovemaking.

As Florrie lays back in bed afterwards, she notices that Rubin is not moving. On closer inspection, she realizes that he is dead.
At the funeral, Florrie is standing with her friend, Ruthie, who has come along to comfort her. ”I

am so sorry,” says Ruthie. ”What happened?”

”Nothing much,” sniffs Florrie, ”he came and he went.”

Now, it is enough laughter for the moment.

The first drum and you start throwing out as much rubbish as possible, with gibberish and gestures. It is a cleansing, a preparation for silence.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Become silent.
Gather yourself inwards.

Just be.

No movement.

This.

This.

A thousand times This!

This is the very essence of your being.

No time, no mind, just a pure being.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Now relax.

Fall dead totally.
Even if the body goes on breathing, don't bother.

First you have to be dead to be reborn.

The master is your death and your rebirth, both.

Please, die!

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody comes back to life.

To full life, to be a flame.

A few may be cowards and are still dead.

Give another drumbeat for them.

(Drumbeat)

No, not enough!

(Drumbeat)

(Drumbeat)

(Drumbeat)

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 10

Nothing is so daring as zen

5 June 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

KYOGEN WAS A SCHOLAR OF GREAT LEARNING, AND FOR SOME TIME, THIS STOOD IN THE WAY OF HIS ENLIGHTENMENT.

ONE DAY, ISAN ASKED KYOGEN, ”WHEN YOU WERE WITH OUR TEACHER, HYAKUJO, YOU WERE CLEVER ENOUGH TO GIVE TEN ANSWERS TO A SINGLE QUESTION, AND HUNDREDS OF ANSWERS TO TEN QUESTIONS.

”TELL ME THIS: WHAT IS YOUR REAL SELF - THE SELF THAT EXISTED BEFORE YOU CAME OUT OF YOUR MOTHER’S WOMB, BEFORE YOU KNEW EAST FROM WEST?”

AT THIS QUESTION, KYOGEN WAS STUPEFIED AND DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO SAY. HE RACKED HIS BRAINS AND OFFERED ALL SORTS OF ANSWERS, BUT ISAN BRUSHED THEM

ASIDE.

AT LAST KYOGEN SAID, ”I BEG YOU, PLEASE EXPLAIN IT TO ME.”

ISAN REPLIED, ”WHAT I SAY BELONGS TO MY OWN UNDERSTANDING. HOW CAN THAT BENEFIT YOUR MIND’S EYE?”

KYOGEN WENT THROUGH ALL HIS BOOKS AND THE NOTES HE HAD MADE ON AUTHORITIES OF EVERY SCHOOL, BUT COULD FIND NO WORDS TO USE AS AN ANSWER TO ISAN’S QUESTION. SIGHING TO HIMSELF, HE SAID, ”YOU CANNOT FILL AN EMPTY

STOMACH WITH PAINTINGS OF RICE CAKES." HE THEN BURNED ALL HIS BOOKS AND PAPERS, SAYING, "I WILL GIVE UP THE STUDY OF BUDDHISM. I WILL REMAIN A RICE-GRUEL MONK FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE AND AVOID TORTURING MY MIND."
SADLY HE LEFT ISAN, AND TOOK ON THE SELF-APPOINTED JOB OF GRAVE-KEEPER.

ONE DAY, WHEN HE WAS SWEEPING THE GROUND, A STONE STRUCK A BAMBOO.

KYOGEN STOOD SPEECHLESS, FORGETTING HIMSELF FOR A WHILE.

THEN, SUDDENLY, BURSTING INTO LOUD LAUGHTER, HE BECAME ENLIGHTENED.

RETURNING TO HIS HUT, KYOGEN PERFORMED THE CEREMONY OF PURIFICATION, OFFERED INCENSE, PAID HOMAGE TO HIS TEACHER, ISAN, AND WITH THE DEEPEST SENSE OF GRATITUDE SAID, "GREAT MASTER, THANK YOU! YOUR KINDNESS TO ME IS GREATER EVEN THEN THAT OF MY PARENTS. IF YOU HAD EXPLAINED THE PROFOUND CAUSE TO ME WHEN I BEGGED YOU TO GIVE ME AN ANSWER, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE REACHED WHERE I STAND TODAY." KYOGEN'S VERSE ON THIS OCCASION RUNS:

ONE STROKE AND ALL IS GONE,
NO NEED OF STRATAGEM OR CURE;

EACH AND EVERY ACTION

MANIFESTS THE ANCIENT WAY.

MY SPIRIT IS NEVER DOWNCAST,

I LEAVE NO TRACKS BEHIND ME,
ENLIGHTENMENT IS BEYOND SPEECH,

BEYOND GESTURE;

THOSE WHO ARE EMANCIPATED

CALL IT THE UNSURPASSED.

The search called Zen is not for anything other than your own self. It is not a study, hence no scholarship can do any justice to it. It is a very simple experience - great learning can be only a wall and not a bridge to it.

Learning is not needed, what is needed is innocence, and a learned man is never innocent; he knows too much, he knows more than he knows. And he is too proud of all the words, borrowed, that he has accumulated and goes on accumulating.

Zen is freedom from the word, freedom from all the advice and all the wisdom of centuries. It simply brings you back to yourself. It does not allow you to move even a little.

The needle of your consciousness should point to THIS! Then anything can be a cause of awakening.

This anecdote is simply stating the fact that even a stone striking the bamboos can be the cause of enlightenment. Nothing in the whole history of religion has been so daring as Zen, so rebellious and so existential.

Just listen to the anecdote - not as if you are listening to a story or a fiction. These are facts, people have lived them and if you can understand, the same door is open to you as it was open to Kyogen.

KYOGEN WAS A SCHOLAR OF GREAT LEARNING, AND FOR SOME TIME, THIS STOOD IN THE WAY OF HIS ENLIGHTENMENT.

Every religion respects scholarship, learning, knowledge, scripture. Zen is alone and unique in its approach. It wants you to burn all the burden of scriptures, to burn all the knowledge that you have borrowed so that you can come to your simple consciousness, unscratched, nothing written on it - just a pure silence, a sky without any frontiers.

Kyogen was a great scholar; although he was searching for truth, scholarship is not the way to find it. His very learning was functioning as a barrier to relax into himself. He was clinging to words, scriptures, sutras, past buddhas. It is a hilarious situation, because the buddha is within and people are keeping stone statues in their temples. The essential experience is within and people are reciting sutras of others. It is the most hilarious situation.

ONE DAY, ISAN ASKED KYOGEN, ”WHEN YOU WERE WITH OUR TEACHER, HYAKUJO, YOU WERE CLEVER ENOUGH TO GIVE TEN ANSWERS TO A SINGLE QUESTION, AND HUNDREDS OF ANSWERS TO TEN QUESTIONS.

”TELL ME THIS: WHAT IS YOUR REAL SELF - THE SELF THAT EXISTED BEFORE YOU CAME OUT OF YOUR MOTHER’S WOMB, BEFORE YOU KNEW EAST FROM WEST?”

AT THIS QUESTION, KYOGEN WAS STUPEFIED AND DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO SAY. HE RACKED HIS BRAINS AND OFFERED ALL SORTS OF ANSWERS, BUT ISAN BRUSHED THEM ASIDE.

AT LAST KYOGEN SAID, ”I BEG YOU, PLEASE EXPLAIN IT TO ME.”

ISAN REPLIED ”WHAT I SAY BELONGS TO MY OWN UNDERSTANDING. HOW CAN THAT BENEFIT your MIND’S EYE? - your consciousness? What I know is so deep within me, and it is not a commodity that can be given to you. You will have to find it on your own within yourself.”

KYOGEN WENT THROUGH ALL HIS BOOKS AND THE NOTES HE HAD MADE ON AUTHORITIES OF EVERY SCHOOL, BUT COULD FIND NO WORDS TO USE AS AN ANSWER TO ISAN’S QUESTION.

Kyogen must have been a very honest and sincere inquirer, otherwise thousands of books are available with all kinds of answers. But there is not a single book in the world which can give you the

answer that breathes, that has a heart, that can laugh, that can dance. That answer is not going to be from any source other than your own.

Kyogen tried all the great scriptures, and notes he had taken while listening to great masters like Hyakujo, but he could not find the answer to the question Isan had raised: ”Who are you? What is inside you? What is your center of being? What is the flame that keeps you alive?”

Isan was questioning the very life source. Of course you cannot find it in any book, unless you are a stupid scholar. And there are thousands of stupid scholars around the world. The universities are full of them. They are talking about and about: about truth, about love, about being. You ask and they have answers for all your questions.

I was expelled from one college because I insisted to the professor of philosophy, ”First you answer whether you know yourself or not! ”

He tried all kinds of answers; he was a great scholar, an old man, but I was insistent that ”All these answers you are giving are borrowed. What is your answer?”

He became so troubled, he threatened the college authorities: ”I will leave, retire - either I can be in this college or this student. He is making me so troubled, I cannot sleep at night. And he is so strange that even early in the morning, at three o’clock, he knocks on my door and asks, ‘Have you found the answer?’”

Such questions are neither asked nor answered. The principal called me and said, ”Why are you torturing that old man?”

I said, ”I am torturing nobody. If a man cannot answer the simplest question, then all else that he is saying is nonsense.”

A truth is never borrowed. The moment it is borrowed it becomes untrue. A truth cannot be read in a scripture, a truth has to be lived only in the innermost temple of your being.

Naturally Kyogen could not find the answer.

SIGHING TO HIMSELF, HE SAID, ”YOU CANNOT FILL AN EMPTY STOMACH WITH PAINTINGS OF RICE CAKES.” HE THEN BURNED ALL HIS BOOKS AND PAPERS, SAYING, ”I WILL GIVE UP THE STUDY OF BUDDHISM. I WILL REMAIN A RICE-GRUEL MONK FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE AND AVOID TORTURING MY MIND.”

SADLY HE LEFT ISAN, AND TOOK ON THE SELF-APPOINTED JOB OF GRAVE-KEEPER. ONE DAY, WHEN HE WAS SWEEPING THE GROUND, A STONE STRUCK A BAMBOO.

(THE BAMBOOS AROUND BUDDHA HALL START CREAKING MADLY!)

Do you hear the sound? The bamboos are shouting as loudly as they can.

KYOGEN STOOD SPEECHLESS, FORGETTING HIMSELF FOR A WHILE.

And that is the whole secret of Zen. If you can forget yourself even for a split second you have arrived home.

THEN, SUDDENLY, BURSTING INTO LOUD LAUGHTER, HE BECAME ENLIGHTENED.

Laughter is strangely connected with Zen experience. Either people have laughed before they became enlightened, or people have laughed after they had become enlightened; but laughter seems to be something very essential to the experience. Before or after, but it has to be there.

It is not an ordinary laughter, it is a laughter that says, ”I am searching for something which I already have!” It is a laughter about oneself. It is not pointing to anybody, to any incident or to any thing. It is simply a recognition that, ”I have been stupid in searching, I should rather have been silent and in my silence let the flower blossom.”

RETURNING TO HIS HUT, KYOGEN PERFORMED THE CEREMONY OF PURIFICATION, OFFERED INCENSE, PAID HOMAGE TO HIS TEACHER, ISAN, AND WITH THE DEEPEST SENSE OF GRATITUDE SAID, ”GREAT MASTER, THANK YOU! YOUR KINDNESS TO ME IS GREATER EVEN THAN THAT OF MY PARENTS.”

Parents can only give birth to your body. It is only the master who can trigger a process in you which brings consciousness, awareness, life at its optimum.

”IF YOU HAD EXPLAINED THE PROFOUND CAUSE TO ME WHEN I BEGGED YOU TO GIVE ME AN ANSWER, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE REACHED WHERE I STAND TODAY.”

This is a very special standpoint of Zen. The master has not to give you a verbal answer, because the verbal answer will become knowledge, and knowledge is a hindrance. The authentic master will create the situation. It is always perhaps - perhaps you may be able to hear the bamboos, perhaps not. The master’s function is to create a situation in which you can become awake.

It is very indirect work, subtle work. It is not like a Christian preacher, a missionary, a Hindu pundit or a Jewish rabbi talking about scriptures, quoting others.

Zen wants you to remember not to believe in quotes. Let it be your own experience - never stop before that!

It is because of this that Kyogen is thanking his master Isan for not explaining ... THE PROFOUND CAUSE TO ME WHEN I BEGGED YOU TO GIVE ME AN ANSWER. ”If you had given it to me I would have never received it. Because you did not give it - you simply created a quest in me, ‘Who is in?’ - I have found it. All gratefulness goes to you.”

Kyogen’s verse on this occasion runs:

ONE STROKE AND ALL IS GONE,

NO NEED OF STRATAGEM OR CURE;

EACH AND EVERY ACTION MANIFESTS THE ANCIENT WAY.

MY SPIRIT IS NEVER DOWNCAST,

I LEAVE NO TRACKS BEHIND ME,
ENLIGHTENMENT IS BEYOND SPEECH,

BEYOND GESTURE;

THOSE WHO ARE EMANCIPATED

CALL IT THE UNSURPASSED.

Question 1

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

IS IT TRUE TO SAY THAT TIMING IS EVERYTHING?

No, it is not true to say that timing is everything, because once you start thinking that timing is everything, you will stop seeking, searching. You will simply wait for the spring to come, you will become absolutely unaware of the fact that for enlightenment no season is right or wrong, no climate is right or wrong. Every moment is right, you just have to catch hold of your own being. But it has been said even by Gautam Buddha that timing is needed.

I want you to know that Gautam Buddha is simply trying to console those who cannot gather courage in this moment. He does not want to discourage them by saying, ”You will never become enlightened.” He is saying, ”You will become enlightened, just wait for the time, for the ripening, for the cause.”

But I say unto you, in spite of Gautam Buddha, that no timing is needed, no causation is needed, because you are already enlightened. It is just that you are afraid to declare it, you are just afraid of what people will say... ”I am enlightened? People will laugh, they will say, ‘Look at this fellow, he is enlightened.’”

Every day Neelam brings news to me that somebody is creating trouble, walking naked in the ashram because he thinks he has become enlightened. But just walking naked has nothing to do with enlightenment.

One woman was declaring herself a master and one man declaring his enlightenment - and both are cuckoos. So I told Neelam, ”It is better to put both the cuckoos together.” The woman has been declaring herself for almost fifteen years. I said, ”Neelam, tell the woman that if she is really a master and enlightened, take care of this fellow. He is very new, needs care.” And that fellow is a much bigger cuckoo.

The woman was cured. She said, ”I am no more ... he is too much. I take my words back that I am enlightened or I am a master... If this man has to be taken care of, I refuse. I will be simple from now

onwards." And for three, four days she has proved simple. The greater cuckoo managed to make the smaller cuckoo silent. Now Neelam was asking me what to do with the remaining cuckoo. I said, "Simply wait, somebody will be coming who is bigger. Give this one into his charge and tell him, 'Here is your first disciple.' There is no other way."

And then Anando told the enlightened man that, "You either be silent and stop disturbing other people or you will be given to a greater cuckoo." For at least one and a half days he has been behaving silently, just being afraid, because here there are so many potential cuckoos! I have even told Neelam to make a special office and department where cuckoos meet and discuss their enlightenment.

Enlightenment is not something that you have to shout on the streets, enlightenment is your recognition of your silent inner flame. It will make you saner, not a cuckoo; it will even help create a certain energy field around you which can trigger other people to enlightenment. But you don't have to be a nuisance. You cannot force anybody to enlightenment. You can kill someone, that is not difficult, but even dead he will remain unenlightened. Enlightenment is not something that can be done from outside.

But from the outside, situations can be created, devices can be created in which suddenly you become aware of your own self. The master himself, his presence, is nothing but a situation; those who are thirsty will draw water from the well. But the thirst has to be authentic; otherwise people go on standing by the side of the well, thirsty, and their thirst is either intellectual or just a curiosity to know what this enlightenment is. It has to be a tremendously powerful longing in you, a very life and death question - then there is no barrier, then there is no timing.

So even though it goes against Gautam Buddha's statement, I will not say that you have to wait for tomorrow. Do it now, this is the time!

Maneesha is asking:

... OR THAT AT LEAST IT IS CRUCIAL IN REGARD TO WHAT HAPPENS BETWEEN MASTER AND DISCIPLE?

No, nothing is crucial. What is crucial when a stone hits the bamboo? - do you think you are going to become enlightened? People have become enlightened in strange situations, there is no way of saying how. You can repeat the situation, but you will not become enlightened. The situation becomes a repetitive ritual. You have bamboos, you can try - hit a bamboo!

But it is not a question of the bamboo and the sound of a stone hitting it, it is the stillness that happened. And this stillness is surrounding you. You just have to be aware of its value, you have to be aware that you are always here, no cause, no reason, no timing.

Maneesha is asking:

IS THAT THE REAL REASON WHY YOU WEAR A WATCH?

Now, it is a secret thing, but I will tell you if you promise not to tell anybody!

I wear a watch just to see that I don't pour so much in you that you burst, that I don't make you too much aflame so that you get burned. This watch is simply to keep me aware of when to leave you alone. I create the situation and move out of the way.

Before we enter into our daily meditation, into our Zen... I am using laughter as a preface, a foreword to the coming silence. As laughter recedes into silence... the greater the laughter, the more total the laughter, the greater the silence that will follow behind it.

Nobody in the past has ever used laughter as a device. But I find that only in laughter are you once in a while total. In laughter only, once in a while you forget yourself; just the laughter remains and you are not.

The funeral procession is about to drive into the cemetery on top of the hill, when suddenly, the back door of the hearse swings open.

The coffin rolls slowly out and falls with a crash on the road.

The funeral director leaps out of the car and tries to stop the coffin, but it begins to slide down the hill.

Faster and faster it goes, until it reaches the bottom of the hill, where it hits a lamppost. The lid falls off and the corpse goes flying through the air to land face up on the drugstore counter.
"For God's sake," croaks the corpse, "give me something to stop this coffin...!"

Wilbur Wallace II, a yuppie Wall Street broker, falls in love with a young actress.

He thinks he wants to marry her, but he decides that before proposing, he should get a private investigating agency to check out her background and activities.

"After all," thinks Wilbur to himself, "I have a growing fortune and a Wall Street reputation to protect."

Using a false name to conceal his identity, Wilbur employs Mr. E.T. Pickle from "Pickle and Pepper Private Investigators," and a couple of weeks later, receives a confidential report on the girl.

The report states that she has a flawless reputation, and friends and family of the best nature.

"The only shadow," adds the report, "is that currently she is often seen in the company of a third-rate Wall Street broker."

Yety and Bertha, two middle-aged women from New York, are having a vacation at the Horowitz Hotel in Palm Springs.
They are enjoying a late breakfast together one morning, when Yety asks,

"What are you doing tonight?"

"Oh!" says Bertha, "I have got a date with that Herman Hornstein."

”What?” says Yetty, slopping her coffee, ”you are going out with him? He is a sex-maniac! A complete animal! He will get you in his room, throw you on his bed, tear off your dress, and then force you to make love. What are you going to do?”

”Well,” replies Bertha, ”I guess I will wear an old dress.”

Salvatore goes to see his doctor because his wife keeps on having children. Doctor Fig gives him a condom and tells him to follow the instructions and his wife will have no more children.

A month later, Salvatore is back.

”My wife-a is pregnant again!” he explains.

”Did you follow the instructions like I said?” asks Doctor Fig.

”Sure, Doc,” says Salvatore, ”it say-a: ‘Stretch-a over the organ before the intercourse.’ Well, we no gotta organ, so I stretch-a it over my violin!”

Now, be ready for the real work.

At the first drum you have to start with totality, saying anything that is moving in your mind, all kinds of rubbish - throw it out.

This is a moment of cleansing. Don’t hide anything, because nobody is listening. Everybody is engaged in throwing out his own gibberish. In this moment to remain silent is very dangerous, because all kinds of people are throwing things, and if you listen silently, you will get it! So defeat everybody!

Nivedano, give the first drum...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody falls absolutely silent... close your eyes, no movement.

Just be frozen, gather your energy in.

This is the point.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody relax... just be dead.
Let the body breathe, but you simply be conscious and utterly relaxed, watching inwards. A rare moment.

This.

This.

A thousand times This.

The very essence of your being.
Force the needle into this timelessness, deeper and deeper.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Come back to life, to authentic life.
Just be alive, nobody special, but just be.

A few are still dead - Nivedano, hit hard!...

(Drumbeat)

Wake up!
Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 11

No beginning and no end

6 June 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

A MONK CAME FROM JOSHU OSHO'S ASSEMBLY TO UKYU, WHO SAID TO HIM, "WHAT DO YOU FIND IN JOSHU'S TEACHING? IS THERE ANYTHING DIFFERENT FROM WHAT YOU FIND HERE?"

THE MONK SAID, "NOTHING DIFFERENT."

UKYU SAID, "IF THERE IS NOTHING DIFFERENT, WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK THERE?" AND HE HIT HIM WITH HIS STICK.

THE MONK SAID, "IF YOUR STICK HAD EYES TO SEE, YOU WOULD NOT STRIKE ME LIKE THAT."

UKYU SAID, ”TODAY I HAVE COME ACROSS A MONK,” AND HE GAVE HIM THREE MORE BLOWS.

THE MONK WENT OUT. UKYU CALLED AFTER HIM AND SAID, ”ONE MAY RECEIVE UNFAIR BLOWS.”
THE MONK TURNED BACK AND SAID, ”TO MY REGRET, THE STICK IS IN YOUR HAND.”

UKYU SAID, ”IF YOU NEED IT, I WILL LET YOU HAVE IT.”

THE MONK WENT UP TO UKYU, SEIZED HIS STICK, AND GAVE HIM THREE BLOWS WITH IT.

UKYU SAID, ”UNFAIR BLOWS! UNFAIR BLOWS!”

THE MONK SAID, ”ONE MAY RECEIVE THEM.”

UKYU SAID, ”I HIT THIS ONE TOO CASUALLY.”

THE MONK MADE BOWS.

UKYU SAID, ”OSHO! IS THAT HOW YOU TAKE LEAVE?”

THE MONK LAUGHED ALOUD AND WENT OUT.

UKYU SAID, ”THAT’S IT! THAT’S IT!”

Maneesha, this tremendously silent assembly of seekers of truth and love is still being misunderstood by spectators and by journalists who, out of sheer compassion, we allowed in.

Just today, I received from Germany the BUNTE magazine article about us; a beautiful article because I have given good hits to the journalist.

I had prevented in advance any negative article being written. I told them, ”Just see the facts and report them without any prejudice covering your eyes.”

The article is ninety-nine percent factual and I thank the journalist and the editor. But on a few points they could not resist showing their stupidity.

I simply cannot understand how blind people are! They can’t see this silence. They can’t feel the presence of so many hearts beating together. Even the bamboos can understand but BUNTE remains German. I have to say a few things in reply to the article before I take up the beautiful anecdote and discuss it.

BUNTE magazine says that I speak with an Indian accent. How do you want me to speak - with a German accent? English is nobody’s monopoly. The American speaks with an American accent, the Australian speaks with an Australian accent. The German speaks with the worst accent. What is wrong with having an Indian accent?

Secondly, he says that I use gutter language. Obviously, if you have to speak with gutter journalists, you have to speak the language they can understand. Rather than feeling the spiritual climate, not a single journalist forgets to mention that the podium is made of marble; that the Buddha Auditorium is made of marble.

How poor the world is! Nobody criticizes the Taj Mahal because it is made of marble. Nobody criticizes the great palaces and temples and cathedrals; everybody appreciates them. But anything that is connected with me...

They cannot argue against what I am saying; they don't have anything to oppose my understanding of things. So they start being stupidly interested in things which prove only their poverty and nothing else.

Do they come here to know whether the podium is made of marble or not? Are they some kind of experts about marble? This is all that they see. They don't see the silence, the music, the dance and the highrising peaks of consciousness of thousands of people.

And these blind people go on spreading their stupid opinions, polluting the mind of the masses. I would like BUNTE to send the same representative here again. He has missed the point. These stone walls do not matter.
What matters is this precious consciousness.

What matters is this cuckoo calling,

the joy, the peace.

A peace that passes understanding.

Send at least educated, cultured representatives who have experienced something of meditation. Otherwise, please leave us alone. Don't harass us - it is beyond you.

I would like my German sannyasins to write letters to BUNTE on every single point, hitting just as a German should hit. This is an international gathering and nobody can be allowed to spread rumors, fictitious allegations. For that, the whole world is available. If you want to find crime, if you want to find murders, suicides... the whole world is available. But in this small oasis where roses are being grown, you should come with open eyes. It is not part of your world. The moment you enter the gates of this commune you should be alert and aware that you are facing a new phase of humanity. You are entering into the future.

And this is possible only with humbleness, with great intelligence, with great love; not with ordinary journalists who are interested only in sensationalism. These people here are not interested at all in any sensationalism. They are interested, totally and wholly, only to inquire into their own being.

Just watch! - what has disappeared from the world, what has become unbelievable in the world is still breathing here. It is an alive experiment and I will not allow anybody to say anything that is not honest, truthful.

If you cannot understand, keep your mouth shut. I am not interested in your circulation, I am not interested in the whole world. Even if the whole world disappears... we are enough unto ourselves. I am not a politician who is afraid of losing his reputation. Anyway, I don't have any reputation. How I can lose it? I am so notorious that you cannot make me more notorious.

My people are working silently on a totally different plane. If you cannot understand it just say that it is beyond your comprehension. But nobody wants to acknowledge his ignorance. And it is our responsibility: in whichever language, in whichever country anything appears about this commune... if it is not truthful and honest, hammer it from here, or from your own country.

Make these people understand clearly that although all their efforts are to make me silent, they are fighting a losing battle. They can kill me, murder me, poison me... they have already done everything that they could.

But truth is eternal. It will speak, and it will speak through thousands of mouths. There is no way to stop its song and its dance.

I received a letter from England. One sannyasin was refused entry into India. He went to the Indian ambassador in England to ask why his application had been refused. And the answer that he received was that, "Nobody can ask me why. I'm a sovereign authority here."

These pigmy politicians who come and go as the season changes think themselves sovereign. We have a different definition of sovereignty. Only individuals who know themselves are sovereigns. The days of the kings, the queens and the emperors are finished. There are only four kings still alive, and they are in the playing cards. And the fifth is not even a king but only a husband of a queen. And rumors are that Prince Philip, the husband of Queen Elizabeth, himself is a queen. I cannot guarantee... but this is all that is left. Four kings in the playing cards and the fifth king who is a queen.

That world is no longer here. Now the individual arises on the horizon as a sovereign of his own being. Everybody is a sovereign, a king of his own consciousness. Here we are creating not slaves belonging to any religion, but sovereigns, knowers, individuals - free, with their wings unfettered. We are destroying their cages, howsoever precious and antique.

But it is strange that I have never come across a single journalist who will report exactly what is happening here. Perhaps first they should join in the game, experience the taste of my presence, the taste of this commune, and only then write or speak anything. Otherwise, whatever they say as an outsider is going to be false. Only the insider's view can have any validity.

This is one of the most meaningful anecdotes.

A MONK CAME FROM JOSHU OSHO'S ASSEMBLY TO UKYU...

Both are great masters and it was almost a natural phenomenon to move from one master's assembly to another just to see whether the same experience is happening everywhere. Ukyu was very famous, particularly because he was the first Zen master to use the stick.

A MONK CAME FROM JOSHU OSHO'S ASSEMBLY TO UKYU, WHO SAID TO HIM, "WHAT DO YOU FIND IN JOSHU'S TEACHING? IS THERE ANYTHING DIFFERENT FROM WHAT YOU FIND HERE?"

THE MONK SAID, "NOTHING DIFFERENT."

UKYU SAID, "IF THERE IS NOTHING DIFFERENT, WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK THERE?" AND HE HIT HIM WITH HIS STICK.

He is making the point clear that every master has some uniqueness. The ultimate experience may be the same but the paths to it are many. According to the master, different flowers blossom on the path.

”If there is no difference then why have you come?” - and he hit him with his stick to make it clear that at least that much is different: ”Your master has never hit you.”

THE MONK SAID, ”IF YOUR STICK HAD EYES TO SEE, YOU WOULD NOT STRIKE ME LIKE THAT.”

The monk is not a humble man but arrogant. The hit of Ukyu was out of compassion to wake him up. Rather than being thankful, he said, ”IF YOUR STICK HAD EYES TO SEE, YOU WOULD NOT STRIKE ME LIKE THAT.”

UKYU SAID, ”TODAY I HAVE COME ACROSS A MONK,” AND HE GAVE HIM THREE MORE BLOWS.

THE MONK WENT OUT. UKYU CALLED AFTER HIM AND SAID, ”ONE MAY RECEIVE UNFAIR BLOWS.”

You should not go this way: without answering or without asking why you have been hit.

THE MONK WENT OUT. UKYU CALLED AFTER HIM AND SAID, ”ONE MAY RECEIVE UNFAIR BLOWS.”
THE MONK TURNED BACK AND SAID, ”TO MY REGRET, THE STICK IS IN YOUR HAND.”

These were very great people and great days. This kind of dialogue is very special to Zen.

UKYU SAID, ”IF YOU NEED IT, I WILL LET YOU HAVE IT.”

THE MONK WENT UP TO UKYU, SEIZED HIS STICK, AND GAVE HIM THREE BLOWS WITH IT.

UKYU SAID, ”UNFAIR BLOWS! UNFAIR BLOWS!”

THE MONK SAID, ”ONE MAY RECEIVE THEM.”

UKYU SAID, ”I HIT THIS ONE TOO CASUALLY.”

You were not worthy of it.

The moment he said,
”I HIT THIS ONE TOO CASUALLY,”

THE MONK MADE BOWS.

UKYU SAID, ”OSHO!”

Osho is a very honorable word. It is almost used for the masters. For example Joshu Osho. Osho is not his name but his honor, his acceptance as an enlightened man.

UKYU SAID, ”OSHO! IS THAT HOW YOU TAKE LEAVE?”

THE MONK LAUGHED ALOUD AND WENT OUT.

UKYU SAID, ”THAT’S IT! THAT’S IT!”

Setcho makes this comment:

EASY TO CALL THE SNAKES, HARD TO SCATTER THEM.

HOW SPLENDIDLY THEY CROSSED SWORDS! ALTHOUGH THE SEA IS DEEP, IT CAN BE DRAINED; THE KALPA STONE IS HARD, BUT WEARS AWAY.
The Kalpa stone is a mythological way of measuring time, just like light years. A

footnote explains:

THE KALPA STONE IS FORTY MILES SQUARE. EVERY HUNDRED YEARS A NYMPH COMES AND PASSES THE SLEEVE OF HER SILKEN ROBE LIGHTLY OVER IT.

WHEN THE STONE HAS WHOLLY WORN AWAY, ONE KALPA, OR AGE, HAS PASSED. THE KALPA STONE WILL EVENTUALLY CEASE TO EXIST, BUT THE ACHIEVEMENT OF UKYU AND THE MONK WILL LAST FOREVER.

Setcho is saying,
THE KALPA STONE IS HARD, BUT WEARS AWAY.

OLD UKYU! OLD UKYU!

WHO IS THERE LIKE YOU?

TO GIVE THE STICK TO ANOTHER - THAT WAS TRULY THOUGHTLESS!

Thoughtlessness is respected only by Zen. Everywhere thought rules supreme. Only in the world of Zen is thought just a bondage.

Thoughtlessness is freedom.

Maneesha has brought another story:

UKYU WAS ONE OF BASO’S OUTSTANDING DISCIPLES. AFTER HE HAD LEFT BASO AND WAS LIVING IN HIS OWN TEMPLE, TWO MONKS, GEN AND SHO, CAME FROM BASO’S MONASTERY TO HAVE AN INTERVIEW WITH HIM.
UKYU ASKED GEN, ”WHERE ARE YOU FROM?”

”FROM KOZEI,” REPLIED GEN.

(KOZEI WAS IN THE LOCATION OF BASO'S TEMPLE).
BEFORE GEN HAD FINISHED THESE WORDS, UKYU GAVE HIM A BLOW WITH HIS STICK.

GEN SAID, "I HAVE HEARD THAT YOU TREAT VISITORS LIKE THIS."

"YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND ME," SAID UKYU, AND TURNING TO SHO, HE SAID, "COME BEFORE ME."

WHEN SHO CAME FORWARD, HE WAS HIT BEFORE HE HAD SAID ANYTHING.

UKYU WAS ONE OF THE FIRST ZEN MASTERS TO USE THE STICK IN HIS TEACHING.

What was this teaching by a stick, by hitting people? He was making the point by hitting them: Just come out of your sleep, wake up.

You are the buddha.

You are the dharma.

Except your isness, everything is just a dream.

Only your witnessing is authentically real. Otherwise, everything comes and goes like a dream. Only the witness remains.

Question 1
Maneesha's first question:

BELOVED OSHO,

ZEN SEEMS TO BE OF THE UNDERSTANDING THAT THE END ALWAYS JUSTIFIES THE MEANS.

WOULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT?
Maneesha, there is no beginning and there is no end.

There is no means and there is no goal.

Zen is this declaration.

Your question has been discussed by the intelligentsia down the ages. What is important? - the means or the end? Can one achieve the right end by wrong means? Or by achieving the right end, does it matter what kind of means you use to reach it?

I can discuss your question only on the margin. It has nothing to do with the anecdote we are discussing.

Nobody can reach the right end without right means, because the end is nothing but the ultimate flowering of the means. The goal is nothing but the road reaching to its fullness. You cannot divide the road from the goal. Otherwise, there will be an unbridgeable space.

I am in absolute support of those who have, at least intellectually, accepted the idea that only right means can bring the right end. You cannot divide them, although everybody is dividing them. Particularly, the politicians are dividing them. They are using all kinds of wrong means and they are thinking that they will reach the right end.

Theologians are making the same mistake by using rituals, by worship, by scriptures; and they think they will reach to the ultimate essence of their being.

Zen does not bother about ends and means. You are both together: the means and the end, the way and the fulfillment of the way.

Question 2
Maneesha's second question is:

BELOVED OSHO,

HAS A DISCIPLE ONLY PROVED HIMSELF WORTHY AS A DISCIPLE WHEN HE HAS GONE BEYOND DISCIPLESHIP?

Maneesha, in every disciple there is a deep desire somehow to go beyond it. To be a disciple seems to be humiliating. One can surround oneself by a philosophical fog that a disciple is only a disciple when he has gone beyond discipleship.

As far as I am concerned, a disciple is authentically a disciple when he does not want to go anywhere - even beyond disciplehood. When he is so much deeply rooted in himself, then there is no question of transcendence.

In being oneself you have transcended all relationships; not only discipleship but all relationships.

You are simply alone, standing like a mountain high rising into the sky alone in its beauty, in its freedom, in its being.

A disciple has not to transcend. Yes, transcendence comes but it cannot be a goal for the disciple, it is a happening. When you have reached home, there is no need of the way. And there is no need of any vehicle.

When you are, everything else falls away. You stand absolutely naked under the sun in the open sky, alone in your beauty and blissfulness... Transcendence has come to you. It was never the goal. It is the reward. To be a disciple as deeply as possible, existence rewards you by transcendence. Then you are enough. There is nothing more left to be learned.

The word 'disciple' simply means: one who is learning. But there comes a point within you when there is nothing to learn. One simply is. This isness is transcendence; but it comes on

its own, spontaneously, without your seeking it. Your seeking is dangerous. Your seeking will become a hindrance even to be a disciple. Your desire for transcending simply means getting rid of disciplehood.

Get deeper into your own being and consciousness and transcendence will come. It is bound to come, you just have to be at home.

Some laughter before we enter into our own selves...

Francesco goes to the medical room to see doctor Azima.

”Mama mia!” he says to Azima, ”I came-a home last night and found-a my girlfriend in bed with-a my best friend. I was about to kill-a them both when my girlfriend she say, ‘Come on-a, Francesco, we are all-a friends. Let’s have a cuppa coffee together.’

”So we all sit down and have a cuppa coffee,” says Francesco. ”The next day I find her in-a bed with another swami, and my girlfriend she say the same thing. So we all have a cuppa coffee. And doctor, this-a happen every day this week!”

”I see,” says doctor Azima. ”But I am a doctor, not a therapist. So, why you tell-a me all-a this-a ?”

”Well,” says Francesco, ”I am-a worried, will it be-a bad for me, all this-a coffee?”

Olga Omsky, a Russian housewife, is the envy of all her neighbors, because she always has a plentiful supply of fresh vegetables and fruit.

One day, one of her neighbors is visiting her.

”Tell me, comrade Olga,” asks the neighbor, ”how do you manage it?”

”It is quite simple,” explains Olga, ”I have a parrot which I have trained to speak. Whenever I go to the market, the parrot sits on the handle of my shopping cart. I leave the cart in the middle of the market, and when the parrot starts squawking, ‘Long live communism!’ everyone throws at it whatever they can get their hands on!”

Paddy gets a new job, and on the first day, the boss walks up to him and says, ”What is your name?”

”Patrick Murphy!” Paddy replies.

”Look here,” snaps the boss, ”say ‘Sir’, when you speak to me!”

”All right,” says Paddy, ”Sir Patrick Murphy!”

Old man Finkelstein is lonely one evening, so he invites his pal, Rosenfeld, over for a game of cards.

They play for a while, and then Rosenfeld looks at his watch.

”What time is it?” he asks. ”My watch has stopped.”

”Who cares?” says Fink.
”Well, look at your watch,” says Rosenfeld. ”I

ain’t got a watch,” says Fink.

”Then look at the clock in the bedroom,” says Rosenfeld. ”I

ain’t got any clock in the bedroom,” says Finkelstein.

”Well, how about the clock in the kitchen?” asks Rosenfeld. ”I

ain’t got one there either,” says Fink.

”Well, don’t you ever wanna know what time it is?” asks Rosenfeld.

”When I wanna know,” says Fink, ”I just pick up my drum.”

”Drum?” asks Rosenfeld.

”I will show you,” says Fink, and he takes his drum over to the window and starts beating on it.

All around the houses outside, windows go up and people start yelling, ”Are you crazy? Beating a drum at a quarter to twelve?”
And now, Nivedano can beat the drum.

The first drum...

(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent, utterly silent.
Close your eyes, no movement.

Let your whole energy be in.

This...

Force your needle of consciousness on the point...

This.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)
Relax, just be dead.

This.

This.
A thousand times This.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Come back to life - really back, with your fresh consciousness like a flame which has burnt all that is false.
Just be like the bamboos.

Here and now.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 12

Your depth is infinite

7 June 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
A MONK ASKED SEPPO, ”HOW ABOUT WHEN THE OLD VALLEY WATER IS A COLD SPRING?”

SEPPO ANSWERED, ”STARE INTO IT AS YOU MAY, YOU CAN’T SEE THE BOTTOM!”

THE MONK SAID, ”WHAT ABOUT WHEN WE DRINK THE WATER?”

SEPPO SAID, ”IT DOESN’T GO IN THE MOUTH.”

THE MONK WENT TO JOSHU AND SAID WHAT HAD BEEN DISCUSSED.

JOSHU SAID, ”IF IT WON’T GO IN THE MOUTH, IT WON’T GO THROUGH THE NOSTRILS.”

THE MONK THEN ASKED, ”HOW ABOUT WHEN THE OLD VALLEY WATER IS A COLD SPRING?”

JOSHU SAID, ”HOW DISAGREEABLE IT IS!”
THE MONK SAID, ”WHAT ABOUT DRINKING IT?”

JOSHU SAID, ”YOU WILL DIE.”

WHEN SEPPO HEARD OF THIS CONVERSATION, HE SAID, ”JOSHU IS ONE OF THE ANCIENT BUDDHAS,” AND BOWED DOWN IN RESPECT TO JOSHU, FROM A DISTANCE. AFTER THAT HE ANSWERED NO QUESTION HIMSELF.

Zen is just like this silence - it is here, but you cannot hold it in your hands. When the hand is open it is, and when the hand is closed it is not. It all depends on your opening or your closing. Zen is at a tremendously great task, eternally insisting on one thing: just be, and don’t ask any question, because there is nobody to answer it.

‘Nobody to answer it’ means you are the answer! And you are being disrespectful to yourself when you ask a question. Who are you asking?

This small anecdote has to be understood as deeply as possible.
A MONK ASKED SEPPO, ”HOW ABOUT WHEN THE OLD VALLEY WATER IS A COLD SPRING?”

SEPPO ANSWERED, ”STARE INTO IT AS YOU MAY, YOU CAN’T SEE THE BOTTOM!”

To anybody who does not understand the language of Zen it will all look like nonsense. But it is more than any sense can contain. It is certainly beyond so-called sense; it is certainly not common sense, it is very uncommon.

The monk has asked Seppo, the master, ”HOW ABOUT WHEN THE OLD VALLEY WATER IS A COLD SPRING, when the valley water becomes just solid ice?”
Seppo lived near a spring. SEPPO ANSWERED, ”STARE INTO IT...”

Remember the words,

”STARE INTO IT AS YOU MAY, YOU CAN’T SEE THE BOTTOM!”

On the surface, to the intellectuals, it may seem irrelevant to the question - it is not. Seppo is saying, ”Stare deeply; howsoever deeply you stare into a solid spring, you cannot see its bottom.” The same is your own situation: stare into yourself, you can go deeper and deeper, but you cannot find the bottom. Your depth is infinite.

THE MONK SAID, ”WHAT ABOUT WHEN WE DRINK THE WATER?”

He cannot understand what the master is saying. He is still struggling with his question about drinking water when the spring becomes frozen.

SEPPO SAID, ”IT DOES NOT GO IN THE MOUTH.”

Ordinarily it will seem as if he is answering the monk and saying to him that, ”When the spring becomes solid, ice, you cannot drink from it, it does not go in the mouth.” But that is not his meaning. He is saying: truth does not come from outside, it is already within you. It may be spring or it may be summer, it doesn’t matter.

THE MONK WENT TO JOSHU, another master, AND SAID WHAT HAD BEEN DISCUSSED.

JOSHU SAID, ”IF IT WON’T GO IN THE MOUTH, IT WON’T GO THROUGH THE NOSTRILS.”

Why have you come here? You have been answered! You are still seeking outside; your question is like pointing an arrow at something outside and you, the one who is holding the arrow, are the very target. Just try to understand that by changing the master nothing is changed.

”IF IT WON’T GO IN THE MOUTH, IT WON’T GO THROUGH THE NOSTRILS.”

THE MONK THEN ASKED, ”HOW ABOUT WHEN THE OLD VALLEY WATER IS A COLD SPRING?”

This is the mind of man. This monk represents the mind and its obsession; it goes on asking again and again without seeing the point. The point is obvious.

JOSHU SAID, ”HOW DISAGREEABLE IT IS! ”
Your superficialness, your question, ”HOW DISAGREEABLE IT IS!”

THE MONK SAID, ”WHAT ABOUT DRINKING IT?”

The same obsession. The question has not changed even a single inch.

JOSHU SAID, ”YOU WILL DIE.”

If you go on asking in the hope of finding an answer from the outside, there is nothing else for you, ”YOU WILL DIE.”
Only death comes from outside,

life is within.

Life is,
death comes and goes.

Death is only an episode

in an eternal journey of consciousness.

WHEN SEPPO HEARD OF THIS CONVERSATION, HE SAID, ”JOSHU IS ONE OF THE ANCIENT BUDDHAS,” AND BOWED DOWN IN RESPECT TO JOSHU, FROM A DISTANCE.

AFTER THAT HE ANSWERED NO QUESTION HIMSELF.

After this anecdote Seppo never spoke again. Seeing the futility of people’s minds, their consistent misunderstanding, not only Seppo but many mystics have remained silent. Their silence is

immensely symbolic of our stupid, obsessive, continuously questioning mind. Their silence is the answer although you have not asked it. In their silence perhaps you may also become silent.

I have been talking about synchronicity and it just happened in my bathroom. I had a weighing-machine, which was as unreliable as any of you. Sometimes it showed one answer, sometimes another - you just step on it again and it has changed. I ordered another of the same kind of machine to check it.

On the first day they both gave different answers; but during the night, in the darkness of my bathroom, something must have happened. In the morning they started giving the same answers. And now for almost eight days they are giving the same answer, without wavering. Both have agreed to be together, have fallen in love.

Being silent with a master, neither questioning nor thinking, a synchronicity happens. The same kind of consciousness that the master has starts filtering into you, filling your inner being. Soon there is no disciple and no master, but purely a dance of joy, of deep understanding and bliss.

Seppo did not answer questions again. He is perfectly right, but still I would have asked him not to stop. One never knows, somebody may come by the way, may fall in love with you, may get the flavor of your being. With this hope all the masters have been speaking, just a hope in the darkness of some guest coming.

Seppo should not have stopped, but now nothing can be done about it. I can only say to you that if you at any moment come to your inner flame, don't stop like Seppo; share it, unconditionally, even to those who will not understand. Perhaps today they may not understand, tomorrow they will; perhaps not in this life, but in some other life the understanding is going to blossom. Trust existence.

Seppo was at a fault: just because one single human being has not understood you, it does not mean that you have to stop. It simply means you have to refine your answer. The answer is not just a verbal and intellectual thing - the answer is to go on creating situations in which awakening is possible.

Seppo cannot be forgiven for being silent. He should have continued, whether anybody understood or not. I have been speaking for thirty-five years continuously, searching for those who will understand. It has been a long search, but I have found all of you - and many more around the earth - who have started to understand a little bit.

But just a little bit is more than enough. Just a cup of tea, a little taste and then you can go on your own. You know the way, you have felt it.

Question 1
Maneesha has asked,

BELOVED OSHO,

IN THE PAST I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY THAT FOR A DISCIPLE TO MOVE FROM MASTER TO MASTER IS LIKE CONTINUOUSLY DRILLING HOLES THAT NEVER GO DEEP ENOUGH TO

REACH THE WATER. YET, THAT SEEMS TO BE JUST WHAT ZEN MONKS DID - MOVING FROM ONE MASTER TO ANOTHER, OFTEN WITH THE SAME QUESTION.

TRUST AND INTIMACY WITH THE MASTER WERE APPARENTLY LESS SIGNIFICANT THAN FINDING THE MASTER WHO COULD CREATE THE RIGHT SITUATION.

WOULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT?

Maneesha, they were not going from one master to another master. They were moving from one teacher to another teacher in search of the master. They were moving from one monastery to another monastery to find a place from where they wouldn't have to go anywhere else. It was a search for the master amongst thousands of teachers. One has to move to feel with whom your heart starts dancing.

Today the situation is different. There are not thousands of teachers proclaiming that they are enlightened, you don't have much choice. Still, the fact remains that you can't stop unless you have found the one who goes straight into your being - just like an arrow without missing the target.

It is said of Baso that he never took leave of his master. Although the master said, "You can move, you can go into other monasteries, there are other masters, other ways of teaching, other ways of reaching. Why don't you move?"

Baso's answer is worth remembering. He said, "Others are moving because they have not found. I cannot move because I am already there where I wanted to be. I have found you! And in finding you I have found my heart's longing. Now there is nowhere to go."

Once a disciple finds the master, the master is his whole world, his love affair.

But before that, Maneesha, it is perfectly right: one should move, one should not remain with someone with whom he cannot feel the intimacy, with whom he cannot have the same wavelength of life. He may be right or wrong, that does not matter. What matters is whether you feel yourself enriched by the presence of your master, whether you feel aflame. Then there is no need to go anywhere.

Question 2

Her second question is:

AS A SPECIES WE REGARD OURSELVES AS THE MOST CONSCIOUS AND EVOLVED FORM OF LIFE, AND THUS ABLE TO HELP ALL OTHER FORMS OF LIFE. BUT ZEN SEEMS TO INDICATE ANOTHER EQUALLY IMPORTANT TRUTH - THAT ALL LIFE FORMS, AND THE MOST MUNDANE OF ACTIVITIES INVOLVED IN LIFE, ARE ALL POTENTIAL TRIGGERS TO HELP US REALIZE THE ULTIMATE CONSCIOUSNESS.

THROUGH THESE EVENINGS WITH YOU, THIS HAS BECOME TOO OBVIOUS TO COMMENT ON; AND YET TOO MARVELLOUS, NOT TO.

Maneesha, even the bamboos are no longer commenting. When you are feeling it so solidly, there is no need for any comment. You are the very few human beings on the earth today who are, at this moment, so much blessed, so much in tune with existence. This silence is just a simple proof. Why have the bamboos stopped making their commentaries? Not without reason.

Before you also enter into the same silence as the bamboos... a few laughs.

Paddy is in court, requesting damages for injuries to his arm, which happened in an accident at work.

”Would you show me how far you can raise your arm now?” asks the defense advocate.

With a great deal of effort Paddy raises his arm six inches.

”And could you raise it higher before the accident?” asks the advocate.

”Of course,” says Paddy, ”I could raise it this high...!”

This is our unconsciousness.

A young policeman is escorting a drunk driver down to the prison cells at the police station.

”You are going to be locked up for the night,” he explains.

”What is the charge?” demands the prisoner.

”There is no charge,” says the cop. ”It is all part of the service.”

Bertie Ballsoff, the company chief, telephones his home one afternoon. The Mexican housemaid answers.

”Put my wife on the phone,” booms Ballsoff.

”Senor,” replies the servant, ”I am sorry to tell you thees, but your wife is in the bedroom, making love to the neighbor.”

”Now listen carefully,” snaps Ballsoff. ”Go into my room, open the desk drawer and take out my loaded revolver. Then go and shoot them both!”

”But Senor!” wails the housemaid, ”I can’t do that.”

”You had better,” replies Ballsoff, ”or I will come home, shoot them and you too!”

The housemaid puts down the phone and returns a few minutes later.

”Okay Senor, I have done it,” she announces, ”I keel them both and throw them in the pool.”

”Pool?” says Ballsoff, ”what pool? Hello! Is this the Ballsoff house?”

Walter Wibbles, a skinny little man, is in the back of the church one day, praying to God. ”Please God,” he moans, ”I can’t keep up the payments on my house; my wife wants a new dress, and my car is broken down. You have got to help me!”

Just then, the church door bursts open and a big black guy comes in, walks straight to the front of the church, looks up to heaven, and shouts,

”Hey, God, I really dig you, man! I want a new car, a new house and a new girl-friend. And I want it NOW!”

He then turns around and walks out.

Walter can’t believe it and goes on muttering quietly.

Next week, Walter is in the same place, in the back of the church again.

”Please God,” he whimpers, ”my wife wants to leave me, I have just lost my job and...” But he is interrupted by the screech of brakes outside. Then the church door bursts open and the black guy walks in with a beautiful girl on his arm.

They walk up to the front and the black guy shouts, ”Hey, God, I really dig you, man, The car is great, the house is terrific and the chick is farrr-out!”

This is too much for Walter. When the black guy has gone, he walks up to the front, raises his arms and says, ”God, what is going on? You give him everything he wants, but you give me nothing! Why?”

Suddenly a booming voice comes down from heaven, saying, ”I just don’t dig you, man!”

And now...

Nivedano...

Go deep!

This moment...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano...

(NIVEDANO IS ABSENT TONIGHT... IT TAKES A FEW SECONDS FOR HIS SUBSTITUTE TO RESPOND.)

(Drumbeat)

Although Nivedano is not here, still he has to beat the drum.

Nobody is there.

Just be absolutely silent, gather your whole energy inwards, just like you are coming home.

This, remember This... is the ultimate reality of your being.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Fall dead, absolutely dead.
Don't be bothered about the breathing body.

Be in your grave.

This...

This...

Don't miss it.
I am offering you all the greatest peak of consciousness.

Don't miss it.

Just be and you have got it.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)
Come back to life, with totality, aliveness.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 13

Five doors into your house

8 June 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

A MONK HAD COME TO SEE KISU AND AFTER A VERY BRIEF STAY WAS MAKING HIS DEPARTURE.

KISU SAID, ”WHERE ARE YOU GOING?”

THE MONK REPLIED, ”I’M GOING ALL OVER THE PLACE LEARNING THE FIVE FLAVORS OF ZEN.”

KISU SAID, ”YES, THERE ARE THE FIVE FLAVORS OF ZEN IN VARIOUS PLACES, BUT HERE I HAVE ONLY ONE.”

THE MONK ASKED, ”AND WHAT MAY BE YOUR ONE-FLAVORED ZEN?”

KISU STRUCK HIM.

THE MONK SAID, ”I UNDERSTAND! I UNDERSTAND!”

KISU SAID, ”TELL ME WHAT! TELL ME WHAT!” AND AS THE MONK BEGAN TO SPEAK, KISU STRUCK HIM AGAIN.

AT ANOTHER TIME, A MONK ASKED KISU, ”WHAT IS THE BUDDHA?”

”IF I TELL YOU,” SAID KISU, ”WILL YOU BELIEVE ME?”

THE MONK REPLIED, ”THE MASTER’S WORDS ARE SO MOMENTOUS, HOW COULD I NOT BELIEVE THEM?”

KISU SAID, ”SIMPLY, YOU ARE IT.”

THE MONK ASKED, ”HOW CAN WE MAINTAIN THIS STATE?”
KISU SAID, ”IF YOUR EYE IS JUST A LITTLE CLOUDED, FLOWERY ILLUSIONS ARE RAMPANT.”

THE MONK WAS ENLIGHTENED AT THIS.

Maneesha, Zen is not what it says, but what it shows. It is a finger pointing to the moon in absolute silence. All words have to be understood as fingers pointing to the moon. It is not a philosophy, it is an indication.

You have to understand these anecdotes with this background in mind.

A MONK HAD COME TO SEE KISU AND AFTER A VERY BRIEF STAY WAS MAKING HIS DEPARTURE.

KISU SAID, ”WHERE ARE YOU GOING?”

These questions in Zen don’t have the same meaning as they have in common language. When a Zen master asks, ”Where are you going?” he means, ”There is no way to go anywhere, you are everywhere. Where can you go? Your consciousness is as wide as the whole universe - WHERE ARE YOU GOING?”

In a simple question, there is the tremendous implication that, you are not the body you think, you are not the mind you think, you are not the desire you think.

You are the witness which fills the whole universe.

You cannot go anywhere. Wherever you go, you are swimming into yourself. This whole ocean of existence is yours. It has no boundaries, no limits.

When Kisu asked, ”Where are you going?” the monk replied,

”I’M GOING ALL OVER THE PLACE LEARNING THE FIVE FLAVORS OF ZEN.”

He could not understand the question. He understood the language but he could not see the indication.

”I’M GOING ALL OVER THE PLACE,” simply indicates he believes in his ”I” and he also believes that he can go somewhere. He has heard about the five flavors of Zen, but he is also not exactly clear about them. Five flavors of Zen simply means your five senses fully awake. Even one sense

fully awake will do. If you can see without any clouds of thoughts passing through the sky of your eyes... it is enough.

But nature is always a giver in abundance. With a single sense you would have been able to experience your being. Instead of one, existence has given you five senses - and still you have not found yourself. Five doors... and you have not entered into your own house. One would have been enough.

The five flavors of Zen mean five sensitivities. One can reach to Zen, to oneself, by smelling a roseflower. If he can become one with the rose, its fragrance, if he can forget himself for a moment and just the rose remains - just for a moment the observer and the observed are one... Then you have found what philosophers have been discussing - the truth, the beauty; what poets have been singing, what musicians have been trying to produce on their instruments.

But nobody succeeds. Even the greatest poet knows: the greater the poet, the more the experience that he has failed.

One of the greatest poets of India, Rabindranath, was on his deathbed. One of his old friends was consoling him: ”Don’t be worried. Death comes to everybody and you have lived enough and lived richly. What more can one expect?”

Rabindranath opened his eyes and he said, ”You are right and yet... I want it to be noted for future generations that I have not sung the song that I wanted to.”

He had left six thousand songs. The man was puzzled because the greatest Western poet, Shelley, had only two thousand songs under his name. Rabindranath had six thousand songs which could be put to music; which are not only poetries, but can also be sung. Yet - his last statement is, ”These were all my failures. Six thousand times I have failed; I have been trying to say something and it eludes me.”

The greater the musician, the greater is the experience that the music that his being wanted to create, that his instrument wanted to play...

(A FURIOUS MONSOON RAINSTORM ERUPTS AND THE POWER BRIEFLY GOES OUT, PLUNGING THE WHOLE ASSEMBLY INTO AN ABRUPT AND SILENT DARKNESS. WHEN THE POWER RETURNS, OSHO WAITS A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE BEGINNING AGAIN.)

Do you hear the rain?

If you can hear it intensely, totally, this moment can become your enlightenment.

It is not a question to be discussed, it is an inquiry into your own inner space. It is stopping the mind from its wavering thoughts and coming to a stillness within you where nothing moves.

Kisu had asked, ”WHERE ARE YOU GOING?”

I ask you, ”Where are you going?” It is raining too hard outside. Even the bamboos are dancing with the rain. If you can remain here without thinking, without mind... this is the place, the space. You don’t have to go anywhere else to find it.

KISU SAID, ”YES, THERE ARE THE FIVE FLAVORS OF ZEN IN VARIOUS PLACES, BUT HERE I HAVE ONLY ONE.”

THE MONK ASKED, ”AND WHAT MAY BE YOUR

ONE-FLAVORED ZEN?”

KISU STRUCK HIM.

This striking is symbolic. It says, ”It is you,” as loudly as possible. You are the only flavor, just be without wavering. And if in this beautiful climate you cannot find it, where are you going to find it? In this place where so many buddhas are present, knowing or unknowing, just gather yourself and look within yourself.

Kisu’s striking the poor monk was just to wake up the sleeping one. It is sleeping in everyone.

THE MONK SAID, ”I UNDERSTAND! I UNDERSTAND!”

KISU SAID, ”TELL ME WHAT! TELL ME WHAT!” AND AS THE MONK BEGAN TO SPEAK,

KISU STRUCK HIM AGAIN.

Zen cannot be said. The moment you start saying it, you have missed it.

You can have it, you can be it, you can dance it, but you cannot bring it to words. It

is a wordless experience of your being.

AT ANOTHER TIME, A MONK ASKED KISU,

”WHAT IS THE BUDDHA?”

”IF I TELL YOU,” SAID KISU, ”WILL YOU BELIEVE ME?”

THE MONK REPLIED, ”THE MASTER’S WORDS ARE SO MOMENTOUS, HOW COULD I NOT BELIEVE THEM?”

KISU SAID, ”SIMPLY, YOU ARE IT.”

This is the most easy and the most difficult thing in the world: to trust that you are a buddha. But whether you trust or not... you are a buddha, you cannot be otherwise. You are pure consciousness, you are pure existence.

THE MONK ASKED, ”HOW CAN WE MAINTAIN THIS STATE?”

KISU SAID, ”IF YOUR EYE IS JUST A LITTLE CLOUDED, FLOWERY ILLUSIONS ARE RAMPANT.”

THE MONK WAS ENLIGHTENED AT THIS.

But are you enlightened at this? It is so simple; you don't need any education, you don't need any teaching, you don't need any culture. You are already there. From the very beginning of time, you are eternity in the moment.

If you don't become enlightened, it is simply postponement. There is no hurry - you can become enlightened tomorrow or in another life. But remember, unless you become enlightened you cannot get out of your misery, your tensions, your anguish, your meaninglessness. You cannot attain the splendor that is your inheritance.

It is better to do it quickly - this moment, without waiting; because you have been waiting for centuries. And the more you wait, the more you learn how to wait, your waiting becomes more and more thick.

There is no need to wait. Not even for a single moment. In this beautiful existence

And today, this moment, it is especially more beautiful. All around is the dance of the rain, the commentaries of the bamboos and a silent gathering of thousands of buddhas... Don't miss it.

Question 1
Maneesha has asked,

BELOVED OSHO,

I WONDER, HAVE I UNDERSTOOD YOUR WORDS? HAVE I UNDERSTOOD YOUR SILENCE? I ONLY KNOW THAT YOUR WORDS SOUND LESS LIKE WORDS, THESE DAYS; AND THAT YOUR SILENCE FEELS LIKE OUR SILENCE - AND THAT SILENCE FEELS LIKE THE MOST FAMILIAR, THE MOST NATURAL OF SPACES.

Maneesha, I don't have a staff in my hand, otherwise I would have given you three beats. Instead: Nivedano, give three beats!

(Drumbeat)
(Drumbeat)

(Drumbeat)

Those three beats are 'yes', three times.

Before the rain stops I would like to share with these clouds, this rain, not only your silence but also your laughter. A silence without laughter is dead, and a laughter without silence is superficial. When silence and laughter are together... it is something phenomenal, something of tremendous importance. Just as you are silent, share also your laughter with the rain.

Brother Brian, Brother Boris, and Brother Billy, three young novice monks, are about to go through their final trial before becoming full-fledged friars.

An old abbot leads them into a luxurious room and tells them to take off their gowns and tie a small bell to their organs.
Suddenly, a gorgeous blonde enters the room wearing a scanty bikini, and one of the bells goes,

”Ding-a-ding! Ding-a ding!”

”Go stand in the showers, Brother Brian,” says the abbot.

The girl starts to slip out of her bikini...

”Ding-a-ding! Ding-a-ding!”

”Too bad, Brother Boris,” says the abbot, ”go to the showers, too!”

Finally, the girl is naked and starts writhing and dancing in front of Brother Billy. The bell remains silent.

”Praise the Lord!” shouts the abbot. ”Congratulations, Brother Billy. You have passed. Now go and join those weaker souls in the showers!”

”Ding-a-ding! Ding-a ding!”

One of the zebras in a traveling circus gets sick, and the vet suggests that he should be rested at a nearby farm until he gets well.
The zebra makes a tour of the farmyard and greets all the animals. ”I

am a zebra,” he says, ”who are you?”

”I am a chicken,” replies the chicken.

”And what do you do?” asks the zebra.
”I cluck a lot and lay eggs,” explains the chicken.

The zebra walks on and meets a cow.

”I am a zebra,” he announces, ”who are you?” ”I

am a cow,” replies the cow.

”And what do you do?” asks the zebra. ”I

moo and make milk,” replies the cow.

Next, the zebra meets a bull.

”I am a zebra,” he says, ”who are you?”

”I am a bull,” comes the reply.

”And what do you do?” asks the zebra.

”What do I do?” snorts the bull, ”just take off those fancy pajamas and I will show you!”

Pope the Polack and Ronald Reagan die and go to heaven. They ask for an interview with God, and find him sitting in a comfortable armchair.

”What have you done that you deserve to be in heaven?” God asks the pope.

”Well,” replies Pope the Polack, ”I kissed the ground at most of the major airports of the world;
I fought the evil communists, and opposed birth control so strongly that Catholics went forth and multiplied.”
”Very good!” says God. ”Sit on my left side.”

Then God turns to Ronald Reagan.

”And what have you done,” he asks, ”to deserve to be in heaven?”

”Well,” replies Reagan, ”I was the most fundamentalist Christian president of all time. I drove Osho’s commune out of America, and caused the third world war, thus bringing about your ‘second coming’ to earth.”

”Good work,” says God, and then notices Osho standing there.
”Oh!” says God, quite embarassed, ”and what have you done that you deserve to be in heaven?”

”Cut the small talk,” says Osho, ”and get out of my chair!”

Now, go into gibberish.

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

(Drumbeat)

Be silent, utterly silent, close your eyes and be in.

This.

This very moment is the answer to all the questions ever asked.

You are the answer.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

You all fall back.

Let the body breathe, but you go deeper and deeper within yourself, leaving the body almost like a shell surrounding you.

This.
This very moment is your buddha-nature.

This is your eternity.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)
Come back to life, totally, intensely.

Nobody should remain in his grave.

If anybody is left in his grave give a special beat for him, Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

This is what Zen is all about: just a simple awareness.
A flame, unwavering, a sword that cuts deep to the very core of your being.

Remember, Zen is not a word but only a shadow of an experience.

You are the reality.

Everything else is just non-essential commentary.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 14

9 June 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

UNGO DOYO WAS THE CHIEF DISCIPLE OF TOZAN. WHEN HE FIRST MET TOZAN, HE WAS ASKED, ”WHAT IS YOUR NAME?”

HE ANSWERED, ”DOYO.”

TOZAN SAID, ”TELL ME TRANSCENDENTALLY!”

UNGO REPLIED, ”SPEAKING TRANSCENDENTALLY, MY NAME IS DOYO.”

TOZAN SAID, ”WHEN I SAW MY MASTER, MY ANSWER WAS NO DIFFERENT.”

UNGO REMAINED WITH TOZAN MANY YEARS. TOZAN NEVER HAD LESS THAN ONE

THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED DISCIPLES, OF WHOM TWENTY-EIGHT WERE ENLIGHTENED.

AFTER UNGO HAD REALIZED HIS OWN ENLIGHTENMENT AND BECAME A MASTER, A MONK ASKED HIM A QUESTION.
UNGO SAID, ”YOU ARE A FOOL!”

THE MONK SAID, ”SO ARE YOU!”

”WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ‘FOOL’?” ASKED UNGO.

THE MONK DANCED.

OFF HE WENT, AND UNGO PRAISED HIM, IN HIS ABSENCE, SAYING, ”AFTER ALL, EVERYBODY IS OUT TO GET SOMETHING, THOUGH OF COURSE ZEN-GETTING IS A NO-GETTING.”

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, AN OFFICIAL SAID TO UNGO: ”THE WORLD-HONORED ONE HAD A SECRET MESSAGE; MAHAKASHYAPA DID NOT KEEP IT A SECRET. WHAT IS THIS SECRET WORD OF BUDDHA?”
UNGO CALLED TO HIM, ”YOUR HONOR!”

HE ANSWERED, ”YES?”

UNGO SAID, ”YOU UNDERSTAND?”

”NO,” HE REPLIED.

UNGO SAID, ”IF YOU DON’T UNDERSTAND, THAT IS BUDDHA’S SECRET WORD; IF YOU DO, THAT IS MAHAKASHYAPA’S NOT KEEPING IT A SECRET.”

Maneesha, it will be very difficult to understand this small anecdote without going back twenty-five centuries to Gautam Buddha and Mahakashyapa.

It must have been an assembly like this - utterly silent and waiting for Gautam Buddha to come. He was going to give his morning sermon, as usual - but he was late today. Waiting became intense; there was also some fear: ”Has some accident happened? Why is he not on time? In his forty-two years of teaching he has never missed even one occasion. Why is he late?”

But it was no ordinary gathering of spectators. These were people who were seeking and inquiring about their own being. And perhaps they thought, ”This is one of the devices of Gautam Buddha... to learn how to wait silently, without asking.” And very unexpectedly, Gautam Buddha appeared with a roseflower in his hand. It was such an extraordinary event because Buddha had never come the way he came today. He had always come with empty hands. Holding a beautiful roseflower, everybody must have thought - if you were present you would have thought - ”Perhaps he is going to say something about the rose.”

But he was not a poet. He was not a painter. What could he say about the rose? And he did not say anything either. He simply sat in his place and went on looking at the roseflower, making everybody almost crazy. What has happened to him? This is the time to speak to the commune and he is looking at the roseflower without even uttering a single word. There is a point of waiting... people became very much impatient. One could feel the impatience all around.

At this moment, Mahakashyapa, who had never spoken a word before nor after, laughed loudly. He had been a disciple of Gautam Buddha for twenty years. He had never asked a question. He used to sit under a special tree; it had almost become his monopoly. Nobody ever sat under that tree. Everybody knew Mahakashyapa would be coming; his place has to be left.

But his place was very strange. He was a prince before he renounced his kingdom - just like Gautam Buddha - well educated and cultured in all the ways of religion and philosophy. But it is strange that for twenty years he had been just sitting there, not asking even a single question.

And suddenly today, when everybody is impatiently waiting for Buddha to speak... this strange fellow Mahakashyapa starts laughing. He had not laughed for twenty years.

This incident is the beginning of a very special branch of mystics called Zen.

Mahakashyapa was called by Gautam Buddha to come close to him - he offered him the roseflower, and the sermon was over. Without a single word being uttered, something was transferred; something as beautiful as a roseflower can represent, invisible, perhaps like the fragrance of a rose. Mahakashyapa bowed down, touched Buddha's feet, took the rose on his head and went back to his tree. And the whole audience of ten thousand monks simply watched this drama.

Buddha left his seat. Ananda, who used to declare Buddha's coming, or the subject on which he was going to speak, announced that the sermon was over.

Since that day, for twenty-five centuries those who have been interested in Gautam Buddha and his teachings have been asking again and again, "What has been transferred? What was it that Buddha gave to Mahakashyapa? And why did Mahakashyapa laugh?"

Mahakashyapa is accepted as the first Zen master. Gautam Buddha had opened a new dimension of search where words are not needed, but silence. Where you can say only without saying, where to say anything is to miss. Yes, you can laugh, you can dance; because while you are laughing with totality, mind stops, time stops and your whole being melts into one unity, into one organism. Otherwise you are a crowd: one hand is going to the south, the other hand is going to the north and your head is scattered into thousands of pieces.

But with a good belly laugh everything comes back and suddenly you are united. Laughter is the beginning of Zen; and Mahakashyapa laughed at the impatience of people, because Gautam Buddha had never given so much as he was giving today in his silence. He was simply saying, "Watch, be a witness, don't say a word. Just be, and this very moment you are enlightened."

After this background, it will be easy for you to understand the anecdote that Maneesha has placed here.

UNGO DOYO WAS THE CHIEF DISCIPLE OF TOZAN. WHEN HE FIRST MET TOZAN, HE WAS ASKED,

"WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"

Remember that in Zen, language is used in a totally different way than it is used commonly. "What is your name?" does not mean that your name is being asked. "What is your name?" means, "Who are you? Are you here?" It is a question not about an arbitrary name, it is a question about the eternal consciousness within you... "Have you found it?"

HE ANSWERED, "DOYO."
TOZAN SAID, "TELL ME TRANSCENDENTALLY!"

Don't use any words!

You have to understand what is meant by ‘transcendentally’.

Can you see that my finger, without saying anything, is pointing? Can you look into my eyes and see the silence of them?

I am also holding the whole existence in my hand; not just one roseflower, but all the roseflowers that have ever blossomed or will ever blossom. Do you see them? Can you see in a single rose all the roses of the past and all the roses of the future?

To see transcendentally means to see not with your mind but with your being. In other words: when language stops, when mind stops and you are just a silence, a pure space... then you can do any act spontaneously, and that will be speaking transcendentally.

UNGO REPLIED, ”SPEAKING TRANSCENDENTALLY, MY NAME IS DOYO.”
TOZAN SAID, ”WHEN I SAW MY MASTER, MY ANSWER WAS NO DIFFERENT.”

UNGO REMAINED WITH TOZAN MANY YEARS.

TOZAN NEVER HAD LESS THAN ONE THOUSAND,

FIVE HUNDRED DISCIPLES, OF WHOM TWENTY-EIGHT WERE ENLIGHTENED.

In this part of the anecdote he is saying, ”You are not different from me. Just as you are unenlightened today, I was also unenlightened when I reached my master. My answer was not different than yours. It was as ignorant as yours, it was as unconscious as yours. You are still using words.”

AFTER UNGO HAD REALIZED HIS OWN ENLIGHTENMENT AND BECAME A MASTER, A MONK ASKED HIM A QUESTION.
UNGO SAID, ”YOU ARE A FOOL!”

THE MONK SAID, ”SO ARE YOU!”

”WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ‘FOOL’?” ASKED UNGO.

THE MONK DANCED.

Existence has to be experienced without intellectual verbalization. A dance will do because in a dance, you are total. The real dancer forgets himself, only the dance remains and the dancer disappears. This is transcendence.

It may happen in many ways. A singer can sing to such intensity and totality that he is no more there, only the song... And the transcendence has happened.

A poet, a painter, a musician, a carpenter - it does not matter what you are doing. But if you are doing it without your mind interfering...

I have told you about one of the greatest dancers of this century, Nijinsky. He was a problem, particularly to physics and other branches of science. When he used to dance, there were moments he would jump so high that it is not possible according to physical calculations; gravity will not allow that much. Not only did he go beyond gravitation when he jumped, but when he came back, he did not follow the way things fall back towards the earth. He came down like a feather, very slowly, with no hurry.

It seemed as if he was coming back on his own, was not being pulled magnetically by gravitation. He was asked again and again, ”How do you do it?”

He said, ”Don’t ask me how I do it, because I am puzzled myself. Whenever I have tried it, I have not been able to do it. When I forget myself - when there is no Nijinsky and the dance takes over, the dancer melts into the dance - perhaps gravitation loses its magnetism. But I can only say this much: that whenever it has happened, I was not. And whenever I have tried, it has never happened.”

This is what is meant by transcendental. Your absence is transcendental. Your egolessness is transcendental.

Doyo’s answer was factual: It was his name. But names are just labels, you can change them. You are not born with a name, neither are you going to die with a name. Nameless you come, like a breeze, and nameless you disappear into the unknown. All names are arbitrary - they are good for post offices, they are good for the marketplace. They are a necessity, but the necessity is utilitarian, it is not transcendental.

If you want, you can drop your name and you can say, ”I don’t have any name.” There is no problem in dropping the name. It is just a fiction, made of the same stuff as dreams are made of.

Tozan said, ”Please tell it transcendentally!”
But to say anything transcendentally one first needs to understand transcendence as an experience.

Ungo said, ”Speaking transcendentally, still my name is Doyo.”

Tozan said, ”When I saw my master, my answer was no different. I was as ignorant as you are, as unconscious as you are, as fast asleep as you are.”

AFTER UNGO HAD REALIZED HIS OWN ENLIGHTENMENT AND BECAME A MASTER, A MONK ASKED HIM A QUESTION.

UNGO SAID, ”YOU ARE A FOOL!”

The monk must have been a man of great understanding because he replied, ”You are also a fool!”

Innocence is not knowledgeability. The fool is closer to the experience of innocence than the man of knowledge. The man of knowledge is full of rubbish, borrowed. The fool at least is free from any borrowed knowledge; he is himself.

This is the uniqueness of Zen, that it would like you rather to be a fool than to be a great scholar, knowledgeable, a rabbi, a pundit. Because these people are ruling the whole humanity and its past, they have destroyed all innocence in man.

Zen would love even a fool, if he is innocent, if he can say, ”I do not know” - that’s what is happening in this dialogue.

UNGO SAID, ”YOU ARE A FOOL!”

Ordinarily, anybody would have been offended to be called a fool. But Zen speaks a totally different language. Its vibe is different, its world is different. Rather than being offended, he simply said, ”SO ARE YOU!” Neither I know nor you know.

Not knowing, just being, is the conclusion of Zen. Knowing is for the mind, not knowing is of the heart. And as your not knowing goes deeper, it reaches to your very being.

Socrates, in the last moments of his life, told his disciples that, ”When I was young I thought I knew so much. As I became a little more mature, I became aware that my knowledge is so little and the area of ignorance is immense. But now, before dying, I can say to you that I do not know anything at all. I am dying just like a child, unscratched.”

That is the meaning of Kabir’s statement:

JYUN KI TYUN DHARI DINHIN CHADARIYA.

”The way you have given me life, I am returning it back to you, unscratched, unspoiled.” The same innocence that belongs to the first day, should remain throbbing within you your whole life.

Then you will know the poetry of existence, then you will know the aesthetics, the beauty that surrounds you.

Then you will know that which cannot be known, which cannot be said, but still can be felt, still can be lived.

Ungo asked, ”WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ‘FOOL’?”

THE MONK DANCED.

A very authentic answer: Stop bothering with the words, now come to reality. His dance is the answer of his innocence. It is unfortunate that even poets become egoists. It is unfortunate that musicians, painters, sculptors become egoists. These are the people who should be the mystics. But rather then entering into the innocence of their poetry, their music, their dance, they also enter into the race of politics, being somebody special.

Zen is for those who are ready to be nobodies, who are ready to be just a silence. But that silence opens the door to all the splendors that are hidden within you. Out of that silence your dance will have a totally different quality, your poetry will have a totally different nuance, your music will not be your music. You will become just like a hollow bamboo and the universe will sing through you.

Unless you are just like a hollow bamboo and the universe can sing through you, you are just mediocre. You are just a composer of words, you are not in the hands of existence, you are afraid. You are defending yourself, you are on an ego-trip... Everybody is.

Somebody is riding on ladders to reach to power, somebody is accumulating money, somebody else is choosing a different dimension. But the goal is the same: that ”I should be recognized.”

You need not be recognized. You have to realize yourself - not be recognized. If recognition comes on its own, that is another matter; that is just like a shadow. It is not your goal, it follows you. You don’t run after it.

THE MONK DANCED.

AND OFF HE WENT, AND UNGO PRAISED HIM, IN HIS ABSENCE, SAYING, ”AFTER ALL, EVERYBODY IS OUT TO GET SOMETHING, THOUGH OF COURSE ZEN-GETTING IS A NO-GETTING.”

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, AN OFFICIAL SAID TO UNGO: ”THE WORLD-HONORED ONE HAD A SECRET MESSAGE: MAHAKASHYAPA DID NOT KEEP IT A SECRET.

WHAT IS THIS SECRET WORD OF BUDDHA?”

I have told you the story of Mahakashyapa.

Another incident in the life of Buddha will explain this to you.

He is passing through the forest, Ananda is with him... It is time for the leaves to fall. The whole forest is full of leaves, fluttering, dancing in the wind under the sun. The trees are standing naked.

Ananda asked Buddha, ”I had not the time to ask because somebody else was always there, and I did not want to interrupt. At this moment we are alone, I want to ask one thing. Have you said everything to us that you know? Are you keeping some secrets?”

Buddha bent down, took a few dead leaves in his hand and said to Ananda, ”What I have said is equivalent to these few leaves, and what I have not said is equivalent to all the dry leaves of this vast forest. But I am not keeping a secret - it cannot be said. Those who will understand what I have said, perhaps may find it themselves; they are bound to. I have only shown the way. I have not said a single word about the goal.”

This occasion comes again when Ungo is asked by an official, ”THE WORLD-HONORED ONE, Gautam Buddha, HAD A SECRET MESSAGE; MAHAKASHYAPA DID NOT KEEP IT A SECRET.” Because Mahakashyapa laughed, shared his experience. Buddha was silent, everybody else was silent. Mahakashyapa could not resist sharing the beauty of silence, the joy of silence, and laughed loudly.

Hence in Zen tradition it is said: Buddha had many secrets, but Mahakashyapa opened them to the world.

UNGO CALLED TO HIM, ”YOUR HONOR!”

He was a government official.

HE ANSWERED, ”YES?”
UNGO SAID, ”YOU UNDERSTAND?”

”NO,” HE REPLIED.

UNGO SAID, ”IF YOU DON’T UNDERSTAND, THAT IS BUDDHA’S SECRET; IF YOU DO, THAT IS MAHAKASHYAPA’S NOT KEEPING IT A SECRET.”

It is a beautiful anecdote for anybody who is really longing to know the innermost secret of one’s own being and the existence to which we belong. As far as my comment on this anecdote is concerned, I want you to know:

There is no secret.
Everything is as open as the sky,

it is just that you are closed.

A blind man can say, ”The sun is keeping the light a secret.” A deaf man can say, ”All these poets who have gathered here are not reciting their poetry.” Your deafness, your blindness, your unawareness, does not make existence a secret. It is shouting from every star, from every mountain peak, from every flower, in thousands of ways.

It is not a secret - you don’t have to search for it. You have just to be silent within yourself and it is there, throbbing in your heartbeats. Remember, your heartbeats are the heartbeats of the whole life system. They are the heartbeats of existence itself.

That is my whole work here.

I don’t have any philosophy to teach and I don’t have any dogma, any creed, any theology, any religion. I am not a preacher. I am simply trying to indicate that you are it.

Question 1
Maneesha has asked a few questions. First:

BELOVED OSHO,

TO BE TOLD THAT TRUTH IS A SECRET, MAKES ME FEEL THAT TRUTH IS AN EXCLUSIVE CLUB TO WHICH ONE ONLY GAINS ENTRANCE BY HAVING SOME INEXPLICABLE QUALIFICATION.

BUT I DON’T SENSE THAT YOU HAVE SOME SECRET YOU ARE KEEPING FROM US; IF ANYTHING MY OWN SECRETIVENESS IS WHAT IS IN THE WAY.

IS THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN SAY THAT I MIGHT UNDERSTAND?

Every moment I am giving you the rose that Gautam Buddha gave to Mahakashyapa; with my whole being, with my presence. There is no secret at all, both my hands are open. I am not holding my fists closed. But there are investments which would like what you call 'exclusive clubs'.

The Hindu pundit thinks that truth is only in the Sanskrit scriptures. One very young and alert man, Swami Ramateertha, who had gone to the West and around the world, was loved by thousands of people. He was a man of rare quality. He thought that, coming back home, it would be right for him to first go to Kashi, the capital of Hinduism. But he was not aware that a great disaster was awaiting him.

In Kashi, they have the secret council of Hindu scholars. He was asked to present himself before the council, and the first question that was asked by the chairman was, "Do you understand Sanskrit?"

Of course he did not. He was born near Peshawar. His whole education was in Persian, Arabic, Urdu; Sanskrit was not at all known to him. But to know the truth, Sanskrit is not needed. Otherwise, Socrates could not know it, Pythagoras could not know it.

But this is the attitude of all the religions. Jesus was crucified for many reasons. One of them was that he was not a rabbi, he was not a scholarly Jew. He was just a poor carpenter's son, and was claiming to be a prophet. The learned people have a vested interest in keeping secrets. And in the scriptures, there is nothing. Because just look at those scholars: in their life, there is nothing - no song, no beauty, no dance, no laughter. They are just like dry wood.

Have you ever seen a pundit dancing innocently? A rabbi or a pope? They know much but they don't know the inner space of innocence.

It is not a secret, Maneesha. It becomes a secret if you are asleep. If you don't enter into your own being it becomes a secret. Nobody can prevent you except yourself, and nobody can give it to you except yourself.

Question 2
Her second question is:

BELOVED OSHO,

LAST NIGHT'S DISCOURSE WAS LIKE BEING ABOARD NOAH'S ARK. YOUR VOICE WAS AN ANCHOR AS WE SAT SO STILL AND SILENT, LITERALLY IN THE CENTER OF THE CYCLONE. IT WAS AN AMAZING EXAMPLE OF HOW EXISTENCE IS RIGHT WITH US - THOUGH I HAVE HEARD THAT ONE BAMBOO SUSTAINED MULTIPLE FRACTURES.

Maneesha, that bamboo, and one other tree which was brought by sannyasins from Brazil... both were very proud people. They needed, they deserved, multiple fractures. Otherwise, there are hundreds of bamboos around you and they were silent with you in the rains and the thundering clouds and the winds. Nothing has happened to them.

You should watch carefully the bamboo who had multiple fractures. And the tree from Brazil... it was a proud tree. But pride is not the name of the game we are playing here. It is perfectly good, we will take care of the bamboo.

And I hope he has learned why he got multiple fractures. When the winds came and the clouds thundered and the rain was so much... if a bamboo does not move and dance with the wind and the rain, it is going to get fractures. That bamboo must have stood against the rains, against the winds; and whoever stands against nature will find himself totally broken, will find himself, sooner or later, in a hospital.

It is always the ego that gets fractured. Your being is untouchable, nothing can harm your being. Not even death.

Before we enter into our daily meditation, the bamboos are waiting for a few laughs. They may not understand the language but they can understand your laughter.

Moishe Finkelstein is dozing in his armchair in the Finkelstein Funeral Home one afternoon. The phone rings and Moishe picks up the clock and puts it to his ear.

”Hello,” says Moishe sleepily.

Then the phone rings again and Moishe puts down the clock and talks to the phone instead. It turns out that the Democratic Dodo Political Party has booked an entire hotel in town for their conference, and that in room 213, one of their delegates has died.

Moishe throws a coffin in the back of the hearse and drives downtown.

Half an hour later, Moishe calls the manager’s office to confirm that the job is done, and that the occupant of room 312 has been removed.

”You idiot!” shouts the manager, ”I said room 213! Was the man in 312 dead also?”

”He said he wasn’t,” replies Moishe calmly, ”but you know what liars these politicians are.”

Rajiv Gandhi, the Indian prime minister, Francois Mitterand, the French president, and Ronald Reagan from America, are sitting alone together after a conference.

”I have a problem,” says Gandhi, ”and I need your help. I have twenty personal bodyguards, and I know for certain that one of them is a Chinese spy. But which one?”

Mitterand and Reagan nod sympathetically and then the Frenchman says, ”I have a similar problem. I have twenty mistresses and I know for sure that one of them is unfaithful. But which one?”

”That’s nothing,” says Ronald Reagan, ”I have twenty people in my cabinet. One of them, I know, is intelligent... But which one?”

Old man Finkelstein and his friend Grandpa Funkenburger are having a few drinks with their dinner. ”You know,” says Fink, ”when I was thirty, my erection was so strong, I could not bend it at all, even with both my hands.”

Funk nods his head appreciatively.

”When I reached forty,” continues Fink, ”I could bend it just a little bit, but only with a great deal of effort. At fifty, I could bend it a little more. And now that I am sixty, I can easily bend it in half.”

The two friends keep sipping their drinks.
”It is just amazing, Funk,” continues Fink, ”I wonder how much stronger my hands are going to get?”

Rubin and Klopman, two old friends, meet in the street one day. ”How is everything?” asks Rubin. ”It

could be worse,” replies Klopman, ”my house burned down with everything in it.”

”Oh!” says Rubin, ”that is terrible.”

”Well, not terrible,” replies Klopman, ”the insurance paid me double what is was worth.”

”Why, that is wonderful,” exclaims Rubin.

”Not wonderful,” replies Klopman, ”my wife died in the fire.”

”That is terrible,” says Rubin.

”Not terrible,” replies Klopman, ”you see, I married again and the new wife is much better than my old one.”

”That’s wonderful,” says Rubin.

”Not wonderful,” replies Klopman, ”because my wife goes visiting with my neighbor who is quite a good-looking guy and she spends the night there quite often.”

”That is terrible,” says Rubin.

”Not terrible,” replies Klopman, ”because my neighbor has a really beautiful wife who comes to stay with me!”

”So things with you are wonderful,” says Rubin.

”Not wonderful, not terrible,” replies Klopman, ”it could be worse.”
Now, Nivedano, give the first beat and everybody goes into gibberish as totally as possible.

The beat...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano, the beat...

(Drumbeat)

Now, everybody goes into absolute silence. Close your eyes, no movement, just be in.

This.

This.
A thousand times This, is the very essence of Zen.

Catch hold of this and God is in your hands.

In this moment, you all have become temples of God.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Now, fall dead.
Just let the body breathe and you simply be now and here.

Go deeper, deeper.

Don't be the bamboo who got multiple fractures.

Go deeper, to the very roots of your being.

Now, Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)
Come back to life.

Fresh and young.

Listen... even the bamboos are happy, celebrating your silence.
These blessed bamboos wait every day for this moment, to be with me. In

silence, the whole existence is one ocean.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

CHAPTER 15

All arrows converge on this

10 June 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

TOZAN SAID TO UNGAN, ”MASTER, IF SOMEONE ASKS ME A HUNDRED YEARS AFTERWARDS WHAT I THOUGHT WAS YOUR DEEPEST UNDERSTANDING, WHAT SHOULD I SAY?”

UNGAN ANSWERED, ”TELL HIM I SAID, ‘IT IS SIMPLY THIS.’”

TOZAN WAS SILENT FOR A TIME, AND UNGAN SAID, ”TOZAN, IF YOU HAVE GRASPED THIS, YOU MUST CARRY IT OUT IN DETAIL!”

TOZAN WAS STILL SILENT. UNGAN STRUCK HIM.

SOME YEARS LATER, WHEN TOZAN WAS HOLDING A SERVICE IN MEMORY OF UNGAN’S

DEEPEST UNDERSTANDING, A MONK SAID TO HIM, ”THE DEAD TEACHER SAID, ‘IT IS SIMPLY THIS!’” THE MONK THEN ADDED: ”IS THIS THE YES-SAYING SPIRIT?”

”IT IS,” REPLIED TOZAN.

THE MONK ASKED, ”WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?”

TOZAN SAID, ”AT THE TIME UNGAN SAID THAT, MY IDEA WAS ALMOST ENTIRELY A MISTAKEN ONE, THOUGH I UNDERSTOOD WHAT HE MEANT ALL RIGHT.”

”THE DEAD TEACHER,” SAID THE MONK, ”DID HE KNOW IT, OR NOT?”

TOZAN SAID, ”IF HE DIDN’T, HOW COULD HE SAY SUCH A THING? AND IF HE DID, HOW COULD HE AVOID SAYING IT?”

OTHER ZEN MASTERS EXPRESSED THE ESSENCE OF ZEN LIKE THIS: MASSO SAID, ”LICHEN-CRUSTED FROGS CROAK AT MOONLIT MOUNTAINTOPS.

AWAKEN, MIND’S CLEAR AT LAST.
REFRESHING PINE WINDS

OF THE BOOK OF SONGS

CAN’T MATCH THIS.”

BEIREI SAID,

”ALL PATRIARCHS ARE ABOVE OUR UNDERSTANDING,

AND THEY DON’T LAST FOREVER.

OH MY DISCIPLES, EXAMINE, EXAMINE.

WHAT? WHY THIS. THIS ONLY.”

AND DAIBAI SAID:

”I’M ONE WITH THIS, THIS ONLY.

YOU, MY DISCIPLES,

UPHOLD IT FIRMLY -

NOW I CAN BREATHE MY LAST.”

Maneesha, this is the last discourse of the series called, THIS. THIS. A THOUSAND TIMES THIS... is the essence of existence, is the essence of your being, is the essence of Zen - this.

This is vast: a small word, it contains total, universal, eternal truth.

There are no boundaries to this.

It never begins and it never ends. It

is always here.

You can wander here and there, but it is just like a fish moving in the ocean; it is the same ocean wherever it goes. You can be a child, you can be young, you can be old, you can be dead, but this remains an eternal truth of your being. Alive or dead, you cannot get rid of this.

This essential point is being discussed again and again by Zen masters. In different ways they have sung their song, in different ways they have signed their signatures; but only the ways differ, all their arrows converge on this. We will see how it has been repeated and why it has been repeated - why for thousands of years those who have known, either said this, or remained silent in thisness. But whatever the case, whether they say it or not, they are pointing to this by words, by silence, by dance, by music, by just being.

Remember Basho, the great master:

SITTING SILENTLY,

DOING NOTHING,

THE SPRING COMES,

AND THE GRASS GROWS BY ITSELF.

Everything is happening on its own; it is only the insanity of man that makes him concerned and worried - makes him almost mad, running after power, position, domination. But even the richest man of the world is poorer than these bamboos surrounding Buddha Hall, because these bamboos are enough unto themselves and the richest man is still hungry.

Before I enter into this dialogue, I would like to tell you a small story:

A beggar knocks on the doors of an emperor; it is early morning, even a little dark, the sun has not yet come over the horizon. The emperor was coming out for a morning walk in his beautiful garden; otherwise it would have been difficult for the beggar to have an appointment with him. But there was no mediator to prevent him.

The emperor said, ”What do you want?”

The beggar said, ”Before you ask that, think twice!”

The emperor had never seen such a lion of a man; he has fought wars, has won victories, has made it clear that nobody is more powerful than him, but suddenly this beggar says to him, ”Think twice of what you are saying, because you may not be able to fulfill it!”

The king said, ”Don’t be worried, that is my concern; you ask what you want, it will be done!”

The beggar laughed... the emperor could not understand the laughter.

The beggar said, ”You see my begging bowl? I want it to be filled! It does not matter with what, the only condition is that it should be filled, it should be full. You can still say no, but if you say yes, then you are taking a risk.”

The emperor's time to laugh had come, because a beggar's bowl... and he is being given a condition! He told his premier to fill the beggar's bowl with diamonds, so that this beggar can know who he is asking.

The beggar again said, "Think twice."

And soon it became apparent that the beggar was right, because the moment the diamonds were poured into his begging bowl, they simply disappeared. More diamonds, more emeralds, more rubies - the king had tremendous treasures, but within hours everything was gone and the begging bowl was still empty.

The word spread like wildfire in the capital; thousands of people arrived to see this miraculous incident. When the precious stones were finished, the king said, "Bring out all the gold and silver, everything! My whole kingdom is at stake, my whole integrity is being challenged."

But by the evening everything had disappeared in the beggar's bowl and there were only two beggars left - one used to be the emperor.

The emperor said, "Before I touch your feet and ask your forgiveness for not listening to your warning to think twice, just please tell me the secret of this begging bowl."

The beggar said, "There is no secret. I found this begging bowl on a funeral ground, it is a human skull. I have polished it, made it look like a bowl. I am a poor man, I cannot even purchase a bowl, but because it is a human skull, you go on pouring anything into it and it disappears."

The story is tremendously meaningful. Have you ever thought about your own begging bowl? Everything disappears: power, prestige, respectability, riches, everything disappears and your begging bowl goes on opening its mouth for more and more. And because of this continuous effort for more, you go on missing this. The "more" takes you away from this. The desire, the longing for something else takes you away from this moment.

And there are only two kinds of people in the world: the majority is running after shadows, they will never be fulfilled. Their begging bowls will remain with them till they enter their graves.

And a very small minority, one in a million, stops running, just remains standing here and now, drops all desires, asks for nothing and suddenly he finds everything within himself.

This is the door of the kingdom of God.

TOZAN SAID TO UNGAN, "MASTER, IF SOMEONE ASKS ME A HUNDRED YEARS AFTERWARDS WHAT I THOUGHT WAS YOUR DEEPEST UNDERSTANDING, WHAT SHOULD I SAY?"

Every disciple has, once in a while, become interested to ask the master, "When you are gone, if somebody asks me, 'What was his teaching in essence,' what am I supposed to say?"

UNGAN ANSWERED, "TELL HIM I SAID, 'IT IS SIMPLY THIS.'"

THIS is not a word, but an existential moment. You will not find it in the dictionary, you will find it in existence.

TOZAN WAS SILENT FOR A TIME, AND UNGAN SAID, ”TOZAN, IF YOU HAVE GRASPED THIS, YOU MUST CARRY IT OUT IN DETAIL!”

TOZAN WAS STILL SILENT. UNGAN STRUCK HIM.

... Because this cannot be more than it is. There are no details. It is the simplest silent space, nothing can be said about it. Because Tozan did not say anything, his master, Ungan, in appraisal, struck him. By striking disciples Zen masters have been saying to them, ”You have understood, have it as a prize!”

SOME YEARS LATER, WHEN TOZAN WAS HOLDING A SERVICE IN MEMORY OF UNGAN’S DEEPEST UNDERSTANDING, A MONK SAID TO HIM, ”THE DEAD TEACHER SAID, ‘IT IS SIMPLY THIS!’” THE MONK THEN ADDED: ”IS THIS THE YES-SAYING SPIRIT?”

”IT IS,” REPLIED TOZAN.

THE MONK ASKED, ”WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?”

TOZAN SAID, ”AT THE TIME UNGAN SAID THAT, MY IDEA WAS ALMOST ENTIRELY A MISTAKEN ONE, THOUGH I UNDERSTOOD WHAT HE MEANT ALL RIGHT.”

THIS is not a word, hence it cannot have any meaning. You can live it, but you cannot mean anything by it.

It is simply a roseflower, unobserved, unrecognized, unpraised, unknown, opening its petals and sharing its fragrance to the winds for no other reason than that this is its nature.

”THE DEAD TEACHER,” SAID THE MONK, ”DID HE KNOW IT, OR NOT?”... because it is very possible that you can repeat words which are dead on your lips. They may have been alive on somebody else’s.

Tozan said something tremendously beautiful. He said, ”IF HE DID NOT, HOW COULD HE SAY SUCH A THING?”

He was such an honest, integrated being, he would not have said anything that he did not know.

”AND IF HE DID, HOW COULD HE AVOID SAYING IT?”

This is the eternal problem Zen has encountered: if you know, you cannot say it; and if you know you cannot avoid saying it. The experience is such that intrinsically, it wants to be shared. If you don’t know, of course you cannot say it. But if you know, then too you cannot say it; and at the same time you cannot avoid saying it.

Lao Tzu did not say a single word to his disciples - and he had thousands of disciples. Those were the golden days: a thousand disciples sitting with Lao Tzu in utter silence, day by day, year by year

- nothing is asked, nothing is answered. Everybody knows this is, and there is no need to give it an expression; because the moment you express it, it is no more the real, it has become unreal, just a shadow, a false reflection in a mirror. Howsoever real it looks, it is only appearance.

Have you seen your face in the mirror? It is there, in every detail; but you know perfectly well it is not there, it is only a shadow. But to small children sometimes it happens... to very small children, still uncorrupted. If you bring a mirror in front of them, they look at the child on the other side, they try to grab hold of the child with their tiny hands, they go on slipping on the mirror. They cannot resist the temptation to find who is behind it. They try to go to the back, behind the mirror to find the child. Of course there is nobody, it was their own reflection.

All that has been said about truth is only a reflection in the mirror.

Lao Tzu avoided saying anything. He avoided writing anything and when he was eighty years old, he left towards the Himalayas to rest in eternity; in the deepest silence of the eternal snow of Himalayan peaks.

The emperor of China ordered all the guards around the country to block all the roads, saying that: ”Lao Tzu should not be allowed to go out unless he writes down his experience for future generations.”

He was caught hold of before he crossed the borders - respectfully. The guard said, ”I am not in any way being disrespectful to you, I am simply following orders. The orders are that you have to remain in my cottage - there is no other place here - and write down your essential experience. Unless you do it, I cannot allow you out of the country, I cannot allow you to cross the borders.”

The emperor himself was a disciple of Lao Tzu. Under such circumstances Lao Tzu wrote a small booklet, but the first sentence is all that he really has been not saying all his long life - for eighty years. The first sentence was, ”Truth is, but the moment you say anything about it, it is no more. So please read what I am writing with the consciousness - that no word can contain it, including my words.”
Such sincerity, such purity, such truthfulness is very rare, and has become more and more rare.

Other Zen masters expressed the essence of Zen like this:

MASSO SAID, ”LICHEN-CRUSTED FROGS CROAK AT MOONLIT MOUNTAINTOPS.

AWAKEN, MIND’S CLEAR AT LAST.

REFRESHING PINE WINDS

OF THE BOOK OF SONGS

CAN’T MATCH THIS.”

The BOOK OF SONGS is an ancient Chinese treatise, one of the most beautiful books. It can be compared only to the Old Testament’s SONG OF SOLOMON. But even the BOOK OF SONGS can’t match this.

This is the only poetry, the only song, the only dance, the only answer, here, now, in your very breathing, in your very heartbeat.

BEIREI SAID,
"ALL PATRIARCHS ARE ABOVE OUR UNDERSTANDING,

AND THEY DON'T LAST FOREVER.

OH MY DISCIPLES, EXAMINE, EXAMINE.

WHAT? WHY THIS. THIS ONLY."

And if you can understand this, nothing else is needed - you have come home. You have been long going astray, you have wandered through lives in many forms on many paths; this brings you suddenly back to your essential self. And your essential self is the universal self. There is no distinction between the individual and the universal. Once the dewdrop falls into the ocean, all distinctions disappear, the dewdrop becomes the ocean.

AND DAIBAI SAID:
"I'M ONE WITH THIS, THIS ONLY.

YOU, MY DISCIPLES,

UPHOLD IT FIRMLY -

NOW I CAN BREATHE MY LAST."

Every master worth the name lives only for those who can understand this. There is no other reason for an enlightened man to live - even for a single moment more. He has arrived home, but he can see many of his fellow travelers are still wandering in darkness. It will be very unkind not to give them a call.

All the masters are nothing but calls to those who are wandering unnecessarily and suffering unnecessarily. This! and you suddenly open your innermost lotus.

Question 1
Maneesha has asked,

BELOVED OSHO,

IF SOMEONE ASKS ME A HUNDRED YEARS AFTERWARDS, WHAT I THOUGHT WAS YOUR DEEPEST UNDERSTANDING, WHAT SHOULD I SAY?

Maneesha, a hundred years after or a million years after, you need not be worried, I will be answering through you. But the answer will be simply this, unadorned, just a pure silence, a space without clouds.

But you need not wait for a hundred years, you need not wait for even a single moment. You have to answer this very moment. The question has been asked.

Every moment, the people who are with me - it does not matter whether they are physically here or not - wherever they are, I am asking them again and again, insisting to them to come home, to be here, just be and don't run after shadows.

Is not this silence saying the same? Are not the bamboos standing in deep silence with you as fellow travelers?

Before we enter into our daily meditation I would like some laughter from the bamboos. You can also participate.

Wu, a Chinaman from Hong Kong, moves to America and finds a job in San Francisco.

When he gets his first paycheck, he goes to the bank to send fifty dollars to his family back in Hong Kong. The bank gives him five hundred Hong Kong dollars in exchange.

The next week, when he deposits his fifty dollars, they give him only four hundred and fifty Hong Kong dollars.

"Money fluctuations..." explains the bank clerk, "it goes up and down all the time."

When Wu returns the next week, he puts down his fifty dollars and is told that he will get four hundred Hong Kong dollars in exchange.

"Hmmm!" says Wu. "Flucked again!"
Fiona Feelgood goes to see Doctor Bones for an examination.

"Get undressed," says Bones.

"Please, Doctor," says Fiona, "turn out the lights."
"Come on now, Miss Feelgood," says Bones, "I am a doctor."

"Turn out the lights," snaps Fiona.

So Bones turns out the lights. Two minutes later, Fiona says,

"Doctor, where shall I put my clothes?"

"Over here," says Bones, "on top of mine!"
A cross-eyed cop arrests three cross-eyed drunks.

He turns to the first cross-eyes drunk and says,

”What is your name?”
And the second cross-eyed drunk says,

”Miles MacDuffy.”

The cross-eyed cop says,

”I was not talking to you.”

And the third cross-eyed drunk says, ”I

did not say anything!”

Audrey and Marilyn, two retired schoolteachers from Chicago, save up all their money to go on safari in Africa.

They are having a wonderful time going through the jungle, when suddenly a huge gorilla swings down out of the trees, sweeps Marilyn into his arms, and disappears.

He takes her back to his cave, and for a week makes love to her all day and night.
Finally, Audrey organizes a rescue party, and Marilyn is saved and rushed to the hospital.

She is treated there for a couple of days and then her friend comes for a visit.

”Oh, Marilyn!” the friend sobs, ”what a ghastly experience! How do you feel?”

”How should I feel?” sobs Marilyn, ”he never writes, he never calls...!”

Now, the first step is gibberish. Say anything, relevant, irrelevant; don’t bother, because nobody is listening. Only those who are listening are idiots.

Speak Chinese if you don’t know it, speak Japanese if you don’t know it, but don’t speak the language you know. Just go crazy. Once in a while it is such a tremendous relief to go crazy.

Nivedano, give the first drumbeat. Everybody goes crazy...

(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody becomes silent, utterly silent.

Just close your eyes, don't move... let your being settle within yourself.

THIS.

THIS.
THIS is the very essence of Zen.

Go as deep into THIS as possible.

Nivedano, beat the drum...

(Drumbeat)

Fall dead... let the body breathe.
You simply watch suchness, thisness, this immensely tremendous moment.

Die deeper, if you want to come to life.

The deeper you go in death, the higher you will come into life.

Don't miss this tremendous opportunity.

Don't wait for a hundred years.

I am here.

Nivedano, give the beat...

(Drumbeat)

Come back to life, fresh, radiant.

A few may still be in their graves;

a special beat for them, Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

THIS is the truth.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.