

The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

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

The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

Chapter #1

Chapter title: The security of insecurity

21 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

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

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

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

HE IS AWAKE!
THE GODS WATCH OVER HIM.

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

HARD IT IS TO BE BORN,
HARD IT IS TO LIVE,
HARDER STILL TO HEAR OF THE WAY,
AND HARD TO RISE, FOLLOW, AND AWAKE.

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

pleasures. Anybody who has any intelligence would escape. It became too tiring, it became too boring, it became such an ugly scene. He was fed up with it, so he escaped. Buddha's father was angry, very wounded. He wanted him to become a king and he became a buddha. He was not happy. In his own mind, to be a king was a greater thing than to be a buddha. To have more money and more fame -- worldly fame -- was more important to him than to be a meditator and attain to samadhi. These words must have looked like nonsense to him; he must have been a down-to-earth materialist.

But this is not only so with Buddha; people are never contented with anything. If your son turns out to be a thief you are angry, if he turns out to be a buddha you are angry. It seems it is not possible for you to be happy. If your wife is too faithful you are fed up, if your wife is not faithful you are angry. If your husband is absolutely obedient you are finished with him; if your husband is continuously quarreling, fighting, you are finished with him, too. It seems man's mind has such likes and dislikes that it is impossible for him to be in a contented state.

An old woman died and went to heaven. When she arrived there Saint Peter asked her where she would like to stay. She said, "I would like to be near the Virgin Mary." So Saint Peter put her into the same apartment house as the Virgin Mary. One day she walked over to the Virgin Mary and said, "There is one thing I have always wanted to say to you."

Mary said, "Yes, what is it?"

The old woman said, "It must have been wonderful to have given birth to a man who is proclaimed a god throughout the world!"

Mary said, "Well, I would have liked it better if he had been a doctor."

Yes, that's how man is -- nothing seems to satisfy. Nothing ever seems to give you joy, because you are already carrying some likes and dislikes -- and existence has no obligation to fulfill them. It has never promised to fulfill your likes and dislikes.

If you really want to be blissful you have to drop likes and dislikes. Then you have to learn a different language to commune with existence. Whatsoever happens, enjoy it. Don't bring your likes and dislikes. Your life can be a continuous dance, a celebration; otherwise you will live in hell.

LIKE NOTHING LEST YOU LOSE IT, LEST IT BRING YOU GRIEF AND FEAR. One thing: if you like something and you get it, there is bound to be great fear -- the fear of losing it. And nothing is permanent in this life; everything that you have is bound to be lost. So the fear arises, and when you lose it you are in deep grief.

GO BEYOND LIKES AND DISLIKES.

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

Why do people live in such misery? -- for the simple reason that they cling to things. The moment you cling you are creating misery for yourself, because nothing is going to be permanent here. Life is a river; it goes on moving, changing. You can't even predict the next moment. So if you cling to something and the next moment you find it slipping out of your hands, you will be in great pain, great misery.

And the irony is: if you don't lose it and it remains with you, fulfilling your desire, then too, one day you are going to be very fed up... because the mind always requires the new to remain distracted. The mind is always searching for novelty, for something new. You love a woman, but still, once in a while an ordinary woman, who may not even be as beautiful as your own woman, attracts you. You seem puzzled: "Why does it happen?" Just that the mind always wants something new.

The mind cannot remain with one thing for long, so if you lose it you are in grief, if you don't lose it you are in grief. Either way grief happens.

Buddha says: FREE YOURSELF FROM ATTACHMENT.

Nadine, a pretty maid, was alone in the apartment where she worked and decided to lie down and rest for a while on the couch. After a few minutes, there was a knock on the door.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"The grocer," was the reply.

"What do you have for me?"

"Some staples."

"Leave them in the hall, will you?"

A few minutes later there was another knock. "Yes?" she asked.

"It is the egg man."

"Oh, what do you have for me?"

"Four dozen eggs."

"Please leave them with the groceries."

A few minutes after, still another knock. "Now what is it?"

"The superintendent."

"What do you have for me?"

"I've got an urge."

"Well, come in then. That won't keep."

And there are urges and urges; you are exploding with urges, desires. You don't have one desire, you have many desires. Not only that you have many desires, you have contradictory desires. If one is fulfilled, the other, which is its contradiction, remains unfulfilled and you are in misery. If the other is fulfilled, then something else remains unfulfilled.

A politician came to see me; he wanted peace of mind. I said, "Then get out of politics."

He said, "That is difficult. I am just coming closer and closer to be the chief minister of my state. For twenty years I have worked hard. Now I am the education minister and within two or three years I will be the chief minister -- I am the next man in the cabinet, so I cannot leave politics now."

Then I said, "Drop this idea of peace of mind, because being a politician, it is impossible to have peace of mind."

He said, "In fact, that's why I need it, that's why I have come to you, because it is becoming so much of a burden on me that I am falling apart. I am afraid that before I become the chief minister I may go mad. That's why I have come to you. Help me, teach me some method so I can be a little more peaceful, at ease, relaxed. But I cannot leave politics."

Now, this man wants two contradictory things together: he wants peace and he is ambitious. It is impossible. If you are ambitious, then your mind is bound to remain restless. If you want peace, then the first requirement is to drop all ambition. Unless you drop ambition you cannot be at ease, at peace, you cannot be relaxed. He could see the contradiction, but he said, "I will think it over."

I said, "If you can see the contradiction right now, what you are going to think about it? Your thinking is not going to make any difference."

It has made one difference: he has stopped coming to me. Since then I have not seen him. I have heard now that he goes to Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, because Mahesh Yogi says both can be fulfilled together. The more meditative you become, the more is the possibility of fulfilling your ambitions. Now this is utter nonsense. The more meditative you become, the less ambitious you will be. There is no question of fulfilling ambitions; ambition will start disappearing from your consciousness.

But if you look around your mind you will find many contradictory things -- one part going to the south, another to the north. It is a miracle how you go on managing yourself. Otherwise a part of you will be in Tokyo, a part in Timbuktu -- you will be all over the earth in fragments! It is really a miracle how you go on managing to keep yourself together. It is really only apparently together; deep down you are divided and split.

Buddha says: If you really want to transform your being into a peaceful consciousness, into serenity, into bliss, then you will have to GO BEYOND LIKES AND DISLIKES. FROM PASSION AND DESIRE, SENSUOUSNESS AND LUST, ARISE GRIEF AND FEAR. FREE YOURSELF FROM ATTACHMENT.

A few distinctions have to be made: when Buddha says "sensuousness" he does not mean sensitivity. In fact, a sensuous person is a gross person; the sensitive person is subtle. Sensitiveness is beautiful, sensuousness is ugly. Love is beautiful, lust is ugly. Love is sensitivity, lust is sensuousness. Love gives what you have, lust tries to snatch away something from the other. The sensuous person exploits the other, and the sensitive person shares himself with the other.

Be sensitive but don't be sensuous. Be loving but get out of lust. Lust and sensuousness are animal; love and sensitivity are human.

And there is still a world above the human -- the divine -- where even sensitiveness, love, and all these things disappear. There remains only one thing: a witnessing consciousness. That is the state of buddhahood, christhood. One becomes just a pure mirror of existence. Then stars are reflected and the flowers are reflected. Then you see God in his original face -- this whole existence is his original face. This mirrorlike consciousness, this witnessing self, is the goal.

Buddha says: In this state, HE IS PURE.... The seeker becomes pure.

HE IS PURE AND SEES.

HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH, AND LIVES IT.

HE DOES HIS OWN WORK,

SO HE IS ADMIRING AND LOVED.

Remember always the goal: the goal is to become a pure witness. By purity Buddha never means moral purity; by purity he means childlike innocence. There is a great difference between moral purity and childlike innocence. Moral purity is cunning, clever. It is not really purity, it is something imposed. It has a motivation. The moral person is trying to attain to heaven, to otherworldly joys; he wants to become immortal. The moral person is not desireless: his object of desire has changed and he is ready to sacrifice everything for his new object of desire. He imposes purity upon himself, but that purity is not even skin-deep. Deep down he is cunning, manipulating. In fact, he is trying to manipulate God according to his desires.

The moral person is so knowledgeable; he is too deep in the scriptures. He is not wise but only knowledgeable. He knows nothing -- because for knowing you need a childlike innocence, for knowing you need great wonder and awe. For knowing you need to drop all concepts, ideologies, scriptures. Only then will your eyes be utterly empty, nude, and when your eyes are nude they can see.

The knowledgeable person THINKS that he knows because he has heard or read beautiful words; but his knowledge is utterly superficial, borrowed. It has no roots in his being; it is in fact stupid. People cannot see that his knowledge is nothing but stupidity masquerading as knowledge, because people are as blind as he is. But when he comes to a buddha, the buddha can see that what he is saying is not his own.

Once I was invited to a religious conference -- many saints were invited there. One Jaina monk spoke before me. He talked about the soul, freedom from all attachment, and the attainment of bliss, moksha, nirvana. All that he spoke of was beautiful, but I was sitting behind him and I could see through and through that that man was just a parrot. He was repeating scriptures, he knew nothing, but he was very much respected by the Jainas.

When he had finished I whispered in his ears that, "I have to tell you, even if it hurts, that whatsoever you have said is all borrowed, it is all stupid. You don't know a thing. You have never meditated, you have never tasted any bliss. You have never known what enlightenment is, but you were describing it beautifully, you were defining it

beautifully. You are a clever person, but beware: this cleverness is not going to become the boat to the other shore."

He was shocked. In the afternoon a man came to me from him and said, "He wants to meet you, but in absolute privacy."

I said, "Why in privacy? I have got my people, he has got his people, and they both would like to listen to what transpires between the two of us. Let it be a public thing!"

But he insisted. Still, at least two hundred people had gathered, but he said, "I want absolute privacy." So we went into a room; he locked the door, started crying.

I said, "Why are you crying?"

He said, "You are the first person who has been so frank and truthful towards me. I cannot accept what you have said before the people because they respect me. You will destroy my whole life's attainment -- this is my attainment. But before you I can confess that you are right -- I have been simply repeating. Now what should I do?"

I said, "The first thing is, come out and confess before the people that 'You have been respecting a wrong person.'"

He said, "That is too much -- I cannot do that."

"Then," I said, "get lost! If you cannot drop your ego, then I cannot be of any help to you because that is the first requirement."

He said, "I will think it over."

He is still thinking... twenty years have passed! In these twenty years I have sent people many times to inquire, "Have you come to any conclusion yet or not?" Last time when I sent a man to him he told the man, "Tell him, don't torture me -- for twenty years he has been torturing me. I know he is right, but at this age" -- now he is almost seventy -- "I cannot risk my reputation. I have to continue this life; next life maybe I will listen to his advice."

But I know that next life also he will not listen. I will not be there; somebody else may be there, but he will not listen.

A little girl answered the knock on the door of the farmhouse. The caller, a rather troubled-looking, middle-aged man, asked to see her father.

"If you have come about the bull," she said, "he is fifty dollars. We have the papers and everything and he is guaranteed."

"Young lady," the man said, "I want to see your father."

"If that is too much," the little girl replied, "we got another bull for twenty-five dollars, and he is guaranteed too, but he does not have any papers."

"Young lady," the man repeated, "I want to see your father!"

"If that is too much," said the little girl, "we got another bull for only ten dollars, but he is not guaranteed."

"I am not here for the bull," said the man angrily. "I want to talk about your brother, Elmer. He has gotten my daughter in trouble!"

"Ah, I am sorry," said the little girl. "You will have to see Pa about that, because I don't know what he charges for Elmer."

The little girl is simply repeating what she has heard. The father charges fifty for one bull, twenty-five for another, ten for another. She does not know exactly what he charges for... what is going on, but she has heard. She is simply repeating.

And this is how your knowledgeable people are. They have heard about God, they have not seen. They have heard about truth, they have not experienced. They have heard about love, they have not lived. They can talk and they can argue and they can prove themselves great scholars -- but they are stupid people. Beware of them -- they are not pure. They can even impose a certain discipline upon themselves out of this borrowed knowledge, but their idea of purity will also be something foolish.

Somebody will eat only vegetarian food; that will be his idea of purity. Somebody will not even eat all vegetables but only fruits -- he will be a fruitarian -- and fruits only when they become ripe and fall on their own so no harm is done to the tree. Now he will think that he is really pure. Somebody will think that just drinking milk is the purest thing.

In India milk is thought to be the purest food, SATTVIC, the most pure. Now that is strange, because milk is animal food. It is like eggs, it comes out of the animal's body. And certainly it is not for you -- it is for the kids of the animal. And it is dangerous too, because the cow gives milk for HER kid, and her kid is going to become a bull! Now in India people think that if you drink milk you will attain celibacy. That is utter foolishness -- you will become a bull! How can you attain celibacy? Milk is the most sexual food possible.

But people can go to extremes. I have come across a few people who are trying to live only on water.

Once I came across a man who was trying to live only on water. He was dying, not living, but one can live for at least three months on water too, because one has enough emergency flesh accumulated in the body so one can go on eating it for three months. In fact to live just on water is to eat your own meat, because every day one pound of your weight will disappear. "Where has it gone?" I asked the man. "Who has eaten it?"

He was very much disturbed. He said, "You are the first man who is disturbing me -- because everybody says that this is the best, the most sattvic, the most pure food -- water, and Ganges water, not ordinary water."

Now, the water of the Ganges is the most impure in India, because people throw dead bodies in the Ganges -- and in no other river -- because if you throw a body in the Ganges, the person to whom the body belonged goes directly to heaven. So the Ganges carries all kinds of germs, dead bodies; they may have died from cancer, tuberculosis, this and that.

And he said, "I am drinking only Ganges water, and you are making me very afraid. You are saying that, 'You are eating your own meat.' Now I will not be at rest at all."

I said, "What can I do? -- you are eating it! Otherwise, where does your weight disappear to?"

But these are the ideas people go on carrying. Purity becomes something very foolish. Either you change your eating habits and you think you have become pure, or you change your clothes and you start living in rags and you think you have become pure. You leave your house and start living in a cave and you think you have become pure. Or you take an early bath and think you are pure, or you take four, five baths every day and that is your purity, or you don't sleep and that is your purity.... But these are all ideas you gather from others. You can impose them on yourself and you will be worshipped, but this is not what Buddha means.

When he says: HE IS PURE, he means he is innocent, he is not knowledgeable. He is functioning from the state of not-knowing. He is not bookish, he does not live according to the books.

Mr. Goldberg, a prosperous furrier, sent his daughter to Europe to get some culture and maybe meet a rich fellow.

A few months later she wrote and asked papa to send her a book on etiquette.

"Real fine people she is meeting," he thought to himself.

Five months later she wrote for another book on etiquette.

"Princes she is going with," said Goldberg and jumped for joy.

After two years Becky came home. Mr. Goldberg met her at the pier and was taken aback when she appeared with a child in her arms.

"Whose baby?" he asked.

"Mine," she replied.

"And the father?"

She shook her head. "I don't know, Papa."

Goldberg wept in despair. "Two books on etiquette you got and you don't even know to ask, 'With whom have I the pleasure?'"

Books can't help; even two books on etiquette won't make you cultured. A thousand books on spirituality and you will not become spiritual. It is not a question of becoming more informed. It is a question of transformation, not of information.

HE IS PURE, AND SEES. When you are innocent you have eyes to see the truth as it is, because you don't have any idea to distort. You have no prejudice, no like, no dislike. You are neither Hindu nor Mohammedan nor Christian. You are simply a consciousness, full of wonder, great inquiry. There is exploration; you reflect reality. In innocence reality is reflected and seen.

HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH.... And when you know, you cannot do otherwise. HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH... whatsoever the cost. Even if you are to be killed for saying the truth; you would rather be killed but you will not stop speaking the truth.

Socrates was told by the judges that if he could stop talking about truth he could be forgiven, but then he had to make a promise to the court that he would never talk about truth.

Socrates said, "I would rather die than stop talking about truth."

The judges were puzzled. They said, "But why? Life is so precious."

Socrates said, "Not more precious than truth. If I cannot speak the truth, then there is no point in living at all. I live to convey the truth. My life is only a means to spread whatsoever I have come to know. If I cannot do that, then there is no point in living -- please kill me. And I cannot make that promise for one more reason: even if I want to stop I cannot. I will go on saying what I see. I will go on living it. I can't do otherwise. Knowing the truth is being it."

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

What is his work? His work is to shout. His work is to call you out of your sleep. His work is to wake people up. Yes, those who understand him will admire and love him. And there will be many who will not understand him; they will condemn him, they will even kill him. But Buddha takes no account of those. He is simply taking account of those few rare souls who will be able to understand what he is saying and what he is living. And in fact only those few people MEAN anything. Only they are worth counting; the crowd is not worth counting at all.

WITH A DETERMINED MIND AND UNDESIRING HEART

HE LONGS FOR FREEDOM.

HE IS CALLED UDDHAMSOTO --

"HE WHO GOES UPSTREAM."

UDDHAMSOTO is a beautiful word that Buddha uses many times. UDDHAM means great endeavor; SOTO means the source. The English word 'source' comes from the same root as soto. The Sanskrit word is SHROT; from shrot comes the English word 'source' and the Pali word 'soto'. Buddha speaks Pali; he is using soto. Uddhamsoto means a man who is trying, with all his being, to reach to the source, to the very source of being. His whole effort is to know the ultimate, the very ground of existence, because that is where truth is, God is, nirvana is.

Great effort is needed, laziness won't do -- and people are really lazy. Because people are lazy, that's why priests could exploit them for centuries -- and they are going to exploit you if you continue to remain lazy. Because people are lazy they leave it to the priests: "You do the prayer, you do the worship for us on our behalf. We will pay you, but you do it on our behalf." They know that their priests are as blind as they are, as lazy as they are. They have not worked upon their beings.

Work is arduous. Many chunks have to be cut out of you and dropped; only then can you come to your original face. It is almost like a sculptor carving a statue out of a marble rock; with chisel and hammer in his hands he goes on cutting the rock, taking out all unnecessary pieces. Slowly slowly, the formless rock starts attaining a form, the ordinary rock starts becoming something extraordinary, beautiful. A Buddha can be found in it, a Christ can be found in it, a Krishna can be found in it. But before you can

find a buddha in the rock much has to be destroyed. Unless you are ready to do great work upon yourself it is not going to happen. You cannot rely on agents.

Your priests, your bishops, your popes, are all agents -- agents between you and God. You don't know God, and the agents go on saying, "Don't be worried -- we know. We will convey your messages." They don't know either; they are simply exploiting your ignorance.

But people are lazy. Laziness is one of the problems.

Manuel was the new man on the railroad crew, so naturally he got the worst jobs around the camp. Among the he-men laborers, the most hated job was that of the camp cook.

During the first day on the job, Manuel complained bitterly about the horrible food only to be informed that whoever complained about the food had to be the cook. Manuel argued long and loud but the foreman would not yield: Manuel would have to cook until somebody else complained.

The next day Manuel got a brilliant idea. After washing the breakfast dishes he went off to the prairie and soon located exactly what he sought -- a freshly deposited pasture pastry, a steaming green moose turd. Carefully Manuel collected the fragments, putting the fragrant treasure in a large box he had brought along for the purpose, and returned to the camp cookshack. He carefully prepared a large pie crust, inserted the moose turd, and baked the pie until it was a golden brown.

That night he gleefully served the tender pastry as his piece de resistance, and waited for the complaints to start. The faces of the crew were delightfully twisted as the diners choked down the delicate offering.

Finally one man rose to his feet, his face a twisted mass of disgust. "My God!" he roared at Manuel. "That is moose turd pie! It sure is good, though!"

Man is so lazy that he will go on as he is rather than working and trying to change -- trying to bring some changes in his circumstances. It is easier to remain contented, to remain insensitive, to go on pulling, somehow existing. But it is not life. And what is true about the outer circumstances is far more true about the inner, because the outer circumstances don't need so much effort to be changed but the inner lethargy is centuries old. The unconsciousness is so primitive, its roots are so deep, that it needs a total determination on your part, a tremendous determination, a commitment, a deep involvement. You have to risk all. Unless that happens it is impossible to change yourself, you will remain the same. You can go on reading, you can go on accumulating knowledge, you can go from one teacher to another teacher, but deep down you will not change. This is not the way to change.

The way to change is: WITH A DETERMINED MIND AND UNDESIRING HEART HE LONGS FOR FREEDOM.

HE IS CALLED UDDHAMSOTO -- "HE WHO GOES UPSTREAM." It is almost going upstream, because not to follow the crowd, not to follow the tradition, not to follow the scripture, not to follow the religion you are born in, the church you are born in, is going

against the stream. Great effort is needed; otherwise ordinarily it seems easier, more comfortable and convenient to follow the crowd -- whatsoever they are doing, you go on doing. They will not give you trouble, but remember, you are simply destroying a great opportunity. And this life is going to disappear soon. Why not bring all your energies to such a point of integration where you can take a quantum leap from the known to the unknown, from time to eternity?

Unless you are determined... and that's what sannyas is all about: a determination, a commitment, to transform oneself, not holding back anything. I cannot change you unless you are totally determined to be changed. You cannot throw the responsibility on me. I am here to help, but I can help only those who are really committed, who are not halfheartedly here.

Fred was admitted to a madhouse because he always felt he was a mouse and was totally paranoid about cats.

After years and years of treatment he was finally declared normal again and the doctor said, "So you know now that you are not a mouse -- you are a human being like me and there is no need to be afraid of cats."

Fred agreed and was released. But as he stepped out of the gates he saw a cat walking on the opposite side of the road. He totally freaked and ran back inside in total shock.

The doctor said, "But Fred, I thought that it was clear to you that you are not a mouse."

Fred replied, "Doctor, you know I am not a mouse, I know I am not a mouse. But how the hell do I know that the cat knows?"

Nobody can help you from the outside. Yes, you can be convinced, but deep down you will remain the same. You can be silenced through arguments, but arguments cannot change you. You will have to bring all your energies to a single point, to an absolute determination, that "This life I am going to make it. I am ready to do whatsoever is required. I will not shirk any responsibility. I will not shrink from any responsibility. I will not find any excuses, rationalizations. I will not be a victim anymore of the old mind."

Once this determination is total, transformation immediately starts happening. In fact to be totally determined is almost half the journey.

Buddha says:

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

I am creating a family here, a family of friends. The day any of you will burst forth into a flame, the whole family will rejoice. And it is not only that this small commune of sannyasins will rejoice; the whole existence participates in rejoicing. Whenever a man

becomes a buddha, the trees, the rivers, the mountains, the stars, all rejoice, because at least one of us has reached home.

And Buddha says:

EVEN SO SHALL YOUR GOOD DEEDS
WELCOME YOU LIKE FRIENDS
AND WITH WHAT REJOICING
WHEN YOU PASS FROM THIS LIFE TO THE NEXT!

And whatsoever you have done to transform yourself -- he calls it "the good deed" -- that is real virtue. Whatsoever you have done to transform yourself, that is your treasure. And you will be surprised that when you reach to the other shore, the beyond, your treasure will be awaiting you there, to rejoice, to receive, to welcome you.

Either you can collect money, power, prestige -- which will be left on this shore -- or you can accumulate a totally different kind of treasure: of meditation, of love, of bliss, of understanding, of awareness, of godliness. If you attain to this treasure, you will be surprised: when you reach to the other shore, when you go beyond this body, when death happens to this body, you will be received by all the treasures that you have accumulated. They will all rejoice.

Buddha means that there is a treasure that goes with you to the ultimate, and there is a momentary treasure which is left behind. Those who are wise accumulate that which will be theirs forever, and those who are foolish accumulate the momentary, which will be taken away from you -- which is going to be taken away by death.

Remember, each moment, what you are accumulating. Is it going to be taken away by death? Then it is not worth bothering about. If it is not going to be taken away by death, then even life can be sacrificed for it -- because one day or another life is going to disappear. Before life disappears, use the opportunity to find that which never dies.

Become an uddhamsoto. Find the source of existence, of your own being, of all that is. That source is God, that source is nirvana.

Enough for today.

The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

Chapter #8

Chapter title: Everything is possible

28 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1

BELOVED MASTER,

TO ME, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE IN THE CHRISTIAN SCRIPTURES ENDS WITH THE WORDS, "AND JESUS WEPT." IT OCCURS WHEN HE APPROACHES JERUSALEM FOR THE LAST TIME, LOOKS DOWN ON IT IN HIS COMPASSION, SEES ALL OF THE FOOLISHNESS, FUTILITY AND PATHOS OF MANKIND -- AND WEEPS.

BELOVED MASTER, DOES THE BUDDHA WEEP?

Anand Deepesh, it certainly is one of the most beautiful passages in the Christian scriptures, because it shows the humanity of Jesus, that is his unique quality. Gautama the Buddha is not so human.

Jesus is both the son of man and the Son of God. He knows the dark valley, he also knows the sunlit peak -- and he has a very human heart. That humanity remains with him to the very end. All the buddhas are unique. In the same situation Lao Tzu, looking back, would have laughed at the foolishness, at the ridiculousness, at the absurdity of human beings. And in the same situation Gautama the Buddha would not even have cared to look back; that is his uniqueness, he never looks back, the past does not exist at all. Mahavira would have looked back but would have neither wept nor laughed.

This fact has to be remembered: never compare two buddhas, otherwise you will create great confusion for yourself. Although their experience is the same, their expressions are different, are bound to be different. They have different individualities, they have different forms of expressing their experience.

Jesus remains human, very human. If you ask a Buddhist, he will say, "Then he is not a buddha if he wept." When he is just going to be crucified and he is raised on the cross, he looks at the sky and says, "Have you forsaken me?" There is great complaint, the complaint of the human heart, complaining to God as a child would complain to his mother or father: "Have you forsaken me? What are you trying to do to me?" He is angry too, a little anger is there, which is part of being human; a little anger, a little love, a little joy.

When he enters into the great temple of Jerusalem he feels so offended by the presence of the money-changers in the temple that he takes a whip in his hand and, alone, he drives all the money-changers out of the temple, turns their money-changing boards upside-down, creates chaos; that too is very human. That is Jesus' speciality.

In the same situation you can't think of Buddha looking at the sky because for Buddha there is no God outside. God is within, you are looking at the empty sky, there is no one to respond. God is in the crucified person, there is no way to pray to God. Prayer is absolutely meaningless for a Buddha; he would have accepted it without any grudge, without any complaint, without any anger. He is suprahuman, his expression is absolutely suprahuman; not for a single moment will he allow human weakness to enter in.

When he was dying, he stopped his disciples from weeping and crying; he said, "You can do it when I'm gone, you will have enough time, but right now, at least while I am still alive, don't do such a stupid thing. There is nothing to weep for because there is nobody to die. Why are you weeping?"

Ananda, his disciple, said, "Bhagwan, we have loved you so much, how can we avoid feeling sad?"

Buddha said, "You loved a nothingness. I was never a person but only a presence, and I have been telling you again and again, don't think of me as a person. The person died the day I became Buddha. Gautama Siddhartha died the day enlightenment happened. Since then there has been nobody inside the house, the house is utterly empty. Hence nobody is dying, stop crying and weeping. Later on when I am gone you can do whatsoever you want, you will have enough time. Don't waste these precious moments in weeping."

This is a totally different expression. God is multidimensional. When he is experienced there are going to be many expressions of it.

Mahavira is absolutely indifferent to everything. He will not laugh, he will not weep either, because for him this whole world is nothing but a dream. If you know that something is a dream, how can you weep?

There is an ancient Chinese parable. Chuang Tzu used to tell that parable again and again.

A great king had only one son and the son was dying -- dying of a disease for which there was no medicine available. All the physicians had said, "There is no way to save him. It is only a question of a few hours or at the most one or two days and he will be gone."

The king had loved the son so much; he was the only son, the king was getting old and there was no possibility of another son. The king was sitting by the side of the bed the whole night because this might be the last night.

Nearabout four o'clock the old king fell asleep and had a dream. In the dream he saw a beautiful marble palace; he had never dreamed of such a beautiful palace. And the kingdom is so vast; he is the king, and he is sitting on a golden throne studded with big diamonds and emeralds. He HAD emeralds and diamonds but not so big, not so pure, without any flaw. And he had beautiful women and twelve sons; maybe the idea of losing his only son had created the desire for twelve sons, maybe it was just a reflection

of his actual state. This dream might have been just a wish fulfillment, but he felt so blessed. And all his sons were so wise, so healthy, such great warriors.

And then suddenly his son died on the bed. The wife cried so loudly that the king's dream was shattered; he opened his eyes, looked at the dead body of his son and didn't say a word -- remained like a statue. His wife was shocked, she shook him and said, "Do you understand or not? Your son is dead!" The king said, "I can see it but now I am puzzled -- for whom to cry? Just a minute before I had twelve beautiful sons, very handsome, very wise, in every way skillful. And because of your crying my dream is shattered, those twelve sons have disappeared; and the golden throne and the marble palace and the great kingdom, all have gone. Should I weep for those or should I weep for this son because when I was dreaming I had completely forgotten my son, you and the kingdom?"

"Now I am awake, I have forgotten the dream and the beauties of the dream. Which is true, which should I cry for? Because when I was seeing the dream it was true, at least it appeared to be true. Now I am seeing my dead son, it appears true, but how to decide which appearance is really true?"

Chuang Tzu, in another parable, says the same thing. He says, "Once I dreamed that I had become a butterfly, moving from one flower to another, enjoying the sun and the wind. And then somebody awakened me; it was morning and getting late and the sun was shining in my face. As I opened my eyes the butterfly disappeared, I was again Chuang Tzu. Since then I have been in confusion. The confusion is, if Chuang Tzu can dream that he is a butterfly, why can't the butterfly dream that she is Chuang Tzu?"

He seems to be very penetrating; this puzzle is something worth meditating over. If Chuang Tzu can become a butterfly in the dream... the butterfly may have fallen asleep, sitting on some tree, under the shade of a tree; the butterfly may have fallen into sleep and dreamed that she is Chuang Tzu. Now who is right and what is a dream? Both seem to be similar.

A man like Buddha knows the falseness of the whole world; he will not weep, he will not laugh, he will not even look back. That is his way of expressing his experience of the total. Mahavira will look back because he also has great compassion -- but different from Jesus; he will not weep, because it helps nobody. If you weep for the world, it does not help the world. If you weep at the stupidity of people it makes you look silly, that's all. It does not help people.

But Lao Tzu would have certainly laughed because looking at people's absurdity, their ridiculousness, what else can you do? Lao Tzu used to ride on a water buffalo, moving from one place to another. He was a jolly fellow, telling jokes, telling stories to people, always in a laughing state.

If you see the statues of Buddha that have been made in China and in Japan you will be surprised. They don't look like Buddha, particularly not like the Indian statues, not at all. The Indian statues have a very athletic form, Buddha has a big chest and a very small belly, no belly at all, his body seems to be very proportionate.

But the Chinese Buddha has a big belly; the chest is completely sunk in, the belly is too big. And not only is the belly big, even in the marble statues you can see the belly laughing, there are ripples of laughter on the belly. It has been conceived according to the Taoist idea; because China could understand only if Buddha was presented in the form of Lao Tzu. They knew Lao Tzu, they were acquainted with this enlightened man, and he was always laughing. To him there is nothing to weep for. What reason is there to weep at the ridiculousness of man?

Three college boys, upon entering their favorite juke joint to sit at their usual table, found it to be occupied by an oldish woman. After debating what to do about the situation, they finally decided to embarrass the woman into leaving.

Sitting next to the old lady, the first student started.... "Say, John," he said, "did you know that I was born three months before my parents were married?"

"Why, that's nothing," said the next one. "I was born six months before my parents were married."

"Fellows," replied the last of the hungry men, "I was born without my parents being married."

The old lady finally looked up from the table and pleasantly asked, "Will one of you bastards please pass the salt?"

Life is ridiculous, you never know what is going to happen, it is absurd.

An artist's model arrived at her boss' studio and was waiting for him to arrive. When he walked in the door she headed for the dressing room to get undressed.

But he said, "No, don't bother getting ready. I have got a terrific hangover and really don't feel like working today. But why don't you stay and join me in a cup of coffee?"

The model said, "I would love to."

Just then the artist heard familiar footsteps approaching the door.

"Oh my gosh," he gasped. "Here comes my wife. Get your clothes off -- quick!"

Lao Tzu would laugh; Jesus wept. Now it is for you to choose. I love both the men; in fact laughing and weeping are two sides of the same coin. And because of this story that Jesus wept, I say something which Christians have denied down the ages. Christians have been saying that Jesus never laughed. Now a man who is capable of weeping is bound to be capable of laughing, it is impossible to weep if you cannot laugh. In fact laughter and weeping are not opposites, but complementaries -- two extremes of the same spectrum.

Christians say Jesus never laughed. That is an invented story, I can't believe in it. Because Jesus was not an ascetic. Yes, I can understand some ascetic saint never laughing because he is so desertlike, so dry, so dull and so dead. But Jesus is a juicy man, he is not an ascetic; he enjoyed good food, good company, he enjoyed drinking wine, he enjoyed being festive with his friends. And his friends were all sorts of people,

his friends were not Rotarians; they were gamblers, thieves; even a prostitute, Mary Magdalene, was part of his company. He enjoyed the real people.

If you want to see the unreal people you can go to a meeting of the Rotary Club. There you see pseudo people, all with masks, all smiling and saying hello to each other. These are not their real faces, they always keep their real faces locked in their cupboards, they never take them out. Only once in a while can you have a glimpse of their real face. It happens only when they are unconscious; maybe when they have drunk too much you can see their real face. The unconsciousness may give you a glimpse of their truth.

Gurdjieff used to give as much wine as possible to his new disciples; he would go on forcing. And when the master forces you to drink.... Just think of me asking you to drink, and I go on pouring and pouring -- how can you say no? And trust is the first thing.

Gurdjieff would force them to eat and drink so much that their real faces would show; that was his first contact with the disciple. The disciples were very much puzzled, they had never seen such a master. They would fall on the ground and would start saying incoherent things. Then Gurdjieff would sit by their side and listen to what they are saying, what their faces are showing, because these are the real faces, these are their realities.

You cannot think of Buddha telling people to drink, but Gurdjieff did. I cannot believe that Jesus never laughed; he lived with such alive people: fishermen, carpenters, poor people. He was not keeping company with the rabbis, the pundits, the scholars and the professors. He was moving with raw people, real people of the earth. It is impossible to think that he was a sad man, that he never laughed; and if he was incapable of laughter, he would be incapable of weeping too.

This statement, that he wept, shows with absolute certainty that he must have laughed too. That is one of the most beautiful things about Jesus; I love that he is very human. Buddha is a little cold, has no warmth, is far away -- that is his beauty. We need ALL kinds of masters, we need ALL kinds of flowers in the garden. A rose has its beauty and a lotus has its beauty. The lotus will need a lake, a different situation to happen in, it will have a different fragrance. But all kinds of flowers enrich the garden. The garden of buddhahood is full of strange, unique, incomparable beings: Lao Tzu, Zarathustra, Mohammed, Mahavira, Buddha, Krishna, Christ.

Now, Christ is on the cross. Whenever you think about Christ, you think of the cross too. It is impossible to think of them separately, they have become inseparable. If you see the cross you will think of Christ, if you think of Christ the cross is always there in the background. With Krishna it is not the cross but the flute. Now, Krishna is a dancer, a singer; you cannot think of Buddha dancing, singing, it is impossible to conceive. And it will look very ridiculous too; with Krishna it fits, his whole vision of life is such that the flute fits with it.

Remember this and don't become too much attached to one form of buddhahood. There are as many forms of buddhahood as you can conceive. Many more buddhas will happen in the future, who will have a totally different quality which was never

available in the past. If you become too much attached and obsessed with a certain form, you will miss other buddhas.

In Holland there was a conference arranged by Krishnamurti followers. Krishnamurti was coming there and staying with the people for seven days. His disciples had gathered from all over the world. One woman went from India but after two, three days she was back.

She came to see me. I said, "You came back so early? Is the conference finished?" She said, "No, the conference is not finished but I am finished with Krishnamurti." I said, "What happened?" She said, "I had gone shopping and I saw Krishnamurti purchasing a necktie, and not only purchasing a necktie but making such a fuss. At least two hundred neckties were spread all over the table and nothing was liked by him. Something was wrong with everything: some color was wrong, the size was wrong, this was wrong, that was wrong." And she said, "I simply watched what he was doing. Is he a buddha? A buddha purchasing, shopping? A buddha looks good with a begging bowl but a buddha purchasing -- and what? A necktie! And then too, he is making so much fuss."

Krishnamurti is very fastidious about his clothes. She became so frustrated, she did not attend the conference. What is the point now? This man is not a buddha. Now, what to do with this woman -- to weep for her or to laugh at her? One can weep for her stupidity because Krishnamurti is Krishnamurti; he is not Gautama the Buddha, he is not Jesus Christ. He has his unique way of living, of expressing. He is not a renunciate, he lives in the world. And to see the point, that he lives in the world and yet is not of it, needs great understanding inside. This woman missed.

What to do with this woman? To weep for her? She went to Holland without even listening to a single talk of Krishnamurti.... Or to laugh at her stupidity? And one never knows -- Krishnamurti may have managed the whole thing only for this woman. Seeing that she is watching he may have made so much fuss... because people like Krishnamurti always want to get rid of the rubbish type of people, the stupid type of people.

Gurdjieff used to do many things just to get rid of unnecessary people. Sometimes he would behave so absurdly that the person who had come to see him would never come again -- thinking that he was mad. One day he is sitting drinking tea with two, three disciples and a journalist comes to see him. He was always against journalists entering into his ashram because this was his understanding: that they are bent upon misunderstanding.

He asked the journalist, very courteously, to sit and have some tea, some cake. The journalist was very happy because he had heard that Gurdjieff always throws journalists out, he tells them in no uncertain terms to get lost! He was very happy that he was being received with such love and compassion.

And then Gurdjieff asked the woman sitting by his side, "What day was yesterday?" She said, "Friday."

"And what day is today?"

Then the journalist became a little confused -- this man cannot manage! If yesterday was Friday, then there is no point in asking, "What day is today?"

The woman said, "Of course today is Saturday."

And he shouted at the woman, he said, "How it can be? If yesterday was Friday, how it can be Saturday today? Impossible! You go and find out what day today is."

The journalist escaped, thinking that this is something insane, this man is insane; he never even looked back. When he had gone, Gurdjieff had a good, hearty laugh. He said to the woman, "You see how I got rid of that man. Now he will never come back and he will spread the story around and many more will be prevented from coming."

One never knows how an enlightened person is going to behave -- with what devices.

Deepesh, your feeling that you love these words, this beautiful passage, is good, but remember that man is worth both weeping and laughing over. Yes, he is in great misery but the misery is created by himself. He IS trapped and he suffers much, but the trap is made by himself. He is like a small child who was playing outside the house with a pile of bricks. He started making a house of bricks, standing in the middle he went on putting brick upon brick around himself. When they came up to his neck then he became puzzled, then he started shouting to his mother, that "I am imprisoned, come and save me!" Now he cannot get out of it -- but he himself has created it!

This is the situation of man, we create our misery, our hell. If you see that we go on creating it, it is worth laughing at; but if you say, and see, that "Maybe we create it but still we are suffering," then it is worth weeping over.

But Buddha will not do either. He will remain detached, cool. He will not suffer because you are suffering and he will not even think your misery worth laughing about. He will keep his cool; he will do whatsoever he can to help you and will go on his way. Whether you are helped or not is not his business. His business is to say what is, and even THAT he had agreed to very reluctantly.

When he became enlightened he remained silent for seven days. The story is, the gods became very much worried because it rarely happens that a man becomes enlightened. Now this Siddhartha had become enlightened and he has not spoken a single word for seven days. They looked deep into the consciousness of Siddhartha and they saw that he was not going to speak at all.

They came down to the earth, bowed down to Buddha and asked him to speak because there were many who could be helped. Buddha said to them, "I had thought about it but there are only two alternatives. One is: I will speak but I will be understood only by very few people. The majority will not understand, maybe ninety-nine percent of the people will not understand at all. So ninety-nine percent of my efforts is going to be a sheer wastage.

"Of the one percent who will be able to understand me, my insight says that even without me, sooner or later they will find their own way. Their intelligence is such, their

courage is such, their search is such... they are passionate lovers of truth. That's why they will be able to understand me.

"The ninety-nine percent will never understand, the one percent who are capable of understanding me will understand it anyway, whether I speak or not. In fact it will be easier for them to understand if I don't speak. My silence will be more of a communion with them. So what is the point of speaking?"

The gods were very much worried how to answer this. They gathered together, they discussed among themselves, then they came again with a new argument and they said, "Listen! You are right, there are people who will never understand you and there are people who will understand even without your saying a single word. But can you deny that there are people between these two? Can you say there is not a single person who is just between these two categories, a third category, who will understand if you speak, and who will never understand if you don't speak? Can you deny -- it may be a very small minority, it may be one in a million, but can you deny that one single person -- that link between the majority and the minority? The nonunderstanders and the understanders... they are linked."

Buddha could not deny it. He said, "You are right, there ARE a few people; yes, one in a million who will be helped."

"Then," those gods said, "even if it is only one in a million, it is your to duty help him."

It is because of this argument that Buddha started speaking; otherwise he was not going to speak. And remember, there have been many buddhas who have not spoken. They remained silent their entire lives, you will never hear about them because they have never spoken. No scripture exists to describe them.

One point I would like to make very clear to you: that each individual when he becomes enlightened, becomes part of the universal -- but his expression still remains individual. His experience is universal, but his expression is individual. If he was a poet before, like Kabir, when he becomes enlightened he will sing songs. If he was a poet, if being a poet was part of his individuality -- now knowing the universal, his understanding, his light, will start flowing into the old patterns of poetry. He will be like Kabir, Nanak, Farid. But if he was a painter, not a poet, and he becomes enlightened, then he will paint -- that will be his natural way of expressing. If he was a sculptor then his expression will be different.

Each buddha lives in the universal but expresses himself individually. This is Jesus' expression, he is all too human. Maybe that is his appeal -- now almost half the earth is in love with Jesus. The reason is his humanity. Buddha is a faraway star, Jesus seems to be very close to the heart. Buddha appeals to the very sophisticated, Jesus' appeal is for the masses.

Whenever a country becomes sophisticated, cultured, educated, rich, affluent, Jesus' appeal starts disappearing. That's what is happening in America. Buddha is becoming more and more powerful: more and more Zen centers are being opened, more and more people are becoming converted from prayer to meditation, more and more people are becoming interested in the sayings of Buddha.

Jesus is losing ground in America; he is still gaining ground in India, but he is losing ground in America. America is now in the same affluent state as India was in the times of Buddha. The country was rich, people were well-educated, sophisticated, cultured; they knew what philosophy was. They knew all the flights of metaphysics, they knew the highest peaks -- at least intellectually. And Buddha was speaking to this intelligentsia; it was a totally different communication.

Jesus was talking to the poor villagers, farmers, gardeners, fishermen. He was speaking to the lowest, the poorest of the poor. His language is different, it is very human, it has to be.

Buddha's language is very pure, philosophical, metaphysical. It is less concerned with whether you understand it or not, it is more concerned with being true, being closer to truth, as close as possible. Hence their expressions are bound to be different.

Deepesh, you ask me, "Beloved Master, does the buddha weep?" Some buddhas do, some buddhas don't. It all depends on the individuality.

It happened when Basho's master died -- Basho is a buddha, a buddha who writes poetry, a buddha who paints beautiful pictures, a very aesthetic buddha. His master died, thousands of people gathered. His master was very famous; more famous because of Basho, because Basho was a famous poet and painter and he was Basho's master. Thousands of people gathered and they were very much surprised when they saw Basho crying, big tears rolling down his cheeks.

A few close disciples of his master came to Basho and said, "It does not look right. Thousands of people are coming and they are getting confused. They don't think a buddha should be crying and weeping, and you are the man who has been saying to them again and again: There is no death and the innermost core lives forever. Then why are you weeping? Your master is not dead, he has only moved from the small body to the universal body of God. So why are you weeping?"

Basho wiped his tears and he said, "Listen! This is nobody's business. I live according to my inner feelings, I cannot pretend. When my innermost core has disappeared into the universal. don't care whether people think it right or not. If they don't think that I am enlightened it's okay, but I cannot pretend. I cannot do something which is not really there. And yes, I have said that the soul is immortal and my master has not died, he has disappeared into the universal. That's why I am crying, not crying that he is dead but crying that now I will never be able to see his form. Now he has become formless -- and his body was beautiful. I will never be able to look again into those deep eyes, I will never be able to hold his hand and touch his feet. I have lost his form -- I am crying for his body, for his form; I am not crying for the formless soul. And I am not concerned whether people think me enlightened or unenlightened, that is their business. Who cares?"

No, this is Basho's approach, and he too is true. But never compare. Let each buddha be a Himalayan peak separate from other peaks. Let each buddha be understood according to his own way, never impose any other pattern on him. That has been done down the

ages again and again. The Christian can't believe that Buddha is a christ, because he does not serve the poor, he does not heal the wounded, he does not make the blind see, he does not do miracles like Jesus did. Lazarus died and Jesus came, and after four days he revived Lazarus. Buddha does nothing like that; on the contrary, he does something absolutely different.

There is a beautiful story:

A woman lost her young son; just a few days before her husband had died. Kissa Gautami was her name, and now her only son had died. She was in great despair, naturally; the child was her only hope. Buddha was staying in the town; people said, "Don't cry and don't weep. Why don't you take the child to the Buddha? He is so compassionate, he may revive him back to life."

The woman rushed with the dead body of the child. Buddha looked at the woman, told the woman to put the child in front of him and said to her, "Yes, I will revive him, but you will have to fulfill one condition."

The woman said, "I am ready to give even my life. Say any condition and I will fulfill it."

Buddha said, "It is a simple condition, I never make big requirements of people, only small requirements; this is a very simple thing. You just go into the town and bring a few mustard seeds. Just remember one thing: the mustard seeds should come from a house where nobody has ever died."

The woman was in an insane state, she could not see the point. How can you find a house where nobody has ever died? She rushed with great hope and she knew that every house has mustard seeds because that was the only crop the people were growing. The whole village was doing the same work, growing mustard seeds -- so there was no problem.

She knocked on many doors, the people said, "A few mustard seeds? We can bring cartloads of mustard seeds, but we cannot fulfill the condition; many people have died in our house. So our mustard seeds won't do."

By the evening the woman came to her senses. She had knocked on many doors; slowly slowly, she saw the point that death is inevitable -- it happens to everybody, that nobody can escape from it. She came back, she was a totally different woman when she came back in the evening. The child was there, Buddha was waiting. He said, "Where are the mustard seeds?"

The woman laughed, fell down at his feet and said, "Initiate me into your path, because I have understood your message, that everybody has to die. Today my son has died, a few days before my husband died, a few days afterwards I am going to die. Before I die I want to see the deathless. Now I am not interested in my child being raised from the dead. Now I am interested myself in seeing the eternal life."

Buddha initiated Kissa Gautami.

Now, these stories are the same, almost the same. Lazarus' sisters or Jesus' disciples, they sent for him. He was away. He came -- it took four days for him to reach there --

and he raised Lazarus from the dead. But what happened to Lazarus then? He must have died again because we don't see him anywhere. So what is the point?

If you ask Buddha he will say, "What is the point of raising the man? He will die again. You are simply creating another opportunity to die. Once is enough, why twice?" Buddha would have responded in a totally different way. Christians can't understand it because they are obsessed with the idea of Christ. They would like Buddha and Mahavira and Krishna to be the same way. That is not possible.

Buddhists cannot understand Christ either, because they have the idea of Buddha, the image of Buddha, and Jesus does not fulfill it. In fact there is no need for Jesus to fulfill anybody's idea, or for Buddha to fulfill anybody's expectation. They are unique people. We should stop this continuous comparison. Thousands of books are written every year comparing, and every comparison is going to be wrong, it is going to do some injustice to somebody or other. Either you will be unjust to Buddha, or to Christ. You cannot be just to both.

My effort here is to make you aware of the varieties of buddhahood, of the multidimensionality of enlightenment. The world is rich because there are so many birds and so many trees and so many flowers. And the same is true about the inner world; so many possibilities of growing, so many different, unique expressions when you become mature -- different flowers. The world is richer because there is a Buddha and a Christ and a Lao Tzu. The world would have been really very poor if there were only Ramas, just Ramas; the world would have been very poor. In each village and town you can find a few Ramas, carrying their bow. Or if there were millions of Christs everywhere it would not be beautiful, it would be boring.

It is good that Jesus has the touch of humanity and Buddha has pure divinity.

The second question:

Question 2

BELOVED MASTER,

WHAT IS "COINCIDENCE"?

Anand Viramo, there are three things to be understood. One is the law of cause and effect. That applies to the material world and because science believes only in the law of cause and effect, it denies everything else. The law of cause and effect is mechanical, there is no coincidence. You heat the water to one hundred degrees and it evaporates, there is no coincidence. It is not that one day it evaporates at ninety-nine degrees, another day at ninety degrees. There is no question of the mood, the water cannot decide, the water is mechanically ruled by a law of cause and effect.

Those who believe in the law of cause and effect, they will not believe in any coincidence. Everything is predetermined, there is nothing like coincidence. Everything has an inevitability.

Then there is another law -- Carl Gustav Jung called it the law of synchronicity. Two things can happen together although they are not related as cause and effect. For example if somebody is singing a beautiful song, some cord in your heart is touched,

but it is not inevitable, it is not cause and effect -- it may happen, it may not happen; it may happen to a few people, it may not happen to a few others. It may happen to you one day, it may not happen to you another day.

Today you are feeling happy, you have met your woman, your friend, you are riding on the winds. Somebody is singing a song, suddenly it strikes a note in you, you also feel like singing. Somebody is dancing, your feet suddenly have the feel to dance, the mood to dance.

But your wife has died, you are sad and somebody is singing and it hurts. The moon has risen in the sky, a full-moon night, and you are sad -- the moon also looks sad, not beautiful. You are in such a sad state that the full-moon night looks like it is ridiculing you; it looks so indifferent to you, so unconcerned, so hard. You are in such a sad state and the moon is still shining the same way it used to, and the roses are blooming and the birds are singing. Nobody seems to be concerned about you, nobody seems to care about you.

The universe seems to be very neutral, very cold. You feel hurt, you feel alienated, you feel a stranger, an outsider. Now there will be no synchronicity.

The law of synchronicity means sometimes you fit and sometimes you don't fit. It is fluid. The law of synchronicity belongs to the world of mind; just as cause and effect belong to the world of matter, body, the law of synchronicity belongs to the world of mind, heart. Beyond these two there is a possibility of coincidence too. That means no law pertains, or you can call it the law of freedom. That is the ultimate, the law of your innermost core, in fact it is not a law because it is a law of freedom. Things can happen which are not caused by anything and which are not created by the law of synchronicity, just coincidences.

Coincidence simply means that there is a possibility of freedom. Now there are people here of all the three kinds. There are people here who have come according to the law of cause and effect; they had to come, it was inevitable, unavoidable. There was something pulling them like a magnet, they could not resist it.

There are people here who have come not through the law of cause and effect, but they felt a synchronicity, a harmony with me, a deep accord. If they wanted to resist they could have resisted very easily, if they wanted not to come they could have remained. There was not some gravitational pull, they had to choose. It is out of their choice that they are here.

And there is also the third category of people who have just come as a coincidence, accidental. A friend was here, and you had come to see your friend, not to see me, not to listen to me, not at all concerned about me; you had come just to see your friend -- but then you got caught. The friend may not be here anymore, the friend may have escaped. Now this is coincidence.

Your husband was coming here, and you simply followed him just as a dutiful wife. Now there are many children, many kids who are coincidentally here. Their parents are here, so they are here; their being here is not their choice, just a coincidence. Their parents are Christian, they are Christian; their parents are Hindu, so they are Hindu;

their parents have become sannyasins, they have become sannyasins. This is just coincidence.

All these three things happen. The higher you rise, the higher your consciousness is, the more aware you become of freedom. At the lowest point everything is determined, at the highest point nothing is determined.

Buddha renounced his palace and the first day, when he was walking on the bank of a river, he created much confusion in the mind of a great astrologer.

The astrologer was coming from Varanasi; he had achieved the highest degrees possible in those days. He had become the most famous astrologer; now he is going back to his part of the country. He saw Buddha's footprint on the wet sand; he could not believe his eyes, because it was against all his astrological knowledge. The feet of the Buddha had a few marks which were clearly there on the sand. Those marks were thought to belong only to a man who is the ruler of the whole world, a CHAKRAVARTIN, who is the ruler of six continents.

Now what is the ruler of six continents doing in this poor village, on this dirty bank? And why should the emperor of all the six continents walk barefooted? He could not believe his eyes. He studied them very minutely and there was no suspicion, no doubt. Either his astrological books are not right or some emperor has passed from here. He followed those footprints in search of the man and he found Buddha sitting under a tree. Now he was more puzzled; the man looked as if he was the emperor of all the six continents, and yet he was a beggar with a begging bowl.

He bowed down to Buddha and he said, "I would like to see your feet. I am an astrologer, you may have heard my name." He looked at the feet and he said, "Now you have created such confusion in my mind, I have never been so confused. For twelve years I have studied astrology, should I throw my scriptures in the river and forget all about it? You should be the emperor of the whole world. What are you doing here? How can you be a beggar?"

Buddha laughed and he said, "Yes, there is no need to throw away your books, there is no need to be so confused. Your books are right. I was meant to be a great king, but that belongs to the law of cause and effect. If I had simply followed the pattern in which I was born, then I would have been the king, a great king, a chakravartin. But because I renounced, I took a conscious, deliberate step against the pattern that was imposed, imprinted in my being. I revolted against it, I rebelled against it, I became free of it. I became a witness of it, I dropped my identification with my mind, and once you drop your identification with your mind you are no longer under the law of cause and effect."

First you enter into the world of synchronicity and then, ultimately, you enter into the world of freedom. In the world of freedom there are only coincidences. Nothing is absolutely certain, everything is possible. Nothing is impossible. Napoleon is reported to have said: Nothing is impossible. But Napoleon cannot say that, he should not say it. A Buddha can say: Nothing is impossible, all things become possible.

You ask me, Anand Viramo, "What is 'coincidence'?"

It simply means that life is not just mechanical. It is not determined by fate and it is not determined by history. It is not determined by your past or by your past karmas. It is not determined, as Karl Marx says, by historical necessity. It is determined only for those who live unconsciously; otherwise it is freedom. You can choose and you can choose to be anything. You can even choose to be a nothingness, that is the ultimate freedom.

And coincidences are always happening in ordinary life too. Life is not as logical as you think, it is very illogical. Only the surface looks logical.

The preacher decided to enumerate the Ten Commandments to his flock.

When he got to "Thou Shalt Not Steal," he noticed a fellow in the first row acting nervously. When the preacher got to "Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery," he noticed the fellow brighten up and smile. After the service, the preacher approached the man and asked him the reason for his unseemly conduct -- to which the happy one replied, "When you said, 'Thou Shalt Not Steal,' I discovered my umbrella was gone. But when you said, 'Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery,' I remembered where I had left it."

A bachelor named Clem showed up at his weekly poker game with a black eye.

His friend Joe asked what had happened to him.

"Well," Clem replied, "when I was getting dressed this morning a button came off my pants. I don't know how to sew a thing, so I went to the next apartment and asked the woman there if she would sew it on for me."

"Oh boy," Joe said, "she probably thought you were making a pass and socked you, huh?"

"No, that was not it," said Clem. "She was as nice about it as she could be. Got out a needle and thread right then and there. She sat down in front of me and sewed the button on while I was standing there. But just as she finished and was biting the thread off, her husband walked in."

Life is not just logic. It does not follow a clean-cut path, it goes zigzag. And it is good that it is not simply logical, otherwise there would be no joy, there would be no surprise, you would be simply machines, not men. Coincidences never happen to machines, they can't happen to machines, they can happen only to man. It is your being conscious that makes them possible. Remove man from the earth and all coincidences will disappear, things will be following simple, logical law. But remove man and life loses all its beauty, because life loses its ultimate peak of evolution.

The third question:

Question 3

BELOVED MASTER,

WHY DO YOU GO ON SPEAKING AGAINST KNOWLEDGE? I HAVE NEVER HEARD YOU SPEAK AGAINST IGNORANCE.

Sargam, knowledge hinders, ignorance never does. Knowledge makes you egoistic, ignorance never does. Knowledge is nothing but hiding your ignorance, covering it up. If there is no knowledge, you will know your ignorance because there will be nothing to hide it. And to know that "I am ignorant" is the first step towards real wisdom. Hence I never speak against ignorance, ignorance has something beautiful about it. One thing that is beautiful about ignorance is that it can give you the right direction to move.

Socrates says: I know only one thing, that I know nothing. But Socrates is one of the wisest men of the world.

It happened that a few people had gone to the temple of Delphi, and the oracle at Delphi declared that Socrates is the wisest man, the greatest wise man ever. Those people rejoiced very much because they had come from Athens. They came back, they went to Socrates and they said, "You should also rejoice. Have you heard or not? The oracle at the temple of Delphi has declared you the greatest wise man on the earth."

Socrates said, "There must be something wrong, some misunderstanding, because I am the most ignorant; I know only one thing, that I know nothing. You go back and you tell the oracle that Socrates says he is the most ignorant person in the world."

They went back, they told the oracle and the oracle laughed and said, "That's why I have declared him the wisest man in the world."

Hence I never speak against ignorance. Ignorance also has another beautiful thing about it: that it is yours. Knowledge is always borrowed. And something that is yours cannot be taken away from you. It cannot be stolen, robbed, but knowledge can be taken away from you very easily. It is borrowed.

And when you are ignorant you don't have any pretensions, you are simple, you are innocent. Ignorance has the quality of innocence about it. That's why children are so innocent, because they are so ignorant. Primitive people are so innocent because they are so ignorant; they are not cunning, they cannot be. They don't have enough knowledge to be cunning. Before you can be cunning you have to be educated. Before you can be cunning you need a university degree; the more universities there are, the more cunningness there is in the world. The more people become knowledgeable, the more they are deceptive, cunning, oppressive. And they go on finding ways to exploit others.

Ignorance is pure, unadulterated. From ignorance move towards wisdom, not towards knowledge. If ignorance becomes meditative it becomes wisdom; if ignorance becomes interested in more and more information then it becomes knowledge. To be knowledgeable is not going to help at all. Wisdom liberates. Wisdom is as much yours as your ignorance is yours.

Knowledge not only deceives others, it deceives you too. When you know answers parrotlike, you start thinking that you really know. Because you can read and you can write, you start to think that you know; because you can understand words you start

thinking that you know; because your intelligence is covered with intellectuality, you start thinking that you are intelligent -- but you are not intelligent, only intellectual.

Intelligence is part of wisdom, intellectuality is part of knowledge.

Yes, Sargam, I speak against knowledge because there is nothing more dangerous than knowledge. It hinders you from knowing yourself. Knowledge hinders you from knowing, because it gives you plastic, synthetic, false things to play with and you forget all about the real thing. Don't start believing in words; it is the most dangerous game one can play. Don't be a parrot, otherwise you will be going farther and farther away from your inner source.

One very hot day a dog was walking along a road when he saw a take-away food shop. He went in and asked for a can of lemonade.

"Get out!" said the shopkeeper. "Dogs are not allowed in food shops."

"But look here," said the thirsty canine, "you've got a big sign outside that says, WE SERVE HOT DOGS!"

Just knowing the words is not enough. And the more words you know, the more confused you are going to become, because you don't know, your words are just on the surface. If somebody scratches a little bit more, your ignorance is bound to show. People go on pretending.

When I was a student in the university, I had a professor who was not even very knowledgeable -- wisdom was out of the question. But he had this habit of pretending. Whenever anybody would mention any name of a philosopher, author, poet, mystic or a name of some book, he would immediately say, "Yes, I have read the book, it is beautiful," or this or that, he would make some comment. But I could see in his eyes that the answer he was giving was hollow, he had not read the book, he knows nothing about the person and nobody had ever seen him in the library. I had gone to his house also, and I had not seen any books there. I inquired in the library -- he had been in the university for ten years -- not a single book had been taken out in his name, and nobody had ever seen him reading, except the newspaper. He was not reading anything else, and that too, he used to borrow from the neighbors. I inquired everywhere, and I became absolutely certain that he was simply pretending.

One day I invented three names, just invented. I told him, "Have you read, sir, Nomineo's book?"

He said, "Yes." Now, there is no person like Nomineo....

I asked him, "Can you tell me the name of his book?"

He looked a little puzzled; he said, "I must have read it many years ago, I have forgotten the name. You can inquire in the library."

I said, "You come along." In the library there was no name like Nomineo and no book he had written, because he has never been -- so how could he write a book?

I told him, "The other two names were also inventions and you have agreed, and a few other books also you have agreed that you read -- they don't exist!"

He took me aside and said, "Listen, don't tell it to anybody but I don't know a thing about these books. But one has to keep one's face. I don't want to look stupid."

People go on trying to pretend to be what they are not. Knowledge gives you the greatest pretension; you can quote Buddha, Jesus. And you don't understand what they are saying and you will always do something wrong. You will interpret them in a wrong way.

In India there are thousands of commentaries on the Bhagavadgita. Now if Krishna was either mad or insane then there could be thousands of meanings to his words. But Krishna was very particular about what he wanted to say. How then can you explain these thousands of commentaries? These are people imposing their meanings on Krishna. If he comes back and looks at the commentaries he himself will be puzzled, he himself will be in some difficulty trying to decide what his meaning really was. And these people are very argumentative.

Anybody can prove anything. Shankara proves that the Gita is the philosophy of renouncing the world; the world is illusion, and the Gita preaches renunciation -- and he proves it beautifully. His contemporary, Ramanuja, proves just the opposite: that the Gita teaches one to live in the world and be a devotee of God. It does not preach renunciation, it teaches the art of living in the world with prayer.

And Lokmanya Tilak finds something else; he says the Gita preaches action. Of course with great detachment -- but you have to act.

These three are the paths, ancient paths. The paths of no-action, inaction, that is Shankara's finding in the Gita. The path of action, that is Lokmanya Tilak's finding in the Gita. And the third is the path of devotion; Ramanuja is finding the third in the same book. And then there are different variations of the theme.

Knowledgeable people can go on imposing their own ideas of those who have known. The right way to come across a book like the Bible, Gita or Koran is not to have any ideas, not to have any knowledge. Encounter them with great silence, just like a mirror, reflecting only, not interpreting; then you will be able to see the real meaning, their meaning -- not your meaning imposed on their meaning. And the man who can become a mirror need not go to the Gita, the Koran or the Bible, he can find the message in the trees, in the song of the birds, in the clouds, in the sun, in the moon. He can find it anywhere, because God's message is written all over existence. His signature is on each leaf; you just have to be mirrorlike, silent, meditative, with no thought, with no knowledge.

That's why I speak against knowledge. It is knowledge that has become your imprisonment.

Betty was constantly losing her boyfriends because of her grandmother's tendency to say the wrong things to them in her attempt to be modern.

One day, her current boyfriend arrived while Betty was upstairs changing, and the old lady started to brag about her granddaughter.

"I think Betty would rather screw than eat," Granny chatted cheerfully to the young man. "There is hardly a young man around she has not screwed with, and she even has a record to screw by."

The young man blushed, stammered, grabbed his hat, and beat it out the door.

A moment later Betty came downstairs, noted his absence and said, "Alright, Granny, what did you say this time?"

"Nothing," protested the old lady, "I was just telling him how much you liked to screw, when he ran out the door."

"Oh my goodness, Granny, how many times must I tell you, the word is not 'screw', it is 'twist'!"

What happens to Jesus in your mind, what happens to Buddha in your mind is exactly something like that. Your mind does both the things, it twists, it screws. Put your knowledge aside, just go in deep innocence, in deep ignorance, and then you will be able to find what truth is. Truth is not found by knowledge, it is found by silence. And knowledge is noisy.

The last question:

Question 4

BELOVED MASTER,

IS IT REALLY DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND YOU?

Dhammo, it is the same old story. It has always been difficult to understand people like me. Not that you are not intelligent enough to understand, but because you are too knowledgeable. You already think you know and that is the trouble. Come to me not knowing anything, don't come to me as Hindus, Buddhists, Christians; otherwise you will misunderstand. I am saying simple things, but if you have a preoccupied mind, you are going to miss them.

"It was terrible, mother," complained the curvy teenager. "I had to change my seat four times at the movies."

"Some man started bothering you?" asked her mother.

"Yes," said the girl. "Finally."

An American girl visiting England went to a posh party. She was dancing with a rather stuffy Englishman when her necklace became unfastened and slipped inside the back of her gown. So she asked her partner to retrieve it.

Though he felt rather uncomfortable about it, he courteously attempted to reach the necklace. After a couple of tries, he finally said, "I am awfully sorry, but I am having trouble getting to it."

"Try further down," she instructed.

Just then he noticed that all eyes in the room were on him, and he blushed beet-red. He whispered to the lovely American, "I feel such a perfect ass!"

"Never mind about that," she said. "Just get the necklace!"

Different languages.... I speak one language, you speak another language. By the time words reach to you they have a totally different meaning. Unless you start listening to me in the same silent space in which I am speaking to you, misunderstanding is inevitable. But it can be avoided. Be a little bit more meditative, learn the ways of being more silent -- and many of you are learning, and many of you have become aware of it, and many of you are tasting me without misunderstanding me at all.

It is going to happen to you too, Dhammo. You are new; just get a little seasoned, a little ripe and mature. And the only maturity required here is to sit with me absolutely empty, so I can resonate within you, so I can touch your heart, so I can play upon the harp of your heart.

Then the sounds created will not come from your mind; otherwise, if you keep the mind between me and you, then whatsoever meaning you arrive at is your own; I have nothing to do with it, it has nothing to do with me either.

Wait a little, Dhammo, become a little more silent, learn how to be in communion with me. It is a love affair to be with a master, a love affair which is inexpressible in words; but one can get attuned, it is an attuning. Slowly slowly, the disciple falls into accord with the heart of the master. He breathes the way the master breathes, his heart beats in the same rhythm as the master's heart. Then understanding comes so naturally; just as your shadow follows you, understanding follows silence.

Enough for today.

The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

Chapter #9

Chapter title: Mind is a fraud

29 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

LET GO OF ANGER, LET GO OF PRIDE.
WHEN YOU ARE BOUND BY NOTHING,
YOU GO BEYOND SORROW.
ANGER IS LIKE A CHARIOT CAREERING WILDLY.
HE WHO CURBS HIS ANGER
IS THE TRUE CHARIOTEER.
OTHERS MERELY HOLD THE REINS.

WITH GENTLENESS OVERCOME ANGER,
WITH GENEROSITY OVERCOME MEANNESS,
WITH TRUTH OVERCOME DECEIT.
SPEAK THE TRUTH,
GIVE WHATEVER YOU CAN,
NEVER BE ANGRY.
THESE THREE STEPS WILL LEAD YOU
INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE GODS.

THE WISE HARM NO ONE,
THEY ARE MASTERS OF THEIR BODIES
AND THEY GO TO THE BOUNDLESS COUNTRY,
THEY GO BEYOND SORROW.
THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION
KEEP WATCH BY DAY AND NIGHT
TILL ALL DESIRES VANISH.

LISTEN, ATULA, THIS IS NOT NEW,
IT IS AN OLD SAYING.
THEY BLAME YOU FOR BEING SILENT,
THEY BLAME YOU WHEN YOU TALK TOO MUCH
AND WHEN YOU TALK TOO LITTLE.
WHATEVER YOU DO THEY BLAME YOU.
THE WORLD ALWAYS FINDS A WAY TO PRAISE
AND A WAY TO BLAME.
IT ALWAYS HAS AND IT ALWAYS WILL.

BUT WHO DARES BLAME THE MAN

WHOM THE WISE CONTINUALLY PRAISE,
WHOSE LIFE IS VIRTUOUS AND WISE,
WHO SHINES LIKE A COIN OF PURE GOLD?
EVEN THE GODS PRAISE HIM,
EVEN BRAHMA PRAISES HIM.

BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE BODY,
MASTER THE BODY,
LET IT SERVE TRUTH.
BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE MOUTH,
MASTER YOUR WORDS,
LET THEM SERVE TRUTH.
BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE MIND,
MASTER YOUR THOUGHTS,
LET THEM SERVE TRUTH.

THE WISE HAVE MASTERED BODY, WORD AND MIND,
THEY ARE THE TRUE MASTERS.

The first sutra:

LET GO OF ANGER, LET GO OF PRIDE.
WHEN YOU ARE BOUND BY NOTHING,
YOU GO BEYOND SORROW.

The most important thing to be understood is that Buddha is not saying, "Repress anger, repress pride." And he is not saying, "Drop anger, drop pride," either. He is using the words LET GO OF ANGER, LET GO OF PRIDE. The key is in the words 'let go'.

There are people who are full of anger, possessed by anger, possessed by pride. They are insane. Insanity is the climax of pride and anger. And there are people who are afraid of anger and pride; hence they repress them. But a repressed insanity is far more dangerous, because it accumulates. Then you are sitting on a volcano. It can erupt any moment. It will destroy you. It will destroy others who are related to you. It is poison.

If one has to choose between the two, expressing or repressing, then expressing is far better, because at least the poison never accumulates. It is thrown in mild doses, homeopathic doses. But if you accumulate, it is no longer homeopathy, it becomes allopathy. Then the doses are big and, sooner or later, your repressed anger will be so powerful that you will not be able to keep it repressed anymore. Then it simply explodes and you are absolutely helpless.

Humanity has been taught by the priest, the politician, the pedagogue down the ages to repress anger. The society is not concerned with you, it is concerned only with your outer appearance. What happens to your inner world is nobody's business; whether you

suffer, live in hell inside, that is left to you. Just keep a beautiful appearance, learn etiquette, behave in a cultured way and if you are carrying a hell that is your problem. But the person who is carrying a hell within, howsoever cultivated he becomes, sophisticated, cultured, he remains a wild animal within. Scratch him a little bit and his humanity will disappear, his character will disappear and you will find just the opposite kind of man inside. That's what happens when somebody drinks too much. A very cultured man, once he is intoxicated, starts being very uncultured. That is his truer self. Alcohol has not created it; it has only removed the barriers, it has only removed the rocks that were repressing it.

In the East there has been a secret tradition of tantrikas who go on practicing meditation -- and side by side they go on taking drugs in greater and greater amounts for a certain reason. They are not interested in drugs, they are interested in meditation. But they go on increasing the amount of the drug slowly slowly, so that they can remain alert with the drug. It takes a long time, it is a very subtle process of awakening.

In the hands of the fools it will be destructive, it will be suicidal. Hence it is a sacred tradition. Only the master gives it to the disciple -- and very rarely. If he finds some disciple of such integrity, then only does he give this process: "Meditate and go on increasing the amount of the drug so slowly that it never overpowers you and your watchfulness remains intact."

But the drug will start removing all rocks and it will bring up all that you have repressed down the ages in your many lives. Watching it you will be allowing it to disappear. That is the magic of watching. If you watch something, either it is going to disappear totally from your being, or it is going to be dissolved into your being. If it is something natural, spontaneous, it will be dissolved into your being. That too is beautiful. If it is something not part of your being, extraneous -- has come from the outside, is a parasite on you -- it will evaporate.

The real definition of good and bad can only be this: the good is that which grows with meditation, watchfulness, and the bad is that which disappears as you grow in watchfulness, as you grow in awareness. Awareness has to be the decisive factor. When you become aware of your anger there happens a let-go, because anger is not part of your natural being, neither is pride. They start evaporating. As the sun of awareness rises in you, they start evaporating like dewdrops in the early morning sun.

And the second thing to remember: Buddha makes these two statements together, LET GO OF ANGER, LET GO OF PRIDE. Why? There is a reason: pride is ego, "I am superior, I am holier, I am greater, I am something special, I am." Ego is the root cause of anger. If you think you are superior, higher, holier, special, you will be constantly angry, because the world is not going to accept it. In fact everybody else also thinks in the same foolish way. And when there are so many great people, conflict is bound to arise. And everybody is trying to prove that, "I am greater than you." How can you avoid conflict? And that conflict brings anger. It is ego hurting, it is ego feeling the wound, it is unsatisfied ego that creates anger. And nobody's ego can be satisfied, that is impossible.

Even a man like Napoleon could not feel his ego absolutely satisfied, for the simple reason that he was not very tall -- only five feet five inches. And that was always heavy on him, because he had many servants, guards who were very much taller than himself. And whenever he would see a tall person he would become angry. He would not be able to control himself.

The great Russian leader, Lenin, had very small legs. His torso was bigger, his upper body was bigger; his lower body was very small, disproportionate. That kept him always angry. Even if somebody looked at his feet -- which was natural, because they were so disproportionate that anybody looking would notice -- he would become angry immediately. Anybody looking at his feet would create anger.

He used to sit on a big chair -- so big that his feet wouldn't touch the ground -- so nobody would think that he had small feet. But people had become aware of his big chair; they would look more closely and that would again create anger, because they would see that his feet were not touching the ground at all. Now, to be the dictator of the greatest country in the world, Soviet Russia, the largest country in the world and yet feeling hurt for a very stupid reason... that you have small legs!

You cannot have all and everything. You can arrange to have a few things, but a few other things will be missing. You may be tall, but you may be ugly. Any small thing is enough to hurt the ego. You may be very tall and very handsome, but unintelligent -- you may have a very mediocre mind. You may have a very intelligent mind, but a very ill body. You may have a very strong body, a very good physique, but you don't have any intelligence. You can't manage all. You may have intelligence, a beautiful body but no money. The world is vast and there are a thousand and one things and nobody can manage to have it all -- nobody has ever been able to.

And the ego is bound to be wounded; the ego is very sensitive, very fragile, because it is very false. It is ego that creates the space in which anger arises. Hence Buddha says, LET GO OF ANGER, and immediately adds, LET GO OF PRIDE. Because unless you let go of the ego you will not be able to let go of anger. Anger is a by-product. And one has to see very clearly the causes of things. Your minds are so jumbled up, in such a mess, you don't know what is the cause and what is the effect.

A woman used to come from a faraway village to the city each year to give birth to a child. When she came for the seventeenth time the doctor said, "We always wait for you. You are the only one we can depend on that each year you will be here. When will you be coming the next year?"

She said, "I'm not coming anymore, because we have just discovered what is the cause of it all."

Seventeen children and they have just discovered the cause of it all! She said, "I am not coming anymore."

But that too is early. You may have lived thousands of lives and you have not yet been able to find the cause... why this anger? Our minds are in such a mess that you cannot make head or tail of it. You cannot sort it out. Everything is so mixed up with

everything else: causes pretending to be effects, effects pretending to be causes, things which are not related at all have become accidentally associated with each other.

Betty Engrove, the singer, switched on her radio one morning and tuned in on two stations at once: one broadcasting calisthenic exercises and the other giving out cooking recipes. Here is what she heard:

"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on your shoulder. Touch your toes and mix them in one half cup of milk, repeat six times. Inhale one half teaspoon of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard boiled eggs, exhaling into a bowl and breathe naturally. Lie flat on the floor and roll in the white of an egg until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes lift your head from the fire and scrub briskly with a rough towel. Bend your knees, shake powdered sugar on them and serve it with soup."

And your mind is tuned to so many stations, not just two! All kinds of things are going on inside the mind. One day just sit down and write whatsoever is coming into the mind. And don't cheat, just write exactly whatsoever comes in and you will be surprised that this is your mind, this is where you have been living your life from. You will find it absolutely insane.

It is good that we don't have windows in the head, otherwise other people would look inside and they would be surprised; they would not be able to believe that this is you. YOU also will not be able to believe that this is what your mind is.

But this is the reality. People never look inside. In fact, as if unconsciously, they suspect that if they look inside they will find insanity there. It is better not to look; avoid, keep the mind in the dark and remain occupied with something in the outside world. People keep themselves busy without business for the simple reason that it helps them not to look in. They have become alienated from their own minds.

If you look in, in the beginning of course it is going to be a chaos; but if you start watching the chaos, slowly slowly things start settling and you will be able to see what are the causes and what are the effects. Once you have known the causes, you are on the right track. Many people are fighting with the effects. You can never win, you are bound to lose. Effects are only symptoms. You cannot fight with anger, because it is only an effect -- the cause is ego.

You cannot fight with causes either; unless you find that this is the ultimate cause. Anger is an effect; for anger, ego is the cause. But if you go deep down, watching your ego you will be surprised, it is also in its own turn an effect -- an effect of unawareness. Unawareness is the cause.

You can go on from anywhere -- from greed, from lust, from anger, from jealousy, from possessiveness and you will always come to the ultimate cause: unawareness.

So the only way to get rid of this mess, this chaos, is to be aware. And once you are aware you need not repress anything, you need not even drop; things start dropping on their own, they start disappearing on their own. That's what Buddha means when he says: LET GO OF ANGER, LET GO OF PRIDE. WHEN YOU ARE BOUND BY NOTHING, YOU GO BEYOND SORROW. And these are the two things which are

keeping you tethered in an insane state. These are the two things which are creating all your sorrow and misery. Ego, hidden behind, goes on working, poisoning you. Anger is either expressed, then it poisons your relationships with people, or it is repressed, then it poisons your own being.

And slowly slowly, you find yourself in such a state in which many people would like to die; many people contemplate suicide for the simple reason that life is so painful and death seems to be a relief. Millions of people around the earth contemplate suicide -- many of them try, many of them succeed too. And those who don't contemplate suicide contemplate murder; they think that others are creating their trouble, so destroy others. Either they want to destroy others, or they want to destroy themselves, because they find no joy in life. When you don't find joy in life, when you are not blissful, you become destructive, either a sadist or a masochist.

When your life is full of joy, unbounded joy, it is creative, then great creativity is born in you. Then you do something to contribute to the evolution of humanity, to the evolution of the whole universe. You add some beauty to it, you share your celebration with it. You make at least a few flowers bloom.

You leave the world in great contentment, because creativity brings contentment. You leave this world joyously, because it has been such a beautiful opportunity to grow, to mature, to become aware. It has been such a joy to create a few things and share those things with people; otherwise you live in sorrow and you die in sorrow.

ANGER IS LIKE A CHARIOT CAREERING WILDLY.
HE WHO CURBS HIS ANGER
IS THE TRUE CHARIOTEER.
OTHERS MERELY HOLD THE REINS.

If you look at people or at yourself, you will find that anger is as if it is a chariot without a driver.

Just the other day I was reading a book:

A man has lived in the desert and he writes of many experiences he had there. He tried one experiment:

There were no roads, there were no people, no trees, no rocks, no hills; just a desert, spread out for thousands of miles. And for centuries it had been so infertile, it had become hard. It was not a sand desert, the crust was very hard.

He was driving his car, suddenly a whimsical idea arose in him. He moved to the seat next to the driver's -- he was the only one in the car. He left the driver's seat and let the car run on its own, because there was no road, no people, there was no fear of any accident. The car started moving. It was a rare experience. Then he jumped out of the car.

Greater ideas came to his mind... and the car was still going on. Then he ran after the car, jumped in again, took out his bicycle and went exactly opposite to the car on his

bicycle till the car was just a speck far away on the horizon. It was still moving, going nowhere, still going.

Then he again bicycled towards the car. It was strange. He writes it was thrilling that the car was still moving, going nowhere.

Reading his notes, I suddenly remembered Buddha's sutra: ANGER IS LIKE A CHARIOT CAREERING WILDLY. HE WHO CURBS HIS ANGER IS THE TRUE CHARIOTEER. OTHERS MERELY HOLD THE REINS. They may not even be holding the reins -- they may be simply sitting there. The car is running on its own. Your body is running on its own, your mind is running on its own. You are not needed at all. You can jump out of the window, take your bicycle, go away from the car and it will still be moving. And one day you can come back to meet yourself.

Yes, this has been tried. People down the ages have tried out-of-the-body experiences; they are exactly the same. You can try it. If you go a little deeper into meditation, one day you can find a way to get out of the body, to run in the room. Even running is not needed, you can float in the air, look at the body lying down there, sleeping, snoring; you can listen to the snoring. Everything is functioning perfectly well, the engine is humming, you can come close to the heart and listen to the beat. The body is breathing. You are not needed at all. You can escape from the window, go around the neighborhood, come back, enter into the body, you are still fast asleep. It makes no difference, as if the body does not care much whether you are in or out.

The body is a very complicated, subtle mechanism; it is automatic, it does not need you. You have not done anything, that's why you are not needed.

If you become a real charioteer then you will be needed. If you are a meditator you will be needed. Then there are a few things the body cannot do. It cannot meditate on its own -- that is impossible. It can snore, it can sleep on its own, but it cannot be aware on its own. For awareness you are needed.

Remember it: only that thing is worth doing for which YOU are needed. Things which can be done without you are nonessential things. To devote your whole life to them is to miss the whole point.

"Take me to the railway station," said the drunk, stumbling into a waiting taxi.

"Look mate, we are at the railway station," said the cabby.

"Thanks," murmured the drunk, handing over a five-dollar bill. "And next time, don't drive so bloody fast."

The taxi had not moved even an inch. Your life may remain exactly where it was when you were born. It may not move even an inch. Millions die exactly as they are born. No growth happens, no flowering comes to their lives. Whether they are or are not simply makes no difference. They come and go like shadows. Their life is not worth calling life; they simply vegetate.

A farmer munching on a cookie was watching a big rooster chasing a hen and gaining ground at every lap. The farmer threw a piece of cookie in front of the racing pair. The rooster came to a sliding stop and gobbled up the tidbit. "Gosh," said the farmer, "I hope I never get that hungry."

But the rooster, the lion, the tiger, the dog, the cat and you, are not in any way different -- unless something of buddhahood starts arising in you. The rooster is dominated by his hunger, by his lust; so are you.

B.F. Skinner, the modern prophet of the behaviorist school of psychology, says that man is a machine. And about ninety-nine point nine per cent of people he is correct. George Gurdjieff used to say that man is a machine. And he was not a behavioral psychologist. He was one of the greatest spiritual giants who has ever walked on the earth. But still he used to say that not everybody has got a soul. It is very rarely that a person has a soul.

And I can understand B.F. Skinner. It is impossible for him to come across a buddha and to study a buddha. He studied rats and you; and he finds no difference. The instincts possessed by the rat are the same instincts possessed by man. Of course man is a little more complicated, true, a more complicated machine, that's all; a computer.

One day I was reading a fictitious story about the future, when scientists will be able to make mechanical men, robots. They look exactly like men, except that they have no soul. But from the outside you can't see any difference: they talk, they make love, they eat, they get tired and they go to sleep. And if you meet a robot -- who looks exactly like a man -- how are you going to judge whether he is a robot? Are you holding the hand of a robot or a man? Only once in a while will you be able to know: when the battery runs down and the robot starts, "Grrrr, grrrr, grrrr." Otherwise there is no difference.

You were making love to the robot and the robot says, "Grrrr, grrrr, grrrr." Then suddenly you become aware that this is not a man! But up to now he was perfectly alright. He was reciting great poetry, discussing great ideas, philosophy, quoting Socrates and Aristotle and he was hugging you and telling you, "I love you, and I will love you forever."

And these are all recorded things that he has been saying to every woman he meets. The moment he sees a woman something triggers in him and he starts talking poetically and saying, "I love you and I will die without you."

I have heard of a psychoanalyst who was very much puzzled. He was in love with a woman, but the woman was a little strange. Whenever he would say to her, "I love you," she would look down.

He asked her, "What is the matter? Whenever I say, 'I love you,' are you feeling ashamed, embarrassed or what? Why do you start looking down?"

She said, "I look down to see whether you really mean it. ... Because I can't trust your mind. I can only trust your body."

It is very difficult to lie through the body. One can learn it, actors do that -- but very few are actors. Otherwise it is a very difficult art to make the body lie. The mind is perfectly at ease in lying; it can say things which it doesn't mean. But the body is still far more authentic, far more true. What irony, that the body seems to be more authentic and your mind seems to be simply a fraud!

You can attain to the soul only by becoming more watchful of all that is happening in your body and in your mind. Unless and until the witness arises in you, you are a robot. Sheela has written a question to me: "When I go away from you, I am such a rat, but when I come back to you I become just a mouse."

I know what she means. People think there is much difference between rats and mice; there is not much. The mouse is just a sophisticated rat, college-educated, a hypocrite. The rat is far more authentic, the rat is whatsoever he is. The mouse has a facade. But there is not much difference between the rat and the mouse. There is not much difference between the mouse and man, and there is not much difference between man and the machine.

The difference arises -- the only difference that makes a difference -- in meditation. Before it, you can never have any differences. All differences are only formal.

That's why psychologists study rats, particularly white rats, because they are simple people and it is easier to understand them. Once you have understood the mind of the rat, you have understood the mind of man too. They infer all their knowledge about man through studying rats. It is really a condemnation of man that rats supply information about you. And that information works, it is perfectly applicable to you -- you behave in the same way.

That information will not be applicable to a Buddha, to a Jesus, to a Krishna. But where is B.F. Skinner going to find a buddha? And even if he can find a buddha, who is going to study whom? The buddha will study Skinner, not vice versa. Skinner will not be able to study a buddha; he will not have the right context, he knows only how to study rats. A buddha will be absolutely incomprehensible to him. And when something is incomprehensible, the ego simply denies it. That is the ego's way of protecting itself. The incomprehensible, the mysterious has to be denied, overlooked, bypassed. One does not take note of the incomprehensible, because to take note of the incomprehensible means you are taking note of the limitation of your mind, and that hurts the ego.

Hence, buddhas are born once in a while, but nobody takes note of them. That is the difference between the Eastern and the Western psychology. Western psychology is based on the understanding of rats. Eastern psychology is not based on the understanding of rats or even on the understanding of man.

Eastern psychology is rooted in the psychology of the buddhas. We think from the highest and then we come downwards. First we think of the ultimate and from there we infer about those who are on lower ranks -- it is respectful.

Trying to observe the lowest and inferring about the higher is humiliating; it is ugly and it is going to be wrong. It is like studying a seed and inferring about a flower. Now, studying a seed, how can you infer about a flower? You can dissect the seed, you can

look into it; you will not find any color and you will not find any beauty and you will not find any fragrance. Although it contains them all, but they are still in the unmanifest.

And if you decide by the seed about the flower and you say that the flowers don't have any fragrance -- can't have, because when it is not in the seed, how it can be in the flower? And the flowers are not beautiful, because the seed is not beautiful... then everything has to be reduced to the lowest denominator; then the flower has to be simply denied -- that it is just poetic imagination and nothing else. That's what has been done about buddhas. The materialists go on denying their existence, they say it is poetic imagination. Such people have not existed, cannot exist; it is impossible for them to exist, because the seed does not show any sign of them.

The psychology of the buddhas starts from the other extreme. It starts from the highest: it studies the flower and then infers about the seed. Because the flower has fragrance, it says the seed MUST have it; it is unmanifest. The flower is beautiful, the seed must have beauty in it, covered, hidden. The flower has color, the seed must have it, just waiting for its right time, for the spring, to explode into color, into fragrance, into beauty. Now this is the right way to understand man: not through rats, not even through ordinary man, but through buddhas.

This is the difference between the Eastern and the Western approach. The Western approach has reduced man to a very ugly phenomenon. The Eastern psychology has raised man to the height of the gods. And then the very process of both the psychologies becomes different. Western psychology goes through analysis, thinking -- that is its method. Eastern psychology follows the method of no-mind, of meditation; not of analysis, not of thinking, but of silence. Because to see the beauty of the flower you need silence, not analysis; beauty can never be understood through analysis. The dance of the flower in the wind, in the sun, in the rain, cannot be understood by the head; the heart has to be open for it.

WITH GENTLENESS OVERCOME ANGER....

This sutra is also tremendously important. Now Buddha is saying.... Anger contains energy. You cannot simply throw it away. It is your energy. Throwing it away will make you weak. Energies are not to be thrown away, but to be transformed. WITH GENTLENESS OVERCOME ANGER.... Let your anger be transformed into gentleness.

WITH GENEROSITY OVERCOME MEANNESS,
WITH TRUTH OVERCOME DECEIT.

He is saying that meditation is an alchemical process -- it is not morality, it is alchemy. It is the science of the soul. Through meditation anger slowly slowly disappears, and its energy becomes available and becomes gentleness.

You will be surprised to know that if you suffer from great anger you have great potential for gentleness. Anger simply shows that you have great energy. A man

without anger is impotent, he has no energy. A man who cannot be angry cannot be gentle either. WITH GENEROSITY OVERCOME MEANNESS. Don't repress meanness, don't destroy meanness, but with generosity transform it into a generous consciousness, into sharing.

WITH TRUTH OVERCOME DECEIT. Don't fight with darkness, bring light in. That is the essence of this sutra. Don't fight with the negative, bring the positive in. And the positive comes through watchfulness -- the negative is already there. Your society prepares you for the negative, your society needs you to be negative. Your society wants you to be angry, full of anger, so that you can be forced into war, into crusades: religious, political, ideological conflicts; so you can be manipulated into killing people. Or, you can be manipulated into becoming martyrs; destructive to yourself.

Millions of Christians have died, Mohammedans have died, killing each other for the simple reason that so much anger is repressed, it needs some outlet. You will be surprised to know that Buddhism is the only religion in the world which has not shed blood, the only religion in the world which has converted millions of people without coercion of any kind.

Christianity has converted thousands of people, but with coercion. In the beginning it was by the sword. Mohammedans have converted millions of people, but it is through the sword, forcibly, violently. This is not conversion, this is something absolutely ugly and irreligious.

Now the sword is no longer used, because to use the sword directly will be condemned all over the world, so subtle means of coercion are used. In poor countries you can go with bread and butter, with clothes, with better facilities for life and you can convert people. Christian missionaries are doing this all over the world, particularly in the poor countries. It is not a conversion to Christ -- it is not at all a conversion -- it is simply purchasing people with bread and butter. People are starving -- whosoever can give them food, they are ready to go with him.

Buddhism is the only religion in the world which has really converted people without the sword, without bread and butter, without any coercion, positive or negative; which has simply converted through its understanding of people, bringing them more light, bringing them more understanding of their minds, their bodies.

And this is of great importance. Never fight with the negative. Your society prepares you for the negative. Transform the negative into the positive; transformation is possible. The medium that has to be used is meditation. Just become more watchful of all your mind things -- anger, greed, meanness; otherwise you can cultivate, you can deceive others and you can deceive yourself, but you will remain mean. A miser can donate, giving charity, but he is giving with calculation. His miserliness is there. Now he is opening a bank account in the other world. He wants to have a bank balance there too.

A blind man was standing in a bus queue, when his neighbor was startled to see a dog calmly cock his leg and piss all down the blind man's trousers.

When the blind man realized what was happening, he put his hand into his pocket and produced a bar of chocolate that he held downwards for the dog.

"That's a very charitable thing to do," said his neighbor.

"Oh," replied the blind man, "I am just finding out where his mouth is so I can kick him in the balls."

So don't be deceived about what people are doing on the outside, deep inside they may be calculating something else. Their act may be generous, but their motive is the real thing that matters; not the act, but the intention.

A man picked up a woman in a bar one night and took her home to his apartment.

When they got there, she started to disrobe, but he stopped her, saying, "No, let us just sit here on the couch together, and if you will keep both of your hands on my head while you are here, I will give you twenty dollars."

The girl thought this a little unusual, but did as he requested. Finally, she could not restrain her curiosity any longer and asked, "But what kind of a thrill do you get out of having my hands on your head?"

"No thrill," he answered. "I just get a sense of security knowing that your hands are on my head and not in my pocket -- for twenty dollars it is worth it."

The people who are miserly will remain miserly, even in their sharing. If you look deep down you will find they are trying to bargain for something, there is some business hidden in it. The priests go on telling people, "If you give to poor people here, you will get a thousandfold in the other world" -- a thousandfold, it is like a lottery! And who would not like to have it? Give a little bit here and you will get a thousandfold there.

Priests have been cheating people, because people are mean, because people are miserly; otherwise priests would disappear from the world. If people are really generous there will be no need for the priests, nobody can exploit generous people. They give for the sheer joy of giving. They don't think that giving is a means to some end. If you think giving is a means to some end you miss the whole point. Unless giving becomes a joy in itself, you don't know what it is.

SPEAK THE TRUTH,
GIVE WHATEVER YOU CAN,
NEVER BE ANGRY.
THESE THREE STEPS WILL LEAD YOU
INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE GODS.

Speak the truth, whatsoever the cost. It is going to cost you much, because the world lives in lies. People are brought up in such a way that truth never crosses their paths. And they are forced to believe in something which their society, their church, their state wants them to believe in; it is not a question of truth. People love lies, because lies are

very consoling. And people love lies because others are also believers in the same lies -- and you feel part of others, you feel a kind of belonging, you don't feel alone.

The man of truth feels alone. A Socrates, a Pythagoras, a Heraclitus find themselves alone, very alone. In this world if you say the truth and you live the truth, you will have to live alone. You will not find many people who would like to be with you. You will not find great company in the world. You will find few people who are lovers of truth. And you will always be in danger, because your truth will be a dangerous thing for those who live in lies. They will not tolerate you. You will become an unbearable phenomenon for them. They will be bent upon destroying you.

But still, even if life is sacrificed, truth is worth it. A moment of truth is more valuable than a hundred years of life, because a moment of truth makes you part of eternity, part of God.

SPEAK THE TRUTH, GIVE WHATEVER YOU CAN. It is not a question that you have to give money or you have to give this and that; whatever you can, whatever you have - - if you have a song, sing the song, share it. If you can dance, dance and share it. **GIVE WHATEVER YOU CAN.** And, **NEVER BE ANGRY,** because people may not accept your gift. Don't get angry about that. People may never thank you, they may not feel grateful to you. On the contrary, they may feel offended by you.

It has always been so; they were offended by Jesus, they were offended by Buddha. Why? -- because those people look so different from the ordinary, that people become aware of their own ordinariness and it hurts. They bring great treasures to share -- but it hurts, because they have that great treasure and we don't have anything. People will not be thankful to you, in fact they will never be able to forgive you. They may crucify you, they may stone you to death.

Hence Buddha reminds you again: remember, don't expect anything, otherwise anger will be natural. If you expect even gratefulness from people and they don't show any gratefulness -- on the contrary, they show great ungratefulness -- you may feel angry. Beware, your joy is in giving. It is not for you to be worried about whether what you give is accepted or is not accepted; is accepted with gratefulness or is accepted indifferently.

You do good to people, they may do bad to you... still, don't be angry. Remember this is how things are, this is how people are. Remembering it will help you not to become enraged.

THE WISE HARM NO ONE... but the fools enjoy harming others. And who is wise? Not the one who knows much, but the one who understands much. The wise is not one who has all the scriptures at the tip of his tongue; the wise is one who has seen his own reality, and seeing it has become aware of the universe and its beauty and its intelligence. The wise is one who has seen the wisdom of existence; he is not knowledgeable, but he is absolutely innocent. How can he harm anyone? -- that is impossible, because he can't see others as different from himself. He sees the whole as one.

Beware of knowledgeable people, beware of the so-called experienced, they are not wise.

Two women were sitting in the doctor's waiting room, comparing notes on their various disorders.

"I want a baby more than anything in the world," said the first, "but I guess it's impossible."

"I used to feel just the same way," said the second, "but then everything changed. That's why I'm here; I'm going to have a baby in three months."

"You must tell me what you did!"

"I went to a faith healer."

"But I have tried that. My husband and I went to one for nearly a year and it didn't help a bit."

The other woman smiled and whispered, "Try going alone next time, dearie!"

The experienced people, the people who have lived life... they appear wise; they are not wise, they are only mature fools. And mature fools are more dangerous than the immature fools, because the mature fool has all the arguments to support his foolishness, all his experience is at his disposal.

The professor of criminal law was concluding his final lecture before the holidays. "Remember, gentlemen, if you have an affair with an underage girl, with or without her consent, it is rape! If you have an affair with a girl of age without her consent, that is rape; but if you have an affair with a girl of age with her consent, Merry Christmas!"

These people are wise in a way, wise in the ways of the world; they can give you good advice, but they are not wise in the sense Buddha uses the word. They are as foolish as you are, just a little bit more experienced. And foolishness does not disappear with experience.

"I am looking for adventure, excitement, beautiful women," cried the young man to his father as he prepared to leave home. "Don't try to stop me! I'm on my way."

"Who is trying to stop you?" yelled the father, "take me along!"

THE WISE HARM NO ONE,
THEY ARE MASTERS OF THEIR BODIES
AND THEY GO TO THE BOUNDLESS COUNTRY,
THEY GO BEYOND SORROW.

As you become a witness, as you become aware, you simply come to know that you are not the body, not the mind, not even the heart. You are simply a watcher, different from all that surrounds you. The body is your outermost boundary; the mind a little more inner, the heart still more inner, but at the innermost core you are just a consciousness. Knowing this you become detached from your own body, your mind, your heart; and that detachment brings mastery. Not that you become destructive to the body -- you

take every care of it, it is a beautiful instrument, it is a great gift of God. But now you know that it is only the house you live in. Just as you take care of your house, you take care of your body; it is the temple.

Your consciousness is your reality; you become disidentified, and to be disidentified is to be the master.

THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION
KEEP WATCH BY DAY AND NIGHT
TILL ALL DESIRES VANISH.

Buddha expects only one thing from you: keep watch day and night till all desires vanish. Make your watchfulness so integrated, so powerful, so strong and so unwavering that it helps all the desires to evaporate, vanish. Desires are not to be dropped, but allowed to evaporate. LET GO OF ANGER, LET GO OF PRIDE. WHEN YOU ARE BOUND BY NOTHING, YOU GO BEYOND SORROW.

LISTEN, ATULA, THIS IS NOT NEW....

Atula is a disciple of Buddha. Buddha is saying to Atula: LISTEN, ATULA, THIS IS NOT NEW....

IT IS AN OLD SAYING.
THEY BLAME YOU FOR BEING SILENT,
THEY BLAME YOU WHEN YOU TALK TOO MUCH
AND WHEN YOU TALK TOO LITTLE.
WHATEVER YOU DO THEY BLAME YOU.

Why does Buddha suddenly address Atula? He was addressing all his sannyasins, and out of nowhere he suddenly addresses Atula. You may not be able to see the point immediately. Atula may be the one who was not listening, who was hearing, but not listening. And when you are in communion with a buddha, he knows perfectly well who is listening and who is only hearing. This happens here every day. When new people come, it is so clear that they are only hearing, not listening. As you live here a little longer, slowly slowly you start listening.

Listening is a totally different phenomenon than hearing. Hearing is physiological. Because you have ears, so you can hear. Listening is a deep phenomenon. You listen only when you are in absolute silence. Those who have been here long enough are falling into that silence.

Atula must have been hearing only, must have been a new disciple; hence Buddha specifically mentions his name, LISTEN, ATULA.... And it is also possible that Atula was thinking that Buddha was saying something very new, very strange. In fact what buddhas say is, in a way, the eternal truth, as ancient as the Himalayas; and in another

way it is as fresh as the flower that has blossomed just this morning, as fresh as the dewdrops and as old as the Himalayas.

And all the buddhas in the past have said the same thing; maybe in different languages, with different expressions, in different ways. "There is nothing new under the sun." It is a truth -- but only half. The other half is, "There is everything new under the sun." Because truth has the capacity to renew itself continuously, to be reborn again and again. So buddhas always speak the ancientmost truth, and yet they speak the most rebellious truth possible.

Buddha says: THIS IS NOT NEW, ATULA, IT IS AN OLD SAYING. People are such that they will always find reasons to blame you. They blame you for being silent -- if you are silent they will blame you: "Why are you silent?" If you are talking too much they will blame you: "Why do you talk so much?" If you talk too little, they will blame you: "Why do you talk so little?"

Whatever you do, they blame you, because by blaming you their egos feel satisfied. Nobody looks at his own faults and everybody is capable of seeing the faults of others; not only seeing them, but magnifying them as much as possible.

Mother called upstairs, "Caroline, please stop that shouting and screaming. Why can't you play quietly like Tommy, who is not making a sound?"

"He's not supposed to make a sound," said Caroline. "We're playing our family. He's Daddy, after getting home late for dinner, and I'm you."

It is very simple to see others' faults, because one wants to see the faults of others. If they are not there, then one invents them. Your ego can live only by feeling superior; so you make every possible use of others' faults to feel superior. Blaming others is nothing but a strategy of the ego to feel superior. Beware of it.

The world always finds a way to praise and a way to blame. It always has and it always will. Yes, sometimes it praises too, but it praises only when you are helping other people's ego -- then it praises you. For example, if you say to the Hindus that their religion is the greatest religion in the world, they will praise you.

How can they praise me? Impossible! Because I am simply saying the truth: that no religion is greater than any other religion; that all religions are in the same trap of the priests. You may call the priest the shankaracharya, you may call the priest the pope, it does not matter. All the religions are in the grip of politicians. Hindus and Christians and Mohammedans, they are all no longer religions, but just politics -- power politics hiding behind the name of religion. No religion is greater than any other, superior to any other. In fact, a really religious person is neither Christian, nor Hindu, nor Mohammedan. He is simply religious.

Indians will praise you if you praise India: if you say that this is the greatest land in the world, the most spiritual land in the world -- then their egos are puffed up, they will praise you. They will blame you to puff up their egos, and they will praise you if you puff them up. The whole game is of the ego.

BUT WHO DARES BLAME THE MAN
WHOM THE WISE CONTINUALLY PRAISE,
WHOSE LIFE IS VIRTUOUS AND WISE,
WHO SHINES LIKE A COIN OF PURE GOLD?

Don't be worried about the praise and the blame of the ordinary masses, of the crowd. Yes, if you have to pay attention, then pay attention to the wise. If they say that something is wrong with you, listen carefully, because they are trying to help you. They have no egos to fulfill from your faults. They are just like mirrors; they reflect your face. If you have an ugly face, don't destroy the mirror; simply try to change your face. And the wise ones praise too, but they praise not to puff up your ego. In fact they praise you only when they see that you are becoming a nobody; their praise showers like flowers on you. When you are becoming a nobody, when you are becoming a nothingness, you are coming closer and closer to the divinity hidden within you.

EVEN THE GODS PRAISE HIM,
EVEN BRAHMA PRAISES HIM.

A person who is praised by the wise, by the enlightened ones, is praised by the gods, is praised by the whole universe -- by the creator himself, by Brahma. Their praise is worth... even if a single buddha smiles at you, it is enough. The whole world may condemn you; don't be worried about it. If all the blind people of the world gather together and praise your beauty, will you be happy about it? They can't see, they have no eyes to see; you will not be very happy by being praised by the blind.

In India we have a saying that the best couple is when the husband is deaf and the wife is blind. The husband can go on doing whatsoever he wants -- fooling around -- and the wife can go on saying whatsoever she wants; the husband is deaf and the wife is blind. The saying says it happens only very rarely, with the blessings of God. It doesn't happen ordinarily. But what is the point of being praised by blind people? They can't see. And why be worried by their condemnation? They can't see your faults either.

But a buddha, an enlightened one, if he praises you, that means he has seen ego disappearing. If he finds fault with you, that simply shows he is trying to help you so you can drop the fault.

BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE BODY,
MASTER THE BODY,
LET IT SERVE TRUTH.

Anger has three layers. The first layer is the anger of the body. BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE BODY. You may not have watched it: that the body accumulates anger, that the body has its own ways of accumulating anger. When you feel angry you gnash your teeth, you clench your fists -- why?

In fact, in the East there have been devices to help you. Those are temporary helps, but of great value because they can make you aware of many things. When you feel angry, just gnash your teeth, clench your fists and you will be surprised: that as you gnash your teeth and clench your fists and just fight with the air -- a shadow boxing -- within five minutes the anger is gone. Something has happened, something has been released. Now, Postural Integration, Rolfing, and methods like that are becoming very much aware that your repressed angers, sexuality, greed and all kinds of poisons accumulate in the body, in the muscles. By deep massage those poisons can be released. Rolfing is really a great contribution. Deep massage of the body can be of great help. It can make you aware that your body is carrying many things; and your body drives you into things which you may not have gone into if the body was not driving you there. BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE BODY, Buddha says, MASTER THE BODY, LET IT SERVE TRUTH.

How to master the body? The first thing is to learn relaxation. Buddha taught his disciples how to relax. In the East, particularly, in the science of yoga, there is a special posture, SHAVASANA. This is the posture: lie down on the ground as if you are dead. Let the body slowly slowly die. Start from the feet. In fact, communicate with your body; say to the feet, "Die, please die." And then go on upwards.

A psychoanalyst had told one of his patients, "All that you need is relaxation, so from tonight you start relaxing. Start from the feet; say to your toes, 'Toes relax, feet relax,' and go on upwards, talking to each limb and then finally, tell your mind to relax." The man went home. He was very much thrilled by the idea; the whole day he waited for the night. The night came, he was lying on the bed. He had taken a good, hot shower as the psychiatrist had suggested, was feeling a little relaxed lying down on the bed. He started: "Toes relax, feet relax, legs relax, thighs relax," and so on, and so forth. He was just coming to the mind to say, "Mind relax," and his wife came out of the bathroom absolutely naked, ready to go to sleep. Suddenly the man shouted, "Wake up! Everybody wake up!"

This won't help. Hence Buddha does not say to relax, to go to sleep, because then you can wake up and you can call everybody else to wake up. He says, "Feel dead. Let the body die for the moment, as if you are just a corpse." You cannot do anything. An ant starts crawling on you; you can't do anything.

And it is really a great experience, to feel like a corpse, and the ant crawling on your face or a mosquito biting; but you can't do anything, you are simply a watcher. It is a rare experience to go through it. Slowly slowly, you become a master by relaxing your body. The more tense your body is, the more it is a master of you.

BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE MOUTH....

And when you have learned how to relax the anger of the body, the rage of the body, then start becoming aware of what you say. Sometimes, unconsciously, you say a word.

You were not aware of the implications of the word. You may not have ever thought that it would create such trouble for you.

A young man arranged for his fiancée to meet his parents over cocktails at a swanky hotel. After his family left, the girl asked if she had made a good impression on them.

"Well, frankly, darling," he said, "my mother told me privately that she found you a little vulgar."

"But did you tell her that I went to one of the best finishing schools?" she asked.

"Yes, of course I did."

"And did you tell her of my interest in art and culture?"

"Certainly."

"And did you tell her how important my family is in the neighborhood?"

"Naturally, I did," he replied.

"Then what is this 'vulgar' crap all about?" the delicate young lady asked.

People go on saying things, not really aware of what they are saying. In fact, their minds are like gramophone records. They simply repeat.

Now science has discovered that holes can be made in your head and electrodes can be put in; certain points can be pushed and a very strange thing happens. For example, an electrode is pushed into your brain at a certain center and you start saying something for no reason at all. Nobody has asked it, there is no context for it, but you start saying it. Then the electrode is taken out and you stop saying it. Again the electrode is pushed in; you start the same thing again from the very beginning -- again the same sentences, the same words. It can be done a hundred times and each time you will do it again, as if the electrode is nothing but a needle on the gramophone record.

Your mind is a great recording mechanism. You have recorded all kinds of things and you go on saying them, thinking that YOU are saying; that is not true. Unless you are really watchful, YOU are not saying things. Your mind goes on repeating old patterns and you go on getting into old problems, again and again. BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE MOUTH....

MASTER YOUR WORDS,
LET THEM SERVE TRUTH.
BE AWARE OF THE ANGER OF THE MIND....

And finally, slowly, first the body, then the word, then the mind.

MASTER YOUR THOUGHTS
LET THEM SERVE TRUTH.

THE WISE HAVE MASTERED BODY, WORD AND MIND,
THEY ARE THE TRUE MASTERS.

If you can watch the body, the mind and all their functionings, you will become so separate from them that you can master them.

You can master something only when you have a distance from it. If you are identified with it you cannot master it. And Buddha says one who is master of his own self is the master of the whole existence; he has entered into a different plane of life. You are slaves, he is a master; you are machines, he is a real man; you function unconsciously, he functions consciously.

And to function consciously is to go beyond all sorrow, is to go beyond all misery, is to go beyond all anguish, is to go into the beyond. Other religions call that beyond "God"; Buddha calls it simply "the beyond." Prepare for the beyond.... Become masters of your own beings.

Enough for today.

The Dhammapada: The Way of the Buddha, Vol 6

Chapter #10

Chapter title: Happiness: the death of the ego

30 October 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1

BELOVED MASTER,

WHY DOES MISERY FEEL SO SAFE AND HAPPINESS SO THREATENING?

Deva Surabhi, happiness is threatening and misery is safe; safe for the ego. Ego can exist only in misery and through misery. Ego is an island surrounded by hell; happiness is threatening to the ego, to the very existence of the ego. Happiness rises like a sun and the ego disappears, evaporates like a dewdrop on the grass leaf.

Happiness is the death of the ego. If you want to remain a separate entity from existence as almost everybody is trying to do, you will be afraid of being blissful, cheerful. You will feel guilty in being blissful. You will feel suicidal because you are committing a suicide on the psychological level -- the level of the ego.

It almost always happens that people enjoy a few moments and then afterwards they feel very guilty. The guilt arises because of the ego. The ego starts torturing them, "What are you doing? Have you decided to kill me? And I am your only treasure. Killing me? You will be destroyed. Killing me is destroying yourself."

We are so much identified with the ego that when the ego says such things, they have a great appeal, attraction, conviction in them. The reality is just the opposite -- we are not our egos. In fact because of the ego we are not growing, the ego is like a rock preventing your growth. Remove the rock and you will start growing, growing into a big tree -- with great fulfillment, flowering.

But in the beginning it will feel as if throwing the rock away is throwing all safety. The rock was preventing many things. It was preventing rain from coming to you and you were thinking it is safer. In fact the rain is nourishing. If it had reached you, you would have started growing. The rock was preventing the sun and you were thinking it is a shelter: it prevents the heat of the sun from reaching to you. But that heat is needed, that heat is life.

What is destructive to you, you have been told by the society is not destructive; not only that it is not destructive but it is a shelter, a protection, a security. That idea has become deeply rooted in you. Hence, Surabhi, you feel misery is safe. Everybody feels like that. That's why everybody chooses to be miserable; it is your choice. Everybody chooses hell. It is your responsibility. If the whole earth is living in hell it is nobody else's responsibility. It is our decision -- a deliberate decision to live in hell because in hell the ego can remain.

The ego can remain when it is dark, dismal, no sun on the horizon. When the sun arises on the horizon, the sun of awareness, then the ego starts disappearing like the darkness. Of course if you feel identified with the darkness then the sunrise is threatening. But if you disidentify yourself with the ego then you will be able to welcome the sun, it is not threatening anymore. It is a thrill, adventure, it is new life, new birth, it is resurrection.

The ego is a grave. To come out of the ego you will need to come out of the grave. Don't think that the grave is safe. It appears safe because you have never ventured outside it. You have never been adventurous. You have not known the taste of danger, insecurity. Once you have tasted danger and insecurity you will never go back to the grave. It is better to live for a single moment but to live totally, than to lie down in a grave for a thousand years.

That is not life, it is avoiding life. Come out of your misery, Surabhi, come out of your ego, come out of your grave and accept the threatening happiness. Accept the danger of going to the heights, because those who go to the heights can fall -- they are risking.

Risk all because life is only for those gamblers who can risk all. But by risking all you become the beloved of existence, of God. By risking all you become worthy, by risking all you become a soul. Without risk there is no soul in you, you are just hollow, nothing inside you. Without risking there is no significance, no poetry, no song, no dance, no ecstasy in your life. No celebration at all.

Celebrate, dance, let joy fill your heart, let it overflow. And if the ego dies, let it die. Help it to die because it is not you. You are something transcendental to body, mind, ego and all. You are part of God, part of eternity.

Don't be worried, you cannot die. Even if you want to die, you cannot die -- you are eternal. So, in fact there is no fear, no need to be afraid. Death is impossible, only the ego can die. So if you remain identified with the ego then the fear remains there. Once ego is dropped, death disappears and fear disappears, anxiety disappears, anguish disappears; and the energy that was involved in fear, anxiety, anguish is released.

That same energy becomes your dance, your celebration.

The second question:

Question 2

BELOVED MASTER,

WHAT DOES LOVE MEAN?

Prem Jyoti, love has different meanings for all. To writers, love is words. To artists, love is color. To a comic, love is laughter. To a baby, it is mother. To bees, it's nectar. To flowers, it is sunshine. And to cows, it is a lot of bull.

It all depends on you what love is going to mean. Love is a ladder with many rungs. At the lowest it is physiology, biology, chemistry. It is nothing but a play of hormones. A man is attracted towards a woman, a woman is attracted towards a man. They think they are falling in love, but if hormones could laugh they must be laughing inside you -- you are befooled. What you are calling love is nothing but attraction between male and

female hormones. It is pure chemistry; at the lowest point it is not more than that. It is animal, it is lust.

And millions of people know only love at its lowest. Because of these people there has arisen a great tradition of renouncing love. The people who think that lust is love have created great religions in which love has to be renounced. Both are wrong, because both have accepted the lowest rung as if it is the all. It is not so.

If you go a little higher, a man's love for music is not chemistry, it is not hormonal, it is not physiology; it is psychological. A man's love for flowers cannot be reduced to sexuality. A man's love for painting... there have been painters who have sacrificed their whole lives just to paint.

Vincent van Gogh, one of the greatest painters, sacrificed himself totally just to paint: painting was far more important than life itself. Because of the painting he could not work; he was continuously painting so there was no time to work. His brother used to give him just enough money to live by, because nobody was interested in his being a painter. And he was a strange painter too, a very great genius. Whenever there is a genius it takes hundreds of years to recognize him. He was not a traditional painter. He was bringing to painting something new, a new vision.

So nobody was able to appreciate his paintings, they were not selling. You will be surprised to know that not even a single painting was sold while Van Gogh was alive; now each of his paintings is worth millions of dollars. Only a few paintings have survived, two hundred at the most -- he painted thousands. All are lost, because nobody cared to preserve them.

He used to give his paintings to friends just free, because nobody was interested in his paintings; not only were they not interested, they were not even courageous enough to put his paintings in their sitting rooms because people would laugh at them. His approach towards life and nature was so new. His brother used to give him enough money weekly just to live on. He would eat for only three days in the week; four days he would save money to paint. Now how long can you live in this way?

By the time he was thirty-seven, only thirty-seven, he committed suicide. And the note that he has left is of tremendous significance. He has written that "I am committing suicide not against anybody -- I have no complaint against anybody or life -- life has been a great fulfillment to me. I am committing suicide because all that I wanted to paint I have painted; now there is no point in living. I have done what I had come to do; my work is finished."

He wanted to paint the sun in all its possible faces. For one year he was continuously painting the sun. He was continuously standing in the open under the sun. His stomach was empty, he was hungry, and the hot sun... and he was continuously painting because there was not much time left. The sun drove him mad, it was too much. And then he committed suicide, because he had painted the sun from the sunrise to the sunset, all the faces, all the colors, all possible clouds. He had done his work. He died contentedly.

Now, this love for painting, this love for art, is something higher -- higher than biology, higher than chemistry, higher than physiology. It is not lust, you can't call it lust. It is as passionate as lust or more so, because very few people die for a woman and very few people die for a man. But this man died for his paintings. This is psychological; this is far better.

But there is still a higher state: the spiritual love, the love of a Buddha, the love of a Jesus, the love of a Krishna. It is totally different. It is not even aesthetic, psychological; it is spiritual. Now love has the expression of compassion -- passion has turned into compassion. Buddha loves the whole of existence, because he has too much and he has to share it. He is burdened by the love released in him; the love has to be shared with the trees, with the birds, with people, with animals, with whosoever comes by.

At the lowest when love is just lust, physiological, it is an exploitation of the other, it is using the other as a means. Soon it is finished. Once you have exploited the woman or the man you lose interest; the interest was only for the moment. The moment the woman is well-known to you you are finished with her. You have used the other human being as a means -- which is ugly, which is immoral. To use another human being as a means is the most immoral act in existence, because each human being is an end unto himself.

Psychological love knows how to sacrifice. The art, the poetry, the painting, the music, the dance, becomes the end, they are no more means. YOU become a means. The biological love reduces the other to a means; the psychological love raises the other as the end.

But in the spiritual world there is no question of means and ends, there is no question of the other; there are not two. Buddha loves the existence because Buddha has become the existence itself. There is no question of 'I' and 'thou'; it is not a dialogue. At the point of the ultimate consciousness love is not a dialogue; there is no I/thou relationship, it is not a relationship. It is pure overflowing of love.

Prem Jyoti, that is the meaning of your name: PREM means love, JYOTI means flame. A buddha is a flame of love, just pure flame with no smoke. The smoke comes from lust. When there is no lust, when you don't want to get anything out of your love, when you simply want to give, when you feel obliged because others accept your love, the flame is without smoke. It is pure, it is pure gold.

And do you know? -- love rises always upwards, just like the flame always rises upwards. The flame never goes downwards. Lust is like water, it goes downwards; love is like a flame, fire, it always goes upwards. And between the two is the psychological phenomenon: something of lust in it, passion, and something of compassion in it. It is just in the middle. It has some quality of the lower and some quality of the higher to it.

Hence when the poet is in his poetic mood he is almost like the mystic, but it is only a question of mood. When he is not in his poetic mood he is just as ordinary or maybe more ordinary than the so-called ordinary people. You may have observed it: when a musician drowns himself in his music he rises to such peaks, such ephemeral peaks, that you can feel the presence of great mystery. And the same musician you can see sitting in some hotel drinking tea, talking all kinds of nonsense. He looks too ordinary;

you cannot believe that this man was creating such beautiful music, such celestial music!

If you read the poetry, the poet seems to be like a seer, a Kahlil Gibran. If you read THE PROPHET it is almost like a prophet, but if you meet Kahlil Gibran and see him in his ordinary moods you will be surprised: he is a very angry person, jealous, quarrelsome. He goes into very childish tantrums, throws things, is very possessive. If you meet Kahlil Gibran you will be surprised... how could this man write a book like THE PROPHET? -- because the book rises to the same heights as the Bible, as the Koran.

But the man is not abiding on those heights; only once in a while clouds are not there and the poet can see the sun, the ocean, can see the open sky and can give you a glimpse of it in his poetry, in his music. But soon the clouds are there again and the sun is no longer available... and the poet is as ordinary as you are or even more ordinary, because when you fall from a glimpse you fall into depths, just to keep balance.

So you can find a poet drunk, lying down in the gutter like a dog, shouting nonsense, and the same poet brings such beautiful flowers from the unknown. So in the middle both things will be together; it is a mixed phenomenon. Rise from the lower, but don't stop in the middle. Go on rising to the highest.

When I talk about love I always mean the highest, with one difference: when others speak of the highest they deny the lowest; I don't deny it, I accept it. I want to use it as a stepping-stone. The lower has to be purified by the higher. The lower has to be transformed by the higher, not denied, not rejected. If you reject it, it persists. If you reject it, if you repress it, it takes revenge. It makes you more ugly than you ever were before.

A woman with a baby, next in line in the crowded anteroom of a station of the Infant Welfare Society, was shown into the doctor's office by the nurse in charge.

The doctor examined the baby, and then asked the woman, "Is he breast-fed or bottle-fed?"

"Breast-fed," she replied.

"Strip down to you waist," he ordered. She did, and he examined her. He pressed each breast, increasing and decreasing pressure. He squeezed and pulled on each nipple. Suddenly he remarked, "No wonder this child is suffering from malnutrition -- you don't have any milk."

"Naturally," she replied. "I am his aunt. But I'm glad I came."

If you go on repressing things, then on the surface you may look like a saint, but only on the surface. It is better to be a sinner on the surface and a saint in the center than vice versa.

The old maid was walking down a dimly lit street when a holdup man jumped out of the bushes. "Give me your money!" he demanded.

"I don't have any," she managed to reply.

He proceeded to search her thoroughly. Every possible place of concealment was explored.

"I guess you were telling me the truth," he finally muttered angrily. "You don't have any money on you."

"For heaven's sake," she wailed, "don't stop now! I'll write you a check!"

I am not in favor of repressing the lower. The lower has to be raised to the heights, the lower has to be given wings. With insight, with understanding, it is possible. If you deny the lower you will never be able to reach the higher, because the lower rung is a necessary step. Yes, go beyond it, but you can go beyond it only if you don't reject it. Use it, but remember not to become obsessed with it. These two things have to be remembered: one is, not to be obsessed with it, not to stop at it, and the second is, not to reject and deny it but to use it as a stepping-stone.

Be skillful. Buddha's word is UPAYA -- skill. And when he says "upaya," he means be very artful in transforming your life. It is only a potential, a seed, but it can become a great tree and it can blossom in its own time. And when a tree blossoms, when thousands of flowers have arisen on the tree branches, there is great joy in the being of the tree, great ecstasy.

You are also a seed -- become a tree. The seed may be ugly -- seeds almost always are; the roots may be ugly, but remember, it is on the roots that the tree has to grow. The roots have to be used; without roots there will be no flowering.

Without physiological attraction there will be no psychological growth. And without psychological love affairs with art, music, sculpture, there is no possibility of spiritual love. Poets and painters and dancers and musicians are a necessary step towards becoming a buddha.

The third question:

Question 3

BELOVED MASTER,

WHAT IS tathata -- TOTAL ACCEPTANCE?

Dharmesh, tathata is one of Buddha's most significant contributions to the world. Tathata means total acceptance: whatsoever the situation is, don't fight with it. Accept it wholeheartedly, because it is through total acceptance that transcendence happens. If you fight with it you will be unnecessarily wasting your energy. Accepting it you preserve your energy. Accepting it you become capable of understanding it, because only one who accepts can understand; one who rejects cannot understand.

Anything that you reject, anything that you become inimical to, you become incapable of understanding -- because we avoid that which is rejected. We are really afraid of it so we keep it at the back and we escape from it; we find ways and means to escape from it. And if you try to escape from something, how are you going to understand it? And without understanding there is no liberation, no transformation.

Buddha says "tathata" -- accept it totally. Whatsoever is the case, accept without denying, without condemning, and in that acceptance many things happen, many doors open. The first is: your energy is preserved, which is a great blessing. In fighting you dissipate energy, your energy leaks, you remain always energyless. And to go to the heights you will need great energy, you will need vitality. If you want to reach to the sun, the journey is long and arduous. You cannot go to the sun, you cannot fly that far away, without energy in you.

The man who is fighting his sex, anger, greed, jealousy, possessiveness -- and there are a thousand and one things to fight -- remains entangled in his fight; he cannot go anywhere. He is constantly disturbed and distracted by these things. He fights with one, represses one, something else raises its head -- because he is one and the enemies are many. You fight anger, you will become greedy. The whole energy you repress from anger turns into greed. You fight greed, you will become very sexual. You fight sex, you will become very angry. You repress one thing, and the same thing with a new face, with a new mask, arrives from the back door. You will go insane.

That's how the whole of humanity has gone insane. The insanity is so pervasive, that's why we don't think that people are insane. Everybody is insane! It is very rare that there is a sane person. To be sane in this insane society is really a great work of understanding, courage, rebellion.

If you drop all the conditionings that the society has imposed on you, only then will you be able to remain sane. Otherwise society turns everybody into an insane person. The society turns everybody according to its own mode, mold, pattern, structure. It gives you ideas, ideologies, religions. It poisons you from the very beginning; when you are in your mother's womb the poisoning starts.

Now they are finding scientific ways of conditioning the child which is in the mother's womb. Yes, certain things can be done to condition the child. For example, they have tried using a certain type of tight belt on the mother's belly; that belt is made in such a way that it keeps the child in a tight situation. And they have discovered that these children are very obedient; when they are born they are more obedient than other children, because for nine months they have lived almost in a tight corner, in a prison.

In Soviet Russia they are trying the belt on many women. Now, the poor child who is not even born yet is already being conditioned, prepared for a certain society. He will be obedient. Certain music can reach to the womb. A soothing kind of music which lulls the child is helpful to create a slave. And so many drugs are available which can drug the child even before he is born -- he is born drugged. He will live his whole life in a kind of unconsciousness; but that's how the society wants him to live. Conscious people have proved dangerous; a Jesus, a Buddha, a Zarathustra, these people have proved dangerous.

The story is that the first thing that Zarathustra did when he was born was, he laughed loudly. Can you think of a more rebellious child? Children are not supposed to laugh when they are born; they are supposed to cry, but not supposed to laugh. He must have shocked his parents and the neighborhood and the people who had heard his laughter. Why did he laugh? And such a person is not reliable, not reliable at all -- this is a

dangerous man! He has done his first act of rebellion. He has already said that "I am not going to be a part of the crowd -- enough is enough. Many children have cried, I don't follow them. I will start my life with laughter."

Whether it really happened or not is not the question. In fact it is difficult to laugh immediately after you are born, but the story is significant because it says something about Zarathustra's whole philosophy of life: it is that of great rebellion.

Zarathustra is one of the greatest teachers of the world -- he has accepted life in its totality. He is not a renunciate, he is against renunciation. That's why the few Zarathustra followers that have survived had to escape their original motherland, Persia. They had to leave, because Mohammedans were coercing them, converting them; they converted Persia into a Mohammedan country. Persia is now known as Iran.

A few people escaped who were not ready to accept this coercive violence. They came to India; they live in Bombay and around Bombay -- the Parsis. They are the only followers of Zarathustra; they are very life-affirmative people. Hence many Parsis have become interested in me; to them I have a great appeal because I also affirm life. I am not in favor of escaping.

It is because of Zarathustra's total affirmation of life that Friedrich Nietzsche loved him tremendously and wrote his great book, *THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA*. He wrote the book to appreciate life and the love for life. He could not find any other master so life-affirmative as Zarathustra; a man who begins his life with laughter, whose whole life is a laughter. There is no pessimism, not even a strain of pessimism in him.

That's exactly the meaning of tathata -- accept the whole of life as it is. In your acceptance you will be preserving your energy, and you have inexhaustible sources of energy if you accept.

Secondly: when you accept everything, your life becomes cheerful. Nobody can make you miserable, nothing can make you miserable.

A man with three hairs on his otherwise bald head came into a hair saloon and asked to get his hair shampooed and braided. The hairdresser got on with his job but just as he was about to finish combing it, one of the hairs fell out.

The hairdresser was very embarrassed but the man only said, "Well, what to do? I guess I will have to part my hair in the middle!"

The hairdresser very carefully put one hair to the right side and was about to put the other to the left side when that one fell out too. The hairdresser could not apologize enough but the man took it really cool.

"Well," he said, "I guess now I will have to run around with my hair all ruffled up."

This is tathata, this is total acceptance! You cannot disturb such a man. He is always contented, he always finds a way to be contented. It is a great art. And a man who is always contented and always finds a way to remain contented has the capacity to see things transparently.

Discontent clouds your eyes and your vision; contentment makes your eyes unclouded and your vision clear. You can see through and through, you can understand things as they are.

Tathata is also translated as suchness; that too is one of its meanings. You see things as they are in their suchness; you don't impose any idea of your own on them.

And that is a miracle, a magic key. If you can see anger as it is, without any judgment, you will be surprised: seeing anger without judgment, without condemnation, without saying it is bad or good, should be or should not be, without bringing any "shoulds" in... if you can see your anger as it is, with no prejudice for or against, a miracle happens: anger disappears and its energy becomes absorbed in you. Just by pure insight you transform anger, greed, jealousy. And all that goes on dragging you hither and thither, keeps you running, never allows you rest and relaxation, is absorbed; more energy becomes available to you.

And slowly slowly, when there is no anger -- not that you have rejected it but you have absorbed it, digested it -- no greed, no jealousy, no possessiveness, no sexuality... you have digested all these phenomena in you. You are becoming greater and greater and you have energies available to rise higher; you have fuel enough to keep your fire burning bright and without smoke.

Dharmesh, tathata is a method of transforming your energies into your friends. Ordinarily you are taught such stupid ways that your own energies become your enemies and you are constantly fighting with yourself. Now there can be no greater stupidity than this; this is the most stupid act in the world that people go on doing -- fighting with themselves. You cannot win, you cannot defeat. You will remain quarreling with yourself, you will destroy yourself in quarreling your whole life. You will die, and you will never know what life was. You will never know the glories of life, the grandeur of life and the tremendous gift that life was, and could have been if you had lived with right mindfulness, with tathata, with acceptance.

The fourth question:

Question 4

BELOVED MASTER,

I WANT TO THROW THIS UGLY MIND OUT OF MY SYSTEM. HOW TO DO IT?

Narayano, nothing has to be thrown out of your system; everything has to be transformed and absorbed. The mind is not ugly; your USE of the mind is ugly. Change your use. Mind is not ugly -- you are unconscious. The chariot is beautiful, it is a golden chariot, but the charioteer is drunk and fast asleep; and he calls the chariot names, condemns the chariot. When he finds himself in a ditch he beats the horses, he condemns the chariot, he condemns the chariot-maker, and he never thinks that it is not the fault of the chariot, not the fault of the horses, not the fault of the chariot-maker. It is his fault -- he was drunk, he was fast asleep. If the chariot has fallen into a ditch it is natural, the whole responsibility is yours.

It is not a question of destroying the mind or throwing the mind out. Mind is a beautiful mechanism, the most beautiful mechanism in existence, but you have become a servant to the mind. You are the master and the master is functioning as a servant; the mind is a servant and you have made the servant the master.

I have heard an ancient story:

A king was very happy with one of his servants. He was so devoted, so totally devoted to the king; he was always ready to sacrifice his life for the king. The king was immensely happy, and many times he has saved the king, risking his own life. He was the king's bodyguard.

One day the king was feeling so happy with the man, he said, "If you desire anything, if you have any desire, just tell me and I will fulfill it. You have done so much for me that I can never show my gratitude, I can never repay you, but today I would like to fulfill any of your wishes whatsoever it is."

The servant said, "You have already given me too much. I am so blessed just by being always with you -- I don't need anything."

But the king insisted. The more the servant said, "There is no need," the more the king insisted. Finally the servant said, "Then it's okay. You make me the king for twenty-four hours and you be the guard."

The king was a little apprehensive, afraid, but he was a man of his word and he had to fulfill the desire. So for twenty-four hours he became the guard and the guard became the king. And do you know what the guard did? The first thing that he did, he ordered the king to be killed, sentenced to death!

The king said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "You keep quiet! You are simply the guard and nothing more. It is my wish and now I am the king!"

The king was killed, and the servant became the king forever.

Servants have their own devious ways to become masters.

The mind is one of the most beautiful, the most complex, the most evolved mechanisms. It has served you well, it serves you well. Because of its services you have repeated the same story in your life, everybody has repeated the same story: you have made the mind the master and now the master treats you just like a servant.

This is the problem, not that the mind has to be thrown out. If you throw the mind out you will go insane. Without the mind there is only one profession you can be in: that is politics!

I have heard:

One politician was going through a brain operation. His brain was taken out, they were fixing his brain and he was lying on the stretcher waiting.

Suddenly a man came in and said, "What are you doing here? You have been chosen the prime minister of the country!"

So he got up. The surgeon said, "Where are you going? -- your brain is here!"

He said, "What am I going to do with the brain now? I am already the prime minister, I don't need it. You can keep it. When I need it I will come back."

Once you are a prime minister you don't need the mind.

I have heard another story too:

A man -- it must be some future story -- a man went to the hospital because his brain was damaged in a car accident and he wanted a new brain. So he asked the surgeon to show him all kinds of brains available. The surgeon took him around; there were many brains.

The first brain belonged to a professor, a mathematician. He asked the price -- fifty dollars. He was surprised: a famous mathematician, a Nobel laureate, just fifty dollars' worth! Then there was a musician and his was only thirty dollars. Then there was a businessman's brain and it was only twenty dollars. And so on, so forth.

Finally they came to the brain of a politician -- it was five thousand dollars! The man was puzzled. He said, "Why does it cost so much?"

The surgeon says, "Because it has never been used. All the other brains are secondhand, this is brand-new."

Narayano, if you throw the brain out, then you will have to go into politics, that's all. Then you cannot be a sannyasin: a sannyasin needs more intelligence than anybody else. So please don't ask me how to do it. And don't do it on your own -- because sometimes people do, and then fixing it is very difficult.

William had a big problem with his wife, Lisa. Every night before she went to bed she would stop at the door, start running and then with a big jump leap into the bed. He got so upset about this habit of hers that he decided to do something about it. So one night when she was asleep he got up, went to the fridge, got a big piece of beef liver out of it and placed it on the floor in front of the bed.

The next morning he got up and said, "My God, Lisa, look what has happened -- your uterus has fallen out! I always told you to stop your jumping." Lisa was very shocked.

When he came home that evening from work he said, "Now, Lisa, you see what can happen with a bad habit like this."

She replied, "Oh, that was not so bad. You should have seen how much trouble it was to get it in again."

So Narayano, please don't do it! It is easy to throw it out, it is very difficult to get it back in. You will need all the mind that you have. Just be the master of it. Use it, and don't be used by it.

And that's what meditation is all about: the art of moving away from the mind, being above the mind, becoming transcendental to the mind, knowing that "I am not the mind." That does not mean that you have to throw out the mind. Knowing that "I am

not the mind" makes you again the master. You can use the mind. Right now, mind is not within your hands. You are not a good charioteer.

Just the other day, in his sutra, Buddha was talking about a good charioteer. And he says: Others only hold the reins in their hands and the chariot goes on moving wherever it wants to, the horses go on moving wherever they want to. You are simply holding the reins, but you are not really in control.

Be a good charioteer. And the first step is to know that you are not the mind. If you are the mind then you cannot be the master, because there is no separation between the mind and you, no distance. Create a little distance. Watch the mind, its functioning, and create the distance. Watching automatically creates the distance. Hence Buddha's insistence again and again: watch, watch day and night. Slowly slowly, you will see that you are consciousness and mind is just an instrument available to you. Then you can use it when needed and when not needed you can put it off. Right now, you don't know how to put it off; it is always on.

It is like a radio in your room which is always on and you don't know how to turn it off, so you have to sleep with the radio on and it goes on shouting all kinds of advertisements and all kinds of songs that you have heard a thousand times, but you don't know how to turn it off. The whole day you are tired, many times you want to get rid of the radio, but you cannot because you don't know how to turn it off. It is like sleeping with the lights on because you don't know how to turn them off.

Freud remembers that when electricity came to Vienna for the first time, a friend, a villager, came to visit him. Freud took every care of the visitor, took him to the room where he was going to sleep, left him there, said good night.

The villager was very much puzzled by only one thing -- the electricity, the electric bulb. He knew how to put a lamp off, how to blow a candle out, but what to do with this electric bulb?

He tried all that he knew: standing on a chair he blew it many times, but nothing would happen to it. He watched it from everywhere; there was no hole, there was nothing. And how could he imagine that just on the wall there is a switch? That was impossible for him to imagine, he had never seen electricity. But he was also afraid to go and ask Freud or somebody else because they would think that he is a fool.... "You can't even put the light off -- what kind of man are you?"

So, feeling embarrassed, he tried to sleep with the light on. He could not sleep. Many times he stood up again on the chair, tried again. The whole night it continued; sleep wouldn't come because of the light -- too much light, too bright light, he had never seen such bright light. One candle he has known, and the bulb must have been of a hundred candles or more. In the morning he was dead tired.

Freud asked him, "You look very tired. Couldn't you sleep?"

He said, "Now there is no point in hiding, because I am going to stay three days -- this bulb is going to kill me! Even to look at it a shiver goes up my spine. How to turn it off?"

Freud said, "You fool! Why didn't you ask me?"

He said, "I was just feeling embarrassed -- so foolish to ask such a simple thing!"

Freud took him to the wall, showed him the switch. He tried it, put it on and off, and laughed. And he said, "Such a simple thing, and the whole night I tried and could not find it!"

He may have tried his whole life and may not have connected the switch with the light.

This is how it is happening to you; your mind is continuously on. They say that the mind is such a magnificent mechanism that it starts working the moment you are born and it goes on working till you stand before an audience -- then suddenly it stops, then something happens to it. Otherwise it continues till you die. And very few people need to stand before an audience, so the mind continues unhindered, and it keeps you utterly tired, exhausted, weary, bored. And it goes on saying the same things again and again. Why are people so much bored?

Life is not boring, remember. Life is always a tremendous mystery, it is always a surprise, it is always new, it is constantly renewing itself. New leaves are coming, old leaves are falling; new flowers are appearing, old flowers disappearing. But you cannot see life because you are constantly bored by your own mind. It goes on saying things which it has said thousands of times. You look so tired, for the simple reason that you don't know how to turn it off.

The mind has not to be thrown out, Narayano. The mind has to be put in its place: it is a beautiful servant but a very ugly master. You take the reins in your hands, you be the master. And the first act, the first step is: become detached from the mind. See that it is not you, create the distance; the greater the distance, the more is the capacity of turning it off.

And one more miracle you will be coming across: when you turn the mind off, the mind too remains fresh and more intelligent; because it is also tiring. Just think: from the day you are born it starts and goes on working till you die. And one never knows, it may be even working when you are in the grave, because a few things continue to happen then. Nails go on growing even when you are in the grave, hairs go on growing, so some kind of mechanism still continues. Even in a dead body nails and hairs go on growing, something is still working, maybe some local mechanism, not the mind itself, but the body also has small, local minds to support the big mind, agents of the big mind. Maybe they have not known yet that the big guy is dead and they go on doing the old thing continuously. They know nothing else so they continue repeating their old job. Hairs go on growing, nails go on growing -- just small, local minds, mini-minds.

The mind has to be put into its right place, and when you need it you use it; just as you use your legs when you need them. When you don't need to you don't use your legs. If sitting on a chair you go on moving your legs up and down, then people will think you are mad. And that's exactly what is happening in the mind and still you think you are not mad.

A meditative awareness comes to know the key. Whenever it wants to put the mind off it simply says, "Now shut up!" and that's it. And the mind simply keeps quiet and great

silence prevails inside. And the mind can also rest in those moments, otherwise everything becomes tired.

I have heard:

A man brings his computer to the mechanic and says, "What is the matter with the computer? It is not working well lately."

The expert looks inside the computer and says, "Metal fatigue." Just as you go to the psychiatrist and he says, "Mental fatigue," he says, "metal fatigue -- a metal case!"

Everything tires, everything gets tired -- even metals get tired. And your mind is made of very delicate tissues, so delicate that there is nothing more delicate in the whole existence. In your small skull millions of small fibers are functioning; so thin are they that your hairs, if compared with the nerves that function in your brain, are very thick, one million times more thick. Such a delicate phenomenon, but we don't know how to use it. It needs rest.

Hence a meditative person becomes more intelligent, he becomes saner. Whatsoever he does there is an art in it. Whatsoever he touches he transforms into gold. Mind is a blessing with meditation, otherwise it is a curse.

Add meditation to your being and the curse disappears, and the curse itself becomes the blessing; it is a blessing in disguise. You have not yet learned the art of how to use it and how to be a master. It is not a question of throwing the mind out; that will not help. That will make you even more hollow, more useless. If the brain, if the mind is thrown out, you will be just a cabbage -- or if you don't like the word 'cabbage', then cauliflower. And they say that there is not much difference between cabbage and cauliflower -- cauliflower is cabbage with a college education. You can choose, you can be a cabbage or a cauliflower, but you will not be a man. Very few men are men in reality. A man is one who is a master of his mind.

The English word 'man' comes from a Sanskrit root which means mind; MAN. To be master of your mind is the meaning of being man. If you are not master of your mind, there is no man inside you, only a computer functioning, a machine functioning, without any master. This is the situation. That's why the world looks so berserk, so insane.

The fifth question:

Question 5

BELOVED MASTER,

WHY ARE THERE SO MANY JEWS HERE?

Harish, Jews are very intelligent people, one of the most intelligent peoples on the earth. They had to be intelligent; otherwise they would not have survived. And because they are intelligent they are always searching for new pastures, new worlds, new life-styles, new ways of seeing, living and being. It surprises everybody.

There are almost fifty percent Jews here. This may be the only place in India where there are so many Jews, because in India there are not any Jews, none at all. And if things go on growing as they are growing, soon you will find another Israel here! And why are Jews coming? -- because they are intelligent, they are always ready to accept anything new and they are ready to drop the old.

In fact, seeing the intelligence of the Jews it seems almost unbelievable that they killed Jesus. The more I have come in contact with the Jews -- and I have thousands of Jews as my sannyasins -- the more I have become puzzled about the phenomenon. Why could they not accept Jesus? Maybe it was not really the Jews who killed him but the Roman emperor, Roman imperialism. Romans have always been cruel and they have not proved themselves very intelligent either. It may have been just that Jews were used as an excuse and the Romans wanted to kill Jesus.

And the Jews were not independent people in those days, they were part of the Roman Empire. It is possible that the Romans used the Jewish priests as a facade, because they would not have liked to kill Jesus directly -- that may have created a revolution in the country, a rebellion. It is a simple diplomacy to use Jews themselves to kill Jesus; then there will be no rebellion, no revolution, no problems arising.

In fact, they pretended on the surface that they were not interested in killing Jesus, and from the back door they may have insisted. To the public they showed that "We are absolutely out of the game. If Jews want to kill him, they can kill him; if they don't want to kill him we are ready to forgive him." And from the back they may have been goading the Jews to kill Jesus. That's more possible, because Jews are not such unintelligent people that they would destroy their own greatest flowering.

Jesus was their greatest flowering. He was the climax of the Judaic approach to life. Jesus was born a Jew and died a Jew -- he was not a Christian, remember; he has not even heard the word 'christian'. And if he comes back he will find himself more in tune with the Jews than with the Christians, because he lived the life of a Jew. He was well acquainted with Jewish scriptures, he quoted Jewish scriptures. He said again and again that "Whatsoever has been said before by other prophets I am saying to you" -- giving it a more contemporary expression, of course, but he was not against Moses, Abraham, Ezekiel. He was not against the old prophets; he was fulfilling their prophecies, he was the very fulfillment.

Why should Jews kill him? There is every possibility that the Romans did it. They were afraid of his growing power.

The political powers always become afraid of anybody who starts becoming powerful in any way. Although Jesus was not interested in politics, not interested in political power, his language could be misinterpreted very easily. He was talking about the kingdom of God, but the Romans started thinking that he is talking of bringing the kingdom of Jews; he wants to become the emperor himself. They must have been apprehensive of his growing popularity.

Many many people were turning to him, coming to him, listening to him, becoming disciples, becoming initiates. Of course it was a religion now, but any moment religion

can take the turn and become politics. Hence the politicians always become very alert and cautious.

They are doing the same to me. I am not interested in politics, I am not interested in that stupid game at all, but they are very much afraid. And the best way to kill me will be to find a sanniyasin, a Judas, to kill me; that will be the best way. Then there will be no problem.

If a sanniyasin kills me, then the whole responsibility falls on my own shoulders or on the shoulders of my sanniyasins. The sanniyasin may not be a true sanniyasin, he may be just a detective, a spy, a government man, who has taken sanniyas just to kill me. That will be the easiest and the most diplomatic way.

And there are many spies here: German spies and Italian spies and Indian spies. One Indian spy took sanniyas. I gave him sanniyas -- not only that I gave him sanniyas, but I told him, "You become part of the ashram. Why live outside?" He was a little puzzled! Not only that, I told him that "Because you are an L.L.B., a practicing advocate... and we need a department, a law department; there are at least twenty-five cases against me in the courts, so we need our own legal department. You be in charge of it!" I had made him the head. He escaped after one month, because he became more and more interested in me, became more and more interested in meditation, and I gave him access to all the files and everything, because he was the head of the law department. I gave him every access, so if he wants to report anything to the government he can -- there is nothing to hide! My trust in him became such a heavy burden on the poor man. If I had suspected him he would have remained here; but because I trusted him so deeply, he escaped. He said that he would be coming back, but he has not come. Almost eight months have passed.

He became so afraid of me that he sold his house where he used to live, because I am sending my sanniyasins to his house in Patiala, in Punjab, to find out what happened to him -- we need him! He has sold his house and escaped from Patiala too, and he has not given his address to anybody in Patiala. But I am in search! I am going to find him, wherever he is. Now I have told my sanniyasins in Delhi to search for him. We need him! I never allow people to escape so easily.

Jews are intelligent people; hence they are always the first to accept new ideas, original ideas, new visions, new dreams.

A Jew and a Catholic were sharing the same compartment on a train. The Jew took an apple out of his suitcase and ate it, core and all. The Catholic looked a little surprised and asked, "Do you always eat the core as well?"

"Of course," explained the Jew. "That's why we are so intelligent -- we get that way by eating the core. And you happen to be a lucky fellow, because I have just one apple left which I will sell to you for fifty dollars."

The Catholic accepted the offer, thinking to himself that fifty dollars for intelligence was a good deal. He bought the apple and ate it, core and all.

After sitting silently gazing out of the window for a while he said, "Now that I think of it, for fifty dollars I could have bought a whole crate of apples."

"See," said the Jew, "it has started working already!"

The Jews have survived out of sheer intelligence. They have lived without a country, without a homeland. They have lived through all kinds of tortures, all kinds of concentration camps, gas chambers; still they have survived. The people who were bent upon destroying them are no more. Where are the Nazis? -- gone down the drain. The people who wanted to destroy Jews absolutely, to annihilate them, are no longer anywhere, but Jews are there.

In fact, all those tortures, gas chambers, concentration camps, imprisonments, all those things have given them an integrity, a solidity. A tremendous intelligence is released in them; it is always released when you have to face great challenges. In fact, no other race has been facing such great challenges as the Jews.

Naturally they are always the first to accept anything that is new, they are always the first to drop the old. That is the sign of intelligence.

Two Jews meet on the street.

"How are you, Solomon?" says Irving.

"Terrible!" says Irving. "Ah, what a catastrophe! My son is converting to Christianity!"

"Funny thing," says Irving. "My son too is converting to Christianity! Let us go to the synagogue and pray."

Irving and Solomon run into their friend Myron who asks where they are going. When they tell Myron that their sons are converting to Christianity, Myron says, "Funny thing, my son is converting to Christianity too. I will go with you to the synagogue and pray."

Well, Myron and Irv and Sol meet their friend Herman, tell him their story and Herman says, "Funny thing, my son is also converting to Christianity! Let us go and pray."

This goes on for a while until a large group of Jews reach the synagogue. There they see the rabbi sitting on the front steps with his head in his hands. When the rabbi hears their story he replies. "Funny thing, my son is converting to Christianity. Let us all pray."

The group goes into the synagogue, lift their eyes to heaven and the rabbi says, "Oh God, please help us. All our sons are converting to Christianity!"

Suddenly they hear thunder, lightning flashes across the sky, and a deep voice intones, "Funny thing...."

The last question:

Question 6

BELOVED MASTER,

YOU REALLY GET US!! WE ARE ALL RUNNING AROUND LIKE HEADS WITHOUT CHICKENS!!! IS IT LOVE -- OR IS IT MEDITATION? AH DEAR! SQUACK SQUACK! BELOVED MASTER, WHAT IS A PATH?

Prem Maitri, you are really becoming a sannyasin now -- going cuckoo! That's what sannyas is all about.

In the Osho Meditation Center in Zurich, Switzerland, there was a clock-making contest. Many beautiful clocks were made.

The third prize was won with a clock which had a cuckoo coming out every hour saying, "Osho, Osho."

The second prize was won with a clock which had a cuckoo all dressed in orange with a mala around his neck coming out every half hour saying, "Osho, Osho."

The first prize was given for a clock which had Osho coming out every fifteen minutes saying, "Cuckoo, cuckoo."

Enough for today.